

A COMPANION,
AND
USEFUL GUIDE
TO THE
BEAUTIES OF SCOTLAND,
TO
THE LAKES
OF
WESTMORELAND, CUMBERLAND, AND
LANCASHIRE;

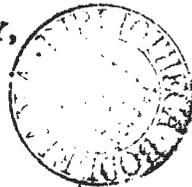
AND TO THE CURIOSITIES IN
THE DISTRICT OF CRAVEN,
IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.
TO WHICH IS ADDED, A MORE PARTICULAR
DESCRIPTION OF SCOTLAND,
ESPECIALLY THAT PART OF IT, CALLED
THE HIGHLANDS.

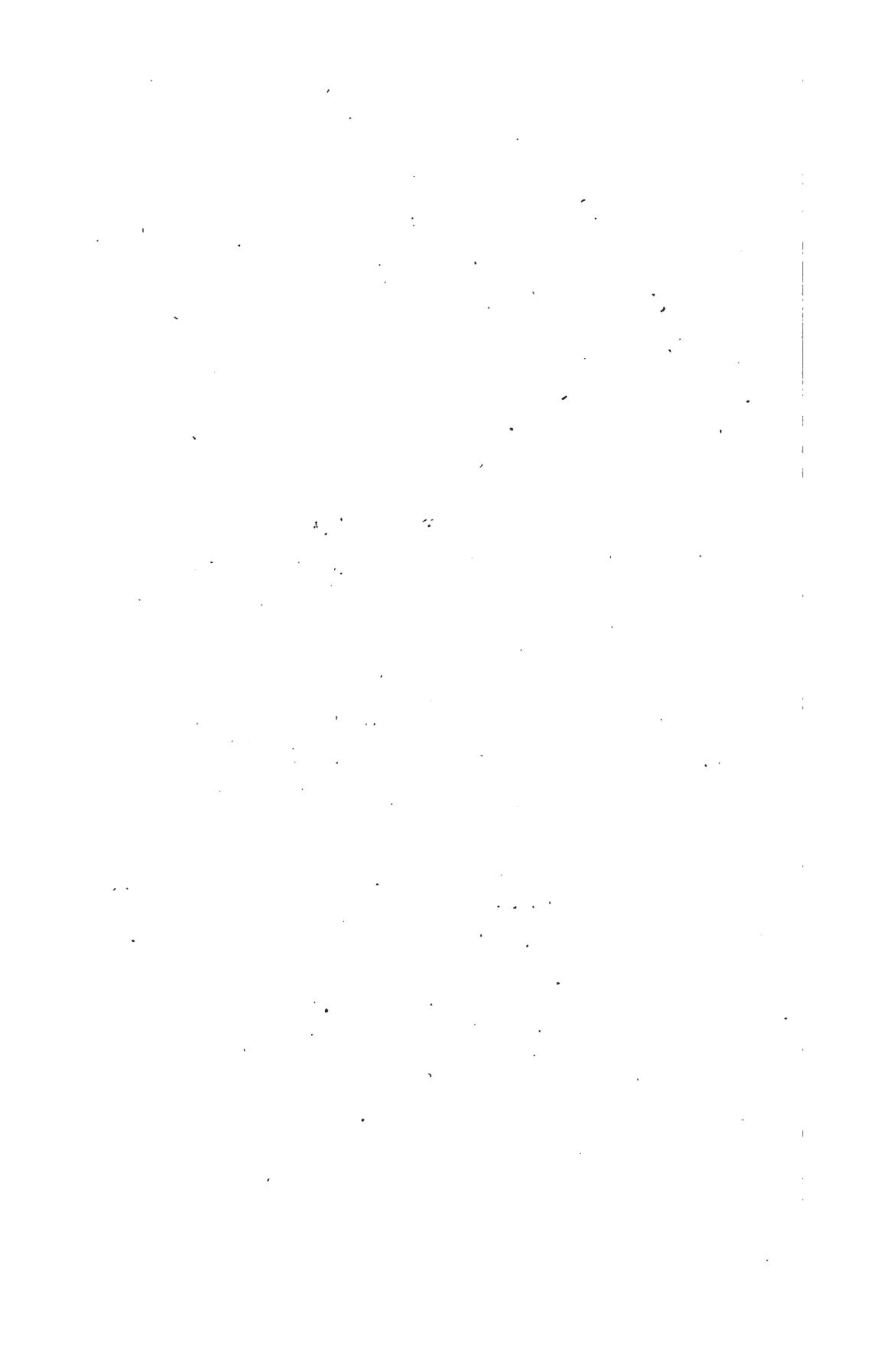
BY THE HON. MRS. MURRAY,
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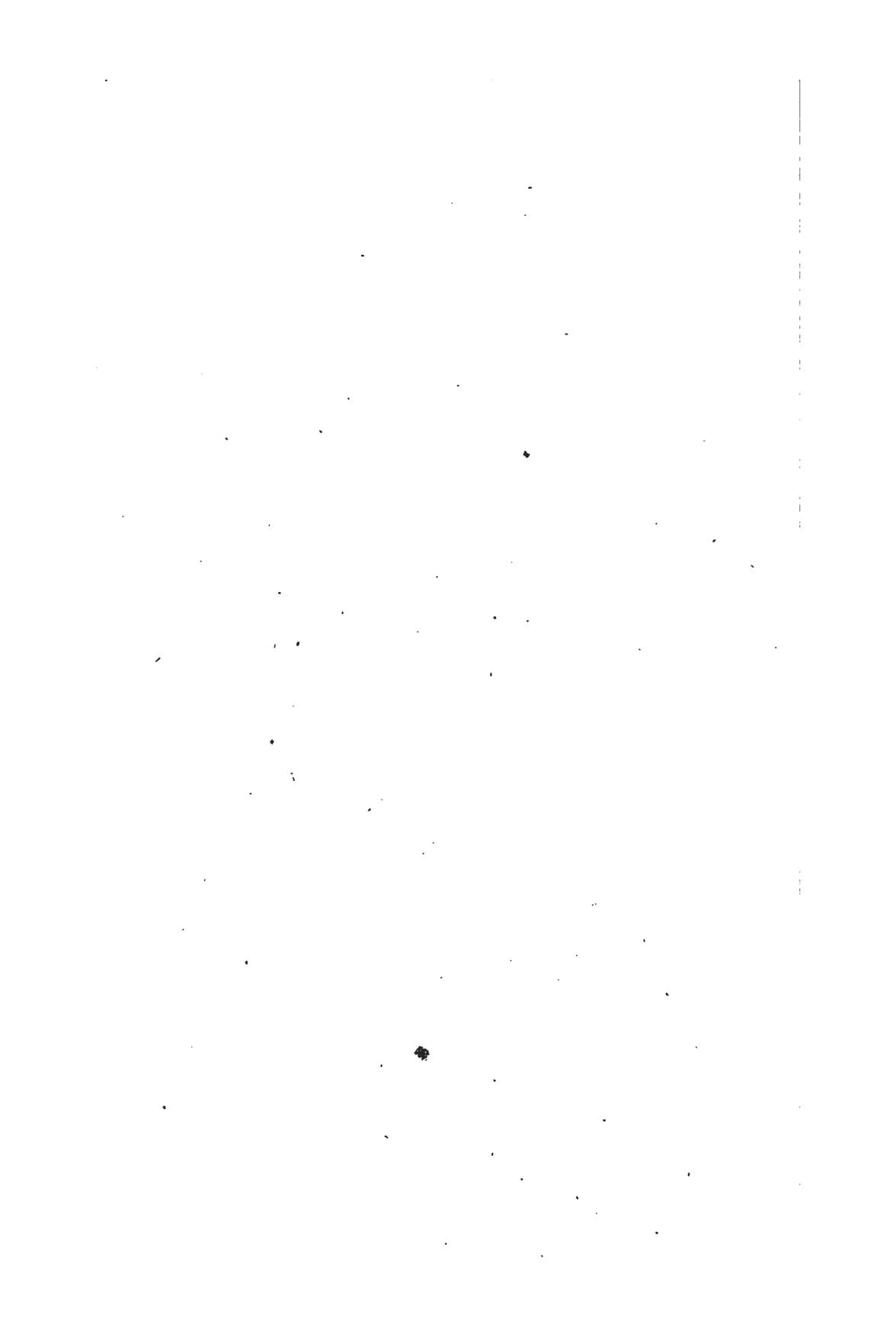




ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE READER,

THIS Guide points out to the Traveller what is worth noticing in his Tour, with the distances from place to place; mentions the Inns on the road, whether good or bad; also what state the Roads are in; and informs him of those fit for a carriage, and those where it cannot go, with safety. In these respects, the present Work differs from any other Publication of the kind: for no writer of Tours has hitherto taken the trouble of ascertaining what may be seen, worthy of notice, in the course of a Traveller's journey: and it very often happens that he passes within a mile, or less, of very great Natural Beauties, without either knowing or having heard of them; and the country people seldom or ever name to strangers what they think nothing of; because, seeing them every day, they regard them not as objects of admiration.



TO THE
MANAGERS OF THE LITERARY
REVIEWS.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM an Author, neither for fame (my subject being too common a one to gain it), nor for bread. I do not publish from the persuasion of friends, or to please myself. I write because I think my Guide will be really useful to adventurers, who may follow my steps through Scotland; and to the Lakes of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire; by informing them of those objects which are worthy of notice, and at the same time acquainting them where, and by what means they can get at them in the safest and most comfortable manner. A plan, I believe, never attended to (in the way I have done) by any of my predecessors in Tour writing. I have no wings to soar Parnassus' height;—no talents to tread the wild path of imagination;—but having (as the great Frederick termed it,*) a little of “*ce gros bon sens qui court les rues* ;” I am able to relate, in my own fashion, what my eyes have seen.

* The King of Prussia, talking to a Frenchman, said, “ You Frenchmen — you possess imagination; the English, it is said, depth; and we dullness, with *ce gros bon sens qui court les rues*.”

But you, Gentlemen, frighten me.—Should you discover faults; and faults in abundance I fear there are, be generous, as the mastiff is to the babbling lap-dog, who looks with calm dignity at the Lilliputian, passes on, and takes no notice: so that if your consciences will not permit you to give me a word of encouragement, I entreat you to be silent. On the contrary, should my child be thought in the least worthy of your approbation, I shall rejoice, and ever think myself obliged to you,

I am, Gentlemen,

with great respect,

your most obedient humble Servant,

S. MURRAY.

Kensington,

March the 30th, 1799.

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A GUIDE
TO
THE LAKES
OF
CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, AND
LANCASHIRE;
AND TO THE
CURIOSITIES OF THE WEST RIDING
OF YORKSHIRE;
PARTICULARLY
THE DISTRICT OF CRAVEN.



A

GUIDE, &c.

THE Lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland, having been so often *described*, by very able pens, I shall only offer *directions* for seeing many beauties and curiosities, seldom mentioned by, or known to, *general* Tourists. I shall notice also inns, and the distances from place to place; avoiding all particular descriptions.

Whoever has been in Lancashire, must be sensible of the bad roads in that county; those who have never travelled these roads, I caution sedulously to avoid them, for the sake of their bones, their carriage, and their purse; the latter will suffer by being taxed three-pence per mile, for post-horses, more than in any other county in the North. Certainly in the South of Lancashire, setting aside the charms of the Lancashire witches (beautiful women), there are fine manufacturing towns to be seen; and around Preston, the country is worth looking at.

B 2

In case a traveller, notwithstanding what I have premised of the Lancashire roads, should like to take a view of the beauties of Derbyshire, about Matlock, Buxton, &c. and proceed to the Lakes through Manchester, I will give a Guide for that route; and return through Yorkshire; which will make a complete Tour.

From Derby to Matlock, by Keddleston, 21 miles. Keddleston, Lord Scarsdale's, is well worth visiting.

From Matlock, go to see Hardwick Castle. The *new* house at Hardwick was built in Queen Elizabeth's time, by Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury, whose lord had the care of Mary Queen of Scotland for thirteen years; during that period of her confinement, she was indulged by being sometimes at Hardwick, at others at Chatsworth. No part of the old house at Chatsworth now remains, wherein Mary was confined; and at Hardwick, only a tottering staircase and two or three rooms. These remains of the old castle are close to the *new* house, built by Lady Shrewsbury, after the removal of Mary, and Lord Shrewsbury's death. The house is a huge square building, with six towers. All the floors are stucco. The great staircase is a very extraordinary one; it is of stone,

very wide, winding in some parts, and detached in a very odd manner. Up two pair of stairs is a gallery of sixty yards long, being one side of the square. The park is seven miles round: the timber at Hardwick is very fine, particularly elms, beech, and ash trees; but no water to be seen.

Balsover Castle is not far from Hardwick; and the town of Mansfield only two miles.

The road to Hardwick from Matlock is through Chesterfield.

From Matlock to Chesterfield 11 miles.

From Chesterfield to Hardwick 9 miles.

From Matlock, may be seen Dovedale, by crossing the country to Ashburn, I believe about 15 miles. The country around Ashburn is beautiful. Sir Brook Boothby's, at the end of the town, is worth seeing. Take a chaise at Ashburn (where there are good inns), for which they will charge twelve shillings; also take a guide, who will expect six shillings for himself, besides the hire of his horse, and go to Okeover, to see the famous picture of the Madona and Child: then proceed to Ilam, a very romantic place. At Ilam, see the spot where two rivers rise within three yards of each other.—Dovedale is very near Ilam; pray walk entirely through it to the caves, for

there are fine rocks near them. Do not suffer the guide to deter you from stepping from stone to stone, up a small part of the river, in order to get at the Caves; for, by the help of a stick, and a little attention not to slip off the stones, you will easily accomplish it; if you do not go so far, you will not see the most beautiful part of Dovedale.

The principal house at Matlock is the Old Bath. The ordinary there, in 1790, was one shilling and six-pence for dinner; one shilling for supper; eight-pence for tea; ditto for breakfast.

There are two roads from Matlock to Buxton; the one through Bakewell, the other by Chatsworth, and through Middleton dale; a very romantic spot.

From Matlock to Chatsworth, 11 miles.

If the imagination be raised to see fine things at Chatsworth, disappointment must ensue. The building is heavy; the river is spoiled by being shaven and shorn; the fountains are children's spouts; the cascade, which cost so many thousands of pounds, is an affront to the understanding: and, for the sight of these things, you must give the housekeeper and gardener at least five shillings each, or you will hear grumbling.—When noblemen have the goodness to permit their

fine seats to be seen by travellers, what a pity it is they suffer them to pay their servants' wages.

From Chatsworth to Tidswell, 10 miles.

From Tidswell to Buxton, 7 miles.

The Crescent at Buxton is a very fine building. The assembly rooms are at the great hotel, which is one of the general eating-houses. There is also an ordinary at Saint Ann's hotel, and the Hall. At the Hall are the baths. In the year 1790 each person paid for dinner one shilling and six-pence, for supper one shilling, for breakfast ten-pence, for tea eight-pence. Both at Matlock and Buxton liquor of all kinds, at dinner and supper, must be paid for besides, and procured by your own servant at the eating-houses: this circumstance, and the comfort of having a footman to wait upon you at table, render a male-servant useful at Buxton and Matlock. A person comes round the dinner and supper table, as the cloth is taking off, to collect from each person for the meal. In the great hotel there are many sitting rooms, as well as bed-chambers; the former let for a guinea a week, the bed-rooms, according to their size, from fourteen shillings to a guinea a week. There are many private lodging houses in the Crescent, and in the town of Buxton; and you may join in the public

ordinary, or have your meals sent to your lodgings from the hotels.

Within a short walk of Buxton is Pool's Hole; a cavern so called from a robber of that name, who made it his hiding-place.

From Buxton go to Castleton; the cavern there, and all the curiosities about it, should be seen. Those who dare to venture into the cave, should provide a change of dress, and they need not fear getting cold or rheumatism. If females, dry shoes, stockings, and petticoats will be requisite; carry also your night-caps, and a yard of coarse flannel, to pin on the head, so as to let it hang loose over the shoulders; it will prevent the dripping from the rocks in the cave from wetting and spoiling your habits, or gowns; also take an old pair of gloves, for the tallow candle, necessary to be carried in the hand, will make an end of all gloves worn in the cavern. Take some snuff and tobacco, which will be grateful offerings to the old witch-looking beings, spinning in the dark mouth of the cave. Go to the further end of the cavern, and if bold, climb to the chancel, where the singers stand. If you have a long nose, take care of it whilst you cross the Styx, or the pointed rocks over your face may take away a bit of it. The

clear stream which runs through the middle of the cave, purifies the air, so that the candles burn as bright as in a room of a house. You will be absent from the light of the sun full two hours; for the length of the cavern is, at least, three quarters of a mile; and you will have much to see and observe. Pay attention to the glorious effect of daylight when, on the return, you approach the mouth of the cave. When you cross the rivulet in the cavern, on a man's back, take care you do not singe his beard, which a lady in our party did, and was thereby in danger of being dropped into the water. On your arrival at the inn at Castleton, a crowd of guides will offer to attend you: the present made to them must be in proportion to the number of persons in the party, and the number of guides, men, women, and singing children engaged. The candles must be paid for besides. If the party be numerous, the procession under some of the lowest shelves of the rocks in the cave is the most ludicrous scene imaginable:—a long string of uncouth figures, with each a candle in one hand, creeping knees and nose together, in the bowels of a mountain; a rivulet on one side, and prodigious masses of solid rocks closely impending over their heads on the

other; with gloom and silence reigning, and every one taking heed of his steps.

I happened to be the foremost in our procession, and at the end of the pass turned my head, and beheld coming a tribe, like witches and wizards, creeping and slipping after me. Do not imagine you will see the sides of the cavern sparkling like diamonds: there may be an abundance of shining spar, but the constant dripping of water down the rocks, covers every part of the cavern with a slime, which must deaden the lustre of the stones, were they of ever so shining a nature; but, notwithstanding there is no glitter in the cave, there is much to be admired, particularly wherever there are any smooth parts on the sides of the rocks; there you will perceive an astonishing variety of forms and patterns, created by the drizzling moisture; many of the patterns are not unlike the ramifications on the glass of windows, in a hard frost. If it be safe to enter the cave at Castleton in winter, when the dripping waters are congealed, and icicles hang in every direction throughout the cave, then, indeed, by torch-light, it must be a splendid sight. After you pass the large deep mouth of the cave, you go through a very small door and enter into darkness; you soon arrive at

Styx' side, and lie flat in a tiny boat, which a man, breast deep in water, pushes to the opposite shore. In the cave the rocks sometimes hang very low; at others, they form aisles and recesses, like those in cathedrals, particularly one, in which is the chancel, the arched roof of which, to my eye, seemed as high as the aisle in Westminster Abbey, where Handel's music was performed. In short, the cave at Castleton is an astonishing natural curiosity.

Castleton from Buxton is about 12 miles. The view going down from the Moor to Castleton is fine. The road is confined by vast mountains and rocks. On the left is the Shivering Mountain, and in front, at a sharp turn round the rocks, Hope Vale presents itself, and appears another world. Either in your way to or from Castleton, you may look into Elden Hole; a tremendous place.

From Buxton to Disley (a very hilly road) 12 miles. In Disley churchyard you may read the following epitaph.—

“ Here lies the body of ——— ——— :

“ In science he was a mathematician,

“ A surgeon good, and a physician.

“ In other arts none did him excell,
 “ Within the sound of Disley bell.—
 “ His sudden death was a great surprise,
 “ The warning take, I you advise.
 “ Therefore, be careful how you live,
 “ Death does not always notice give.”

From Disley to Manchester, 15 miles. The inns at Manchester are dismal and dirty.

From Manchester to the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal, is only a morning's drive. The country about that canal is very pretty, and the tunnel through the rocks was a great effort of human talent in conceiving, and industry in the carrying it into effect.

From Manchester to Foulanends, 11 miles ; an alehouse only.

To Chorley, 11 miles ; a shocking inn.

To Preston, 10 miles ; the inn large, but extremely dirty.

To Garstang, 11 miles ; the inn rather bad, but beds tolerably clean.

To Lancaster, 11 miles : inns very uncomfortable and dirty.

To cross the sands to Ulverston is 22 miles ; which cannot be well performed without four horses, and

horses too which are used to ford deep rivers; for there are two to be forded. For most part of that journey the sands are as hard, and somewhat resemble, stucco, upon which the horses hoofs scarcely make an impression; but near the rivers that you are to ford, there are spots which apparently shake; and it is known, if a cart, or carriage of any sort, were to stop upon those places, it would sink, and there would be great difficulty in getting it out of the sand, were it not absolutely lost; therefore it is not only necessary to have a guide on horseback, but drivers too, who have been used to cross the sands. It is certainly a matter of curiosity to cross them; but unless you could have a choice of time and weather to go over them, (neither of which you can have), it is hardly worth the trouble and danger of undertaking it; besides you are, for the most part of the way, at such a distance from land, that all the beauties of the shore are only very faintly seen.—Another thing is to be considered, should any unforeseen accident happen to your carriage or horses, while on the sands, the sea might return and overwhelm you, before you could remedy the accident and escape. A thick fog too might come on in the space of three or four hours,

and render it impossible for you to find your way over the sands, or through the rivers upon them. Many market carts, and people in them, have been lost between Lancaster and Ulverston.

If you do not cross the sands, proceed to Burton, 11 miles. On the road from Lancaster to Burton, look on the left, at a distance, and you will see the sands, and Warton Crag, with villages hanging beautifully on its sides. At a very short distance from Burton is a noble crag, called Farleton Knot; it is said to resemble the rock of Gibraltar.

From Burton, by Milthorp, (and be sure to go to Milthorp) to Kendal, 12 miles. When at Milthorp, walk to Betham Mill, if not too far, through Mr. Wilson's park at Dallam Tower; the Beela river, which falls at Betham Mill, here joins a very broad part of the Kent; and, thus united, they form one of the rivers that are forded on the Lancashire sands. These rivers, when united, and viewed through the trees at Dallam Tower, appear like an arm of the sea, bounded by the rough sides of Whitbarrow Scar.

Proceed to Leven's Hall; it belongs to Lady Andover: it was built about Queen Elizabeth's time. It is the river Kent which runs by it. If

at Leven's Hall you can get a key to go through Leven's park, you will have a beautiful drive, and be able to see a very picturesque fall of the river. If you cannot procure a key to go through the park, you must go on by Sizergh Hall; which is also a very ancient building, in a very pretty park.

Kendal is situated on the side of a sloping mountain, upon the banks of the river Kent.

The King's Arms is not a good inn, and Masterman, the mistress of it in 1796, was an impertinent fine lady, and unaccommodating to strangers.

From Kendal to Bowness, 9 miles, where there is a very neat inn. I would advise a traveller by all means to approach the Lakes from Kendal to Bowness.

There cannot be a finer view of Winder Mere, than that from the descent to Bowness.

From Bowness go to Newby Bridge, at the foot of the lake, keeping to its bank on the Westmoreland side. Not far from Newby Bridge is a fine water-fall, and the country all around is beautiful. Go on to Ulverston, which is in Lancashire, and then to Furness Abbey, one of the finest ruins in

the kingdom. You must return to Ulverston, and go to Coniston Water.

From Ulverston, by Coniston Water, to Low-wood, is 24 miles.

Coniston Mere is seen to much greater advantage in going *from* Ulverston than the contrary way; because you come to the foot of the lake first, which is the tamest part, and approach by degrees to its utmost grandeur, at its head. You will afterwards go round the head of Winder Mere, and arrive at Low-wood inn, a very neat comfortable house; and the Wrights, who keep it, are very civil good people. You ought to make Low-wood your head quarters for some days.— While at Low-wood, go to see Elta Water, near Skelert Bridge, and from thence to Cullert Fall.

See Sir Michael Le Fleming's, at Rydal Hall. See also the Ambleside Fall, within half a mile of the town; the road up to it is by the inn door.

There is a fine pass over Kirkstone, and through Patterdale to Ulswater; but the road of late has been, by violent rains, rendered impassable for a carriage:

From Low-wood to Keswick, 18 miles; one of the finest drives in the world: in that road observe

Rydal Water, and the rocky romantic pass between it and Grassmere, where you will be introduced into the land of soft, pastoral, calm delight. Admire the mountains as you ascend from Grassmere; by the road's side, at the top of that ascent, is a heap of stones, and there ends Westmoreland, and Cumberland begins. The ridge of mountain on the right is Helvellyn, 3324 feet above the level of the sea, which is somewhat higher than Skiddaw, and it retains the snow upon its top much longer than Skiddaw. In a rainy day, innumerable torrents rush down its sides to the road, and run to the Lakes. About midway between Low-wood and Keswick there is a lake, called Leathes Water; which, though bare of wood, is notwithstanding beautiful. The outline of Leathes Water, the hills around it, and the promontories that run into it, render the *tout ensemble* striking. You will pass through part of Saint John's Vale before you come within sight of Keswick: the mountains which bound that vale are very fine. Of your own accord you will stop to admire, and almost adore, when you first look upon Keswick Vale, Derwent Water, Bassenthwaite Lake, and the surrounding mountains.

At the Queen's Head, at Keswick, you will be

well accommodated, and meet with the utmost civility from the Woods, who keep the inn, particularly from Mrs. Wood, who is an exceeding good woman.

The guide charges five shillings a-day for his attendance, besides the hire of his horse. If you can ride on horseback, you will be able to see that fairy land far better than in a carriage.

Do not omit going to Watenlagh; it is the most beautiful mountain vale that can be seen; it is literally a valley upon a high mountain, with mountains again rising from it, infinitely higher than the vale. It lies at the top of Lodore Fall, having the rivulet, which is precipitated over the rocks at Lodore, running through it from a small lake at the village of Watenlagh.

Go through Borrowdale, and over the Hawse into Gatesgarthdale. In Gatesgarthdale you will pass under Honister Crag to the left, where are fine slate quarries. From the top of Honister Crag is a prodigiously fine view of the lakes below, and the heaps of mountains all around. The descent from the crag, on the sharp and rocky ridge of it, near to the houses of Gatesgarth, is somewhat tremendous; but it was descended, in 1796, by a female. The head of

Buttermere is close to the village of Gatesgarth, and you will ride very near that lake all the way to the village of Buttermere; where is an alehouse, at which you can get admirable ale, and bread and cheese, perchance a joint of mutton.

Few people will like to sleep at the Buttermere alehouse: but, with the help of my own sheets, blanket, pillows, and counterpane, I lodged there a week very comfortably.

From Buttermere I one day walked to the Wad Mines, or blacklead mines, and returned over the top of Hornister Crag. Another day, I walked over the mountains by Gatesgarth into Innerdale, and through it to Inner Bridge, on the whole, sixteen miles. If possible Innerdale should be seen, for it is beautiful, particularly about Gillerthwaite, at the head of the lake; and again at the foot of the lake, looking up the vale towards its head. At the alehouse at Inner Bridge, I was obliged to pass the night in a chair by the kitchen fire, there being not a bed in the house fit to put myself upon. The next morning I returned over the mountains, by Scale Force, to my lodgings.—But to return to the travellers on horseback.

At Buttermere you may leave your horses, and walk about a mile to Scale Force, a very lofty

curious waterfall. In your way thither you will have a fine view of Crommack Water, and the noble mountains around it. Return to Buttermere, and ride through Newlands Vale back to Keswick.

When you get to the top of the ascent from Buttermere towards Newlands, look behind you, and you will see a prospect that will delight you. On the descent into Newlands Vale on the right, is a very fine mountain torrent. A carriage can go only a small part of this beautiful ride, namely, to the head of Borrowdale, and back again to Keswick.

Drive on the Cockermouth road to Scale Hill; and if you have not seen Buttermere nor Scale Force on horseback, procure a boat to carry you up Crommack Water, to the landing-place near Scale Force. When you have seen that fall, cross the lake to Buttermere, and afterwards return in the boat to Scale Hill, where you left your carriage. From Scale Hill, see also a small lake near Crommack Water, called Lowes Water; it is very pretty. The view of Lorton Vale, near Scale Hill, is very beautiful, particularly if the sun should be shining upon it.

It is a matter to boast of, that of climbing to the top of Skiddaw; but the view from it is hardly

worth the fatigue of obtaining it, even in a clear day. On the summit of Skiddaw, to which travellers climb, is a long and broad bed of very large loose pieces of slate. Upon each of the points on this summit of Skiddaw is a huge heap of these slate flakes; one heap is called My Lord, the other My Lady. A dreamer of dreams, not many years since, dreamed that a great treasure was hid under My Lord; the man secretly mounted Skiddaw, removed the slate heap piece by piece; but whether a treasure rewarded him for his labour I never could learn.

Mr. Pocklington has a house well situated on the side of Derwent Water, near Lodpre Fall, and he has a very pretty fall of a beck (that is, a small stream) through the wood behind his house; but were I a nymph of Derwent Water, I should, like Niöbe, weep myself to a statue, for the injury committed on taste and nature, by the other erections of that gentleman on one of the islands, and on the banks of this charming lake; for, alas! Mr. Pocklington's slime* may be traced in every

* "A gentleman, whose taste stands as high as any man's, observed and lamented the extent of Mr. ——'s operations. Formerly, said he, improvers, at least, kept near the house, but this fellow crawls like a snail all over the

part of Keswick Vale. It is a pity he has no friend to advise him to blow to atoms every thing he has constructed and planned; and *nature*, on the ruins, will soon restore its pristine beauty.— Look at Herbert's Island, lately improved by the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, and you will find taste and nature hand in hand.

Go to Ouse Bridge, at the foot of Bassenthwaite. The views from Ormathwaite and the Vicarage, over the lake to Borrowdale, are enchanting. The walk by the river Greeta, from the lake, towards St. John's Vale, is charming.

If you have time, and can ride on horseback, by all means see Innerdale (before mentioned), and Wast Water. Also ride entirely round Derwent Water; every step you take in that ride will afford you pleasure. About ten o'clock in the morning is the most favourable time to ride on the east side of the lake; the evening, on the west of it; the reason is obvious. An hour or two before noon the reflections of the surrounding objects in the clear lake are more beautiful than can be imagined. The ride from the village of Grange, on the sides

“ grounds, and leaves his cursed slime behind him, where-
“ ever he goes.”—Vide a Note to Knight's Didactic Poem,
called The Landscape.

of the mountains on the west shore of the lake, and through Lord William Gordon's woods round to Keswick, is delightful, in a fine evening, when the setting sun gilds the opposite mountains, crags, and woods.

The glow of colouring peculiar to such scenery as is about the Cumberland and Westmoreland Lakes, must be *seen* to be understood, for it cannot be described by a pen; and no pencil, that I have ever seen, has produced the *genuine* tint and style of that country, in any degree equal to the drawings of my friend the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, of Ormathwaite; who has, in his representations, exhibited the character of the Lakes in as great perfection as is possible for imitation to attain.

The prospect during the whole descent of the Cockermouth road into Keswick (which you will have when you return from Scale Hill), is prodigiously fine.

Inquire concerning the Floating Island. It is not at all times visible, but it may be so when you are at Keswick. It is situated towards the head of the lake, and not far from the landing-place at Lodore. In 1794 it was a trifle above the surface of the water. I inquired after it in 1796, and the

guide informed me it had not been seen since the time I saw it, in 1794; it was then covered with rushes and coarse grass. It does not vary its situation in the lake, but it moves up and down. Philosophers must assign the *cause* of its rising and sinking, I cannot. It is, however, a matter of some curiosity.

The Salt Well, on the west side of Derwent Water, is not worth the trouble of getting to it.

The Wad, or blacklead mines, are curious, but difficult of access. In 1796, an overseer at them told me, the pure ore was sold, then, for fifty shillings a pound. I have been informed there are no other blacklead mines in the world, except in some part of the East Indies, and those very trifling. The people of Cumberland are, in general, very honest, but the blacklead is a temptation they cannot withstand; so that during the time the mines are open, the workmen are watched as narrowly as if they were digging for diamonds. These mines are only open for a certain period, then are closed for another period, and then opened again. The blacklead pencils to be had at Keswick are very fine, if bought of an honest maker; but very bad, as well as very good, are made there: it entirely depends upon the qua-

lity of the ore the pencilmaker puts into his pencils. The ore is sawn into very small wedges, and then cut the length of the pencil.

At Mr. Crosthwaite's Museum may be had charming Æolian harps, for five shillings each.

From Keswick to Penrith, 18 miles. The Crown Inn is an excellent one, kept by very good people, Buchanan and Warmsley, son and daughter to the good woman Mrs. Buchanan, whom Mr. Gray, in his Tour to the Lakes, speaks so handsomely of; and with whom I heartily join in commendation, from my own experience.

From Penrith, go to see a beautiful and romantic place called the Nunnery. Go to Ulls Water, it is a very fine lake: see the waterfall near the Duke of Norfolk's Tower. If you did not cross Kirkstone to Patterdale (which I have beforementioned); now you are at Ulls Water, look at a house at the head of the lake—probably by this time it may be a new building:—in 1794 it was a very old house, called the Haugh, or Hall, and sometimes the palace of the king and queen of Patterdale: at that time the queen was only living, and resided at the old Haugh, with her son and daughter-in-law; who wisely drop the royal title, and are plain Mr. and Mrs. Mounsey. Drive into Pat-

terdale, as far as the small lakes in it; that district is truly pastoral, and the conversation of the inhabitants has a simplicity and charm in it extremely interesting.

About half a mile from Penrith, on the Applebey or Shap road, may be seen the spot called King Arthur's Round Table. It is a beautiful small flat between the Lowther and the Emmont rivers, near their junction, with rising grounds around it; the banks of the rivers there are very romantic, and finely enriched with wood, and some rocks.

Return to Kendal by Hawes Water.

From Kendal return to Burton and Lancaster, for the sake of going through Lonsdale.

From Lancaster, by Hornby, to Kirbylonsdale, is as fine a drive as any in England. At the third milestone in the Hornby road, is Mr. Gray's delightful view. The river Lune runs through the vale.

At Kirbylonsdale, the Royal Oak inn is but middling; but the people who kept it, in 1796, were particularly civil and accommodating. Go through the churchyard, and walk to Underlay; it is a beautiful scene, and the banks of the Lune fine and picturesque. The bridge at Kirbylons-

dale was built by an architect of high antiquity: the legend of it relates, that the devil one very windy night was crossing the high mountain on the side of the Lune, with an apronfull of stones; either the blast, or the weight of the stones, broke the string of the apron, and out fell half the load; with the remainder Old Nick proceeded to the river, and with those stones built the bridge; but not having the whole of his burden, the bridge could not be erected higher than it is. The spilt stones still lie in a heap on the mountain top.

From Kirbylonsdale to Ingleton, 7 miles.— There is a very neat small inn at Ingleton, where any one may rest two or three days very comfortably: this little town is situated amongst crags at the base of the huge mountain, 3700 feet above the level of the sea, called Ingleborough; this mountain is, by some calculations, reckoned to be 3987 feet, and its base to be in circumference between 20 and 30 miles. Just at the entrance to the town are two torrents, as Mr. Gray writes, “with great stones rolling along their beds instead of water;” and over them are thrown two handsome arches. There are numbers of natural curiosities within a short distance of Ingleton, which may be seen with ease, if you have time

to stay a few days at that village. Upon no account miss the sight of Weathercoate Cove or Cave, if it be not too full of water. Weathercoate Cove is not above a hundred yards out of the turnpike road from Ingleton to Askrigg and Richmond. In this cave, which is deep, is a surprising grand waterfall, the effect of it is astonishing to those who have courage to get at it; but it cannot be described to be perfectly understood. Douk Cove, somewhat similar to Weathercoate Cove, lies on the other side of the turnpike road, about a mile towards the foot of Ingleborough.

At Ingleton are fine slate quarries.

In the neighbourhood of Thornton Church-stile, 6 miles from Kirbylonsdale, are Yordas Cove, Thornton Force, and falls at the head of the river. I believe there is no carriage road to these places.

From Ingleton to Chapel-in-the-Dale, 4 miles; where you will be informed of Hurtlepot Cove, Ginglepot Cove, and Weathercoate Cove.

From Chapel-in-the-Dale, by Horton, to Settle, is 10 miles; but I think not a carriage road. At Horton are many curiosities. On the road to the right is a curious stone quarry. At Stainforth, two waterfalls of the river Ribble. The Vale of

Horton is so shaded from the sun, and so cold, nothing ripens in it, not even potatoes. It consists of sheep farms, and I was told at Settle, that notwithstanding the dreadful climate of Horton-dale, there are many farmers living in it possessing from two to three hundred pounds a year.

From Ingleton to Settle, by the turnpike road, is 10 miles: that drive is delightful, from the great variety of mountains, wood, crags, and water. The town of Clapham is charmingly situated, and the Clapham Scars are fine; but Crowness Scars, on the left in ascending the mountain, before the descent to Settle, are very singular, and particularly grand; being, as it were, a long range of fine castles in ruins, with Gothic gateways, pillars, &c. Just after Crowness Scars, and a short distance from Settle, are the magnificent Giggleswick Scars, under which, close on the road's side, is the well which ebbs and flows.

The situation of Settle is under vast mountains and crags. A whitish rock, like towers, called Castle-ber, rises almost perpendicularly from the houses at the back of the town; it has zig-zag walks made up it, and from the top is an extensive view over Ribblesdale: this rock is walled round to prevent

this mass of rock, which, at all times, is in a drizzling state: small shrubs hang about the projections of the rocks in every direction; moss, and the yellow and green tints of time and weather, also give a degree of softness to the rugged pile. The greatest curiosity I saw at Maum Tor was, the river issuing at the bottom of the rock; there is not the smallest space between the surface of the water and the solid rock. The breadth of this river, as it glides from the pile of rocks, may be, as far as I could judge by my eye, not less than forty feet; it issues perfectly level, and runs off in the small hollow to the village of Maum, from whence it flows on to Leeds, &c.; its banks, and the moor just around the Tor, are ornamented with scattered birch, and mountain ash trees. In advancing to Maum Tor, I found springs rising at almost every step I took. The river at Maum Tor is the Air, and has its source from a lake near Penegent Hill; but how it gets under Maum Tor, I cannot tell. The carriage road down to the village of Maum is very bad for horses; it would be, for that reason, more advisable for those who travel with their own horses, to send them on the straight road to Skipton, 16 miles, and hire post-horses.

which are used to the road, to take them round by Gordale.

At Skipton is a very neat inn, near the ancient castle of Skipton. This town is situated in a beautiful part of Craven. Between Skipton and Leeds the river Air winds lovely in the vale.

Wharfedale is well worth visiting, which you may do by going to Otley. You may then turn to the east, and take a view of Studley Park, Fountains Abbey, Hackfall, Harewood, Harrogate, York, &c.

My road lay from Skipton to Keighley, 10 miles; a charming drive through Craven, and very good road.

From Keighley to Halifax, 12 miles; a very bad road; hilly and dreary to a great degree.

Halifax is a large and dirty manufacturing town, most beautifully situated amongst mountains, woods, and rivers.

The Halifax innkeepers follow the example of their neighbours in Lancashire, and charge three-pence per mile more, for post-horses, than in the other parts of Yorkshire.

From Halifax to Rochdale, over Blackstone Edge (a ridge of mountains so called), 16 miles,

of very hilly bad road. There is, I was told, a beautiful road, somewhat farther about, through some dale, and not over Blackstone Edge, that, if it had not been near winter, I should certainly have taken.

There are no very great beauties in Rochdale; and the town (most part of it) is very dirty, and the streets very narrow: but, from experience, I know some of the inhabitants to be very kind, hospitable, and truly friendly; and besides, the Rochdale women are in general handsome. Avoid passing through Rochdale on Mondays, it is market-day; and you may be detained in the street, without being able to pass through the crowd, for an hour or two.

From Rochdale to Manchester, 13 miles; a sad rough road of broken pavement.

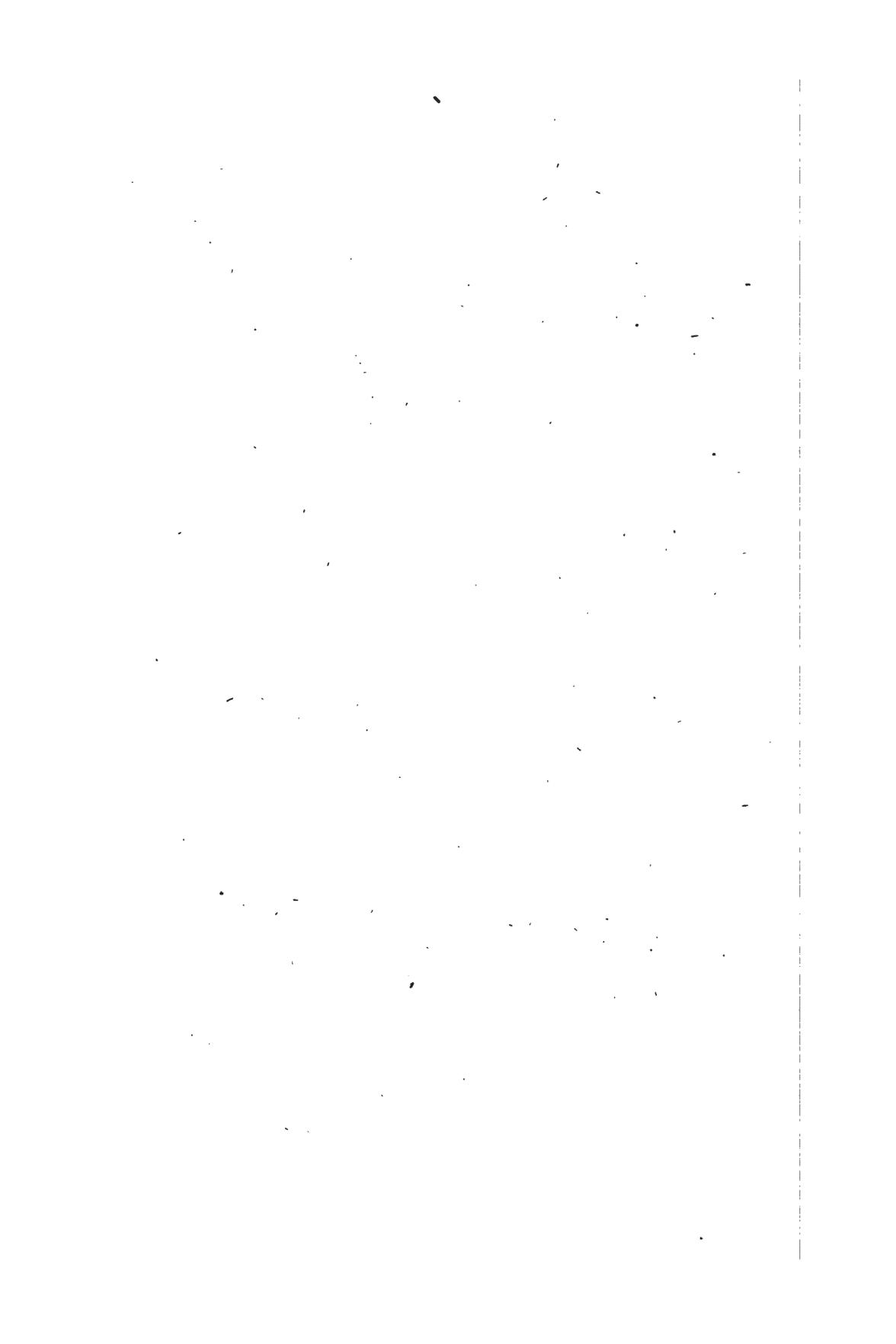
Near Middleton, about half way from Rochdale to Manchester, on a hill to the left, is Sir Ashton Lever's, or rather what was his property.

To the right, nearer Manchester, is Lord Grey de Wilton's.

A mile short of Manchester, before the steep descent to the town, on the right, is Broughton,

belonging to Colonel Cluise; the finest situation about Manchester.

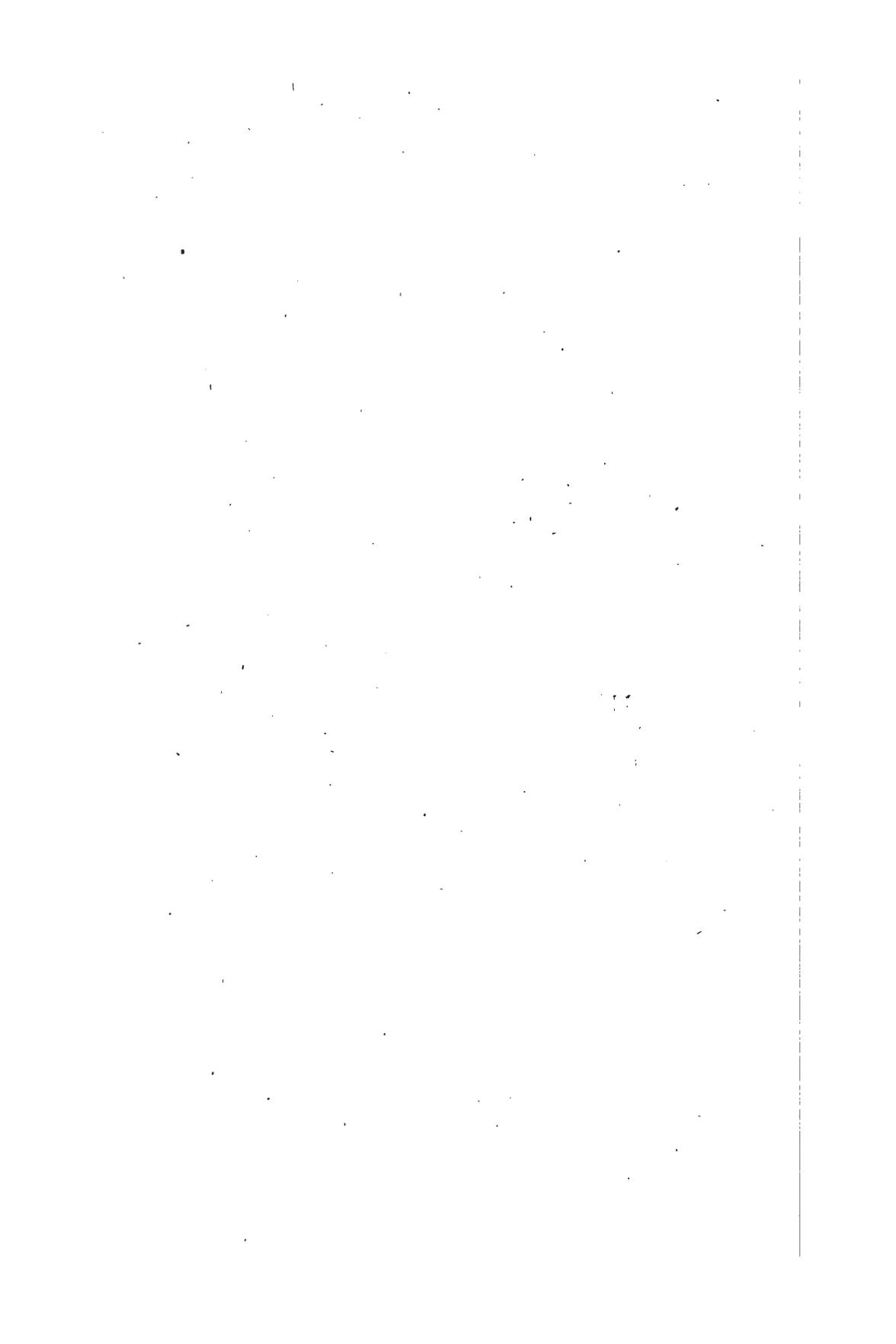
My guide has already conducted travellers to Manchester; I therefore leave them to enjoy the inexhaustible fund of amusement their own reflections, on what they have seen and observed, must continually afford them.



A GUIDE

TO THE

BEAUTIES OF SCOTLAND.



GUIDE, &c.

PROVIDE yourself with a strong roomy carriage, and have the springs well corded; have also a stop-pole and strong chain to the chaise. Take with you linch-pins, and four shackles, which hold up the braces of the body of the carriage; a turn-screw, fit for fastening the nuts belonging to the shackles; a hammer, and some straps.

For the inside of the carriage, get a light flat box, the corners must be taken off, next the doors, for the more conveniently getting in and out. This box should hang on the front of the chaise, instead of the pocket, and be as large as the whole front, and as deep as the size of the carriage will admit; the side next the travellers should fall down by hinges, at the height of their knees, to form a table on their laps; the part of the box below the hinges should be divided into holes for wine bottles, to stand upright in. The part above the bottles, to hold tea, sugar, bread,

and meat; a tumbler glass, knife and fork, and salt-cellar, with two or three napkins: the box to have a very good lock. I would also advise to be taken, bed-linen, and half a dozen towels at least, a blanket; thin quilt, and two pillows; these articles will set a traveller quite at ease, with respect to accommodation; the blanket and quilt will be very seldom wanted; however, when they are, it is very pleasant to have such conveniences in one's power.

If a traveller would like to save a great deal of money, and render a servant more useful than on horseback, put a seat for him behind the carriage.

Let two strong hooks be screwed on the body of the chaise, and a standing piece of iron from each hind spring, and a bar of iron across, to support the perpendicular pieces. The canvas or leather seat may, with straps, be so fastened to the hooks in the body of the carriage, and the upright irons, as to make it a very comfortable easy seat; and the servant being thus a part of the equipage, is always at hand for use, either in opening gates, or in case of accidents; besides, he never can be left behind at the inns where you stop, or elsewhere, which is for ever the case when a servant is on horseback: he is hardly ever with you,

when you most want him ; and often comes galloping after you, at the risk of his own neck, and to the great detriment of the poor post-horse. You will say, perhaps,—if the servant be stuck to our backs, how inconvenient ! not to be able to send *on* for horses. If you travel for pleasure, you need not be in such haste ; and besides, how few men are able to ride a hundred or more miles a day, for two or three days together ? also, when you get into countries where you are obliged to take your horses wherever you go, there can be no sending *on* for fresh horses. But the most solid reason with many for adopting this mode of conveyance for a man-servant is, the very considerable sum of money it saves. To me, the convenience is not to be described, as by my man's being at all times at hand, he was ready to discover if any thing was amiss, and to assist in setting it to rights.

In a journey of near two thousand miles, my carriage was only *once* near being down, and would certainly have been so, had the servant been any where but *on* the seat behind. He felt and saw the shackle belonging to one of the hind springs break, and instantly called to the postillion. Had the carriage not stopped immediately, I do not

know what might have happened; but as it was, a new shackle was taken out of the pocket of the chaise, and it was set upright again in a very short time: which, in my mind, afforded a strong proof of the utility of carrying a set of shackles, and having the servant on the chaise. This accident happened on the road near Loch Awe, far from assistance of any kind, and in torrents of rain.

Thus much for the first set off. I will now run over the ground I travelled in 1796, and I will begin my Guideship, equipped as above, from my own house; and you will soon reach the first post in the great North road.

With my maid by my side, and my man on the seat behind the carriage, I set off, May the 28th, 1796. Mr. Edes, of Stratton-street, Piccadilly, provided me with a good pair of horses; and a very civil man he is: those who have occasion for post-horses will do well for themselves if they employ him.

I mean in this Guide to convey you a long journey; give you the distances; and tell you what I think of the inns; where you may, and where you cannot, have a chance of sleeping.

Before I proceed, I will however inform you, that I think I have seen Scotland, and its natural

beauties; more completely than any other individual. I was alone, nor did I limit myself as to time: I took great pains to see every thing worth seeing; and perhaps had better opportunities, than most other travellers, of exploring almost every famous glen, mountain pass, and cataract, by having a great many good and kind friends and relations by marriage, in Perthshire, and other parts of the Highlands; whose hospitality and kindness are stampt upon my heart, and will not be forgotten by my pen, when I describe the country. At present I will keep to my Guidship only.

Until I get out of England, I shall only mention the distances; unless I should have occasion to name an inn not fit to sleep at. In all probability you have travelled much of the road in England before, therefore you may wish to get on, as I did, as fast as you can. But in Scotland it may be new to you; I will therefore notice what you may see in your way, or at least mention what I saw with pleasure; also the inns most convenient to sleep at, with their distances from each other; and I will endeavour to point out a route that will give you an opportunity of seeing most of the natural beauties of the High-

lands, &c. It will be a zig-zag route, but it will be much to the purpose, if you really wish to *see* Scotland, and not merely to *say* you have made the tour of that country.

To Waltham Cross, 19 miles.

Ware, 9 miles.

Buntingford, 10 miles.

Arrington, 13 miles.

Huntingdon, 15 miles.

Stilton, 12 miles.

Stamford, 14 miles,

Coltsworth, 13 miles; where Sir Isaac Newton was born.

Grantham, 8 miles.

Newark, 14 miles.

Tuxford, 14 miles.

Bawtry, 15 miles.

Doncaster, 9 miles.

Ferrybridge, 15 miles.

Weatherby, 16 miles.

Boroughbridge, 12 miles,

Leeming, 12 miles; Oak-tree a very bad inn; there is another, a very good one.

Catterick-bridge, 11 miles; where there is a very good inn. Do not stop at Catterick town, it is only an alehouse.

To Greeta-bridge, 14 miles; the George inn very good.

To Brough, 18 miles; the inn very bad indeed.

To Crackenthorpe, 10 miles.

To Penrith, 12 miles; the Crown, an excellent inn.

To Carlisle, 18 miles; the Bush, a good inn.

Between Penrith and Carlisle, do not fail seeing the Nunnery, a beautiful romantic place. A mile before you enter Penrith, by the Brough road, observe as you cross the rivers there, King Arthur's famous Round Table. The views about that spot are all fine.

To Long-town, 10 miles; a very good inn.

To Langholm, 14 miles; the inn too bad to sleep at.

Admire the banks of the river Esk; and stay long enough to see the beauties of Langholm, and the Duke of Buccleugh's lodge, by which the Esk runs; and the Ewes river joins it near the bridge.

To Hawick, 22 miles; observe the road all the way, it is beautifully romantic. At Moss-pole, the half-way house, no horses are kept, nor can you get any thing there, for those in your

chaise, except a little meal and water. Close by Mosspole, you meet with the source of the river Ewes, which you were near all the way from Langholm, where, as I have before said, it unites with the Esk. Within a quarter of a mile from Mosspole, you join the Tiviot river near its source, and follow it to Hawick; where it is joined by the Slettrick water. You must contrive to be at Langholm early in the day, it being a long and tedious stage from thence to Hawick; I was eight hours in travelling it. At Hawick you must sleep, as there is no place between that and Edinburgh where you can possibly pass a night with any degree of comfort. I would advise you, even to get early to Hawick, lest other travellers should be there before you: there is but one sitting room at Hawick, and only one *tolerable* bed chamber, with two beds in it.

To Selkirk, 11 miles.

The inn is too bad, either to eat or sleep at; but horses good.

To Bankhouse, 15 miles. The inn very middling.

On leaving Selkirk, you cross the Ettrick water, running to the Tweed. Somewhat above the bridge by which you cross the Ettrick, the

Yarrow water falls into it. The Yarrow has its source from Loch of the Lows, and St. Mary's lake, and runs by the town of Yarrow. When you come within sight of the Tweed, which you will do at the turn of the road from the Ettrick water, observe the extreme beauties of that part of Tweeddale, which you then enter, particularly at Yair and Fairnalie, where you cross the Tweed. Before you reach Bankhouse, you join the river Galla.

From Bankhouse to Middleton, 9 miles.

To Edinburgh, 12 miles.

Two miles from Middleton, you cross a branch of the South-Esk; and again you will cross the South-Esk near Dalhousie Castle; the situation of which is romantic. When you come to Leswade bridge, over the North-Esk river, look to the right at Melville Castle. From the Middleton road, you will get a very fine view of Edinburgh. If you have no friend's house to go to at Edinburgh, there are several fine hotels in the New Town; but to remain at them, is very expensive. You must at any rate stay some time at Edinburgh, because many charming things are to be visited in its neighbourhood: amongst the rest, by setting out early, you may in one day

see Crag-Miller Castle, Dalkeith, and Roslin Castle.

From Edinburgh to Dalkeith, 6 miles.

From Dalkeith to Roslin, 6 miles.

From Roslin to Edinburgh, 6 miles.

When at Roslin, do not fail crossing the North-Esk river, which runs under the walls of Roslin Castle, to see Hawthorndean, and all the walks near, and belonging to Roslin. In the way from Dalkeith to Roslin, you will again see Melville Castle; and cross the North-Esk at Leswade bridge.

When at Edinburgh, walk round Salisbury Crags, and to the top of Arthur's Seat. See Dediston lake, and house. Inquire for the bit of rock, where the fine echo is heard; it is between Salisbury Crags, and the new walk towards Dediston lake. Walk over Calton Hill; but be sure to have a gentleman, or a man servant with you. See the Castle, the Abbey, and its ruined chapel. If you can get leave, see a fine picture of King Charles the First of England, and his Queen Henrietta; it is in Lady Elizabeth Murray's apartment, the property of the Earl of Dunmore.

See also St. Barnard's well; and St. Anthony's

well, and ruined chapel; with many other things in, and near Edinburgh, well worth observation.

From Edinburgh to Queensferry, 9 miles.

The ferry, even with a carriage, may be crossed almost at any hour, it being but seldom that the tide will not serve.

The prices for crossing, are put up against the passage house, that there may be no imposition. A chaise without horses is half-a-crown; for each man or woman, one penny.

The breadth of the ferry, is 2 miles.

As you cross Queensferry, you may see Hoptoun House.

I would advise you to leave Edinburgh early in the morning, that you may reach Kinross in time to see, many beauties near that town; particularly Loch Leven.

If you mean to travel for pleasure, and are willing to be safe, make a resolution, (and keep to it strictly) *never* to be out after dark. If you will adhere to my plan, and be early in a morning in your chaise, you may see each day's portion of beauty, and have daylight to lodge you safe, in your intended quarters, unless some unforeseen delay should occur.

From Queensferry to Kinross, 15 miles. Do-

naldson's, at the north end of the town, is rather the best inn; neither of them extremely good. But at Kinross you must sleep; and early in the morning (I wish you a fair day) set out for Stirling, 18 or 20 miles.

Stop at the town of the Crook of Devon, (to it a very good road,) and there procure a guide to shew you the field you are to cross, to get to the Rumbling Brig, and Cauldron Lin. Should you, when at either, be so fortunate as to meet with Mr. Lowry Johnston, who holds a farm near the Lin, and may probably then be fishing; you will find him a very ready friendly guide; and if you can follow him, he will lead you to the bottom of the rocks, over which the Rumbling Brig is thrown, with great dexterity. The Rumbling Brig, is not more than a quarter of a mile out of the road, but you must walk to it, and the Lin, across a field. The Lin is about a mile below the Brig; and to see it in perfection, you must go to Mr. Charles Mercer's side of the river, and to his walk, which is on the south side of the Devon. You must first go to a point where is an ash tree hanging over the Cauldrons; then follow Mr. Mercer's walk to the foot of the fall, which is very fine.

Before you quit the Brig, go up the river on each side of it, and you will see much to admire. When you return to your carriage, you will have four miles to go to the small town of Dollar, of as bad road as ever carriage passed; but if in the day, it is safe enough. At Dollar, while your horses bait, look over the ruin of Castle Campbell, on the banks of the Burn of Care, flanked by the hill of Gloom.

From Dollar to Stirling, the road is tolerably good and pleasant, under the range of hills called Oichill Hills.

You must sleep at Stirling, and see every thing there; and hire horses to carry you until you reach Crieff. The New Inn, the one that is lowest in the town, is an excellent one.

From Stirling proceed to Callender, 16 miles. As you go towards Callender, you will pass by Doune, and its castle, in ruins; and before you, (at a very great distance) you will see Ben Lomond, and Ben Lidi, looking much like each other in shape; Ben Lomond on the left, Ben Lidi nearly in front of you, and Ben Chochan between them, not so high, but somewhat resembling them in form. The inn at Callender, Drummond, Perth's Arms, middlingly good, but

you may sleep tolerably there for a few nights. From Callender you must go to Loch Catheine, 9 miles. The road to Loch Catheine is bad enough. Take food for your horses, self, and servants, for none can be gotten until you return to Callender. A whole day would be well spent in viewing the beauties of the *Trosacks*, that is, the wonders around Loch Catheine, and the two lakes before you get to Loch Catheine. The first lake you come to, from Callender, is Loch Van-a-Choir, the Lake of the fair Valley: the next, Loch Achray, or Loch-a-chravy, the Lake of the Field of Devotion. Take care of the ford of the river that runs out of Glen Finglass. I advise you to walk over the foot-bridge, of wood and turf, and let the carriage go empty through the river. Near Loch Catheine, on the right, is the forest of Glen Finglass, once covered with the deer of the kings of Scotland. On the right, Ben Chochan, the small Mountain, because less than Ben Lomond, and Ben Lidi, its neighbours. When at Loch Catheine, at the foot of which you must quit the carriage, take care your horses do not get bogged, as mine did, whilst the driver was staring at the wonders of the *Trosacks*. Procure a boat, if any within reach, and go to the

Den of the Ghost; to the rock which rises 200 feet perpendicular above the lake, and walk the road, that is cut and blown out of the rocks, to a high point before you.

To the north of Callender is Ben-le-Dia, the Hill of God, commonly called Ben Lidi.

Do not fail seeing Brackland Brig, over the water of Kelty (or violent).

Observe the peculiar stone with which the town of Callender is built; the crag above the town is of the same sort of stone, called the Plum-pudding stone. At Callender is a curious conical hill, where the old church stood, called Tom-ma-Chessaig, the Hill of St. Kessaig.

From Callender to Lochearn Head, 12 miles. You cannot well sleep at Lochearn Head; therefore set out very early from Callender, that you may get to Crieff before it be dark.

On quitting Callender, and the town that joins it, called Kilmahog, observe on the left, the river Teith; it is the most considerable branch of the Forth; one stream of it comes from Loch Van-a-Choir, the other from Loch Lubnaig, and join at Kilmahog. At the pass of Lennie, observe some beautiful cataracts of the water that comes from Loch Lubnaig, which you will soon join

by one of the very romantic passes through the Grampian mountains; having Ben Lidi to your left. As you advance to Loch Lubnaig, you will see, on the right, Ben Vorlich raise its conical head; and on the other side of that Ben is Loch Earn. About the midway of Loch Lubnaig (that is, the Crooked Lake), on the opposite side from the road, is Craig-na-co-heilig, which signifies the rock of the joint hunting. When you come to Loch Earn Head, look into Glen Ogle, and Glen Ample; in which are fine waterfalls; and Eden Ample.

From Loch Earn Head to Crieff, 20 miles.

After you quit the lake a mile or two, inquire for Movey, or Deneira, Mr. Dundas's, a place that must not be passed by without being seen: but as the country there is very thinly inhabited, you may not find any one of whom to inquire; therefore look to the left for a white gate, amongst rocks covered with wood, and that will lead you to it. At Deneira, walk to the waterfall, and to the top of the hill above it, whence there is a fine view to the lake. Should you have time, and be a good walker, there are innumerable beauties to be seen at Deneira. After you leave Deneira, ford the river Earn, close above a foot-bridge in

the Chinese style, and by a good road, you will soon pass by two charming places; on the left, Dalchonzie, pronounced Dalwhonie; and, on the right, is Aberuhill. The hills around you are the Grampians. Soon after Aberuhill you will cross the Earn by a stone bridge, at the town of Comrie; after which you will pass by Lawers House, and Ochtertyre.

At Crieff you may dismiss your Stirling horses, particularly as you must stay at Crieff a few days, as much is to be seen in its neighbourhood. The most beautiful places are Ochtertyre, and Drummond Castle, Monzie, pronounced Monie, and many others. You must take one long day, and go to Newton, in the Amulrie road, 8 miles; it lies in Glen Almond, one of the wildest glens in Scotland; and is another pass through the Grampian Hills. Take food for man and beast, for none will you find at Newton. While your horses are baiting, walk as far as you are able up the glen, following the river, and you will not lose your labour, if you love sweet Nature. When you leave Newton, on your return, as soon as you quit the glen, and get to the top of the very steep ascent out of it, leave the road by which you came into the glen, and follow the one you see, that

directs to the course of the river Almond, and it will bring you to the Brig of Buchanty, a romantic spot; from thence you will return to Crieff, but not exactly by the same road you came; you will rejoin it about the five milestone from Crieff: observe, going down the hill, about four miles from Crieff, the view over Monzie, or Monie, to Ochertyre, and the hills around Loch Earn.

From Crieff to Perth, 18 miles.

To the right you will see Abercairny and Balgowan; on the left, Methven and Huntingtower. At Balgowan, inquire for the carriage road to Leadnock, and do not miss it upon any account; for, of its size, it is unique in beauty; besides, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, there,

“ Bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,

“ And theek'd it o'er with rashes.”

The burn, on whose brae those twa bonny-lasses bigg'd their bower, adorns the scenes of Leadnock, and falls into the river Almond hard by.

As far as Perth, should you go from England the direct road, you can get post-horses all the way; but when you arrive at that town, if you do not proceed on the coast road, which I did not, you must hire horses by the day, to go through the

Highlands, or wherever you please to be carried. For example, if you hire them to go to Blair of Atholl, Taymouth, or any other part, where you propose paying a visit of days, or weeks, you must either retain the horses, and pay so much each day for them; or send them back to Perth, and order them to come again for you; paying for the time they take in getting from you to Perth, and from Perth to you again; as I was obliged to do from Blair, and from Rannoch, besides other shorter distances.

If you wish to travel through the Highlands in as perfect security as is possible, from good horses and careful driver, you must apply to Mr. Millar, at the Salutation inn, for horses, and James Allen, his driver, to take care of you; for I verily believe he will drive you (and with perfect safety too), through roads that no other man can drive, without accident, unless he be as careful, and as skilful, as James was when he drove me. I think there are very few such drivers as Allen; and because he was so sober and so careful, I gave him half-a-crown a-day for himself, which he well deserved; for whilst he drove me (and I am sure for many a mile where my carriage went under his conduct, never carriage had before gone), I

felt perfectly easy; though sometimes, on the one hand, I beheld a deep lake below, and on the other, stupendous rocks, out of which the road, only the width of the carriage, is blown; yet still I was, and even thought myself safe, with James Allen, and his steady black horses.

Hay, in the summer of 1796, was very dear, consequently Mr. Millar was obliged to charge higher, than in former seasons, for the horses. I gave him twenty shillings a-day, and had nothing more to pay for them or the driver, except the daily present of half-a-crown to Allen.

If you have no friends at Perth, I recommend to you the Salutation inn for your head-quarters; for though it be not reckoned the first inn, yet you will find your account in the civility of Mr. Millar, and the superior cleanliness of his house.

From Perth you must go to the Bridge of Earn; to the old Pictish town Abernethy, and to Dupplin. In coming back from the Bridge of Earn to the Dupplin road, you will see, on the right, Moncrief Hill, and on the south side of Earn, when in the Dupplin road, you will have a view of Lord Ruthven's, Rosie, and Invermay. In returning from Dupplin, when you come within sight of the Tay, winding round Kinnoul Hill,

and the town of Perth in front; stop, and admire; for one does not often gain such views.

You may go to the Carse of Gowrie from Perth; and to the top of Kinnoul hill. The view from Major Sharp's house, and many other spots, are very fine.

You must also go into Strathmore; for that purpose hire horses and go to Coupar in Angus, which is from Perth, the direct road, 13 miles: but I advise the new road to the new bridge over the river Ila; by which means you can in the way see Scone; the Lin of Campsie, which is a fine fall of the Tay; and Stub Hall, an ancient house of the Perth family. Cross the new bridge of Ila, and see Mielour; whence you may take a view of Dunsinane Hill. Proceed to Coupar, where I was not, but probably you may there get tolerable accommodation. Take a day from Coupar to see Loch Clunie, where, on an island in the lake, the *admirable* Chrichton was born. Pass by Marlie, and go to Blair Gowrie, near which see the Keith of Blair Gowrie, a low, though curious fall of the water of Airoch. Look at the large stones in the bed of the river, at the Keith, they are extraordinary. From the bridge below the Keith, there is a safe, though a

bad carriage road to Craig Hall, hanging over the same water, that falls at the Keith, and which above, bears the name of Black Water. Craig Hall is a very singular, and curiously romantic place.

Take another day to go farther into Strathmore, where you will see Glamis, Ayrly Castle, and other beautiful places, and castles; but do not fail seeing the great fall of the river Ula, called the Recky Lin; which is a few miles from the small town of Ailyth; get a guide if you can, for the carriage road is very intricate, and bad; but the great beauty of the fall (particularly if full of water) will recompence you for the trouble of getting at it: to see it in perfection, you must creep down close to the foot of it.

When you return to Perth, provide bread to last you until you get to Inverness; and wine, and cold meat for your dinners; for you will find it much more comfortable to dine in your chaise while your horses are baiting, than take what you may find at the inns. Good water you may at all times, and in all places, procure. Eat and drank what I could get at the inns, where I passed the night, it being right to

give the inn-keepers some profit for the use of their beds; but in the middle of the day, I found it delightful, to eat my cold meat in the carriage, at the same time satisfying my stomach, and feasting my eyes with the sight of rocks, and rivers; and my nose with *cauler* air.

From Perth to Dunkeld, 15 miles.

A good road, and very pleasant. You will pass by Murthly; near it Birnam wood, which, in appearance, will never recover its march to Dunsinane. Near Murthly, on the other side of the Tay, you will see two very pretty places, called Stenton, and Dungarthill. I recommend to you to go to the inn at Inver, where you may cross the Tay by a ferry, and see the numerous beauties of Dunkeld. On the Inver side of the Tay, go to the Hermitage, and the Rumbling Brig over the Brand, the same water that falls at the Hermitage: this Rumbling Brig is about a mile and a half above the Hermitage, and nearly a quarter of a mile out of the great road to Amulrie.

From Inver to Blair of Atholl, 20 miles.

At Blair you must halt, for much is to be seen: there is a good inn, I am told, but I was not at it. It will take you three days, at least.

to see the beauties around, and at Blair; indeed, your eyes and mind will be feasted, during the whole of your way between Dunkeld and the plain of Atholl.

Nearly at the junction of the Tumel River with the Tay, is a very inconvenient ferry to Logierait, and from Logierait is a road to Tay Bridge, generally called Wade's Bridge, near which it joins the great road from Crieff to Inverness. By crossing Wade's Bridge the road from Logierait leads to Aberfeldie, and one way to Taymouth. There is another road to Taymouth, by keeping on the north side of Tay from Logierait, which will carry you to the inn at Weem, Castle Menzies, and a bridge over the Water of Lyon, to Kenmore, the small town at Taymouth.

Continuing to Blair of Atholl, you will follow the Tumel river to Fascallie, — Butter's, Esq. You must ask leave to see that charming spot, and the fall of Tumel by it. At Fascallie the River Garrie joins the Tumel, where you quit the latter to keep by the Garrie, and immediately enter the pass of Killycrankie: in this pass walk down to the small bridge over the Garrie, leading to Rannoch; but it is no carriage road

that way to Rannoch. The old road through the pass of Killycrankie was down the steep descent to the bridge, and it was tremendous. The new road now is extremely good, and nothing can excel it in beauty. About four miles short of Blair, below a house tolerably high on the right, you will see a field with a large stone set up in it: this is the field in which the battle of Killycrankie was fought in 1689, and the stone is the monument of Lord Dundee, who was there killed. About a mile and a half from Blair, high in the clouds, to the right, stands the house of Lude; this place you must go to see during your abode at Blair, for it is one of the prettiest estates in Scotland. It has no fine house to boast of; and it is somewhat difficult to get at, but its natural beauties exceed most places. See every thing, immediately, round the Duke of Atholl's castle, and, if you can get leave, drive to the forest Lodge, in Glen Tilt, and into Glen Bruar, and you will be delighted. See the Bruar falls on each side the river, or you will lose many very beautiful ones, to be seen only on the west side of the water. The great fall is to be seen best on the east side. The

small town of Bruar is just three miles from Blair, on the Inverness road; and the falls of the water of Bruar are immediately at the north of the town. A little beyond the town of Bruar, go down to the banks of the Garrie, and you will see several very fine salmon leaps, particularly those which are about a quarter of a mile below the small bridge that leads to the Kirk-town of Strowan. It is, if you have time, well worth your trouble, to walk on each side of the water, that you may have every view of those falls.

From Blair you must send to —— Robertson, Esq. for leave to see Lude; go completely over it. Follow the Tilt, and see its falls, also the York Cascade, and the falls of the same burn above it; and conclude by visiting a fall of a burn higher up in Mr. Robertson's estate. It had no name when I was there proper for it; I therefore beg leave to name it, the Fall of Lude. It is uncommonly beautiful at all times, but it must be very grand indeed when full of water; do not miss the sight of it, if possible.

From Blair of Atholl to Dalnacardoch, 11 miles: a single house; it is only a middling inn, but the road to it is very good and pleasant.

At Dalnacardoch, the road from Crieff, and from Rannoch, joins the Blair road, and when united, goes on to Inverness.

From Dalnacardoch to Dalwhinie inn, 13 miles.

You will drive by the River Garrie, till you can see it issuing from Loch Garrie, of which you will have a fine view from the small bridge over a burn, which you will cross within sight of the lake. At Dalwhinie you will find a very neat inn to sleep at. From Dalwhinie walk to see the head of Loch Ericht, which lies from north to south, and communicates with Loch Rannoch, by a river, at the distance of about eight miles, but there is no road of communication. Dalwhinie is in Invernessshire; and the district you pass, between it and Pitmain inn, is part of the country called Badenoch. Within half a mile after you quit Dalwhinie, you will see a road to the left, over wild mountains; it goes to Fort Augustus, over Corryarraick.

From Dalwhinie to Pitmain, 13 miles. A tolerable inn. From Dalwhinie you follow the Water of Truim, and cross it where there is a

pretty fall, under the bridge; it is worth the trouble of leaving the carriage to look at it.

About three miles after you cross the water of Truim, look to the left for sublime black looking crags, between whose lofty sides runs the fine Spey River, which the Truim water joins, and when united, you will cross by a noble stone bridge, called Bridge of Spey. Not far from Pitmain there is a small lake amongst the hills to the left, and a few falls of a burn from it; but neither (even if they should be mentioned to you) are worth the fatigue of going after. Within sight of Pitmain inn is the grand hill called the Black Cock.

There is a great deal to be seen between Pitmain and Aviemore inn, 16 miles. During that stage you scarcely lose sight of the River Spey. About four miles from Pitmain the Spey enters Loch Inch, to the right. There is, a few miles farther on the road, to the left, a small lake, by which is Alvie Kirk. All around Aviemore is charming, particularly as the road winds down to the Spey. Within a mile of Aviemore you enter Murrayshire, and a short way from Aviemore, on the other side the river, is a beautiful

looking place, called Rothamurchus, and a cluster of mountainous crags, amongst which is the frowning Cairngouram, where the finest Scotch pebbles are found.

You must pass your night at the single house of Aviemore; sleep you cannot expect, it being the worst inn (except King's House) that I met with in Scotland. All out of doors, however, is beautiful.

The new road to Dulsie bridge, 20 miles.

Nothing can be finer than the road itself, but there is little to be seen; almost the whole way being a wild heath. You had better take a feed for your horses from Aviemore, for though there is a house eight miles from Aviemore, where *perhaps* you may get some hay and water for them, but no corn. I breakfasted in the carriage at that small house door; but the good folks living there could furnish no part of the breakfast; or breakfast equipage; but boiling water and milk; both very good. I chose to breakfast in any manner, rather than at the dirty inn of Aviemore. As I dined in my chaise at the Brig of Dulsie, over the Findhorn river, I cannot say what sort of a house the inn is, in the inside of it; the outward appearance of it is

neat; and all about the bridge is extremely romantic.

From Dulsie bridge to Fort George, 16 miles. The old military road cannot be travelled all the way in a carriage; and even much of the new part of the road is very rough and bad, till after you have crossed the River Nairn. Before you come to Calder Castle, as you are driving on, observe the entrance into Cromarty Firth, on the further side from you of the Murray Firth, which is the arm of the sea nearest to you. The old road leaves Calder at some distance to the right; the new road, which I went, goes close by its walls, on the left. Had I known it, I might, if I had chosen it, have seen the inside of the house at Calder, and the bed on which the unfortunate King Duncan was murdered, at Inverness Castle. As soon as you leave Calder, you will have to go through the Burn of Calder; it is passable; but it is frightful for the poor horses, by reason of the broad bed of huge stones in it.

In Fort George there is a tolerably good inn, and nothing can be more civil than the officers of the Fort; but no carriage is permitted to go up to the door of the inn, nor is there any co-

vering for it; it must stand out in one of the streets of the Fort.

From Fort George to Inverness, 12 miles. In your way to Inverness you will see the ruin of Castle Stewart, Culloden house, and at a distance the field of battle; with the beautiful hills which surround Inverness, and Lochness. Take notice of a towering conical mountain to the south-west of Inverness; its height, colour, and shape, struck me prodigiously; it is on Lochness side, and nearly opposite to the Fall of Fyres: its name is Mealfour-vouny.

At Inverness there are two very good inns, where you may stay very comfortably.

The country of Aird, or Frazer country, is worth seeing. Rosshire is fine, I am told, and the Bealey ferry a safe one to it.

Your postillion must be careful of what water he gives his horses at Inverness, or they will get ill.

From Inverness visit Glen Urquhart, 14 miles. If you are able, you had better go on horseback, for the road to Urquhart, on the loch side, is not very good for a carriage; but Glen Urquhart, and the ruin of Castle Urquhart, should be seen. In the road to Glen Urquhart,

a little way before you get to the great lake, observe Dochfour to the right. About a quarter of a mile short of Dochfour house, you will come to a burn; get off your horse, and walk up the side of that burn, and you will see more than one picturesque waterfall. Just at the lake, on the left, is a monastic ruin.

From Inverness to Fort Augustus, 32 miles.

I would advise you to set out very early indeed, from Inverness, for you cannot sleep at General's Hut; the only house between Inverness and Fort Augustus. While your horses are baiting at General's Hut, eat your meal as fast as you can, and take a guide to the Fall of Fyres, which is close by the road you are to go to Fort Augustus, and order the carriage to follow you to the fall; as soon as the horses shall be sufficiently rested. Should it happen to be wet weather, take loose in the chaise, stockings, shoes, and petticoats, for change; for you must be sure to go to the *Green Bank*, and round a promontory, some way below the fall; also to the bridge above the fall; and into some caves near the bridge. All this, if the ground should be wet, or raining, will render it too uncomfortable, if not dangerous, to proceed to Fort

Augustus, without changing your clothes. The spray of the fall itself, if full, will, when you are at the Green Bank, make you wet through in five minutes. You will quit Lochness, when you leave the General's Hut, and will drive through a very uncommon district of mountains, jumbled together in a wonderful manner; it is called Strath, or Stra-Errick, which lies towards the Murray Firth, to the north-east, and towards Fort Augustus to the south-west. In this Strath you will pass near more than one small lake, and about four miles short of Fort Augustus you will come to Loch Andurive; when you will descend a long and exceeding steep hill, hanging over the rapid stream that comes from the lake, which joins, at the bottom of the hill, the River Doe, flowing out of Glen Doe. The small River Doe, in wet weather, runs furiously into Lochness, which you will, at the crossing of the Doe, be not far from. When you get to the top of the hill on the south side of the Doe, you will soon come in sight of Fort Augustus; the most august view I ever saw; therefore, on no account (if possible to be avoided) arrive at that spot in the dusk, which is likely to be the case, unless travellers set out very

early from Inverness, and are not dilatory on the way. The hill is very steep down to Fort Augustus, but safe, with steady horses. The inn at Fort Augustus is tolerably good, and your horses will there get good accommodation.

From Fort Augustus you must see Glen Morrison, and a fall of water in it. There is also a pretty fall of a burn that runs into the Tarff, a short way from the Fort, and half a mile out of the road towards Corryarraick.

From Fort Augustus to Fort William, 29 miles.

The inns at Maryborough, the little town close by Fort William, are very bad, and dreadful for horses, as neither corn nor litter can be there procured for them; therefore carry corn from Fort Augustus; and even then, if your horses will not lie down without litter, they will be badly off. The inn kept by a Scotch woman has, if there be any, the preference in cleanliness, over that kept by an Englishman; but in either inn you will stand in need of your own blankets, &c. and eatables too, if you should have any with you. Should any thing tempt you to stay more than one night at Marybo-

rough, see Glen Nivis by all means. Should Ben Nivis have its cap of cloud off, you will think it sublime; it is 4370 feet above the level of the sea, and the base of it is only one mile from the sea; for Loch Eil, close by which Fort William stands, is an arm of the sea.

The drive of twenty-nine miles between Fort Augustus and Fort William is wonderfully romantic and pastoral. You will, on leaving Fort Augustus, have the River Oich on the right, which runs from Loch Oich. About the middle of Loch Oich, on the other side from that where you will be, look at the entrance into Glen Gary; and at the ruins near Glen Gary's house. You will soon after come to the head of Loch Lochy; stop to admire the view there. About the mid-way of Loch Lochy you will arrive at Letter Findlay inn; you cannot possibly sleep at it; and if you have your dinner with you, and eat it in the carriage, all the better. Look at the bold hills opposite to Letter Findlay inn. At the south end of Loch Lochy, the contrary side from your road, is a beautiful glen; look into it as far as you can; there is a fine lake in it called Loch Arkeig, but I saw no road leading to it.

Four miles from Letter Findlay, you will cross Low Bridge; three miles farther you will cross the River Spean, over High Bridge. The Spean runs into Loch Lochy. The height of the bridge denotes the rapidity of the stream in rainy seasons, or melting of snow. The road that turns to Badenoch, just before you cross the Spean, is no carriage road, but leads to Glen Roy, and Loch Spey (the source of the Spey River) and joins the Corryarraick road near the bridge over the Spey, not far from Garvimore inn.

About three or four miles before you get to Fort William, look before you to the left of Maryborough, distant from that town about a mile; and you will see Ben Nevis, with its craggy sides spotted with snow; also its white top, if not hid by the clouds, which is generally the case.

As I meant to go south, by passing over Corryarraick, I returned to Fort Augustus.

From Fort Augustus to Dalwhinnie, 32 miles.

To the top of Corryarraick, better than 9 miles of the 32.

Hire a pair of horses at the inn at Fort Augustus (if you can), and put them before your own,

and you will go up the mountain nicely. I was charged eight shillings for the pair I hired, and I sent them back as soon as I got to the summit of the hill; where I advise you to put on your great coat, for it will be cold when you get out of the chaise to look over the rough ocean of mountains, as far as the eye can see. If a fair clear day, the view is wonderfully striking; if rainy, it is a scene of desolation. At any rate, whether wet or dry, you will probably like to walk down the zig-zag road before you; it may indeed be safe, though rough, to be in the carriage, if the drag-chain be on the wheel, and the driver leading the horses. The water on the right, as you come down the zig-zag, joins the Spey in the valley below, as it flows smoothly out of the cluster of Badenoch Hills; through which, as I have before mentioned, is a road (though not for a carriage), to Fort William, the beginning of which you saw at High Bridge.

Garvimore inn is a lone house, with which you can have nothing to do but to bait your horses at, it being a miserable place indeed. You must lose no time at Garvimore, for you will have a very rough and slow journey, thence to Dalwhinnie, of 14 miles, and be in danger of accidents if out

in the dark, or even dusk. For eight of the fourteen miles you will keep nearly to the Spey side; then that lovely river quits the road, to make its way through those tremendous crags, from whose black sides you saw it issue, before you crossed it at Spey Bridge, in your way to Pitmain.

As you advance, after quitting Garvimore, observe the sides of the hills till some way after you quit Spey side; and should the sun shine, you will see them glitter amazingly. Observe also the stones with which the fence walls are made, and you will see a very great mixture of ore in them.

From Dalnacardoch to the entrance into Rannoch, about 10 miles. After five of the ten, of very hilly zig-zag road, you will come to the small town of Trinefour; and just beyond the milestone on the top of the hill from Trinefour, look to the right for a track, that appears something like a road, over a wild heath, which will by a sad rough uneven way, bring you to a zig-zag road, in sight to the west two or three miles off; and that road will carry you to Rannoch; at the entrance of which you will see the high hill Schiehallion. If you pursue the road towards Tumel Bridge, to the bottom of the hill near the inn, and then turn towards Rannoch, where the direction-post stands,

you will go out of your way, which I did, for want of knowing better, near seven miles, and a most villainous road into the bargain. If you have not a strong carriage, you must neither go over Corryarraick, nor into Rannoch, though both are well worth seeing. Should you, however, get into the road above described, from the direction-post into Rannoch, walk to the side of the river Tumel, where you will find a far finer fall of that river than you saw of it at Fascallie; the great noise of the fall will guide you to it. Should you mean to see Rannoch, I advise you to sleep at Dalnacardoch; take provision for yourselves and horses; set out very early, and go to Kinloch Rannoch, by the road that strikes off, about a mile from Trinefour, as I have before mentioned. The small town of Kinloch, situated just at the east end of Loch Rannoch, is about 13 miles from Dalnacardoch. At the top of the hill, where you catch the first sight of Loch Rannoch, look behind you, and you will have a fine view of Strath Tumel and Loch Tumel. If you have any acquaintance in Rannoch, with whom you can get a night's lodging, the whole of that district is well worth seeing; but if not, you must bait your horses at Kinloch, and then pro-

ceed on the south side of the river Tumel, winding round the base of Schiehallion, till you get into the Crieff road, which you quitted to the north of Tumel Bridge. It is a wild road, very rough and very hilly; but becomes very interesting before you get to the town of Cashaville. About a mile before you come to Cashaville, look on the right for a very curious waterfall; after that you will very soon come to the river Lyon, and pass Castle Menzies to the neat inn at Weem, about 24 miles from Kinloch Rannoch.

At Weem inn you ought to stay at least a whole day, to see the great beauties of Strath Tay, Appneydow, (in which Weem is situated), Wade's or Tay Bridge, the Falls of Moness, which are very fine; and many other interesting objects around that enchanting spot.

From Weem, through Aberfeldie, to Kenmore, by the road south of Tay, 7 miles. When you get to the separation of the road, keep the lowest track on the right, and, at the Lodge, you will get leave to go through the Park, where Lord Breadalbane's house stands; of which, by that means, you get a fine view.

At Kenmore you will find a good inn. See every thing around Taymouth, and take a long

afternoon to drive into Glen Lyon; go over the Bridge of Lyon, and take the road in the glen north of the river, which will lead you to the Kirk; in the yard of which stands the famous large Yew-tree, now walled in; therefore a stranger must procure the key to the entrance of it, either from the worthy clergyman's, Mr. M'Kay, or some other house in the village. After you have seen the tree, go on, and cross a bridge; let your *eye* follow the river, and you will look towards the head of Glen Lyon, deep and dark. You must keep the road to the left, and it will bring you to Loch Tay. Do not go down the hill to the lake side, but turn short to the left by some houses, within sight of the lake; and that road will bring you likewise to the edge of the Loch a shorter way, and into the road on the north side of Loch Tay, from Killin, to Kenmore.

From Kenmore to Killin, 16 miles. The road on either side the lake is very good, and both are beautiful. If you have not seen Lord Breadalbane's Hermitage, by going the south road you may take it in your way. You will see Ben Lawers towering above the rest of the hills, about the midway of the lake, on the north side; and the lofty Benmore before you, many miles beyond

Killin, on the side of Loch Dochart. At Killin is a very bad inn, very dear, and very dirty, bad wine, bad bread; in short, if you have nothing of your own with you to eat and drink, you will be very ill off: besides, the landlord in 1796, was a drunken saucy creature; and charged much higher, and provided far worse entertainment, both for man and beast, than any other innkeeper I met with. The misfortune is, there is but one inn at Killin, and there you must sleep. Pray, go into the glen, out of which the river Lochy flows. A few miles up that glen is a pretty waterfall. At the entrance of the glen you may cross a bridge, and by following the road towards the north side of the lake, you will soon come to some ruins of an old castle. Go up the hill behind the Manse, or clergyman's house. See also what is called Fingal's Grave. Killin itself is very curious, not forgetting Mr. M'Nab's burying-place, and the island on which it stands.

From Killin to Tyndrum, 21 miles; where you will find a lone house, a very decent inn, and the Bromars good civil sort of folks; there you must sleep. At about eight miles from Killin towards Tyndrum, there are two public houses, near to each other, equally bad, where travellers from

Loch Earn Head, as well as from Killin, expect to bait their horses, but they will get no corn for them; therefore do you carry some for yours, from Killin. At neither of these houses can you, or your servants, eat any thing they can give you with comfort; and it is impossible to sleep there, both houses being mere dirty huts; therefore all travellers going that road to Fort William from Callender, should contrive to sleep at Tyndrum, as well as those from Killin; and to beware of the houses on the Moor. The road from Killin to Tyndrum, as soon as you get up the hill, joins the road that comes from Loch Earn Head, through Glen Ogle (which you looked into when you were at Loch Earn Head), and becomes extremely good. Many hands were at work upon that road in 1796; and, when completed, it will be as fine a drive of twenty-one miles as can be taken. Observe as you advance, the two high towering parts of Benmore, in Glen Dochart. About three miles beyond Loch Dochart to the left, you will see a road to Dumbarton, which, if passable for a carriage, would be charming to go to that place, through Glen Fallach, and by the side of Loch Lomond, from the head to the foot, the length of which is full 24 miles; but unless Government

mends that road, it will never be possible for a carriage to pass it with safety, as great part of it lies upon a shelf hanging over the lake.

Close by Tyndrum are great lead mines. In Glen Fillan is a holy well, famous for curing diseases. The water that runs by Tyndrum is called the Fillan, and rises about a mile above the house, in those huge hills hanging over the road to Fort William. There is a very pretty fall of the Fillan a short way north of the inn; this water is, in fact, the chief source of the river Tay, and is so called, when it runs from Loch Dochart.

When I was at Tyndrum, I wished to see Glen Coe.

From Tyndrum to King's House inn, 18 miles. At the inn, or hut, half way thither, you can get nothing but meal and water for your horses. The road to King's House is very hilly, but that part of it over the Black Mount (a district so called), which was, some time back, the worst part of it, is now the best. The road is very bad about Auch, three miles from Tyndrum; but look at the hills, particularly those around you when you cross a stream at Auch, which runs out of those mountains. Four miles farther, when you cross the Orchy river by

the mill (this is one part of Glen Orchy), keep the road close by the river; it is a new one, and very good; it will bring you to the half-way hut, called Inverounon, near Loch Tollie. The Black Mount is before you, over which you will directly pass, by a fine new road; which, though very hilly, it is nothing like so much so as the old road was.

The first sight of King's House is striking, from its extremely wild situation. Near the spot where you have first a view of King's House, look to the right, and you will perceive Rannoch, and Schiehallion at the east end of it. King's House is a miserable place, fit only for drovers; but having my chief necessaries with me, I did not much feel its comfortless state, except from the closeness of the room, and the intolerable smoke pervading the whole house. My horses were tired, I therefore hired a cart with one horse, and an Highlandman to lead it, and went 9 miles into Glen Coe; for which I was charged nine shillings. In going to Glen Coe, as soon as you leave King's House, you strike amongst the huge mountains leading to the head of Glen Coe; behind those to the north, lies Ben Nivis; to the south, Argyle Forest, leading to Loch Etive. The road

down into Glen Coe is bad, but carriages may and do go through it, as it is now one way to Fort William. The road to Fort William, over the Black Mount, was not always through this glen. You will see the old road striking off from the present one, about three miles and a half from King's House on the right, where there is a direction-post. It goes up, a zig-zag, the front of a prodigious steep hill; to go down it on the other side, I was told, is infinitely more tremendous; and, from its danger and difficulty, it is called the Devil's Staircase. That road to Fort William is shorter, and passes by the head of Loch Leven, without a ferry. The road now used through Glen Coe, is by the ferry of Ballacoalish, or, as it is called, Balhulish, which crosses Loch Leven near its mouth.

I was told the Appin road from Balhulish is very pleasant, better for a carriage than through Glen Coe, and oftener travelled; but there are two ferries to cross, besides Balhulish, one over Loch Creran, the other over Loch Etive, near the fall of that lake into the sea, which is one of the finest cascades in the world, at spring tides. But having left my trunk at Tyndrum, I was obliged to return thither for it.

Should you go into Glen Coe, observe the hills and fine waterfalls at the head of the glen, which is the nearest part of it to King's House.

From Tyndrum to Dalmally, 12 miles. I got thither from King's House in one day; but it was too dusk when I arrived in Glen Orchy; for the views around Dalmally are well worth seeing, with good light; therefore set out very early from King's House, and lose no time by the way. It would be a pity to miss the glen from Tyndrum to Dalmally, particularly the end of it, where you will first get a sight of the Paradise of that part of Glen Orchy, around Dalmally, having Loch Awe and Cruchan Ben in the back ground.

Dalmally inn is a tolerable one; I would therefore advise you, if you have never been at Bunawe, nor Oban, to go thither from Dalmally; I did not, which I am extremely sorry for, and therefore lost the sight of the cascade of Loch Etive.

I was told, after I had left that quarter, by gentlemen who had been at the Island of Staffa, that the road was very good to Bunawe and Oban.

From Dalmally to Bunawe, 13 miles.

From Bunawe to Oban, I believe, 12 miles.

I cannot say what accommodations may be had

at either place, but I should suppose tolerably good, as Bunawe is in the Appin road from Fort William to Inveraray, and Oban is the place of passage to the Isles of Mull and Staffa. The beauties from Dalmally to Bunawe must be charming, by the side of the river Awe that runs from the loch, and at the base of Cruchan.

Bunawe lies on the side of Loch Etive, about half way from its head to its foot. At the foot of Loch Etive, is the abovementioned wonderful cascade of it, into the sea. The road from Bunawe to Oban continues by the lake's side to the cascade, and afterwards by the sea side.

There is another road to the south of the river Awe, from Bunawe to Inveraray, without coming back to Dalmally, and I was told it was good and beautiful; but by taking that road you must cross Loch Awe by Onal Ferry to Port Sonochan.

To continue my route. From Dalmally to Inveraray, 16 miles. There is a good inn at the town of Inveraray; in your way thither observe Gichurn Castle in ruins, on a peninsula, where the river Orchy empties itself into the lake. Loch Awe is 30 miles long: observe the beautiful islands in it; also the river Awe which flows from it.

About six miles from Dalmally, nearly where

the road from Port Sonochan joins the Dalmally road, you will cross a bridge over a furious water (if a rainy day), and soon lose sight of Loch Awe, and enter a wild tract of ground, till you come within the boundaries of Inveraray. If you look to the left as you go up the hills, about three miles above the bridge, and it be a hard rain, which is generally the case in those regions, you will see and hear nothing but tumbling waters, and loud roaring mountain torrents, from every part; but particularly look for a very fine foaming fall of a branch of the water you crossed below; it is at a considerable distance from the road to the left; but, probably, in a dry day, it may be neither seen nor heard. Very soon after you quit the head of that water running to Loch Awe, you will join (near its source) the river Aray, which rolls by on the left: you will then descend stupendous mountains, and wind round their bases.

About two miles before you arrive at Inveraray, in a very narrow woody part of the road, look for a fall of the Aray, over which is a wooden bridge. Should it be raining, and the river in any sort of flood, that fall will be magnificent; at all times it must be beautiful: its noise will be

your guide to it. Take every view of it you can.

At Inveraray there is much to be seen : besides the castle, see Glen Shyra; the fine timber towards the road to Ila, and about the tree called the Marriage Tree; take the drive by the River Douglas, and to the bridge over it; see the fall under the bridge.

Loch Fine (on the side of which Inveraray is built) is a beautiful salt water lake.

From Inveraray to Cairndow inn, 10 miles.
A neat house.

To Aroquhar inn, 12 miles. A very good house; where you must sleep, and take care you have sufficient time to get thither by daylight, for it is a very tedious, hilly stage; but a boundless feast for the mind all the way. Immediately on leaving Cairndow, you will enter Glen Kinglass; and that part of it over which you will go, is nearly four miles in length; at the end of your road through it, is, to the left, a foot-way to the head of Loch Lomond. As soon as you cross the Kinglass water you will turn short, up a steep hill. Look at the waterfall facing you. When you get to the highest part of the road, you will meet with a small black looking lake.

That spot is an awful one. The hill is called "The Hill of Rest and be thankful," from an inscription to that purport on a stone set up on the side of the road, just before you descend the zig-zag into Glen Croe. There never was such a place seen as Glen Croe, for wildness, and roaring torrents; besides, it almost always rains at Glen Croe.

From Glen Croe you will come down upon the side of Loch Long (the Lake of Ships). Go round the head of it, and keep the road close by the lake's side till you come to the Aroquhar inn. If, after you have turned round the head of the lake, you keep the straight upper road, you will miss Aroquhar, and get to Tarbet inn, on Loch Lomond side; but that is not a house you can sleep at; otherwise, being directly opposite to Ben Lomond, it would be pleasant. If you have time, I would advise you to stay a day or two at Aroquhar, and go all about the banks of Loch Long.

From Aroquhar to Luss, 10 miles. At Luss is a small, but a tolerable inn: there you should hire a boat; go upon the lake, and land upon some of the islands.

Those who wish to go to the top of Ben Lo-

mond, generally go to the sad small inn of TARBET, for the convenience of a boat on the other side of the lake, which is obliged to fetch travellers across for a stated sum; a trifle, two-pence I believe; but if you order the boatmen to deviate in the least, in order to see more of the lake, they will impose upon you dreadfully. In a fine clear day the view from the top of Ben Lomond must be prodigiously fine; but it is a very fatiguing business to get at it. Near Luss is Sir James Colquhoun's.

From Luss to Dumbarton, 10 miles. Near Dumbarton is Dr. Smollet's monument, on the side of the road.

Just after you quit Loch Lomond, to the left, is a road to Balloch boat, a ferry that will set you in the Stirling road from Dumbarton; but the inn at Drummen, close by the gate to Buchanan, the Duke of Montrose's, is intolerably bad; you cannot sleep there, nor even eat without extreme disgust.

At Dumbarton, see the Castle.

Should you wish to get to the base of Ben Lomond, by the road on the east side of the lake, I am told there is a charming one made to it by the Duke of Montrose. When I was at Dum-

barton I had not seen Loch Catheine, I therefore went across the country from Dumbarton to Callender in one day.

To Drumen, 11 miles. Good road.

From Drumen, through Gartmore, to Callender, 19 miles, of as bad road as ever carriage went. If you should ever go that day's journey you must set out very early, for it is a sad tedious thirty miles. At the inn at Drumen the road to Stirling turns one way, and that to Gartmore another, up a very steep bad road, leading to the wildest of all wild moors. A little beyond Gartmore I crossed a branch of the Forth River, running from Loch Aird, and Ben Lomond. At this branch of the Forth I joined a tolerable looking road coming from Loch Aird, and the north-east base of Ben Lomond; but it is not fit for a carriage. I followed the road to the right, leading to the towns of Thornhill, Stirling, and Doune; which road I kept in for some miles, passing near Loch Monteith, and then turned up a steep dreary road leading over the hills to Callender. The view from those hills into the vale, about Callender, is very fine.

Directions of what is to be seen at Callender,

and near it, are already given; I will, therefore, return to my journey. From Dumbarton to Glasgow, 14 miles.

See Dunglass Castle ruins, about three miles above Dumbarton, upon the banks of Clyde River.

There is much to be seen at Glasgow, Paisley, &c. The hotels at Glasgow are good; the Star the most quiet.

From Glasgow to Hamilton, by Bothwell Castle, which you must stop to see, 12 miles.

From Hamilton to Lanark, by the new road, 15 miles.

It is a very beautiful drive from Hamilton to Lanark; look at the Avon River as you cross it, about a mile from Hamilton.

When you come within a few miles of the town of Lanark, inquire for the fine fall of Clyde, called Stone Biers Force; go to the white seat you will see to the left of the road, look at the fall from it, and then go up the river, to the mill-house, and get some one there to shew you the way down close by the mill, to the very bottom of the fall, where you will see it in all its grandeur. It is a very fatiguing bad descent for women; but I went down it, and

found it to be safe, with care, and some degree of activity.

At Lanark there is a new, very clean inn.

Whilst at Lanark you must see Lee Place, Cartland Crag, and walk up the bed of the River Mouse, running through them, if the water be not too high.

Also see Carstairs House, Boniton, and the falls of Clyde there. The Corie Lin is best seen on Lady Ross's side of the river. The Boniton falls, about a mile above Corie Lin, may be seen best on the Corie side; but if you cannot get to Corie, do not fail to go beyond the square stone building erected by Lady Ross, for the purpose of viewing the Boniton falls; for to see those falls in perfection you must get close to them. They are three falls together. Some people prefer the beauty of Boniton falls to that of Corie Lin. Get down to Wallace's Seat over the Lin, and creep to a part of the river, a little above the Lin, so narrow that a dexterous leaper might, from rock to rock, skip over it. See also Mr. Dale's cotton works. By walking from those works to Boniton, and back again, which is not much more than half a mile, and beauti-

ful all the way, you will save a long round in a carriage, by a road not at all worth seeing.

From Lanark to Douglas Mill inn, 12 miles.

A bad inn; but a new one was building in 1796. Douglas Castle is about two miles from the inn, in the road towards Ayr. You must be sure to set out very early from Lanark, that you may reach Moffat before dark, it being impossible to put up at Elvan Foot; you can there only change horses, and those you will seldom get very good, for that country being very hilly, the poor horses are worked to death.

From Douglas Mill to Elvan Foot, 15 miles.

At Elvan Foot, the Elvan water joins the Clyde, which you there cross; and about four miles farther you will cross it again near its source.

Just before you descend the long and steep hill that leads down into Annandale, you will join the Edinburgh road to Moffat, and you will then be not far off the source of Tweed.

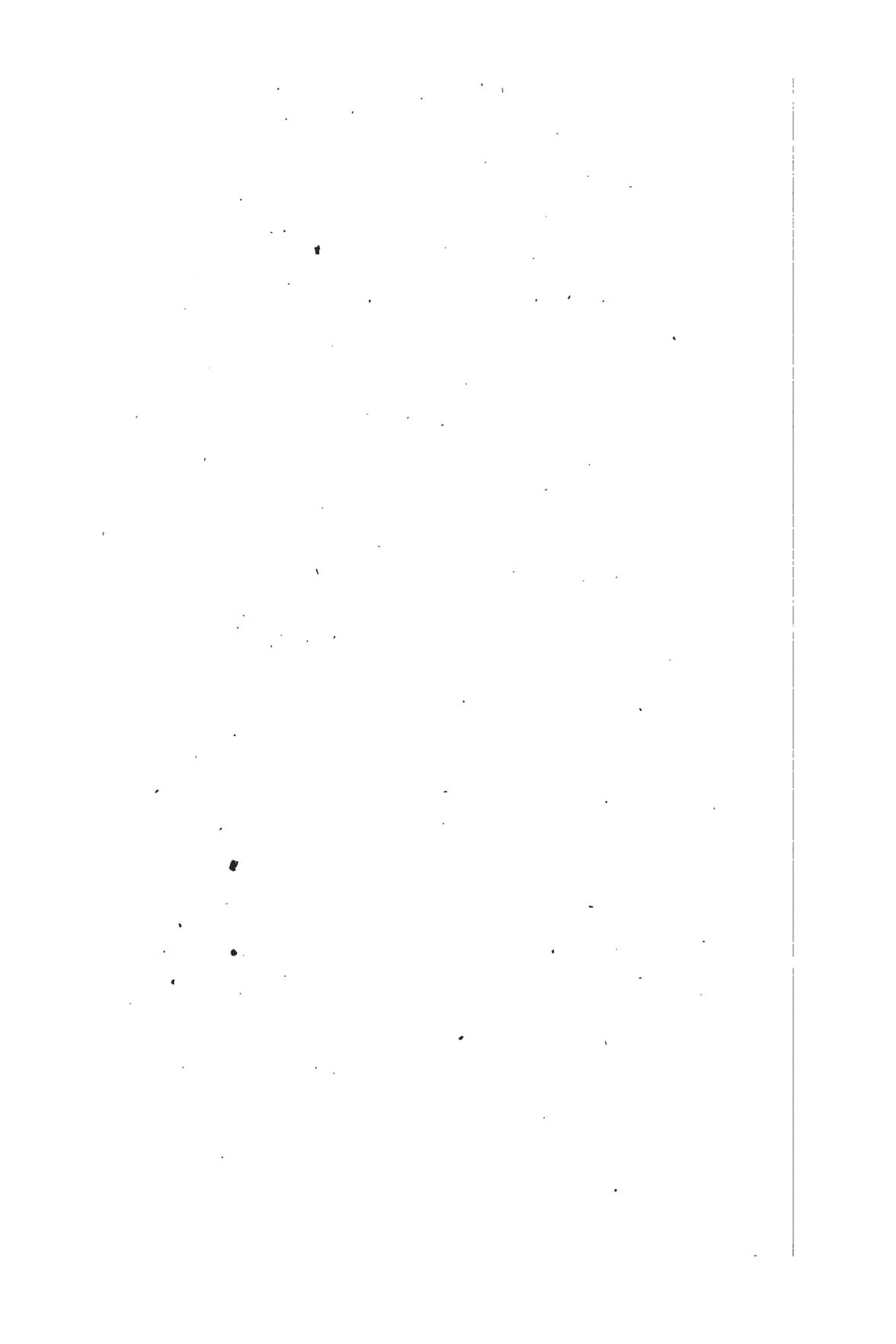
Moffat is situated near the head of Annandale, and is distant from Elvan Foot, 14 miles. The country about Moffat is worth looking at, and the inn there is very good.

There are medicinal wells, or Spa, within a mile of the town; and there is, worth seeing, a cataract, called the Grey Mare's Tail. Two miles before you reach Moffat you cross the Moffat Water; and two miles after you leave the town, in going south, you will cross another branch of the River Annan, which, when united to the Moffat Water, and other branches, takes the name of Annan, then flows on to the foot of Annandale, and falls into Solway Firth, by the town of Annan.

From Moffat to Lockerby, 16 miles. A very bad inn. At Ecclefechan, also, there is a bad inn; and it is a poor town too.

From Lockerby to Longtown, 20 miles.

I rather chose to go on to Longtown than stop at Gretna; because, in 1796, I paid a shilling a mile in England, and in Scotland fourteen pence; but if no such objection should exist, it will be best to change horses at Gretna Green, unless you propose sleeping at Longtown, where there is a very nice inn. The inn which is called the Hall, at Gretna Green, looks a spacious good house.



A DESCRIPTION
OF
PART OF SCOTLAND;
PARTICULARLY
THE HIGHLANDS.

H



DESCRIPTION, &c.

CHAPTER I.

From Longtown to Langholm, through Part of Eskdale.—A View of Netherby, Sir James Graham's—at Langholm, a Castle, the Duke of Buccleugh's.—Ewesdale—Mosspole—Part of Tiviotdale—Hawick—Selkirk—a fine Part of Tweedale, at Yair and Fairnalie—Bank House.—The first sight of Edinburgh, from the Middleton Road.—The President Dundas's.—Dalhousie Castle.—Leswade.—Melville Castle.

CARLISLE has been so often described, and is so well known, that it is needless to say a word of that ancient town. I will therefore begin my peregrination from the division of the road; the one leading to Annan and Moffat; the other to Langholm, which I took. From Longtown to Langholm is a drive that must give pleasure and satisfaction to any one who has a taste for natural beauty

in its natural state; not but the eye, during that delightful stage, is regaled by the soft scenes of dressed nature, at Netherby, in the possession of Sir James Graham, whose house and park ornament the south side of the river Esk. Almost the whole of the road from Longtown to Langholm runs by the side of this fine water, which is rolling beneath; sometimes seen through the stems of trees, deep, and close below the carriage; at others, at some distance, with verdant meadows sweeping to its edge on one side, and on the other, high rocks clothed with wood; the river loudly tumbling through the arches of picturesque bridges of soft grey stone, over black rocks, partly whitened by the dashing of the rapid stream.

Langholm is in Dumfriesshire, situated, as it were, in a triangular vale, in Eskdale. Not a great way from the inn, the Duke of Buccleugh has a castle, which, I believe, he only makes use of as a house of passage; the river Esk rolls sweetly by it. Unfortunately I arrived at Langholm in a pouring rain, consequently saw that place very imperfectly. Another unfortunate circumstance attended me, that of following the steps of a great man, and upon his own territory too. The Duke of Buccleugh had, about an hour or

two before my arrival at Langholm, left that place in his way to Dalkeith, and had taken from the inn all the horses, except one wretched pair. The landlady said, she did not like the fashion of the servant's going behind the carriage;—would I not have a saddle-horse for him?—No. For I had determined a negative to that point on every occasion. Had the good woman been in possession of another pair of horses at home, she, I plainly perceived would not have taken me to Hawick, without four; luckily for me she had them not, and the two poor miserable beasts were brought out to be put to the chaise. As the inn had nothing inviting to me to stay there, I hastened into the carriage, it still raining prodigiously hard. As soon as I was seated, I perceived a fine honest-faced old Scot, twisting a cord from one fore-spring to the other.—“ Friend, what are you doing?”—“ Making a seat, my Lady; the one horse being hardly able to stand, for rheumatism and broken knees; and the other will not suffer me to ride him, being woefully galled on the back.”—“ Well, but surely such poor creatures will never carry us to Hawick?”—“ Never you heed, my Lady, have patience, and they will carry

you cannily: I will be bound for it, they'll gang the last mile better than the first."

Necessity has no law, I was therefore obliged to be silent. Presently I observed the good old man at the head of the horses, twirling his fingers at their snaffles, with pieces of slender packthread. "What is all that for, friend? what are you doing now?"—"Only making reins, my Lady."—"We cannot, surely, go with safety, with reins of that twine, up such hills as are before us?"—"Never you heed, my Lady, I'll answer for your safety; after a wee bit, we shall gang weel and cantily." When this very slender tackle was completed, the honest man mounted his seat, and we soon crossed the bridge over the Ewes, which at Langholm joins the Esk, and came to a prodigiously steep hill; here my heart failed me, not being able to walk, by reason of the hard rain and almost a hurricane of wind. The old Scot, however, quitted his perch, and took hold of the head of the should-be riding beast; I ordered my man to lead the off horse; and, what with whipping, hooting, and coaxing, the poor lame creatures at length got the chaise up that first hill, where they stopped to recover a little the dreadful pull. The

talkative conductor again took his station, and we went on safely, but slowly. As soon as I was convinced the horses were likely to proceed, I began to look about me in Ewesdale, in which we were. Ewesdale is a very contracted valley, and part of it, only the bed of the river; and the road between stupendous mountains reaching to the clouds, and covered with verdure to the summits. The road is cut out of the sides of the hills, sometimes a vast height above the charming rolling water, at others, close to its edge; every step affording a variety of scenery.

The road follows this delightful river nearly to its source at Mosspole, from whose lofty hills it issues, at various springs. The ground at Mosspole must be high, as two fine rivers there rise, and take their course different ways. At Mosspole there is only one house, which would make a very convenient stage for changing horses, as it is nearly half way between Langholm and Hawick. I observed to the man who kept the house, that as I understood the Duke of Buccleugh wished to promote the use of that road, his Grace should encourage an inn at Mosspole, for changing horses. I received in answer to my observation, that they could not keep horses in that wild place, having

no food for them. To be sure, it is situated amongst such a chain of mountains, that it does appear that no number of animals, except sheep, could be fed from the produce of that district. A little meal and water was the only refreshment my poor, lame, and galled beasts found at Mosspole; which when they had swallowed, we proceeded. Having just entered Roxburghshire, we met with a branch of the Tiviot, which we crossed; and about four miles further, we joined the main Tiviot water, and entered Tiviotdale, contracted like that of Ewesdale, and in some degree, in its beauties, similar; but more diversified, by every charming scene that water, hills, rocks, and wood, can produce. All I could see through torrents of rain, was delightful, particularly below the junction of the branches of the Tiviot (we met at Mosspole) with the main stream; which came rolling down amongst rocks and wood, in a very charming style. Any one, less delighted than I am with wild nature, would, perhaps, be somewhat alarmed at such a road, and such scenery, in a violent rainy day. The road, too, rough and steep, and not wider than a carriage; with huge clifted rocks on the right, sometimes covered with wood, at others, bare, and frowning through the shade of other

overhanging precipices; and water gushing, in spouts from innumerable apertures. On the left, the river deep below, foaming, and rolling down its close bed of rocks and precipices; varied by, now and then, a mile of a beautiful winding flat of verdure; but still rocks and wood confining the view, on every side. No fields, no corn, no produce except feed for sheep and goats. Such was the scene till I reached Hawick, where the Slet-trick water joins the Tiviot.

The town of Hawick is, in itself, a very middling place, but its situation, and its surrounding beauties, are enchanting. Its bridges, and its views, from almost every part of it, are picturesque, and highly gratifying to those who love nature in its true simplicity. Lord Napier's house and woods, seen through the arch of the bridge over the Tiviot, are well worth a wet walk, which I had, to get a view of them.

My old Scot's prediction of his horses, was truly verified; for, notwithstanding both they and their master were like drowned rats, we really performed the last two miles better than any of the foregoing twenty; which, however, upon the whole, took eight hours to accomplish; consequently gave me less time at Hawick, than I in-

tended; as I much wished to have seen more of that part of Tiviotdale, than I could do, by arriving so late as eight o'clock in the evening.— When I got out of the chaise, the inn looked large, but the inside of it was very dirty and uncomfortable, and rendered doubly so by the extremely wet day. There was a long demur, whether I could get either a sitting room, or a good bed-chamber; because company from the South had sent on to secure rooms, which their servant had done. Fortunately for me, I soon learnt this company was expected from Langholm; from which place, we convinced the landlord, they could not stir for want of horses. I was therefore let into the apartment occupied (as I was informed) by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh, whenever they came that way. His Grace (another piece of good luck for me) had stopped short of Hawick that day, at his factor's, Mr. Ogilvie's. Glad should I have been, and quiet too, had his Grace's servants been with him. They and their friends made a jolly evening of it at Hawick, and got completely intoxicated. Their noise, in the next room to mine, was very uncomfortable; and would have been alarming too, had I not taken good care of the fastenings between the two rooms.

The town of Hawick is old and shabby, at least that part of it which a short half hour of cessation of rain gave me an opportunity of seeing. I walked over the bridges, and below them to the water's edge, and into the churchyard. Curiosity soon collected a small group about me, and I was somewhat mortified to find their language unintelligible to me; I learnt, however, there was a manufactory in the town, of carpets, &c. but could not acquire a knowledge of particulars. Here I was confirmed in what I had often before observed, that those who find they cannot be understood, immediately conclude the person spoken to must be deaf. Some young lads passing through the churchyard at Hawick, whilst I was in it, with dogs, and some strange looking things on their backs; I inquired what they were, and what they were going to do with them; but their language, to me, was as Arabic. On my shaking my head, as a token of not understanding them, they began screaming in the highest note of their voices; taking me, I suppose, for a deaf woman: and at last we separated, laughing at our inability of understanding each other.

The morning after my arrival at Hawick was fine, and I left the uncomfortable inn with plea-

sure very early. My eyes followed the Tiviot, in its course towards Kelso, and the Tweed; in its sweet dale, as far as the road to Selkirk would permit me; but it was not long before it carried me to a very hilly dreary country; for nothing can be more so, than the greatest part of the way from Hawick to Selkirk. As for Selkirk town, nothing can be more deplorable than its appearance. The houses are mostly old, falling to pieces, and deserted: nothing but dirt and misery to be seen. I had not breakfasted, therefore entered the inn; and being, at that time, an inexperienced traveller, I was totally unprovided with necessaries for that meal. Every being, and thing in the house, disgusted me at first sight; the extreme dirt, and the smell of the whole, was nauseating in the highest degree. I in consequence made but a very slender breakfast; and was happy to re-enter the chaise. Since my visit to Selkirk, some friends of mine were travelling that road, and being unacquainted with the fare they would meet with, at Selkirk inn, contrived to pass a night there. Like me, they were struck with its comfortless, wretched state; but what was their surprise, when they inquired for their beds, to be startled with the

noise of two, falling out of their dirty boxes in the wall of the room where they were sitting; and were told, those were the nests in which they were to sleep! The company were, a gentleman, and two ladies.

I got from Selkirk a very good pair of horses, and just such another honest-hearted, good-humoured Scot, as he who drove me from Langholm to Hawick. Before I left the inn door, I told the driver I had nearly been overturned into a ditch, from the Hawick boy's carelessness, in coming down one of the hills; I therefore hoped his horses were steady. "Ay; and as gude horses as ere gang, my Lady: they wad trot down a ridge of a house, and nae fa'." Indeed I never was better carried; although the stage between Selkirk and Bank House be extremely hilly and fatiguing for horses. The descent from the town of Selkirk, is something similar to the ridge of a house, very narrow, and paved; notwithstanding, the horses actually did trot briskly down it, without the wheel of my heavy carriage being dragged. The bridge over the Ettrick and Yarrow River united, is at the foot of the descent; and the road winds sweetly round its banks, for a mile or two; then leaves it rolling

on, to the Tweed; into which it empties itself a few miles below.

I had been wonderfully pleased with Eskdale, Ewesdale, and Tiviotdale; but I cannot describe my sensations of delight, when I came in sight of that part of Tweeddale, around Yair, and Fairnalie. The road, after it quits the banks of Ettrick, takes a quick turn, and winds round the bases of hills; when on a sudden, it comes close on the Tweed; and within sight of a simple bridge, and scenery more enchanting than can be described. As soon as I crossed the bridge, Yair was to my left, on the other side of the river; and Fairnalie, on my right; I knew not which to admire most; the river; its banks; the hills; the rocks; or the wood, (which is here in abundance.) All are beautiful. The fancy, in Arcadia, cannot paint a more soft, more sweet, or more lovely scene, than that part of Tweeddale. It is pastoral beauty completely perfect. Not an object that can hurt the eye, or ruffle the mind. The soul, for four miles, must be lost to every other sensation but that of soft delight, heightened by an elevation of sentiment, which nothing but such enchanting scenes as those on the Tweed can produce.

When the chaise turned from the sweet flowing Tweed to mount the steep hill, by a rapidly tumbling water's side, I felt as if I were leaving Paradise. Had not my whole senses been engrossed by the scene below, I might have been somewhat alarmed at the road I was ascending; which is cut in the mountain's side; high, and hanging over the rough Caddon water, rolling to the left, down a rocky narrow bed, which it has formed, between two mountains. The road itself, however, is very good, though it be narrow; and the ascent from Tweedale very sharp, and frightful, for a timorous traveller to pass:—but as for lovers of nature, in the sublime and beautiful, *they* can have neither eyes to see their danger, nor *any* sensation, but that of regret at quitting a scene so enchanting.

Two miles after I had turned my back upon this pastoral Paradise, the road came down upon the banks of the Galla water, joining the road to Galla Shiels: and I then entered Edinburghshire. The scenery on the banks of the Galla, as far as Bank House, is very pretty, but not to be compared with the lovely Tweed. The Galla water falls into the Tweed somewhat below the town of Galla Shiels.

The first sight of Edinburgh, from the Middleton road, is, for an extensive view, very grand. Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Crags, rise high on the side of the town: the Castle in front; Calton Hill; the Forth; and the Bass in the back ground: all together forming a very grand and extensive prospect. After I left Middleton, I came to the President Dundas's, and near it crossed the South Esk. Again I crossed that river by Dalhousie Castle. At Leswade, I crossed the North Esk River. From Leswade Bridge is a view of Melville Castle, in a thick wood; it is white, and conspicuous; but some buildings, with furious red tiles (stables and washing-houses, I suppose) break, and spoil the view of it.—I would blow up all such vile erections.—It is a sin against nature, thus to disfigure its works, by fiery tiles and bricks, sufficient to set fire to the Glen. I was not at the castle; but these buildings must inevitably spoil the view from it to Leswade bridge and town, which must be extremely pretty, were it not broken by such eyesores.

CHAPTER II.

A Description of Edinburgh—Arthur's Seat—The fine Echo—Dediston Lake, and House—Crag Miller Castle—Dalkeith—Roslin Castle—Hawthorndean—Penny-wedding.—The Views from Calton Hill, and Arthur's Seat.

JAMES the First of England, was born in a small room, or rather closet, in Edinburgh Castle; in which, when I saw it, soldiers were drinking porter. There is a dwelling-house in the castle for the governor; but almost the whole of the edifice is now converted into barracks.

Edinburgh is built upon the sides of a mountain; and the Castle is on the summit of a huge rough rock on the west side of that mountain, high and perpendicular above the level ground, and inaccessible on every side but one. The Abbey, or Holyroodhouse, is at the bottom of the mountain, at the distance of a mile from the Castle. The High-street, which is wide, is a regular descent; and is, as it were, a communication from the Castle to the Abbey, down the face of the mountain. The rest of the town lies

sloping on each side of the High-street, continuing to the flat ground, or more properly the trench, at the foot of the mountain. Many of the houses in the High-street have, from their sloping situation, three or four stories more at the back part of them, than in front. The houses, in general, in the old town, are very high; some in the High-street have fourteen or more stories, or, as they are termed in Scotland, flats. Each flat contains a family, and is completely shut up from the staircase. There is but one staircase leading to all the flats in the house; and it may easily be imagined in what condition this common, cork-screw, stone staircase, must always be. There is but a very small winding flat space or trench, between the low parts of the town, around the Abbey, and the sharp rise of Salisbury Crag, Arthur's Seat, and Calton Hill; so that the situation of Edinburgh, setting aside the prospects from it, is unique; for it is built upon an infinity of irregularities of a huge rock, sloping to flat ground on one side, and on the other to a trench, whence quickly rise prodigious mountains.

The violent gusts of wind, continually to be felt in the streets of Edinburgh are, I imagine,

owing to its situation, and must be the cause of health to its inhabitants (they are very healthy); for had not the atmosphere of that city some powerful refiner, such as a constant high wind, it would, by its nauseous scents, poison the race of beings living in it.

About the middle of the High-street it is intersected by two wide streets, the one leading to the north bridge, over the dry trench to the new town; the other to the south bridge, over the Cowgate, a street so called. In passing over the south bridge, it may not be observed to be a bridge, as it is very wide, with handsome shops on each side, except over the arch. Near the south bridge is the old university, and an exceedingly handsome new college, begun some time since; but when I was at Edinburgh, it was at a stand for want of money. The very large pillars, in front of the building, are each of one huge stone. It was with infinite labour, and danger, they were brought and fixed in their places; for they were hewn at the quarry, and afterwards conveyed to the college.

George's square, in the old town, is very pleasant; nearly equal, I think, to any place in the new town.

In one of the old churches I had the great satisfaction of hearing the good and venerable Dr. Blair, whose sermons have been edifying the world for some years past.

The Register-office, in the new town, is a fine building. Princes-street is a noble street, or rather row of houses, looking over the dry trench up to the backs of the houses in the old town; some of them, as I have before observed, fourteen stories high, on that side of the High-street; having almost all of them little sloping gardens, with pieces of rocks, and trees interspersed among them. From Princes-street too is seen, at the extremity of the High-street to the west, the Castle, and the irregular perpendicular side of the bold projecting rock on which it stands.

Most of the new town is built with free-stone, hewn, something like that of Bath. St. Andrew's square is grand; but Queen-street, for view, beats all the other parts of the town. It is a row, rather than a street; it being in front open to every thing that is beautiful, towards Belle Veue, Leith, the Forth, and the lofty hills of Fifeshire beyond it. The fronts of the houses, however, in Queen-street are not so complete as those in

St. Andrew's square, because they are not all finished of hewn stone. The rough stone looks unhandsome; much like a comely face pitted with the small-pox.

Lord Moray's house stands pleasantly, and under the bank on which it is built is St. Bernard's well, a romantic little spot; but the simplicity of it is spoiled by a temple in the style of the Cybele's temple at Tivoli.

There cannot be much passing and repassing in the new town in summer, for in almost every street the grass grows.

The Canongate joins, and in fact makes a part of the High-street, in the old town, and leads to the Abbey; and a fine place it is, for every thing that is disagreeable. The houses are high, and chiefly inhabited by the lower order of people. As the street narrows on the left in going down, is a tottering bow-window to a house, whence Knox thundered his addresses to the people.

I never saw any thing like the swarms of children in the Canongate. I believe they do every thing but sleep in the street. It may be truly said that they are fat, ragged, and saucy; and it is not to be wondered at; for what can be

expected from an education begun and ended in the street. I was one fine evening walking up this *inviting* Canongate, nicely dressed, in white muslin: an arch boy eyed me, and laid his scheme;—for when I arrived opposite a pool, in the golden gutter, in he dashed a large stone, and, like a monkey, ran off chuckling at his mischief.

Though the whole of the town of Edinburgh is far more cleanly, in one article, than it used to be, yet the Canongate still bears strong marks of its old customs; for *haud your haund, haud your haund*, is still very necessary to cry out; and even that will not do in the Canongate now, if perchance one should be there after ten o'clock in the evening: for at that hour one begins to hear, *stop*—here, there, and every where. Even in the middle of the street, where decent folks generally walk for fear of accidents, they are not exempt from splashes, unless they are in high good luck.

At times one's nose recalls to the mind Sawney's soliloquy on coming within the distance of twenty miles of the capital of Scotland, when he exclaimed, "ah! canny Edinburgh, I smeel thee nooe!" At the bottom of the Canongate is the

Abbey: its first appearance, at present, is not amiss. The tower of Duke Hamilton's apartment, that of Lord Adam Gordon's, and the gateway under the Holy Cross, to the quadrangle; with a grass plat in front, contribute to make it look somewhat palace-like; but twelve years back, I remember it resembling a state-prison. It formerly bore the name of the Monastery of Cœnobium; of Sanctæ Crucis; and the Abbey of Holyroodhouse. The chapel of the Abbey was erected by David the First, in the year 1128, in memory (as it is said) of his miraculous deliverance from the horns of an enraged hart, by the interposition of Heaven in the form of a cross. It was converted into a palace by James the Fifth, in the year 1528, who built the north wing of the present front. The form in which it now stands was completed by Charles the Second, in 1664. Whoever erected the side of the square now standing, from Duke Hamilton's apartment to the chapel, must have been a barbarian, and a murderer of taste. Look at the west front of the ruined chapel, and you will be of my opinion. The grand door of entrance was certainly there, facing the beautiful large window to the east. The whole of the west side of the chapel, judging from what remains of

it, must have been in the highest style of Gothic architecture, and the most beautiful in Scotland, except the chapel at Roslin. The chapel at Holyroodhouse was certainly at first in the exact form of a cross; but by the erection of that vile north side of the quadrangle, one part of the cross, and half the grand door, are entirely taken away. Without doubt, originally, that fine door must have been perfect and entire; and to complete the front, a projecting square, similar to the one which now stands to the north of the door, must also have existed on the south of it, forming, on the whole, the exact shape of a cross. The out-building now called Mary's Kitchen, must also have been erected long since the chapel; and all the outlets belonging to the apartments of Duke Hamilton and Lord Dunmore, with the ground on which Queen Mary's Kitchen stands, must have been, in David the First's time, an area before the grand entrance into the chapel. The outside of the fine ruin is at present better worth looking at, than the inside; though a stranger may as well see both. Poor Darnley's bones (if they be his) are often disturbed by the rude hand of the shewer of them. The beautiful roof of this chapel fell down in the year 1768.

For the accommodation of the Comte d'Artois, Government has wonderfully improved the Abbey, both external and internal. The long gallery is new floored, and painted white; and the suite of rooms on the same story with it, are all new sashed, painted, papered, and fitted up and furnished in the modern taste, and in the neatest manner. Amongst the French of fashion in Holyrood-house in 1796, the venerable and most respectable appearance of the unfortunate Duc de Serrent, struck me the most: all that is good and amiable is strongly marked in his countenance, rendered more interesting by his flowing grey hairs, and the sweet though melancholy tone of his voice; and a manner that must be a magnet to every heart susceptible of affection, or conversant with the feelings of paternal suffering; for, poor man, he was, when I saw him, still weeping for his murdered sons, his only children; who, I have been informed, were both very amiable and accomplished.

I was told, during my visit at the Abbey, that the first day of every month the Bank of Scotland, by order of Government, sent down to Monsieur one thousand guineas for his maintenance. How far it is true, I cannot say. His Royal Highness

was glad to take refuge in the liberty of Holyrôod-house, from whence he could not safely stir, by reason of large debts contracted in England, probably before the French Revolution. A *chère amie* of the Prince had a house in the park; he made her a visit every morning at eleven o'clock, and again at eight in the afternoon, and supped with her. A gentleman of his suite always attended him to her door, and again at his return to his apartment. Monsieur is a fine man in person, and looks far younger than he can be. His manner is very graceful and gracious.

There scarcely can be a finer view than that from the Calton Hill, which rises from the town of Edinburgh. I have never seen the view of Naples, to its Bay, but I am told, those who have seen both, are in doubt to which of the two to give the preference.

The immediate front when on Calton Hill, is to the North, over the flat ground of a mile and a half, between Edinburgh and Leith, enriched by villas, gardens, wood, and fine land; over which is seen the town of Leith; its road, crowded with ships, and the Forth, like an arm of the sea, seven miles broad, flowing from Stirling to the German ocean; with the prodigious mountains of Fife

closing the scene. To the east is the course of the river, with islands adding to its beauty; and a rich vale towards Musselburgh, Preston Pans, and Haddington, bounded by the great rock in the sea, called the Bass. To the south-east, Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag rise boldly, sheltering the palace of Holyroodhouse. On the west are the towns, the castle, and a rich vale beyond them, bounded by gigantic mountains; and the Pentland Hills finely close the scene to the south-west. Such is the charming prospect from Calton Hill. But as that hill is the common, daily, and nightly lounge of all the vagabonds and loose tribe of the town, the walk over it must be taken with a gentleman in company, else women of any description will be insulted.

The view from Arthur's Seat is very extensive, and worth the trouble of a fatiguing walk to it. It is called by that name from a tradition, that Arthur, King of England, sat at the top of this mountain to behold a sea-fight. In going up to Arthur's Seat, I passed by St. Anton's, or St. Anthony's well, of extremely pure water, also the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, or Restalrig Church.

At a short mile in the Musselburgh road are new barracks; the square before them forms a spacious

fine parade, and the apartments within are very convenient.

I walked round Salisbury Crags, in the middle path by the quarries, which requires a tolerably steady head; for had I taken a roll down the precipice, there would have been an end of me. At the quarries I saw vast heaps of the hard rock divided into small pieces, ready for shipping; and I was told great quantities of that crag were sent to London for paving the streets. After I had descended Salisbury Crags, and crossed the road by which the carts carry the broken stones into town, I came to some fragments of rocks, where I made my servant try to discover the fine echo, in which he at length succeeded; and I thought it the most distinct I had ever heard. By continuing the track I was in, I came to a new foot-way round the base of Arthur's Seat. The large pieces of rock strewed on the green below the path, a few years back, broke away from the mountain with a tremendous noise, to the great terror of the washerwomen and bleachers, constantly busy on that green; but very fortunately, as a talkative *gude* wife told me, none of them were very near that spot at the moment the huge pieces of rock separated from the mountain. From that foot-way I had a distant view of Crag

Miller Castle, the favourite retirement of Queen Mary, when in love with Bothwell. Proceeding on my way, the first sight of Dediston small lake and house, much pleased me ; and, indeed, the whole walk, from Dediston round to the Abbey, afforded me much pleasure ; and a pleasant view towards Preston Pans ; the Barracks ; the Forth ; the Bass ; and the mountains of Fifeshire.

In my way to Dalkeith, I passed very near Crag Miller Castle ; the view of it after I had passed it, was by far the best, but nothing striking. At the bridge, at Dalkeith, I again crossed my beautiful friend the North Esk River, where its broken banks are sweetly covered with wood. The town of Dalkeith, is a dirty, shabby place ; and the Duke of Buccleugh has done wisely to build a bridge very near his house ; by which the approach to it will be, and I suppose now is, far handsomer than that I arrived at, through the town. I did not go to Scotland to see fine houses, nor dressed places. The simple beauty of nature, is my hobby-horse ; and where can a hobby-horse of that breed find greater scope than in Scotland ? particularly in the Highlands. I did not attempt to enter the house at Dalkeith, but contented myself with seeing the pleasure grounds, park, &c.

The bridge, viewed from the house, must be a fine object; it is of one arch; a simicircle of 70 feet; thrown from rock to rock. The wood, and banks of the river about the bridge, are very romantic; and, to me, beautifully rough and broken.

On my expressing my admiration of all I saw, I was answered by an overseer of the bridge, then not finished, that by and by it would be much finer; for the bed of the river was to be *cleared*; and the banks *smoothed*, and *dressed*. Fye on the shavers, as Mr. Knight calls them, how unmercifully do they "shave the Goddess whom they come to dress!" And will they not spare even the lovely North Esk? I admired the South Esk and its wooded banks, as it ran through the Duke's grounds to join its namesake; and both roll on together, till they fall into the firth of Forth, at Musselburgh. Dalkeith, on the whole, is a place well worth seeing. I was conducted to a spot in the Duke's grounds, to admire a frightful animal of the monkey kind; a disgusting little black beast. I was glad to turn from his nauseous prison, to the fine woods and grounds in which he is confined. The South Esk River graces the scenes of Newbattle, which lies low to its

banks, amidst thick wood ; about a mile from the town of Dalkeith.

Roslin! sweet Roslin!—even though on a gloomy afternoon, and a good deal of rain, I was charmed, I was enchanted, with its beauties. The chapel was the first thing seen, being very near the inn. Its outside appeared to me like a common looking kirk, with a tiny side door for an entrance. Certainly a larger one, at the end, must have once existed, though now walled up. At present there are only two small Gothic doors; opposite each other. No sooner had I passed the threshold, and entered the side aisle, than I was struck with astonishment, at the beautiful structure and workmanship of the ceiling, and pillars ; which, I suppose, were originally of a redish stone, which time and weather have changed and softened to a variety of most beautiful tints. This chapel was built in the purest age of Gothic architecture, by a Sinclair of Caithness ; who married the daughter of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. The chapel is a good way from the castle that was Sinclair's residence ; which, in its time, must have been a place of great strength from its situation, on a point of a rock, inaccessible on every side but one, and that

so narrow, that it is probable it was only a gateway, and drawbridge. The chapel of Roslin has been the burying-place of the Sinclairs of Caithness for ages; but at present they have no property at Roslin.

As one generally learns the legend of the spot one visits, from some garrulous guide, that of Roslin Chapel must not be forgotten; but it was told in language so unintelligible, by the good wife who shewed it, that I fear my tale will be but imperfect. An abridgment, however, may not be amiss. I shall, therefore, only take up her tale from the apprentice's pillar; which is certainly very different from all the others.

The architect employed to build this chapel, could not discover the intent of the plan given him; he was therefore obliged to go to Rome to learn his lesson. In the mean time his apprentice, having more penetration than his master, discovered the design; and in the absence of the architect, wrought the pillar that goes by his name. When the master returned, and found that his lad had more skill than himself, he struck him a violent blow upon his temple, which instantly killed him.

Over what I suppose to have been the great

dóor (opposite the four windows over the altar-piece), is carved the broken head of the poor apprentice, and his mother weeping, for his untimely end. After all his trouble, the architect did not succeed, if the apprentice's pillar was conformable to the original plan of the edifice; for no other part of the work in the chapel resembles it; or the employer did not like the richer, and more complicated style of the apprentice's pillar, so well as the more simple workmanship of the rest of the chapel.—Roslin chapel is not large, but is reckoned to be a specimen of a very chaste and elegant piece of Gothic architecture. It is a ruin, but the most perfect ruin that can be seen. From the chapel to the ruined castle, is a short quarter of a mile, down a very steep hill. There is but a very small part of the castle standing; a middling modern house, being erected on a part of its wall: it is situated, as I have before mentioned, upon a small peninsulated promontory of an immense rock, high above the surrounding river, North Esk, which winds round the castle, rushing hoarsely over its rocky bed, imprisoned by perpendicular sides of towering rocks, finely covered with wood;—its noise, and its romantic beauties, increase as it rolls down.

towards Hawthorndean, and forms a most picturesque view from the turning at the entrance to the castle. The walks by the river's side, cut through the rocks and woods of Roslin, are enchanting beyond description. It is impossible to do justice to the romantic charms of either Roslin, or Hawthorndean; whose ancient walls rise amidst rocks and wood, hanging over the opposite side of the river, within sight of the walks of Roslin. Hawthorndean belongs to Bishop Abernethy Drummond, and was once the habitation of a poet of the name of Drummond.

In going through Leswade, from Dalkeith to Roslin, we met a country wedding; it was then a very fine day, and the parties had just quitted the kirk, and mounted their horses. The bride and bridegroom were on the first horse, and a long cavalcade followed them; some double on a horse, some single, all trotting after the happy pair. As soon as they got down the steep hill from the kirk, they scampered through the town as fast as they could, in order to escape, as quickly as possible, the gaping curiosity of the town-folks, who all came crowding to their doors. This, probably, was a penny-wedding. In former times, when money was of far greater value

than it is at present, it was the custom, in some parts of Scotland (when a bridegroom was not in circumstances to *treat* the guests at his marriage), for all who were invited to the wedding to pay each one penny, for dinner, dancing, &c. And although a shilling, or more, be now paid on such occasions, still they are called Penny-weddings. It is no very uncommon thing for the meeting at such weddings to be so numerous, as from the profits of it, to enable the new married pair to furnish their house, or take a small farm.

CHAPTER III.

Queensferry—Hopetoun House—Kinross—Loch Leven—the Crook of Devon—Rumbling Brig, and Cauldron Lin—Dollar—Castle Campbell—Stirling.

I WAS told, at Edinburgh, I must consult the tide to cross the Queensferry: this obliged me to leave the Abbey at five o'clock in the morning. To avoid the steep rise of the Canongate, the postillion drove me up the back street, and through the Cowgate; it was then I saw the wonderful effect of the South Bridge over my head: also by going the back streets, I had an opportunity of seeing, as I drove round the base of it, the whole of the stupendous rock on which the castle is built.

The drive from Edinburgh to Queensferry, is very pleasant; and I was delighted with the appearance, and neatness, of all the houses on the road; every one, without exception, having a garden well stocked with vegetables; and potatoes planted on every bit of waste land, besides

many large fields of that vegetable here and there, all the way. I was very agreeably surprised, on arriving at the Ferry, that I was not too late for the tide, of which I had some fears. There is no cause for fears of that sort; for I soon learnt that the tide will serve almost at any hour. Now and then, indeed, at spring tides, it may happen that a carriage must wait an hour or two.

The contrivance they have for hoisting carriages in and out of the ferry-boats, is very clever: my chaise was drawn out pretty far upon a stone pier, and in a very few minutes it was laid safe upon deck; and in as short a time relanded, as soon as the ferry-boat touched the shore on the opposite side. I took the precaution of not suffering any brute animals to be on board with me, as they are always troublesome, and sometimes dangerous. Nothing could be more fortunate than I was in my passage; I timed it to a minute. The morning was gloriously fine when I set out from Edinburgh, but it began to cloud and darken for some time before I reached the Ferry: the clouds, however, supported their burden, and Eolus kept close his bags, until I was within ten yards of the end of my passage. It began to rain as I landed, and I had not been in the inn on

the north side of the water, three minutes, before it poured; the wind blew a hurricane; and the sea tossed high. I rejoiced I was safe on shore; but I was sorry the storm, and thick mist, prevented my having a view of Hopetoun-house.

As I approached Kinross, Loch Leven on the right of the town, and the fine range of mountains rising from the lake, and sweeping finely away in gradation, formed a beautiful landscape; the sun too shone out, after its eclipse at the Ferry, in full lustre, and rendered the island in Loch Leven, and the ruined castle upon it, conspicuous; at the same time richly gilding the whole surrounding scenery. From Kinross I did not go to see the Rumbling Brig, and Cauldron Lin; as I was told at the inn, they were not *worth* going to see; so little do the common people of that, or any other country, discriminate what is, or is not worth seeing. I was simple enough to take their word on that occasion, and proceeded on my way to Perth; which, from Kinross, is all the way extremely pleasant; and very fine, indeed, when the junction of the Earn with the Tay comes in sight.

I advise all travellers to see the Cauldron Lin, from Kinross, whether they return to that town

or proceed to Stirling. I shall therefore, in this place, give my ideas of that extraordinary waterfall: for that purpose I will proceed to the town of the Crook of Devon. The Lin, and the Rumbling Brig are about a mile and a half to the west of that small town, lower down the river. I went from Stirling to a farm belonging to a friend, on the south side of the Devon, close to the Lin; consequently, I did not reach the Crook of Devon, but forded the river somewhat above the Rumbling Brig. The lane to the river was frightful; and, as the driver was unacquainted with the ford, I chose to mount behind the carriage, rather than trust myself in the inside of it. The water, however, was far more favourable to me, and the equipage, than the land on the other side: in the tracks there (they deserve not the name of roads), carts may have passed; but as for a four-wheeled carriage, I conclude mine was the first ever dragged through them. At last, though late, I arrived at Craig Town, and was amply compensated for my fatigue and fright, by the kindness of my worthy host, Mr. Charles Mercer, and his friend the Rev. Mr. Graham; nor must I forget the civilities of Mr. Lowry Johnston, by

whose clever and expert exertions, I was the next day conducted to places where few, if any, women had ever ventured. The Rumbling Brig is a small arch of stone, from rock to rock, almost embracing each other, high above the water. The top of the arch is covered with turf, so that it is like a green bank. Trees grow luxuriantly and thick from every part of the surrounding rocks, bending over the arch, covering the side banks, and feathering down their rugged sides, and so closely entwined down to the deep chasm below, that the water is more heard than seen, dashing through its narrow, rough, and winding passage. The whole of the scenery, both at, above, and below this curious bridge, is to a very great degree romantic and beautiful, on each side the river. There are several very picturesque falls above the bridge; particularly where huge, broken, and projecting rocks impede the course of the water, and luxuriant wood hanging over them, listening, as it were, to the loud thumping of the Devil's Mill. Whatever the name imports, the fall so called, and the scenery around it, is angelic, and fills the mind with harmony and delight. The sound of this fall of the river, at a distance, is certainly si-

milar to that of a mill continually in motion; and the *gude* kirk-folk, who reverence the Sabbath, maintain, that as this mill pays no more respect to the Sunday, than it does to the other days of the week, it must be the Devil's Mill. I was much pleased with a view of the bridge on the south side of the river, above it, and also below it, from a huge rock in the middle of the water, looking close into the chasm under the bridge, where the towering rocks on each side, covered with beautiful wood, form a magnificent and awful shade over the murmuring water, issuing from its dark and confined passage. The latter station is a very difficult one to gain, and is still more difficult to be maintained. It is in the middle of the river, on a huge slippery rock, amidst other innumerable fragments, over and against which the impatient water loudly dashes; having huge towering rocks, full of clifted chasms, over-run with wood on each side; and in front, the small arch of the bridge just visible, through the thick shade of wood and rock, at least one hundred feet above the eye. In such a situation it is almost impossible to preserve one's head from swimming. I attempted to sketch this scenery; but in the attempt I was several times obliged to shut my eyes, and

take fast hold of the rock on which I sat, lest I should drop from it into the whirling foaming stream. I did not see the Cauldron Lin from the north side of the river, as the south side is far preferable. From the Rumbling Brig the river flows gently down, for about half a mile; and after it escapes from its rough towering sides at the bridge, its banks shew nothing remarkable, till it runs to a narrow chasm formed in a very high rock, rising perpendicularly on each side of the Cauldrons to a considerable height, covered at the top with wood. The passage or gap in the rock may be forty feet in length; I only judged by my eye. The walk to the Cauldrons and Lin, on the south side, is very conveniently and judiciously made, by Mr. Charles Mercer. I came first on the top of the rock, where I looked down, and perceived the river enter the gloomy passage by a low cascade, and fall into one cauldron; from which it enters a second, whence it boils up most furiously, foaming and white. It then falls into a third cauldron, and from that, rushes through its narrow dark passage, till it reaches the end of the chasm, when it precipitates itself over a prodigious mass of rocks, I should imagine, at least two hundred feet high, and dashes perpendicu-

larly down to a bed of huge fragments severed from the main rock. It is a very awful view to look down upon these cauldrons from the small ash-tree hanging over them. The depth of the perforation from which the foaming furious water returns, must be wonderful, to cause such an extreme agitation. It is more a scene of solemnity, surprise, and astonishment, than that of beauty; but on descending to the foot of the Lin, the beautiful is there, in a considerable degree, mixed with the sublime. The huge masses of broken rock on each side of the fall are, here and there, ornamented with branches of trees sprouting from every crevice, and timidly bending their light boughs to the loud roaring and foaming water. The sky that gleams through the chasm; between the almost kissing black rocks which hang over the Cauldrons, is extremely curious; and the little ash-tree on the right trembles, as it were, with affright at its perilous station. The vigorous birch, small oak, and ash-trees, on the left, add much to the beauty of the whole. The river does not fall in one plain sheet; but on the left, at the top of the cascade, there is a projecting piece of rock that stretches its arm more than half way over the fall, as if to stop, if it could, the course of the water. When I saw

it, it appeared a sort of arch, over and under which the river rolled white and furious, wide spreading its spray, till it reached its rugged bed below, with a noise that must fright or delight the spectator, according to the state of his nerves. As soon as the Devon has fought its way through this curious and laborious pass, it becomes tranquil, and flows on in peace towards the Forth.

The road from the Crook of Devon to Stirling runs, at the southern base of the Oichill Hills, or, as they are commonly called, the Eckles. To the north of this range of hills, I was told, no coals are found, at least no coal-pits have ever been worked to the north of those mountains.

On entering the woeful town of Dollar, high amongst gloomy hills and dark fir-woods, I perceived the ruin of Castle Campbell. It belongs to the Duke of Argyle. In its time it must have been a very strong hold; it stands upon a peninsula of a mountain, on two sides surrounded by a furious burn (brook); and on the others by deep hollows, between it and other still higher overhanging mountains. The walls of the castle are enormously thick, and the rooms within (by what remains of them), must have been dismal dungeons; but in the times when that castle was in-

habited men were more like wild beasts than human beings. The Grahams had a strong castle on the other side of the Oichills. Two lions, whose dens had only a ridge of hills for a barrier between them, could not be restrained from injurious encroachments on each other's territory. Accordingly, when the Campbells were away, the Grahams stormed and burnt; and, in return, Argyle laid waste and levelled to ruins the castle of Graham, near Auchterarder. There is a small remain of a curious subterraneous passage from the former inhabited part of Castle Campbell, cut in the rock down to the burn; from which the inhabitants of it could get water in safety, and unseen by their enemies from the heights of the surrounding mountains, when they were besieged. There are some pretty falls of the burn, but very difficult to get at them.

The old man who keeps the key of the ruin, in giving the history of the castle, added a piece of wit of a lady of the house of Campbell, in very remote times: This poor lady was confined in this solitary castle (her mind was somewhat deranged), and being asked one day what made her so melancholy.—“How can I be otherwise?” she replied; “being born in grief, christened in

care, and lodged in the castle of gloom ;"—alluding to the town of Dollar, where she was born ; and the burn of Care, with the water of which she was baptized ; and the hill of Gloom, that hangs over the approach to the Castle. Indeed it may well be called the Castle of Gloom to this day.

The drive from Dollar to Stirling is very pleasant, and the road tolerably good. The hills are chiefly verdant to the summits ; and skirted with wood ; birch, oak, and all sorts of natural growing forest trees ; and there are large fine plantations besides, at Alva, and many other charming places nearer Stirling. Within four or five miles of Stirling, I perceived, on the side of a steep craggy mountain, a herd of moving creatures ; and when I came near enough to see them distinctly, I discovered they were human beings, gathering in corn : they appeared like a flock of sheep hanging on the crag's side. It is wonderful that corn should grow there, and still more wonderful how a plough should ever get at such steep and broken precipices. I dare say, there were not fewer than sixty people, as busy as bees. It was a fine day, at the latter end of September.

The view of Stirling, enter it which way you will, is fine ; but those coming from Dollar, from

Auchterarder, and Callender, are peculiarly so. The Castle is on a stupendous rock, like that at Edinburgh, inaccessible on every side but one, where the town rises to it. The surrounding mountains and crags, with the rich winding vales, through which the Forth meanders, altogether exhibit a view delightfully fine; and from the castle, in a clear day, is a prospect both towards the north-west, and south-east, that is far beyond description; taking in the rich extensive vales from the sources of the Forth, to the firth of it, beyond Edinburgh. That branch of the Forth which runs from the west, rises near the north base of Ben Lomond; increases its stream from the east side of that gigantic mountain, and others, its neighbours, receives the waters of Loch Chon, Loch Aird, and Loch Monteith; and then, by innumerable windings, unites with its other branch the Teith, within about a mile and a half above Stirling. The walk round the base of the rock on which Stirling Castle is built, is astonishingly fine; but the coach road between that rock and the river, has something very terrifying in it. The width of the road is the only space between the shivered rock, and the broad winding river. To look up, huge loose fragments hang over the

head, suspended in a loose soil; appearing in such a state, as if the jolting of a carriage were sufficient to shake them from their very slender hold; and that they would come tumbling down, crushing to atoms, and whirling to the middle of the river, every thing in their way!—To look at, it was the most frightful pass I had seen. But the pieces of rock must undoubtedly adhere much more firmly to the great mass than they seem to do, for I heard of no mischief ever being done by them; though sometimes pieces do fall, as numerous fragments lie scattered by the road's side, at the base of the rock, on the edge of the river, and also choking its bed. I should fear, in time, part of the castle itself may slip down and take a watery bed in the Forth.

CHAPTER IV.

Blair Drummond—Doune—Ben Lomond—Ben Lidi—Callender.—Trosacks, or Wonders around Loch Cathrine—Brackland Brig, and Falls of the Kelty.—Pass of Lennie—Loch Lubnaig—Loch Earn Head—Eden Ample—Loch Earn—Deneira, Mr. Dundas's—Dalchonzie—Aberuhill—Comrie—Lawers House—Ochertyre.

IN going out of Stirling, by the above described road towards Callender, I passed close by Blair Drummond; and after crossing the Forth, I proceeded through a well-wooded district near the banks of the Teith, and crossed that river by a handsome bridge, near the town of Doune, and its ruined castle, situated close on the east side of the river.—The whole drive from Doune to Callender, is in a pleasant fruitful valley, and the distant views from it are extremely wild and sublime. The fore-ground is the vale: the back-ground, the wonderful mountains of Ben Lomond, Ben Chochan, and Ben Lidi. Ben Chochan is in the middle, and is rather lower

than its left and right hand gigantic neighbours. All three, at a distance from them, appear to the eye of a similar conical shape.

Callender, and the town of Killmahog adjoining to it, lie close to the River Teith, which is there very rapid. The situation of these towns is extremely romantic; Ben Lidi being to the north of them, and prodigiously high crags rising directly behind them; these crags are entirely composed of small stones, cemented in a socket of clay; and so hardened, as to be as firm as solid rock; it is called the plum-pudding stone: the towns are entirely built of it. There is a very good bridge over the Teith at Callender, and one at Killmahog, over the branch of it that comes from Loch Lubnaig. I crossed the latter bridge to see the wonders of the Trosacks, around Loch Catheine. It was a gloomy morning; the waters roared, and the mountains looked black, particularly Ben Lidi, scowling over the pass of Lennie. After crossing the bridge, I for some way kept near Ben Lidi, to my right, and soon came in sight of Loch Van-a-choir, (the lake of the fair valley). It is thinly wooded, but fertile in corn, and bounded by high hills. It is said to be called the White, or Fair Valley, from

the appearance of the corn; which, when ripe, and waving, gives a fair look to the vale, and is a fine contrast to the black craggy mountains that surround it. Before I got to the end of this valley there came on a very heavy rain, which made me despair of seeing (what I came out of my way many a mile to see), the surrounding scenes of Loch Catheine, which, I had been informed, were more romantic than any other in Scotland. I was provided for any wet that I might find on the ground; but it was needless to proceed, when it fell in torrents from the clouds; therefore I had the carriage drawn to the side of the road, and sent the horses and men to be sheltered in a barn at a small farm near; trusting that at noon it would clear up. It did so; and I proceeded through a small cluster of huts, and mounted a very steep rough road, cut out of the mountain; and then went winding in labyrinths of crags, intermixed with patches of verdure; bogs, rushes, and some wood, with pouring torrents from every quarter; the carriage often hanging over a precipice, and the wheels every moment up and down, over large pieces of rocks and stones, in chasms, torn by the rushing waters down the sides of the crags. Though it ceased

to rain, all nature was weeping when I came to the foot of Glen Finglass, with a river issuing thence; over which is a frail foot-bridge of considerable breadth, made of birch wood intertwined, and covered with sod. As I entered the ford, the scene was solemn, gloomy, and wonderfully awful.—I was alone in the chaise; but I had confidence in my faithful driver, Allen, therefore my mind was perfectly free from all sensations, but those produced by the extraordinary scenery around me. On the right, a few scattered huts, and the river roaring from the deep glen, at that part darkened almost to night, by the high towering crags of the forest of Glen Finglass covered with wood.—The river, though loudly heard, was scarcely to be seen for the abundance of large trees; some tall and straight as the pine, others spreading wide and embracing each other from bank to bank, bending over the broken flood, which was furiously advancing to the green bridge.—To the left, Loch-a-chravy, closely surrounded by hills of every shape, with the river I was crossing flowing into it.—To the head of the horses, a quick short turn from the ford to a road just the width of the chaise, cut close at the edge of the lake, on the left hand;

and to the right, rocks rising perpendicularly, with branches of trees, and shrubs of all sizes and descriptions, starting from every crevice of the craggy forest.—The awfulness, the solemnity, and the sublimity, of the scene at the ford, and by Loch-a-chravy's side, to the entrance to the foot of Loch Catheine, is beyond, far beyond description, either of pen or pencil! nothing but the eye can convey to the mind such scenery:—well may it be called Loch-a-chravy, the lake of the field of devotion. When I quitted the narrow road under the rocks, by the side of Loch-a-chravy, it became amazingly jumbling and winding, amongst various shaped rocks and crags, covered with wood; and rended chasms, deep and dark on every side; no trace of man, or living thing to be seen; every sound reverberated from rock to rock, flying through the gloomy labyrinth to announce the approach of unhallowed steps. My heart was raised in awe to heaven's solemnity; whilst that of my poor man was depressed to the dread of hell. He was walking somewhat before the horses, who were step by step thumping the carriage over rocks; when he suddenly stopt the chaise, and coming to me with a long face, said, “Madam, I believe the devil

is in this place! do you hear that noise?"—All was echo; the whistle of a bird, the sound of the foot of an animal, the rustling of the wind amongst the trees, the gush of a torrent, or the fall of a pebble, resounded through the solemn pass, as through a ruined cloister. I listened:—it was a sonorous deep noise—dying away; and again regularly resuming the same key. I had no fears, and bid the men advance. But the road getting worse, and the pass narrowing, I got out of the carriage, thinking it more advisable to explore it on my own legs, than shut up in the chaise: I thus became the vanguard of my servants, as the fittest person to encounter the devils, should they have taken possession of the field of devotion.

When I caught the first glance of Loch Cathaine, I was astonished, I was delighted!—a faint ray of sun was just then penetrating through the mist, still resting on the tops of the surrounding mountains and crags: tinging the wood on their sides, and gleaming on the beautiful islands in the lake. The devils too, greatly added to the beauty of the fore-ground. They were in a large boat, throwing from it, upon the shore, logs of wood, which they had brought from the head of

the lake. This was a very fortunate circumstance, as it enabled me to be rowed about the lake as much as I chose. It was a mere chance, but a lucky one for me, that a boat should then be at that end of the lake. Whilst the innocent devils were finishing their work, I walked up the road, cut out in steps on the crags, hanging over the lake to the north, to a high point, whence I saw the chief part of the Loch; which lies nearly from west to east. The view from that point to the foot of the lake, which is the east end, over the islands, and to the mountains on the south side of the lake, belonging to the Duke of Montrose, is beautiful; but that part of it may truly be called sublime, where the lake runs off by a river that conveys the water of it through the awful pass to Loch-a-chravy. I was very sorry I could not see the shape of Stuic-a-chroin, or the Peak of Rutting, on the south side of Loch Catheine; but it had on it an impenetrable cap of mist. At the south side of the Peak of Rutting is Loch Chroin, and Choir-a-chroin, the valley of Rutting. From the high point I was upon, I perceived my boatmen had finished their task, and were rowing to take me up. I therefore descended to the edge of the lake, and, with some

little scrambling, embarked. They rowed me to the Den of the Ghost, and under the solid rock which rises two hundred feet perpendicular above the level of the lake; also round the beautiful wooded island, and to the foot of the lake. While I was sketching a few of the enchanting beauties of that part of the Loch, I perceived Allen in a wicker sheelin (a kind of shepherd's hut), very busy. I was glad to see it, as a proof that he was not ready for our departure, and therefore would bear the length of time I was on the lake more patiently than he otherwise might have done. I afterwards learnt the real cause of the bustle in the sheelin: it was Allen cleaning his horses after the following accident. As soon as I had gratified myself with the first sight of Loch Catheine, I took my servant with me, and walked on, as I have mentioned, to the high point, there to wait for the boat. As soon as I had departed, Allen loosened the horses from the carriage, and, I suppose, began to gaze at the wonders of the Trosacks (the scenery around Loch Catheine being so called), before he gave them their feed of corn:—what with the admiration of the harmless devils, and the astonishing scenery around him, Allen forgot his poor

horses: they strayed, but not many yards before they were bogged, almost over their backs, and it was with very great difficulty they could be extricated. Indeed, I believe it hurt them very much, for they soon after became extremely thin and weak. It was impossible to be more wet and dirty than I was; I therefore returned through the pass on foot, picking up odd looking stones, washed from the mountains, till I came to Loch-a-chravy. I should have been saved an alarm had I continued on foot, and repassed the river Finglass by the turf bridge.—In going into the river, in order to avoid the crumbling bank, the carriage took a somewhat greater sweep, and thereby got into a deeper part of the water, and I believe off the ford; and, to mend the matter, the wheel mounted on an unseen piece of slippery rock, which was within a trifle of tipping me over. But happily the wheel slipped off the stone, and the carriage recovered its equipoise, without further harm than making our hearts jump, and a loud *oh!* from me. This might have proved a fatal circumstance, which roused me, for a moment, from my enthusiastic *réverie* at quitting the Field of Devotion.

It soon after began to rain, and all the scenes

I had passed in the morning were obscured by mist and the approach of night, for it was scarcely driving light when I reached Callender. On entering the inn, I found my rooms stripped of their carpets, to cover new-made or new-making hay ricks, in order to screen them from the rain; and it was then so late as the 20th of September.

The next day I took a little boy for my guide, and proceeded (by the road that leads from Callender, over the hills, to Comrie) to Brackland Brig, and the cascades at it of the water of Kelty, or violent. I was told it was not a mile to walk thither, but I found it at least two. The glen about the bridge is extremely narrow and deep; and, until I came within the noise of the cascades, I perceived nothing that indicated the romantic horror which had been described to me. But on descending a steep field, close to the top of the falls, I found them grand and beautiful; dashing in different directions, heights, and breadths, till the water roars and foams through the deep chasm under the bridge, to the pool just below it, which is, at least, sixty feet beneath the bridge. The path to get at the bridge is about one foot and a half wide, upon the jutting sides of high towering rocks, from which sprout wood, from the depth

below to the jagged tops above, in every direction, feathering down to, and hanging over, the rushing water. The only safeguard for the hardy being advancing to this awful Brig, are upright, broken, irregular pieces of rock, which form a winding natural parapet; and having the spray constantly falling upon them, are covered with moss; and fern, and all sorts of aquatic weeds cling about them. It requires some strength of head to creep round this path; the huge mass of rocks to the right is woody to the top; to the left is a precipice of perpendicular jagged rocks, at the bottom of which the rushing cascades contend with each other which shall first dash through the chasm, sixty feet beneath the spectator. After passing this winding path, of a foot and a half wide, I came to the bridge, which struck me with astonishment and admiration. The rocky bank on the other side of the bridge, is on a level with the flat projecting part of the rock, on which the path to the bridge is worn. The chasm between the two rocks, over which the bridge is laid, cannot be wider than four or five yards. Before I ventured upon the bridge, I stood trembling to gaze and admire; for I could not help shuddering, though I was highly gratified with the whole scene. Before me

lay a bridge, made of birch poles, laid from rock to rock, over the deep chasm, and these poles have branches of birch laid thick across them, and turf covers the whole. On the opposite side is a beautiful rocky bank, covered with wood, intermixed with some verdure, coarse grass, rushes, fern, &c. with broken pieces of rock peeping through the stems of trees, weeds, and moss. The bridge appeared so slight, and the depth below so terrific, that I was in some doubt whether I should venture to cross it. My little guide, however, stood upon it, whistling with the utmost unconcern. I followed him; but in truth I looked not on either side, for the bridge vibrated, and the waters roared beneath, so that I was glad to skip over as fast as I could. The bridge, to look at, is a narrow, tottering green path, from rock to rock, not a bit of fence on either side, and about a yard wide.

In order to see this extraordinary bridge and cascades in every possible point of view, I crept through the wood and broken rocks, until I got upon a huge projecting tower, in front of the chasm, where the pent up water rushes through the narrowest passage. In getting, however, to that point, I was obliged to step over several rents in the rocks, of at least a foot wide, the depth of

them not to be seen; but the grand beauties of the cascade, and the deep glen below, seen from that station, made me full amends for my temerity in getting to it. The bridge, on my return, was not less tremendous than when I first crossed it; and I was glad to reach my first situation on the side of the rock, with a solid parapet before me.

On returning to Callender, the view from the hill I descended, over the fruitful vale, was charming; though the wild frisks of the Kelt, I had just quitted, pleased me far better.

The next day I admired the Pass of Lennie, through the Grampians, and the fine cascades of the Teith, running from Loch Lubnaig. This pass is as romantic as any through the Grampian mountains, and is particularly woody; which forms a striking contrast with the black sides of Ben Ledi, or Ben-le-Dia, the hill of God; which is 3009 feet perpendicular above the level of the sea. It is in form conical; and its appearance, through the pass of Lennie, is truly black and gloomy. In some parts it is craggy, but mostly it is covered with coarse verdure and heath, where sheep, however, will feed. Innumerable springs are found all over the great mountains, which render them always wet and boggy. Somewhat

short of the top of Ben Lidi, is a small lake called Loch-an-nan-corp, the small lake of dead bodies. So named from the catastrophe that happened to the attendants of a funeral, from Glen Finglass to a kirk just to the north of the pass of Lennie. I suppose the corpse was a person of consequence, as the chief part of the people of the glen attended the funeral, amounting to near two hundred. The lake was frozen and covered with snow; whether that circumstance deceived the procession, or that the ice on the lake was not sufficiently strong to bear the weight of so many people, is not known; but it is asserted, that the whole number sunk in the lake, and never were heard of more.

In approaching to Loch Lubnaig I saw, towering to its north-east, Benvorlich, Mealfourwich, and Morben, on the south side of Loch Earn.

On the west side of Loch Lubnaig (the crooked or winding lake), about the middle, rises perpendicularly from the water, a tremendous rock, called Craig-na-coheilg, the rock of the joint hunting. The Forest of Glen Finglass, formerly covered with the deer of the kings of Scotland, is in the neighbourhood of the rock of the joint hunting. On the east side of Loch Lubnaig is

a house, called Ardhullary, nearly opposite to Craig-na-coheilg; in this house, and in this sequestered region, the Abyssinian Bruce arranged his papers and finished his account of his Travels to the source of the Nile. He could have had no interruption in the desert of Hullary, where nothing is to be seen but high mountains on every side; a winding lake, with dashing rivers issuing from it, and entering into it; and the lofty Ben Lidi, occupying an immense space. From Loch Lubnaig to Loch Earn Head, is not more than seven miles. The inn, and that the only house at Loch Earn Head, commands a fine view of the lake nearly to its foot. On the south bank, and near the head, stands Eden Ample, a white castle-looking building, surrounded by trees. Glen Ample is deep, between a tremendous range of mountains; a rapid stream runs through it from Benvorlich, forming, I was told, fine falls in its course. Eden Ample must be a beautiful spot, and the wood near the house greatly ornaments it. The road to the north of the inn leads to Killin and Tyndrum, through Glen Ogle; one of the fine passes of the Grampion mountains, of eight miles. Loch Earn is beautifully surrounded by hills and crags, and at the foot of the lake the eye

is charmed with a small island of a beautiful shape, covered with wood; and on the south side, the high towering crags, and tops of Benvorlich, Mealfourwich, and Morben, where eagles breed, astonish the sense of sight. Again, on the north side, high enchanting rocks, covered with wood, under whose delightful shade the traveller takes his winding way, without fear or danger, for seven miles; having the lake, the outline of which is truly picturesque, all the way by the road's side. In short, the whole scene is delightful. About two miles from the foot of the lake, by a road beautifully variegated with wood, mountains, and the winding Earn river, I came to the most singular spot, I believe, in the world; singular to a degree, by nature, and made beautiful by a little assistance from art. The old name was Movey, (which, I was told, signifies the mouth of hell); now it is called Deneira, and is in the possession of the minister, Mr. Dundas, in whose hands it has been only about fourteen years. The house he built; it is modern, and extremely comfortable; it is whitened over, and erected on a very small plain, in the shape of a large round table, encircled by mountains and pieces of rocks, jumbled together in a most extraordinary manner; they

are of all forms and dimensions, and mostly covered with wood. The round space on which the house stands is perfectly level, and is a grass-plot of rye and clover, neatly kept. The road to and from this insulated habitation, sweeps round the fairy lawn to the right and left, and is quickly lost to the sight, entering into labyrinths of rocks leading to the high road. A shallow burn bounds the lawn to the west, issuing from a very steep, thick wooded, narrow glen; and this burn, at about a mile above the house, rushes through branches of trees, over broken rocks of considerable height, forming a very picturesque fall. The rustic bridge, and the walks to and from this fall, are very judiciously executed. With some fatigue I continued the walk, from the fall of the burn to the top of the mountain, whence I had a view of the lake, and the majestic mountains surrounding it. It was like coming up out of one world, to give a peep down into another on the contrary side of the mountain. The way back to the green round table is winding, steep, and rocky: most of the rocks, when I was there, were covered with heath in full bloom, beautiful and fragrant; others shaded by vast plantations that have flourished amazingly, forming a de-

lightful shade; and through the branches of the trees are heard, unseen, the murmurs of the falling rills. To see all the beauties of Deneira, requires far more time than I had to spare; I did, however, see sufficient to make a very lasting impression on my mind, particularly of its singular situation. Indeed the whole of that part of Strath Earn, from Drummond Castle to Loch Earn Head, for rich picturesque and sublime scenery, is equal, if not surpassing any other scene in Scotland. On leaving Deneira, I crossed the Earn to the south side of the river, where the Strath rather widens, and came to Dalchonzie, pronounced Dalwhonie, and Aberuhill, both beautifully situated amidst towering and craggy mountains; notwithstanding which there was round the houses very fine natural meadow grass, (a rare article in Scotland) verdant and luxuriant. The mountains on both sides of the river are skirted with wood; and noble forest trees, such as elms, ash, oak, and other trees in abundance were all around, particularly at Aberuhill, situated near the base of Morben. At Comrie I again crossed the Earn, where I joined a scene of mirth and gaiety, it being the fair. The young lasses were decked out for the show, but their head-dresses struck

me as very unbecoming. Their hair was snooded up; that is, bound up with a snood, or band of three-penny breadth ribbon, tied plain round the fore part of the head, leaving the long hair loose and flowing behind; which, in most parts of the Highlands, where it is simply snooded up, is very pretty for young girls; but at Comrie, they added a great bunch of a chusion, in the shape of a potatoe, put low on the forehead, and the front hair turned plain over it, which gave the appearance of a smooth, shining, solid lump of hair, stuck on close over the eyebrows. The small town of Comrie is finely situated, and beautifully romantic: for some years past it has been visited with very frequent shocks of earthquakes, which at first greatly frightened the people of Comrie, and the surrounding inhabitants; but when I was there, they were so accustomed to the shocks, and had so far lost all dread of them, that they were actually going to build a town on the convulsed spot, which will probably, one day or other, open and form a lake; as the noise underground is like the gushing of water, making a fresh passage through rocks. The shock has at times been sufficiently strong to displace shovel,

tongs, and poker from a fire-place in a room, at Ochtertyre, five miles from Comrie.

The next place I noticed was Lawers house, on the north bank of the Earn, well wooded, and surrounded by many noble old trees. On its back-ground are very fine rising hills, which, at the time I was there, were rendered strikingly gay and beautiful by a great quantity of whins or furze, and broom, in full luxuriant bloom, intermixed with plantations, and large masses of rock. Through the whole of this district the houses of the lower class of people are remarkably neat; and I was pleased to see potatoe stems in blossom on every bit of waste bank. To do justice to the beauties of Ochtertyre, two miles from Crieff, requires a far abler pen than mine:—but thus far I can say, the approach to it is lovely; and by the variety of ground, woods, lake, and western boundary of the sublime and picturesque hills around Loch Earn, it is rendered one of the most enchanting spots in Britain. In the woods are two falls of the water of Turret, from Loch Turret. The first and the highest fall is rendered the most beautiful by the scenery about it, which is strikingly picturesque; in short, every thing, both

within and without the elegant and hospitable mansion of Ochertyre, fixes the heart and eye; for the family which that excellent house contains is as superiorly amiable, as its surrounding scenes are beautiful, beyond almost every other part of Scotland.

CHAPTER V.

Town of Crieff—Drummond Castle—Monzie, or Monie—View in the Amulrie Road—Glen Almond—Buchanty Brig—Logie Almond—Leadnock—Tomb of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

THE town of Crieff, one of the barrier Highland towns, is sweetly situated, just as it were without the jaws of the Highlands; I say jaws, for I observed that in most grand passes there are castle-like hills placed at the entrance, as sturdy guards, to chop off and obstruct the way of obtruders. Those that guard the pass towards Loch Earn, near Crieff, are particularly beautiful, and have been covered with wood; and formerly, in all probability, strong forts, of powerful chiefs, were built thereon, as their Galic name denotes. To the south-east of Crieff, on a pretty eminence, the white walls of Drummond Castle rise; it is about two miles from Crieff; and the road to it is by a part of the old Roman road to Stirling, which is a straight line, with trees on each side. The approach to Drummond Castle is on the right hand,

by a modern lodge, not very suitable to the rest of the place; and then through a most beautiful avenue of fine large old trees. Immediately below the house is a bridge, to break the steep ascent to it; from the bridge, the road, canopied by trees, winds round a sloping pleasure-ground to the castle, of which indeed there is but a very small part remaining. The modern habitation is two sides of a square; and the side in which are the best apartments, faces that part of Strath Earn running towards the east; from those rooms is an extensive view, but not half so fine as that to the west, over Crieff, and those beautiful hills that stop the pass, towards the lake, and the stupendous mountains around it, which give sublimity, magnificence, and beauty to the whole scene. Close by Drummond Castle is a charming piece of crag, on which Mrs. Drummond, now Lady Perth, has erected a fog, or moss-house, commanding a delightful view of the country. Beyond the fog-house crag, Top Thurloch, raises its brown, though not ill-shaped, high crest.

By Glen Almond is another grand pass through the Grampians; I therefore set out from Ochtertyre to visit that wild region; and passed by the Horsh; the retreat of a worthy gentleman, a

name-sake, close by a burn side, between two hills; from thence to Monzie; and soon after entered the high road from Crieff to Amulrie. The view from that road going up the hill over Ochertyre to the mountains, about Loch Earn, is worth going several miles to see. After that view, there was little but distant hills and heath to be seen, till I came to the entrance into Glen Almond. The deep channel of the river I saw winding away to the east, towards Perth; and before me a zig-zag road, creeping down the sides of tremendous hills, leading to a deep narrow glen, so hemmed in by immense mountains, that at first sight a stranger sees no way to escape out of it. The entrance into Glen Almond from Crieff has something uncommonly striking in it; —prodigious craggy mountains rising to the sky, bending their rough heads to each other over the Glen through which the water rolls, in a stony bed, murmuring as it flows. In some parts, the craggy precipices sweep to the edge of the river; in others, small patches of velvet-looking verdure smile at the crags, careless of their frowns, and heedless too of the deep murmurs of the limpid stream which gave them birth. I entered this silent solemn pass (where no trace of human ha-

bitation is seen, no sound heard, save that of the bleating sheep, and the rushing of the water) with awful pleasure, and wild as the scene appeared, I was delighted with it. The river Almond in floods, and on sudden thaws, is a prodigiously furious water; it rises rapidly to an incredible height, and roars down with such violence that it carries every thing before it with a noise like thunder. It was not in that state when I saw it; but was as clear as crystal, complaining only of the numerous asperities which impeded its course, and formed cascades, which were echoed by the mountains. The small patches of verdure by the river's side were remarkably beautiful from the colour and the fine soft texture of the grass, contrasted with the rough sides of the shivered stony mountains. The Glen as far as Newton, two miles, is in width about half an acre. The road, the river, at the edge of which the road runs, and the patches of verdure, fill up the space. It struck me in going down into this Glen, that it probably once might have been a subterraneous cavern, like that now at Castleton, in Derbyshire; and that by some great convulsion it had been torn asunder at the top, and thrown back on

each side. The same idea occurred when I saw Dovedale, in Derbyshire.

At Newton is a romantic bridge, over the Almond; and on the north of it are two or three huts.

The road to Amulrie there leaves Glen Almond, and proceeds to Strath Brand. While my horses were resting at the huts, called Newton, I walked up about two miles in Glen Almond, and every step opened a new beauty to my sight. The Glen increases in width, and is tolerably well wooded, particularly on the banks of the river; the fields producing grass, barley, and oats. On the north side of the river, from the top of a very high mountain, falls a torrent, which in violent rains must be magnificent. It had been many days fine weather when I saw this torrent, notwithstanding it was grand. I sat down to rest at the entrance of the fall into the Almond, among huge pieces of rocks brought down by its force, admiring the scene with delight; surrounded by birch, alder, mountain ash, with other trees; fern, and all sorts of large aquatic plants and weeds; the torrent tumbling from above, and dashing beneath against the huge

stones, on one of which I sat. Such scenes as those raise the soul to the first Cause of all things; and there it is lost to all sensations, but those of gratitude and calm delight. As I sat among the stones, viewing the torrent, Mr. Knight's Poem, called the Landscape, came into my mind; and I was glad to find in the scene before me, no trace, no slime of the modern *shavers* of dame Nature; the sweet simple goddess there reigned triumphant, and feared neither their trimming razors, nor their sluggish serpentines.

I left Glen Almond with regret; ascended the same zig-zag by which I entered it, and proceeded, at no very great distance, by the course of the Almond to the Brig of Buchanty; a very singular and romantic spot. The country all around this bridge is an extensive waste of black and brown; but on a sudden the eye is unexpectedly caught by the sight of a mill, and the river running in a very narrow channel to the bridge, with trees hanging over it, and wood feathering down to the water over huge rocks, on which the bridge rests; also the roaring water, bursting through its dark and close passage, to fall with a tremendous noise under the arch, altogether rendering this spot beautifully picturesque.

I was going on to make a visit at Logie Almond; and I can say but little, either for the beauty of the country, or the road from Buchanty thither; for except the great number of neat (and in a far better style than any other I saw in Scotland) farm houses on Mr. Drummond's estate, all appeared dreary, black, and bare. Logie Almond, within itself, abounds in wood, and the house is situated on the bank of the Almond, very romantically. But of all the spots, for its size, none can compare to the sweet Eden, of Leadnock.

The old Scotch ballad, of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, gives the history of two affectionate faithful friends; how

“ They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
“ And theek'd it o'er with rashes,” &c.

And it is the burn that moans through the thickets at Leadnock, by which these friends chose to big their bower, and there to retire to avoid the plague. Their lover followed them; but they did not escape the fatal disease, for all three fell victims to its rage.

About thirty years since, the small estate of Leadnock was purchased by an officer, who found it in the rudest state of nature. Like our first

parent, he pruned and planted; and with his faithful Eve, morning and evening, saw that it was good; and for it rejoiced, and were thankful to Him who gives and takes away. Every thing flourished under the fostering hands of this worthy pair.

The woods, the walks, the verdant banks, the blooming rose, and twining woodbine, all proclaimed their taste and industry; not a spot in their Paradise but what was noticed and named emblematically. The house and garden, situated on a small plain, are embowered with trees of my friend's planting. In front of the house is a lawn, of an unequal semicircle, at the edge of which is an almost perpendicular rough rocky bank, where deep below rolls the Almond river, more picturesque than can be described, over a wide rocky bed, dashing through its winding way, darkened by high projecting rocks on both sides of it, with wood sprouting from every cliff, and feathering to the roaring stream. On the Leadnock side, upon the lawn, on the rocks, down the rocks, and on every side, are fine trees of every description; particularly those to the left (in appearance impenetrable) towards the old Brig of Almond. To the right is a winding walk to the edge of the rocks hanging over the river; and at the top of a

very steep path a stone seat is placed, on which is cut, "rest, and be thankful."

The owner and creator of Leadnock was in Lord Ancram's regiment, the 24th, when in the year 1746 that regiment made the road through Glen Croe, in Argyleshire; and put up the stone on the top of the high hill between Glen Croe and Glen Kinglass, called Rest and be thankful. At the bottom of the steep path I came to the most beautiful meadow that fancy can form, with a numerous flock of sheep feeding on its lovely green pasture. The Almond, with high rocky banks on one side of it, and flat to this lovely meadow on the other, sweeps round the better half of it; and on the other parts of this pastoral lawn, rising from it, are the thick woods of Leadnock, and the high banks of Logie Almond, covered with impenetrable underwood, and backed by noble timber trees; with the burn of the fair friends, marking the division of property, moaning in its course down the brae over pieces of rock, and through tufted branches, stumps of trees, and bushes, to join the Almond below. In this Arcadian meadow, under the hanging wood of Leadnock, I came to a bit of ground, walled in, and on a stone in the wall I read this simple

inscription, "The tomb of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray." I plainly saw the marks of two graves, by the rising of the sod: the third, that of the lover, said to be at their feet, I could not find. These walls were raised, and within and without planted with all sorts of odoriferous shrubs and flowers, by the Officer above mentioned, who discovered the graves, unveiled the natural beauties of Leadnock, and brought them to perfection. The present owner of that sweet place, Mr. Graham of Balgowan, has greatly improved the farming part of it: but that where taste and sentiment prevailed is fast decaying, and sadly wants the parent's prop, who made it what it was, and far beyond comparison with what it is now. It is a pity Mr. Graham does not quit Balgowan, upon the boggy Pow, and gladden the Eden of Leadnock with the chief residence of an hospitable benevolent lord.

The carriage road to Leadnock from Logie Almond is a great way about; and the walks through the woods that were once made and kept open for the convenience of the families of Leadnock and Logie, are now entirely obliterated and choked by thick wood, briers, springs, and every obstacle that rude nature has combined to destroy them.

I was determined, however, to see that admired place. I set out alone, and contrived to lose my way; and into the bargain, got my flesh and my clothing tattered and torn; but I was resolved to accomplish my purpose, I therefore pierced thick woods, climbed stone walls, clambered over ploughed clods, knee deep, waded the burn, and at last succeeded. I was hospitably regaled with some nice mutton and potatoes at Leadnock house; a very acceptable refreshment after my laborious, lonely, blundering walk. The good man and his wife belonging to Mr. Graham, attentively shewed me all that could be seen, and then set me in the right road to Logie.

CHAPTER VI.

*Perth.—View approaching Perth—Field Preaching
—Dupplin—Freeland—Invermay—Abernethy
—Coal Pits—Scone—Stanley—Taymount—Lin
of Campsie.—Stubhall—Mieklour House—Loch
Clunie—Marlie—Ard Blair—Blair Gowrie—
Keith of Blair Gowrie—Craig Hall—Black Jock
of Atholl—Lady at Saint Kilda—Recky Lin—
the De'il in the Shape of a black Dog—Ayrly
Castle.*

PERTH is a very ancient town; but within these few years it has been increased to a great degree, so that it may be called a new town. Its bridge over the Tay, and its two Inches, ornament it wonderfully. The Inches are large flat grass fields, one at the south entrance of Perth, the other at the north; and the roads and walks in them are through avenues of trees. There is a view of the town of Perth coming from the south, where the Romans halted to admire, and cried out with one voice,—“*Ecce Tiberim!*” I think they paid a very bad compliment to the Tay, as there can

be no comparison between it and the sluggish Tiber. Nothing can be finer than the two views after passing north of the range of mountains called the Oichill hills. The first of these views is the richest part of Strath Earn, and the junction of the River Earn with the Tay; taking in the Brig of Earn, the wooded hill of Moncrief, and the noble plantations of Dupplin, Lord Kinnoull's, for its northern boundary. After climbing the hill of Moncrief, and two miles north of the Brig of Earn, then comes the charming prospect that delighted the marching Romans; and which, on taking a short turn round a hill, at once opens to the sight. To the right hand is the broad sweeping Tay, coming from the north, and winding round the base of the Kinnoull Crags, flowing majestically to the east, and towards the rich Carse of Gowrie and Dundee. In front, is the town of Perth, its noble bridge, the South Inch, the spires, and other edifices in the town; the waving corn, in part of the fertile district of Strathmore, with the grand chain of Grampion mountains, in the back-ground; all conspiring to make this a prodigiously striking view. One of the days I passed by this beautiful spot was a Monday, the day after the sacra-

ment; I perceived a multitude not far from the road's side, with a wooden stand raised in the midst of the throng; some of the congregation were standing, others sitting, forming altogether an amazing concourse of men, women, and children. It was a field-preaching day. It is impossible for *all* to *hear* the sermon:—but, good souls, if they are only within the holy *sough* (or sound), that perfectly satisfies them. As often as the sacrament is administered, there is preaching all day on the Thursday preceding, as well as on the Sunday and the Monday after, attended by hundreds flocking from every quarter, and from a very great distance. In the small towns, as well as in large ones, this practice too is kept up; and on the sacrament Sunday, one minister is preaching in the church, and another in the adjacent field; the congregation continually going from one to the other. In the country, in the Highlands, the proprietors of the land in each parish pay the stipend of the minister, build the kirk, and the manse (the parsonage), and keep them in repair; they also pay the stipend of the master, or masters, of the public schools, and generally there are two schools in a parish; one English, the other Galic. At these schools the

children of the poor are taught to write and read, for one shilling a quarter. At Gask, nine miles from Perth, I saw more than forty boys and girls in one school.

The fashion of large farms, instead of small ones, has unhappily of late years made its way into Scotland, as well as England, to the great detriment of both countries. The rich farmer goes to the landlord, when the small farmer's lease is nearly expired, and says, "I should be glad to add such a farm to the one, or more, that I have; I can afford to give you more rent for it than such an one can; and besides, my opulence will secure to you your rent, without delay, danger, or drawback." This tempts the proprietor, and thus farms accumulate: and in every respect, the inconveniences resulting from it, are equal in Scotland to those in England. No poultry, no pork, &c. are raised, as formerly, for market; all is consumed in the great farmer's own family, which increases the price of those articles prodigiously, besides many others. The late worthy possessor of Gask, would on no account destroy the small farms on his estate. Many of his tenants rented at the rate of three and four pounds a year. He never turned a widow off his estate;

and if she could not keep on the farm her husband held, some cot or other, with a very pretty piece of ground, was given her. His worthy son, the present Gask, continues the same benevolent plan his father long practised; and in 1796, when he brought home his new married lady, he gave a dinner to his tenants, consisting of more than three hundred.

The views from Gask are very pleasing;—to the south, the bold Crag Rossie, one of the Oichills, raises its head; and the river Earn, in the vale just below Gask-house, is meandering from west to east; over which is a simple bridge, in sight of Gask, leading to the small town of Duning. To the north of the house, about two miles, is a beautiful view of the Grampians, from east to west, as far as the eye can reach: the town of Crieff, at a distance, is also plainly distinguished by its white houses at the bases of the small hills, standing like beautiful lodges, in front of the pile of mountains, so grandly and so beautifully thrown together around Loch Earn. The white walls of Drummond Castle also, to the south of Crieff, surrounded by woods and crags; crowned by the brown and rich yellow sides of Top Turloch, form a fine feature in the distant landscape.

The drive from the Brig of Earn to Dupplin, is beautiful; with a great variety of ground, and the continued woods of Dupplin, on the right hand; and on the left, the Earn river sweetly winding through the Strath, with the high green range of Oichill Hills, bounding the scene to the south. The trees, as I drew nearer to Dupplin, delighted me; ash, beech, lime, oak, in short, every kind of tree, extremely large, and in abundance; with a mixture of birch, mountain ash, maple, and alder; affording a variety of tints that added infinite beauty to the whole scene.

To the south of Earn, seen from the Dupplin road, is a part of the rich verdant Strath, ornamented by Freeland, Lord Ruthven's; Rossie, and Invermay, Mr. Belche's. A few miles from the Brig of Earn, towards the junction of the river Earn with the Tay, is Abernethy, the old town of the Picts; now a very poor place; though there are still remains of some of its ancient steeples.

The ground around Perth, I was told, lets from two to three, and five pounds a Scotch acre, which is about one-fourth more than an English acre. Butter is about ten-pence a pound, twenty-two ounces. Not only butter, but eggs, and

poultry of all sorts, are greatly increased in price since the small farms have decreased in number.

As no coal-pits have been worked north of the Eckles, or Oichill Hills, that necessary article is brought by water to Perth; the Tay being navigable for considerable vessels as high as that town: and as many, if not more, of the Newcastle coals are burnt there, than of Scotch coals; because they are procured full as cheap, if not more so, than the coals from Fife and Stirling-shires.

The labourer, at Perth, gets commonly fifteen-pence a day; in harvest, sixteen-pence, with meat and drink.

Masons' wages, twenty-pence a day; their labourers, fourteen-pence.

In the year 1796, I was pleased to find potatoes were so cheap in Scotland. At Cambleton, in Kintire, they sold forty-four pounds for six-pence; and at Crieff, when cheapest, 360 pounds for four shillings.

In the worst street in Perth, part of the old Castle of Gowrie is still remaining; some military men were quartered in it when I was there; notwithstanding, there are very fine barracks

erected at the west end of the town. In the Castle of Gowrie, James the First of England was confined by the nobles of that name; from whom he was rescued by the wonderful courage of a very few friends who had come to Perth with him, and regained his palace in Fifeshire.

Near Perth are a great number of extensive fine bleaching grounds. The chief manufactures of the town are cottons, and the printing them; also great quantities of men's shoes and boots are made at Perth, and sent to the London market.

The following is the legend of the name of Kinnoull Hill.—Formerly the old town of Perth was situated near the junction of the river Almond with the Tay; and it was washed away by a violent flood. The king's infant son, in his cradle, was hurried down the rushing Tay, in sight of the unhappy father who, distracted, ran along the bank; and when he came to a spot about half a mile above the present town, he made an exclamation in Galic, something like *Aicha!* from which the east bank took the name of Kincarrica. The king still followed his floating darling; and when he came opposite to the high hill, and the dangerous sweep of the river, below

the site of new Perth, his frantic grief and fright made him *howl*. From that, says the legend, came the name of the Hill of Kinnoull.

From Perth I crossed the Tay, and proceeded to the new bridge of Isla, then scarcely finished; it is very near the junction of the river Isla with the Tay. The old ruin of the Castle of Kinclaven, is on the edge of the west bank of the Tay, just below the junction of the two rivers. From off the walls of that ruin, I eat, in July 1785, some of the finest apricots I ever eat in my life. The ferry of Kinclaven, immediately at the junction of the rivers, before the bridge of Isla was built, was the only means of getting to Mieklour, without going round by Coupar in Angus, and Blair Gowrie.

Scone, where the Kings of Scotland were wont to be crowned, was the first place of note I passed after leaving Perth. About seven miles from Perth, on the west side of Tay, is Stanley; where are large cotton works, which have injured the beauty of the place, but have made it more profitable to the owner. A mile above Stanley, on the same side of the river, is Taymount, once a lovely spot, and the habitation of superlative virtue (though a thatched dwelling),

hanging over the noble Lin of Campsie, a very fine fall of the Tay. Under this humble roof lived my best friend, with his excellent mother. At his death it returned to his brother; and is become a neglected, wretched, shaven farm.

Somewhat above Taymount, on the opposite bank of the Tay, the ancient walls of Stubhall rise; belonging to Lord Perth.—The house is in the very old style of building, but the situation of it is very romantic and beautiful.

From Stubhall I proceeded to Mielour house; it is more like a beautiful English place than any I saw in Scotland. The Tay is there full and deep, and glides on as tamely as any English river.

The woods are extensive; and the hills within sight are not very high. From the front of the mansion is seen, at a distance, Dunsinane Hill (rising from Strathmore), at the top of which Macbeth had a castle; and at the base of it is Dunsinane house, surrounded by wood; though, I believe, Birnam Wood never took root there. From Mielour house, I perceived a large gap in Dunsinane Hill; and the legend tells, that in his flight, Macduff leaped it; and the prints of his horse's feet, on the rock, are still to be seen.

By the assistance of the most excellent owner of Mieklour, I was enabled to see Loch Clunie, which is only a small lake; but its banks, and its surrounding mountains of Stormount (in fact, part of the Grampians) render Loch Clunie a place worth seeing. In it is an island, covered with wood; out of which rises a large old castle-like building, belonging to Lord Ayrly. On this island was born the *admirable* Crichton; but not a trace of his family is left. Between Loch Clunie and Blair Gowrie, is Marlie, near a small lake, lying low; so does Ard Blair.

Blair Gowrie is a small town upon the west precipitate bank of the river Airdle, and lies at the beginning of another wild pass through the Grampians, by Glen Shee and Glen Beg, to Bramar. A mile from Blair Gowrie, from Lerinty Burn, is a zig-zag road, to climb a lofty hill; and again it zig-zags round wonderful precipices, down to the Cally Bridge; and from thence the traveller scarcely ever loses sight of some fine water or other, till through many a glen he reaches the Castle of Bramar, and Invercauld, on the banks of the Dee; which lovely place I had no opportunity of seeing, as I went the other Highland road to Fort George, by Blair of Atholl.

At Blair Gowrie, the river Airdle sounds to be, or is called Airoch. About a quarter of a mile above the bridge, which is at the bottom of the town, is a very picturesque salmon leap, called the Keith of Blair Gowrie. The great rock stones in the river, at the Keith, above and below it, are of a very singular nature; of beautiful pebbles, in sockets (perhaps of clay), and so hardened therein that they seem one body, as they resisted every effort I could make to break off a bit. The plants, all about the Keith, appeared in the highest luxuriant vigour; but being ignorant of botany, I in that instance lost much pleasure. A few miles above the Keith, on the brink of the same river, is a very singular, sequestered, romantic spot. The house is situated on the edge of a promontory of a huge solid rock, hanging over the river, quite out of the perpendicular line. The rocks touching the river on each side of it, from the chasms and other irregularities in them, occasion the water to dash furiously round them. All the rocks are covered with trees of every sort; some straight as pines, others feathering and branching from the top to the bottom of them; and the opposite bank is a counter part of that on which Craig Hall is built. The rock,

and the wall of the house, seem of a piece; and the eye, from the windows, sees nothing but the precipice, that would turn the head giddy were it not for the stems and branches of trees sprouting from every chink of the jagged rocks. There is a zig-zag path, however, cut by the side of the house, with much art and labour, down the rocks to the margin of the rolling river: this path leads to a scene of rock, wood, and water, not to be described.—I fancied myself at the end of the world, and at the gate of Paradise! This old secluded habitation belongs to the ancient house of Rattry; which, in the iron age of Scotland, possessed a great extent of territory in that part of Perthshire.

It is said an Earl of Atholl, called Black Jock of Atholl (it was before the Murrays enjoyed that title), married a daughter of the house of Rattry; and her father giving her less of his property than Jock expected, he, without ceremony, came down from Atholl with a band of ruffians, suddenly intruded upon his father-in-law, as he and his household were at prayers, and murdered him and all his family, except one son, who fled. Jock made no scruple of helping himself to the chief of Rattry's possessions; and the times were

such, that no retribution could be obtained, nor punishment inflicted on the potent murderer. How the estate of Craig Hall returned to the family of Rattray, the legend does not say.

Another instance of the arbitrary state in which Scotland was held in old times, both in public and private affairs, is the melancholy fate of the wife of an Erskine, a lord of session, whose title was Lord Grange. It was suspected that the lady, by some means or other, had got at the knowledge of some state papers of infinite consequence; and as poor women are set down, in the minds of all arbitrary men, to be incapable of keeping a secret, Erskine and his son were determined to secure the one contained in the papers in question, by putting it out of the lady's power to divulge any thing she knew of the matter. To accomplish their design, the husband and son privately conveyed her to the island of St. Kilda, there put her on shore, and left her to shift for herself; and sailed back again, without a living being having missed them, or suspected what they had executed: nor could the lady's place of concealment be discovered by her friends, although they made every effort in their power to find out whither they had conveyed her, but to no pur-

pose; nor could the unnatural husband and son be punished for their crime. The island of St. Kilda afforded no implements for writing, and the lady's history would never have been known, had she not worked it on her muslin apron with her hair. Her family, by some means or other, after her death (which happened at St. Kilda, near thirty years after her banishment) got possession of this curious piece of work, and preserved it with great care, as a memorial of her sufferings, and of the tyranny of the times in which she lived.

The inhabitants of the island of St. Kilda, to this day, are no better than savages; they are few in number, and live upon stinking fish, and rotten eggs, laid by birds in the hollows of the rocks. They will touch neither eggs nor fish until they are in a state of putrefaction. They are little known to the rest of the world, and very seldom visited; and lucky for them that this is the case, or the race of *Kildaites* would soon be extinct by frequent hemorrhages; for it is confidently affirmed, that the instant a stranger touches the shore, the noses of all the natives begin to bleed throughout the island.

The isle of St. Kilda lies about fifteen miles west from the northern point of North Uist, the

most westerly of the Western Islands. If St. Kilda be such at present, as it is described to be, what must it have been when poor Lady Grange was turned adrift upon it? Her husband probably carried her to the last rock that could be found to the west; and concluding that that rock was desolate, put her thereon, that she might perish for want of food.

From Micklour we one morning set out to visit the fine fall of Isla, called the Reeky Lin. We passed through Blair Gowrie, the small town of Rattry, and proceeded to Ailyth, amongst the wildest of the Stormount hills. Torrents of rain fell during our drive thither, so that the burn, which comes from the forest of Ailyth, and runs through the town, was rushing down its precipitate bed with the utmost violence, joined by many streams from every quarter. The town of Ailyth lies upon the declivity of a steep hill; and the streets are so narrow, and sloping, and were rendered so slippery with the wet, that I thought it impossible for the horses to draw the chaise up. After leaving the town of Ailyth, the road became worse and worse; in some parts very steep, with loose ground; in others, boggy, narrow, and rough, beyond belief. At length,

however, we arrived on the banks of the Isla, very near the fall. A *gude* wife was our guide, who first conducted us to the top of the great cataract, and then to the bottom of it, down a long, dangerous, and slippery bank; and then from one huge stone to another, we arrived at the pool into which the river falls. Imagine yourself upon prodigious masses of slippery rock, severed from the mountain, damming up, in some degree, the vast body of water in front, precipitating itself from an immense height over jagged heaps of rock upon rock, in every possible form, with a violence that sends out its spray to a very great distance; and falling into a pool, of which no one knows the depth: and then on the right, goes dashing against tower beside tower of rocks, rising majestically to the sky, with sprigs of mountain ash, birch, and oak, thinly and carelessly scattered over them. To the left, is a curved recess of rocks equally high with the opposite towers; in which, either by cliffs, or ravages made by the force of the dashing water, caves in numbers, deep and black, appear, to affright the timorous, or the guilty wight. To attempt to get at these caves is almost certain destruction; but what dares not he do, whom guilt

has rendered desperate? The legend of the place (and almost every place of curiosity, either in Scotland, or elsewhere, has its legend), says, that an owner, in former times, of Craig upon Isla, having killed a man, fled to the Reeky Lin, and hid himself in one of the caves above described; but conscience would not let him rest there, though he was sure man could not disturb him. He declared, that in the dead of night he saw the de'il in the shape of a black dog, run up the towers of rock just facing the caves; which so terrified him that he quitted his hiding place, preferring the just punishment of his crime, by the hands of man, to the nightly horrors of the devil in the shape of a black dog!

Certainly the Reeky Lin is the finest fall I saw in Scotland, except the Fall of Fyres near Loch Ness. The Reeky Lin has very little wood about it, which is undoubtedly a great absence of beauty; but the majestic towering form of the rocks renders the scene both sublime and picturesque. From the high fall down the river for above a mile, are many more considerable falls, between rocks of vast height on each side. To the east of Isla, in Angussshire, in a very romantic situation under lofty mountains, stands Ayrly

castle, to which I am sorry I did not go. Indeed, all that district in Strathmore, from Coupar in Angus, as far as I could see towards Glammis, appeared to be rich in wood, and watered by numerous fine rivers. We quitted the charming fall of Isla with much reluctance, to change our wet clothes, and to take the very acceptable repast provided for us by our kind friend at MiekLOUR, which we eat in the chaise;—nought to be seen or heard except the thundering noise of the Lin, and the wide waste around us of barren russet mountains, with many boggy glens between them; and two solitary huts made of turf; which altogether rendered the scene uncommonly wild. But that could not allay our appetites: which, when we had satisfied, we returned by a road less dangerous but equally rough; happy to re-enter the hospitable walls of MiekLOUR house, after a long and fatiguing dripping day.

CHAPTER VII.

Delwin—Murthly—Birnam Wood—Stenton—Dungarhill—Dunkeld—Rumbling Brig.—Road from Dunkeld to Blair of Atholl.—Fascakie—Killycrankie Pass—Lord Dundee's Tombstone—Lude—Atholl Broze—Blair Atholl—Bruar Falls—Salmon Leaps—Deer Hunting.—Dalnacardoch Inn—Loch Garrie—Dalwhinnie Inn—Spey Bridge—Pitmain Inn—Aviemore Inn—Rothamurchus—Cairngouram—Dulsie Brig—Calder—Fort George.

ON the 30th day of July, 1796, with the utmost regret I left Mielour, loaded with kindness in every shape; and not an article of convenience or comfort for the long journey before me was forgotten by the friendly lady of the house, and her amiable daughters. My chaise was crammed with provisions, wine, and other things for my use; and, what was far more grateful to my heart, their warm affection and good wishes were with me; so that when I departed from their hospitable door, I felt what I cannot express.

At Mieklour I was on the north side of the Tay, which from Dunkeld to the turn at Kinclaven ruin, near Mieklour, flows from the west; and from Dunkeld it turns to the north, till the Tumel falls into it; thence as far as Taymouth its course is from the west. As from Mieklour to Dunkeld I was on the north side of the Tay, I did not go any part of the new road from Perth to Dunkeld, but passed by Delvin, imbowered in wood, on its flat peninsula. I saw also, on the opposite side of the Tay, Murthly's ancient walls, and its rich meadows to the edge of the river, and the rising hill on which Birnam Wood once grew. As I advanced to Stenton a piece of beautiful crag, covered with wood, pleased me much, and the situation of Dungarthill is picturesque. But the view from the high ground before the descent into Dunkeld is fine beyond description: the cathedral, the town, and the Duke of Atholl's house, with prodigious surrounding woods; the Tay issuing from avenues of immense trees, from which sweep, to the right, beautiful sloping grass fields and walks, backed by the noble rough sides of craggy braes, covered with wood, except now and then where huge masses of rock bid defiance to the planter's labour,

and rear their bare heads majestically. The left side of the landscape is occupied by the woods at Inver, the dashing Brand, and the charming scenes at the Hermitage. As the beauties of Dunkeld have been so often immortalized by pens far abler than mine, I shall say little of them: at the same time I cannot omit expressing the pleasure I experienced from every thing I there met with. Every step from the house to the Hermitage is enchanting. After crossing the Tay ferry, where the banks of that smooth river are charming, winding, and finely wooded, I entered a shrubbery that soon led to the river Brand, dashing through a rough bed of large stones. Opposite the shrubbery are high rocks, covered with wood, and picturesque to a great degree. As I advanced I came to lofty projecting rocks on each side of the river, striving, as it were, to kiss each other: they are united by a simple bridge of one arch, through which, deep below, by a very confined rocky channel, the water forces itself; scarcely recovered from its foaming rage at the fall just above, which is partially seen through the high arch. On entering the Hermitage I was astonished. The contrast between the room, the beautiful cataract, and its scenery, is beyond

description striking!—The mirrors in the room, so far from being absurd (as some Tourists say), magnify and multiply every object they reflect, and thereby increase the delight. A large bow-window, down to the floor of the room, faces the fall, and indeed hangs over part of it; so that the reeking spray dashes in with violence, if the sashes be open. The noise of the cascade is wonderful, and the view of the river above it is charming; rendered so by the great variety of small falls, wood, and projecting rocks.

I much wished to have continued my walk by the Brand side till I came to the Rumbling Brig; and such a walk would be delightful. If the Duke of Atholl should extend his walks beyond their present limits, and carry them on by the river side, up to that romantic part of it over which the Rumbling Brig is thrown, it would be a wonderful improvement: but as that is not yet the case, I went in the carriage to the brig; which should be seen, for it cannot be described with justice, nor in language to be understood.

The road from Dunkeld to Taymouth, through Aberfeldie, is on the opposite side of the river to that leading to Blair; and it is also bounded

by mountains, and finely wooded. As I passed them on the opposite bank of Tay, I admired the situation of Dalguise and Kinnaird; the latter built at the base of tremendous shivering crags, under which the road to Aberfeldie runs, to the great dismay of timorous travellers who are exposed to their threatening frown.

The view at the junction of the Tumel river with the Tay is very fine; in short, the whole of the drive, from Dunkeld to Blair Atholl, is beyond description; and it may be termed one of the grandest, as well as the most beautiful of all the passes through the Grampion mountains. In some places of this delightful drive the opening is very narrow, particularly north of the Moulin Hows. The Tumel river is far more violent than the Tay, which smoothly glides the chief part of its long course. The Tumel begins to roar very soon after its egress from Loch Rannoch, falling finely and furiously between the neighbouring crags of Schihallion, and then running towards Glen Tumel, and a lake of that name; it afterwards pursues its course, and again falls at Fascalie: these two falls of Tumel are not so high as many others in Scotland; but the body

of water at them is far greater; for this river comes from a district full of mountains, from whose sides flow never ceasing torrents.

From the ferry at Logierait, towards Blair, the passage narrows, and nothing is to be seen but the road, the craggy mountains on each side, covered with wood, and the fierce Tumel below, growling through its rough bed, concealed by rocks, and trees of mountain ash, birch, alder, oak, and pine, growing among them.

—— Butter, Esq. is the happy man who now owns Fascalie; and to the civility of his family I am indebted for a complete sight of its beauties. The house lies far below the road, just at the south entrance of the pass of Killycrankie, in a sort of triangular flat space of meadow land, beautifully wooded by very fine large trees which ornament the space and fields adjoining, and also cover the banks of the rivers which there unite; and plantations climb up every crag, which on all sides surround Fascalie. On the eastern side of the three, at Fascalie, is the road to Blair, with mountains on the right to the sky. At the western angle issues the Tumel from its furious fall, and meets the river Garrie, which rolls precipitately (and in times of rain), foaming and black,

from its dark bed through the pass of Killycrankie; but just before its union it throws off all its angry forms and gloomy aspect, and softly mixes with its boisterous Tumel, dressed and ornamented by the genuine hand of nature; thus united, the stream gently winds round the southern side of Fascalie, and then is lost to sight among thick woods and craggy mountains.

The road through the pass of Killycrankie was made by the military; I believe in Wade's time. The old road was tremendous; but now that it is taken higher up the mountain, it has lost all its horrors, and retains its beauties, with additions, from a very great increase of plantations by Mr. Butter. About half a mile above Fascalie is a bridge of one arch, over the deep bed of the Garrie, and a bridle-road to Rannoch, through Glen Tumel. The bridge is rendered picturesque to a great degree by the scenery near it. At the emersion from the pass of Killycrankie, the view opens finely to the plain of Atholl; in the midst of which stands Atholl house, very conspicuous, by being white; and at a farther distance is a sham castle, backed by thick woods, and the craggy mountains of the forest of Atholl. Three miles short of Blair I perceived a very

large field to the right, and an upright stone standing therein, like one of the smallest at Stone Henge in Wiltshire; I found it was the tombstone of Lord Dundee, who fell in the battle of Killycrankie by a shot from the house upon the high ground above the field. The action at Killycrankie was the last of any consequence at the Revolution in James the Second's time. A mile and a half further, I came to the foot of the hill on which Lude stands. How to get at the house I could not tell, as it appeared to me that none but winged animals, or scrambling goats, could gain the height of Lude; however, my horses being strong, and the driver willing, I began to climb by the southern ascent, and did effect it; but with great anxiety, and dread of mischief to the poor horses. I have the honour, by marriage, of being related to the owner of Lude, which is one of the prettiest places in Scotland. The house is very old, and it was nearly pulled in pieces by Sir Andrew Agnew's people, who had possession of Blair Castle for Government in 1745.

In front the mansion of Lude overlooks, to the west, Atholl house, and the whole plain towards Loch Garrie: this plain is watered by the river Garrie, joined by the Tilt, which separates the

property of the Duke of Atholl from that of Mr. Robertson. To the left Lude looks down upon the fine woods and pass of Killycrankie; and to the south, across a narrow part of the plain, to an extensive range of the Grampians. To the north of Lude lie the high massive mountains of Benygloe, and others. The walks of Lude are lovely beyond description; particularly that by the burn to the York cascade, and on the banks of the Tilt; also to a fall of a burn running into the Tilt, above the York cascade, which I beg leave to name the Fall of Lude; it is in majesty next to the Reeky Lín; in beautiful scenery, superior to it.

The charms of Blair, and its adjacent country, are better known than most places in Scotland; notwithstanding I must particularize Glen Tilt, and Glen Bruar, in which his Grace the Duke of Atholl has lodges. The one in Glen Tilt is situated in the narrow part of the glen, close by the side of the river; to the east of it rises, almost perpendicularly, a part of Benygloe, green as far as the eye can see; on the west, stupendous stony mountains, fragments of which are strewed over the glen, with innumerable springs issuing at every ten yards. About a quarter of a mile

above the lodge is a small simple bridge, of one arch, over the Tilt, and a fall of the river under it, very pretty indeed. I was informed, that towards the head of the Glen the scenes become still more romantic, wild, and sublime, with a number of falls of water, particularly one of the Tarf Water running to the Tilt. The head of Glen Tilt is but an inconsiderable distance from the head of the river Dee, which rises in the great mountains that close up the head of Glen Tilt. I was told there would, some time or other, be a very good road from Blair, by Lude, across the hills to Glen Shee and Glen Beg, which lead to the castle town of Bramar.

The drive from Atholl house to the Forest Lodge is beautiful; the Tilt is for ever noisy throughout its rough course; its banks are highly ornamented with trees, and broken precipices, and openings in the mountains, pouring down their ample tribute to the rapid Tilt.

I was regaled at the Forest Lodge with what that district is famous for, namely, Atholl broze, made of whisky, eggs, and honey. To a lover of whisky it is a delicious treat, and much prized by the people of Atholl, having good reason, I suppose, for so doing. One instance of its effi-

cacy I will mention: the daughter of an inhabitant of Atholl, having been placed at one of the first boarding schools in Edinburgh, was seized with a violent fever; her father was sent for, as she was thought in great danger; and upon his arrival, being told his child was at the point of death, and that every thing the physicians could do for her had been done, without effect; he earnestly exclaimed, "but has she had any Atholl broze?" "No." He then had a good dose of it instantly prepared, and making her swallow it, she soon recovered.

I only saw a very small part of Glen Bruar, namely, its fall of water out of the Glen, which is reckoned very fine; and though the sides are very bare, it certainly is so. The great number and variety of smaller falls, extending all the way down from the high fall to the houses in the town of Bruar, are very pretty; and one in particular is extremely curious, the water having perforated the rock, and made itself an arch through which it tumbles in a very picturesque style. I first went on the east-side of the water, in a small carriage, to see the high fall; but the lesser falls are to be seen on the west-side; and a fine scrambling walk it is, over fragments of

rocks, stone dykes, (walls,) and ground full of springs; but the beauty of the scene repays the fatigue of following it up to the summit of the high fall. Since I saw the falls of Bruar, the Duke of Atholl has had an arch thrown over the high fall from rock to rock, and the banks planted: these plantations, when grown up, will render these falls completely beautiful.

I got out of the carriage somewhat to the west of the town of Bruar (in the Highlands every thing is a town, if it consists only of a cluster of huts), and walked to the bridge leading to the kirk town of Strowan. The small falls of the Garrie, at that bridge and above it, are very pretty; and there are two below it, fine, with high rocky banks, covered with wood; and they are beautiful to look at on both sides the river. I believe they are salmon leaps, and it is astonishing to what a height that fish will leap, and what an amazing body of water they are able to resist. I saw one attempt to leap up the great fall of the Tumel at Fascalie; but unfortunately it did not succeed, and fell back into the pool. When I was at Fascalie, at the fall there was a great bag, made of net-work, fastened to a roundish hoop of iron, and hung like the pockets at the corners

of billiard tables, from a long poll; this bag is usually either fastened horizontally upon some rock, or held by a fisherman just under the fall, to catch the fish, if they do not succeed in their leap. The fishermen, at such great falls as those of the Tumel, are themselves securely fastened to the shore, otherwise they might fall off the rocks on which they sit, and be lost in the torrent; for, it is said, the noise of it has the effect of making them fall fast asleep.

The Duke of Atholl is hereditary ranger of the King's forest of Atholl; by which means his Grace has a prodigious tract of country for his amusement of deer hunting: those animals are in great abundance at Blair; but being extremely shy, give the hunters infinite trouble and fatigue. Whole days are sometimes spent, from the dawn to the setting sun, in shooting one of them; much dexterity too is requisite to accomplish it. The Duke is one of the best shot in Britain; but notwithstanding his Grace is often obliged to be scrambling about the crags for eight or ten hours before he succeeds. The venison of the wild deer is delicious, very fat, and runs to a great size. During the time I had the honour of spending at Blair, I lived upon red deer venison and

moor-fowl. The red deer so abound, that they are often seen in Atholl forest in herds of two thousand.

The drive from Blair to Dalnacardoch inn, is close by the river Garrie, amongst wild mountains : but to me, even after the village of Bruar, and the kirk-town of Strowan, there was all the way something delightful about the banks of that river to its source, the lake Garrie; having innumerable little picturesque cascades, mountain torrents, and rocky banks, here and there adorned with birch, alder, mountain ash, and an infinity of bushes and creeping shrubs diversifying the charming scene. The view of Loch Garrie from a simple bridge over a torrent, facing the lake, is beautiful. The rising hill from that bridge leads to the source of the Truim water, and the neat solitary inn of Dalwhinie, close to its edge. A person accustomed only to the scenes in the vicinity of London, or the greatest part of England, would be dismayed at the sight of this lonely habitation, the only one for miles round, where not a tree or a shrub is to be seen; only desolate crags, and a boggy heath of great extent on every side; nothing cheering, but the babbling water running to the Spey river. Dalwhinie pleased me; and

though the evening was chill, and a mist coming on, I took my way to the head of Loch Ericht, about three quarters of a mile over the boggy heath. The high bare crags on each side of Loch Ericht sweep precipitately to the loch's edge, with now and then patches of wood creeping up their lofty sides. There is a shooting-box, in a romantic situation, on the west bank of Loch Ericht, belonging to the Lord Advocate Dundas; but there is no getting at it except by a boat. Both Dalwhinie inn, and nearly the upper half of Loch Ericht, are in Invernessshire, in the district of Badenoch. The southern part of Loch Ericht is in Perthshire, and will be mentioned when I enter on the subject of Rannoch.

From Dalwhinie to Pitmain inn (still in Badenoch) the face of the country is much the same, till I drew near the river Spey. On crossing the Truim water from the west to the east side of it, is an extremely pretty simple bridge, and a fall of water through the arch, which is truly picturesque, with a salmon leap; and the banks and surrounding rocks (not very gigantic) sweetly ornamented with birch, alder, small oak, &c. I got out of the chaise to admire this simple sweet scene; and then proceeded towards Spey bridge,

till I came within sight of gigantic mountains indeed, particularly those to the left, from amongst which the Spey issues, to receive the tributary water of Truim. I think I never saw such bare, black, tremendous mountains in any part of Scotland, as those near the junction of the Truim water with the Spey.

Spey bridge is a noble arch of grey stone; and the face of the country around it becomes more smiling than the other part of Badenoch I had passed through. After crossing Spey bridge, the road winds round some noble mountains, and soon ascends to the neat inn at Pitmain, from whence is a fine view of a small lake, formed by the Spey river, called Loch Inch: the vale it is in is tolerably well sprinkled with trees, besides a pretty extensive wood, through which the road advances, still catching the banks of the lovely Spey, until it sweeps round a beautiful craggy mountain, and is lost to the traveller for a few miles. I was sorry to lose sight of this charming river; but I was made some amends by the scene around two small lakes, with the noble crags of Alvie, and the mountains to the right, where I lost the Spey. About half a mile further, by a zig-zag amongst crags and wood, the road sweeps

beautifully through one of the finest birch woods I ever beheld, down to the very edge of Spey; opening to my view a very lovely scene indeed of the widening vale, rich and well ornamented with wood, and sheltered by mountains not to be described: here I entered Murrayshire. On the opposite side of the river stands Rothamurchus, beautifully situated, bounded by crags, and near the river's side. The crags around Rothamurchus are covered with wood, and the verdant meads are ornamented with fine trees; and the house is within sight of Cairngouram mountains, whose hollow cliffs are filled with never-melting snow. The cap of winter upon the crown of the luxuriant smiling summer below, was a contrast I had never before beheld, and I was delighted with it. Cairngouram produces the finest Scotch pebbles. Aviemore inn was within sight when I came down to the side of the Spey; and my heart jumped at the idea of passing the night in a spot so grateful to my sensations, because nature there shines in its natural garb, and in high beauty: but no sooner had I put my foot within the walls of that horrible house, than my heart sunk; and I was glad to escape from its filth and smoke very early the next morning. The sun, how-

ever, was sufficiently high to gild the mountains and the lovely scenes around Rothamurchus; and for many a mile my eyes were feasted by the white patched hollow sides of Cairngouram. It was impossible to breakfast at Aviemore inn; I therefore stopped at a small house, eight miles further on the new road to Dulsie bridge, and I got a comfortable meal in the chaise, having provided tea, sugar, bread and butter, tea-pot, &c. so that I wanted only boiling water and milk, which I got, extremely good, from the cottage. After breakfast I entered upon a wild moor, the road itself admirable; but for twelve miles, nothing but bare hills and blooming heath to be seen, except a small lake at some distance, called Lochindorb, with a castle in it; even this extensive wild pleased me, and gave scope to boundless reflection. The beautiful bloom of the heath, its great variety and fragrance, its novelty, and the *tout ensemble* of the scene, amused me the whole way till I became in a degree enchanted: when on a sudden, driven down from a space of bare poverty to the bridge of Dulsie, my senses were there lost to every thing but admiration of rocks, wood, and water tumbling furiously round, and over blocks of redish stone of immense size, some of them

hanging over, others choking up the arch of the bridge, which rests on projecting masses of rock. The bridge itself is not so well looking as most bridges in Scotland, and is of a very odd structure, occasioned by the situation of the rocks on which it rests. The inn is on a high bank on the north side of the bridge, under an extensive thick wood, mostly of large birch trees, larch, and firs. Very soon after the Findhorn river has forced its way through Dulsie bridge, it is lost to sight by high banks and thick woods, and runs its course to the Murray Firth, into which it empties itself by a large bay near Forres. A short way above the brig of Dulsie the river takes a turn round very high points of rocks, and forms several handsome falls between the turn and the bridge. A beautiful landscape of this place might be made, taken from below the bridge; including that and the rough bed of the foaming river, dashing against the huge blocks of smooth reddish tinted rocks, lying heaped one upon another, and every where impeding the stream; also chasms, excavated by the water being violently driven out of its course against the rocky bank; with a vast variety of projecting rocks, bushes, and trees; fern, moss, and large aquatic plants

sprouting from every crevice, and clinging to every stone which is seen through the arch of the bridge, and in front of it. On the left side of the bridge, on a very high rocky bank, are tall ash trees, birch, beech, alder trees, and mountain ash; some carelessly spreading over the side of the bridge, branching down to the arch; others from the shelves of the rocks; with huge trunks, and flowing branches rising from their bare fibrous roots, shooting to an incredible distance, from crevice to crevice, in search of nutriment, where the human eye sees no soil: likewise the hazel, the alder, and the crooked maple, with all sorts of shrubs feathering down the rough bank to the water's edge; and to complete the beauty of the bank, a broken cascade tumbles heedless of the havoc it incessantly makes of the shrubs and plants over which it dashes. The fore-ground of the landscape might be the right bank, which is broken ground, with some pieces of rock and small shrubs hanging about it.

I was grieved to quit such a charming spot as Dulsie bridge; but I had sixteen miles to travel to Fort George, and the horses had already brought me twenty miles, which, on the whole, would be a great day's work. On leaving the

brig of Dulsie, I penetrated the wood behind the inn, and beyond that wood found little that interested me, till I came within sight of the mouth of Cromarty Firth, and the wide expanse of sea to the east. The sun was shining with great lustre upon the lofty rocks on the north side of the entrance into the Firth, and I never saw rocks look finer or more grand than they did. The town of Cromarty was hid from me by the point of land south of it; this town lies at the north-east end of the peninsula, formed by the Murray and Cromarty Firths, which run almost parallel to each other from south-west to north-east. Just within the Cromarty Firth is a ferry from the town of Cromarty, to a corner of Ross-shire, and a road from the ferry to Tain.

At about seven miles from Fort George I came to Castle Calder, and by a new made road passed close to its old walls. It is more like a very ancient house than a castle; but it has small round towers at its corners on the uppermost story, which descend no lower, with narrow slips in the walls to admit light and air, and I suppose sufficiently wide to peep at an enemy without. In all very ancient buildings belonging to the chiefs there are very few windows, and those extremely small,

with walls immoderately thick. There is one internal wall now at Blair above seven feet thick. As I did not know when I passed Castle Calder that I could see the inside of it, I did not stop there; and by that means lost the opportunity of seeing King Duncan's bed on which he was murdered by Macbeth, in Inverness castle. There is a large thorn tree growing through the middle of the house of Calder, older (I was told) than the fabric itself, the house being originally built round the tree, leaving it standing. The whole place is at present a deserted ruin, imbosomed in, and over-run by rude neglected trees, both forest and fruit. A multiplicity of what I took for *gyne* trees (a small sort of plum), notwithstanding their being choked by high nettles, and other weeds and rubbish, were covered with ripe fruit as I passed this ancient ruin. The road from the castle winds round the orchard wall, and soon comes to a burn, which for width should be called a river, issuing from the matted trees of Calder, and guarding its eastern side. In approaching to this burn I found the road very rough and stony; but I was astonished when I came to the burn's side to find no bridge, and the broad bed of the burn full of very large round

stones, washed from the mountains. These stones lie very thick all over the bed, heaped one upon another, except just in the current. I called a council to determine if I could step from stone to stone.—No. There was that day too great a depth of water, where the current ran, even for the servant to wade it. I was therefore obliged to sit still, and the poor horses began to scramble amongst the stones, of which many, I am sure, were three feet above the bottom of the burn; where the poor animals found room to place their feet between them, or sufficient strength to drag the heavy carriage over them, I cannot imagine. It took a length of time, and I was not free from great fear, that some disaster would befall the chaise before it reached the shore; the stony bed being, I verily believe, twenty yards wide. I never shall forget the crossing of the burn of Calder, at Calder castle, which in a flood must be a very furious rapid water. Two miles further, I came to the Nairn river: on its banks, near the bridge, stands a house well situated on an eminence, called Kilravock, with some handsome looking plantations about it. The face of the country towards the towns of Nairn and Forres, is very flat and no way interesting. I passed

by a small lake or two, and soon got a perfect view of Fort George, the Firth by it, and the bold shores of Rosshire in the back-ground, with Inverness and its mountains on the left hand. At a distance Fort George looks like a large castle in the sea; for the flat sands to the east of the fort (the only dry approach to it) are, even at a moderate distance, confounded with the sea, which bounds it on every other side. Indeed the sea seems to have been robbed by damming up the oblong sand bank, whereon the fortification is erected.

Fort George is in complete repair, and fit for defence. As for Fort Augustus and Fort William, they are now only make-believe forts.

The entrance into Fort George struck me with awe; for as the carriage drove to the outer gate, "stop" was the word, with fierce centinels on every side, crying, "who goes there?" My name being given, they slowly marched to the governor, or fort major, for permission to enter. After waiting a considerable time, the outer gate was thrown open, and the postillion bid to come on. Thump, thump, went the horses' feet over a draw-bridge and through a covered way, with wood on the bottom, sounding like thunder; and

when I was fairly in the fort, they closed the huge gates, grinding on their hinges, leaving me in the midst of red coats, cannon, musquets, and bayonets. I felt a little unusual on the occasion, something like being shut up in a prison, whence I might never escape. I am totally unqualified to give a proper description of fortifications; but so far I can say, that Fort George, within itself, is like a small town. The common parade is spacious; it is an oblong, with four angles, having handsome houses joining each other on every side, except an opening, about the middle of it, of a street leading each way; the one to the chapel, magazines, and work-shops; the other to the grand parade, where are the governor's and fort major's houses, with many other good houses, besides apartments belonging to the soldiers. The walk round the ramparts is very pleasant in fine weather; but in winter it must be very bleak and cold, having no shelter of any kind. The sea must often run very high at Fort George, from the wide part of the Firth to the narrower, the fort being just at the strait between the two. I should not be very desirous of crossing the ferry from Fort George to Fortrose in Ross-shire, observing the vessels passing between those places

to be prodigiously buffeted by the waves. The Bealey ferry is by far the shortest and safest between Invernessshire and Ross-shire. Though I was entirely unknown at the fort, the lieutenant-governor, with the utmost politeness, sent an officer to conduct me over every part of the fortification, and to shew me every thing I was capable of noticing. It rained the chief part of the time I was inclosed in the fort, which was a great mortification to me, particularly in the afternoon, as it prevented the usual parade. The Lorns were at that time quartered at Fort George; a fine body of men; and to have seen them all drawn out and perform their exercise, would have pleased me very much; but such disappointments must for ever occur in a long tour.

CHAPTER VIII.

*Castle Stewart—Culloden—Inverness—Dochfour.
—The Country of Aird—Lovat—Beauley—Glen
Urquhart—Cumming's Family—Loch Ness.*

THE morning on which I repassed the sounding draw-bridge cleared up, and I had a fine drive by the Firth side to Inverness, towards which every step I took delighted me. Castle Stewart, Lord Moray's, is a fine old ruin, seven miles on the road; and the noble mountains running south-west, plainly pointed out the situation of the great lake, to the banks of which I was eagerly hastening. One mountain in particular fixed my attention, high towering above the rest, blue, and conical, the noon-sun shone brightly upon it; —I never saw any thing more sublime than it appeared: I afterwards learnt it to be Meal-fourvounie, on the north side of Loch Ness, opposite to the Fall of Fyres.

About two or three miles from Inverness, I saw, at a small distance from the road, the new house of Culloden; and on one side of it (but not

very near), the ground on which the memorable battle was fought in 1746.

I was much pleased with the appearance of Inverness, and found it a neat town, charmingly situated: the fine river Ness runs close by it; and it is within a very short distance of the Murray Firth, where there is another ferry to Ross-shire. A very good bridge over the Ness leads to that ferry, and to Beauley, and the country of Aird, or Frazer country; and by another road south-west, to the places that lie upon the north-west side of Loch Ness, Glen Urquhart, &c. When I was at Inverness there was not a trace of its ancient castle; some person having lately removed the small remains of its ruin to build offices, or some such thing, for his own convenience:—what an Hottentot! There is at Inverness a provost, or mayor, and twenty-four other magistrates. A judge visits that town twice a year, in his circuit. It was on a Thursday when I entered Inverness. The provost, with the rest of the magistrates, were going in procession through one of the principal streets to church; it being the Thursday preceding the sacrament Sunday. On those Sundays there is always great preaching, both in the church and in the adjacent

field; and also on Saturday and Monday. On the preaching days all the shops are shut, and nothing can be bought during divine service. There is a decency in the appearance, manners, and deportment of the people of Inverness, and around it, that is extremely engaging; and the accent of their language, is so soft, it charms the ear: it is not in the least like the accent of the Lowland, or any other part of the Highland English language that I heard; it being extremely insinuating, I could almost say bewitching: neither has it any resemblance to the Lowland Scotch in idiom, being very pure English, accompanied with a sort of foreign tone, which is very pleasing; in short, it is like broken English, proceeding from the soft voice of a beautiful female foreigner, taught English purely and grammatically. I did not remain long in the town of Inverness, as I was on my way to Dochfour; but all I saw of it pleased me excessively. The inn I stopped at was very neat, and tolerably large; and I was told the other inn was equally good, if not superior.

As soon as I crossed the bridge over the Ness, and quitted the suburbs of the town, I turned my face towards Dochfour, and with delight enjoyed

the scene before me, but I knew not what to admire most; the river flowing on my left, bordered on each side by wood and rich land, with mountains upon mountains, in every form; fine trees in the narrow flat, and wood creeping up on every crag's side; the mountains increasing to a vast size and height as I advanced towards Loch Ness, buried in the bosom of two ranges of mountains not easily described. Tom-ma-hureich to my right, one mile from Inverness, must not be forgotten, though its form is more curious than beautiful; being like the keel of a ship turned topsy-turvy; and planted to the top with firs, so thick, that it looks like a fir wood of that shape.

I was four days under the hospitable roof of Alexander Baillie, Esq. He, his half-brother, his amiable nieces, Miss Frazer of Belladrum; and Miss Chisholm, in short, all who belonged to that friendly worthy man, vied with each other who should pay me most attention, or afford me most pleasure, by shewing me every thing that was to be seen in that quarter; and those pleasures are above description, because every spot about that lovely and sublime situation is a never ceasing source of contemplation to an observing mind. The weather, alas! was not favourable.

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One day we went to the east border of the country of Aird, in which is Belladrum; and much did I lament that our time did not allow us to reach that place. We drove from Dochfour to Inverness: we did not go into the town, but continued on to the edge of the Firth; then turned towards Bealey. The first place we passed was Muirtown, — Duff's, Esq.: by it is a great crag, composed of a substance very similar to lava; but no sign of a volcano near it. We drove to the rising hill that looks into Aird; passing through continued groves, backed by crags, and tolerably clothed with wood. One avenue consisted of the largest, and finest old ash trees I ever beheld. The hill on which we stopped is about six miles from Inverness; and from it a finer view cannot be seen: to the west, the rich country of Aird; consisting of a great variety of ground, of lofty mountains, and pastoral glens; wood clothing the heights, and fine trees sheltering the gentlemen's houses, which lie very thick in Aird;—several small lakes and waters, besides the fine Bealey river, watering and meandering through this district. I had the pleasure of seeing the white tops of Lovat Castle peeping between trees, near the mouth of the river Bealey.

The town of that name, on the west side of the river, makes no inconsiderable figure in the view, greatly ornamenting the head of the Beauley firth. The houses being chiefly white, the town is seen at a great distance, backed by hills of all heights and shapes, some covered with wood; and trees in abundance on all sides. To the north also, I had much to admire in Rosshire; noble crags rising from the ferry of Kessack, partly rough, and partly verdant, terminating the view towards Cromarty. My eye was then feasted by a plain on the north side of Beauley firth, enriched by numbers of houses and castles; the most striking of them is Red Castle, belonging to a M'Kenzie, (for that is the M'Kenzie district;) few situations can be finer than that of Red Castle. The grand mountains on the north, and to the west of Castle Braan (Lord Seaforth's), form a fine sublime heap, not to be described; amongst these mountains, the sun shone with great lustre, which gave an amazing grandeur and brilliancy to the whole scene.

In the country of Aird the soil is very productive, in corn, as well as grass: and I was told, that both there, and in other parts around Inverness, some lands let from three to five pounds an

acre. On the east side of the Ness, between the bridge and the Kessack ferry, are large thread and cotton works erected; which disfigure the town, but doubtless add to its riches. Inverness is the port that supplies all the inland parts of Invernessshire, south of Murray Firth, with necessaries and luxuries, not produced in the country, particularly coals, grocery, &c. These articles are conveyed by water with great conveniency, from the Bona ferry, at the foot of Loch Ness, to Fort Augustus, the Glens Urquhart and Morrison, and other places.

I have already mentioned the *present* amiable manners of the people of Inverness, and the adjacent country; and I must also add, that they are now perfectly secure in their property, as well as polished in their behaviour (which is not always the case in the south), retaining the honest simplicity and hospitality of the patriarchal age, which the rub of refinement has not impaired. Indeed, not only in Inverness, but in most parts of the Highlands, the manners of the people are pleasant to a great degree; and the poorest of the poor will vie with each other which can most assist, or gratify a stranger, provided it be not on a Sunday. On that day, if a carriage breaks

down in the Highlands, there it must lie, for no hand will be found to mend it; not for want of good will, but for conscience' sake. In the Lowlands, in and about large towns, particularly where there are manufactories, or in sea-ports, there are as many depraved folks as in England: but in the Highlands all is safety and security;—no fear of thieves by night or day. All the doors and windows are left unfastened: and I have even seen sideboards, covered with plate of very great value, stand open in parlours night and day, without fear of its being touched.

One instance, however, will shew what they *were* in Invernesshire, in former times, and what I found them, and have described them to be *now*,

One of the M'Donalds of old, probably from Lochaber, coming down to visit Culloden, near Inverness, observed how numerous, and how very fine his cattle were. Culloden lamented; that in all probability he should not have sufficient pasture for them during the winter. M'Donald eyed the cattle, and told his friend he could accommodate him in that matter, if he wished it; he having fine pasture in abundance. The bargain was made for so much a head, for a stated

time; and M'Donald promised to take the utmost care of the beasts, if Culloden would have them driven up to his lands; which was accordingly done. In about two months a man from M'Donald came down with a long face, saying, "his chief was in great trouble and dismay, at Culloden's cattle having been all stolen, and driven away." Culloden, who perfectly well understood the meaning of all this, without expressing either anger or concern, ordered his chief man to take great care of this messenger, and ply him well with meat and drink. After a day or two, the man signified he must return. Culloden, before he departed, called him before him, and without saying a syllable of the cattle, asked him if he had been treated to his heart's content; gave him money, and dismissed him. Then he went up to M'Donald, and said to him dryly, "the man *must* have his cattle back again." This peremptory speech astonished the Highland thief, who remonstrated; but the man insisted, and swore if he did not comply, he would blaze abroad his roguery, and oblige him to it by force. M'Donald knew his man, and the consequences if he continued obstinate. He therefore quietly submitted; and in a short time sent the same

man again to Culloden to acquaint him, that he was very happy in having overtaken, and rescued his cattle from the thieves who had driven them away.

The practice of stealing cattle, in that part of Lochaber about Fort William, subsisted so late as the year 1746. An officer, at the time when the regiment he was in was building Maryborough, the small town adjoining Fort William, told me that he, at the head of a band of men, had many sharp encounters with the country people; who came down in the night, and drove away the cattle collected for the provision of the regiment.

To return to Dochfour. One day I walked through the beautiful woods of Dochfour to a burn, running precipitately from one of the large mountains to the north of the house; forming in its way a number of beautiful falls. I only saw the last of them; which, for beauty and concealment, might tempt Diana's self, and favourite nymphs, to cool themselves in it. The access to it is difficult, as it is deeply imbosomed, and almost excluded from light by rocky banks, thick bushes, and trees of fir, oak, birch, maple, mountain ash, &c.; many of which recline over

the limpid stream, that like a mirror, reflects and doubles their beauties. As I stept from stone to stone, a passage in the Gentle Shepherd came to my recollection, where Jenny says,

“ Gae farer up the burn, to Habbie’s How,
 “ Where a’ the sweets of spring and simmer grow ;
 “ Between twa birks, out o’er a little lin,
 “ The water fa’s and maks a singand din :
 “ A pool, breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
 “ Kisses wi’ easy whirls the bord’ring grass.
 “ We’ll end our washing while the morning’s cool ;
 “ And when the day grows het, we’ll to the pool,
 “ There wash ourself.—It’s healthfu’ now in May,
 “ And sweetly cauler’ on sae warm a day.”

This pool is sometimes made use of as a cold bath, by the lovely lasses who frequent Dochfour.

Another day I walked to the foot of the great lake, passing by some old monastic ruins, on a small peninsula between the great lake and the branch of it opposite Dochfour house. Few scenes can be found more majestic than that, viewed from the foot of the lake, and under the red cliff mountain on the north side, and even all the way to the entrance into Glen Urquhart. The whole of Loch Ness is before you in front. Its length is twenty-four miles ; its breadth, from

two to two miles and a half; perfectly straight, running from south-west to north-east; completely filling the space between the sublime overhanging mountains, with summits in the clouds; some covered with wood, others rearing up, from a bold base, their craggy heads, frowning majestically over the wide glassy vista beneath them, fading in the horizon, with the tops of the distant mountains mellowed down to the softest shades, till all is lost in unison with the clouds, sweeping behind the nearer, and huge projecting sides of Meal-four-vounie, lying between Glen Urquhart and Glen Morrison. The mountain called Meal-four-vounie is 3060 feet above the level of the sea; and viewed at a distance, is a prodigiously fine object, towering above its neighbours; but near, it becomes, as its Galic name denotes, a lump of cold moor; though the side of it on Loch Ness is clothed with wood to the water's edge. There is a lake of cold fresh water upon the top of Meal-four-vounie, the depth of which cannot be fathomed. The country people affirm, if any thing be put into the lake at the top of the mountain at night, it is sure to be found in the morning in the great lake below. From the foot of the great lake, I continued the road on the north

side, under the grand sweeping mountains of Red hill, &c. ; nothing but the road, the width of a cart between the hills and the lake, and that often on a shelf cut out of the rocks, hanging over the water ; with continued patches of alder, birch, whins, and mountain ash ; and ash trees bending over the crags to the lake, and creeping up the rugged mountains' sides. Here and there wide channels filled with round loose stones, brought down from the mountains by torrents and burns, in hard rains. The projecting shore on which the grand ruin of Castle Urquhart stands, forms a noble object in the view ; and the bold rocks and woods of the southern bank complete this truly sublime scene. I was unable to walk as far as the beginning of Glen Urquhart ; but I was told it is a perfect Eden. The fine ruin of the castle of Urquhart, erected by the Cummings, and demolished by King Edward, now belongs to Sir James Grant. It seems the inhabitants of Glen Urquhart are so wedded to it, that not one native has quitted it, nor one foreigner taken up an abode therein, for ninety years. There is also a curious well, of which women drink after child-birth, instead of being churched.

With great regret I turned my back on this

grand scene ; but my legs would carry me no farther, I was therefore obliged to submit.

The space between the Murray Firth, and Loch Eil, may be truly termed a hollow of sixty-one miles ; the broadest part of it is occupied by the waters of Loch Ness ; in many other parts it is not so much as a quarter of a mile in width. In former times, the noble family of the Cummings (there being no less than seven earls in it), had immense property in this part of the country ; and I was told they had a chain of strong castles in the hollow, from Fort William all the way to Inverness, the ruins of which still exist ; but they have now, as well as the land, a variety of proprietors. The country people still call Fort Augustus by its old Galic name, Kil-y-a-Whomin, or the burying place of the Cummings ; which it was in the time of that great family.

Let a frost be ever so hard, Loch Ness never has been known to freeze ; it is therefore imagined, the whole bed of it is of sulphur. The water of the Ness river, and I believe most of the water about Inverness, is strongly impregnated with it, and often disagrees with man and beast, particularly with strangers unaccustomed to it. In the spring, 1796, some military men were obliged to

be removed from Inverness, many of them having died of the flux, in consequence of the water being so strongly impregnated with sulphur.

There is the finest salmon trout I ever saw or tasted, in the small lake, or rather a branch of Loch Ness, just below Mr. Baillie's house; and in such abundance, that whenever he had occasion for fish, he had nothing to do but to send his fisherman on the lake, and in half an hour, or less, he produced such trout as were quite a picture to look at, and a feast to taste.

It has been said, and I believe written too, that the Duke of Cumberland, on the memorable day of the battle of Culloden, suffered his resentment to extend beyond all bounds of humanity; that he had the wounded Highlandmen shut up, and shot in cold blood. The fact was really far otherwise. His orders were positive to succour, not to butcher:—Colonel Hobby, however, instead of obeying these orders, went into the field after the battle, and himself shot all the poor wounded creatures he found alive. He afterwards, at Edinburgh, declared he was the man who did it; and even gloried in his horrid inhumanity.

CHAPTER IX.

Road from Inverness to General's Hut—Fall of Fyres—Strath Errick—View of Fort Augustus—Opening between Fort Augustus and Fort William—Loch Oich—Invergary—Loch Lochy—Letter Findlay Inn—Prince Charles Stuart, 1746—Low Bridge—High Bridge—Fort William—Mary's Burg, or Gordon's Burg—Loch Eil—Ben Nevis—Bottle of Whisky.

UNFORTUNATELY the day on which I took my leave of Dochfour became cloudy and unpromising; but having ordered my carriage to go from Inverness by the south road to meet me at the Bona ferry, where the river Ness issues from the lake, I was obliged to set out. Before I joined the great road it began to rain, and a thick mist soon covered the tops of the mountains; though every now and then it was sufficiently fair to give me an idea of the grand scene before me; a view of which I had taken a few days before from the other side of the lake. The road on the south of the lake is a military road, made under the di-

rection of General Wade, which must have cost his men infinite labour. From the foot of the lake to General's Hut (so called from Wade), the road runs through an almost uninterrupted wood of young oaks, birch, pine, mountain ash, &c. climbing from the water's edge to the very summits of the boldest rocks. Indeed the wood wants to be thinned, as it screens the beauties of the lake far too much. The road sometimes descends to the margin of the lake, and again rises to a high shelf, winding round and up very steep masses of projecting rock, blown up for the purpose of making the road, whose towering fragments, huge and solid, hang over the narrow way just the width of a carriage. At about fifteen miles from Inverness, I came within sight of the Black Rock, and it seemed as if it were impossible to pass by it; In truth, it does require courage and steady horses to perform it, it being a narrow shelf blown out of the rocks; and to get upon it is by a road almost as steep as the ridge of a house, winding round a huge projecting mass, that looks as if it were ready to crush the bold adventurer who dares come under its brow; for it actually hangs over part of the carriage in passing it. Trees branching, shrubs and bushes bending over and

sprouting from every chink of the rocks, towering almost to the sky; and on the right hand feathering down to the water, over a rocky precipice of perhaps eighty or a hundred feet perpendicular; and no security whatever, either in climbing to the shelf, or upon it, should the horses there take fright. The scene, however, made me amend for the little palpitation occasioned by the attainment of the awful eminence on which I was mounted. The long extent of the lake, Glen Urquhart, and the ruins of its castle, boldly projecting into the loch, were in sight. The noble mountains, on each side the lake, covered with wood, through which peep masses of huge rock, some descending perpendicularly to the lake's edge, others sweeping with bold variety into it, breaking the line without lessening the majesty of its straightness, which is its peculiar character, for in that respect no other great lake in Scotland is like it. About a mile further I came to a simple bridge, thrown from rock to rock over a rapid river, issuing from a beautiful close cluster of wooded rocks and high hills. This river, swollen to a great height by the violent rains, came tumbling furiously through the arch; dashing afterwards unseen through thick wood, and down

almost perpendicular rocks to the bosom of the lake below. The road takes a quick turn from this romantic bridge, and soon leads to the ruins of a kirk, once the only one of Strath Errick, on the other side of the mountains, and then to the General's Hut, the only habitation, except a few hovels, that I saw on the south side of the lake from one end of it to the other.

The outside of General's Hut is repaired since an account of it was given by Henry Skrine, Esq. As to its interior, I am, from my own experience, no judge of it: the peep I had into it from the carriage was not very inviting; but had it been more so, I should not have quitted the chaise; being accustomed to have it drawn to the best point of view at every inn I came to, and there sat, whilst the horses rested, eating my own dinner. Then drawing, or if there were nothing worthy of the pencil, I wrote or walked; but without meaning to affront any body by thus acting: though I learnt both the good folks at General's Hut, and at Letter Findlay inn, were displeased at my mode; attributing it, I suppose, to disdain or nicety, which was not entirely the case.

As I drove to the General's Hut, it was pouring

with rain; I never saw harder. My only consolation in such a deluge was the idea of the perfection in which I should see the Fall of Fyres; but how to get at it was the question, without being drowned? As I sat in the chaise, I saw a gentleman wrapped in a plaid, with a guide, penetrating the wood through which the road leads to the fall. In about three quarters of an hour he came back dripping wet. In such sequestered regions ceremony sleeps, and the heart expands to any thing and every thing like humanity; I therefore intreated the dripping stranger to take a comforting drop from my bottle of rum, to keep off the danger of his drenching. When he came near, I found he was one of the officers from Fort George, who had rode from thence to see this famous fall. I was happy in an opportunity, even though so trifling, to shew I was sensible of the civilities I met with at the fort: and I hope my spirits prevented the gentleman from getting cold, of which he ran great risk, as I saw him, immediately after I spoke to him, canter away without changing his Highland waistcoat. After waiting till the horses were ready to proceed, I walked to the fall, leaving the carriage to follow me. At that time the rain had ceased; but the ground

was every where swimming, and the trees and torrents streaming.

Mr. Baillie had, with infinite consideration and kindness, sent with me a very clever intelligent Highlandman, to whose assistance I was indebted for a full and complete view of the Fall of Fyres from every spot that was possible for it to be seen. The road, about a quarter of a mile from the Hut, quits the lake, (on whose steep banks there is no possibility of proceeding farther,) and strikes up through the mountains towards Strath Errick. Within about half a mile of it, the thundering noise of the fall announces the approach to it. The first station I attained was on a promontory, at the distance of about a hundred yards from the fall, and about a hundred feet above the surface of the water after its fall, rushing round the rock. I saw from this first point of view, the river issuing with violence from its confined channel above, and dashing over broken rocks down to the pool; but a projecting slip of green bank, and other obstacles, screened from me the better half of the cataract. The rocks on each side the fall are clad with hanging trees, chiefly of birch, mountain ash, and young oak, peeping through the expanded

spray. The river, after running from the pool, has several other projections to compass, before it reaches the foot of the promontory on which I placed myself; I was in ecstasy with all around me; but to get to this station was a bold adventure (for a woman) when the ground is wet, being obliged to creep from one slippery bank to another, and to step from rock to rock, supported only by stumps and branches of birch, and in continual danger of tumbling headlong over pieces of rocks, and into bogs. But I was determined nothing should hinder me from seeing this grand object in all possible points of view. On my return from the promontory I met four travellers, males, not very active in body, who came tumbling and slipping down the banks, with fright and dismay, that made me smile. They stared at me, as much as to say,—how came you there! But bad as the first scramble was, it was nothing in comparison to the hazard (in slippery weather) of creeping to the green bank, close to, and in front of the fall. My postillion's curiosity had carried him thither before me: he met me at his return, to tell me it was impossible for me to venture to the green bank; and if I did, at least, I should be wet through in a few minutes. I could

not be much worse in that respect than I was; for my shoes and stockings were by that time complete brown boots, so covered were they with dirt and slime. By the help of the Highlander, and my own servant, I however slipped, and hung by trees, and clung to pieces of rock, until I got down on the desired bank, which is on the whole not more than two yards wide, and projects, perhaps, twenty or more feet in direct front of the fall. This bank, whether by art, or worn away by frequent visitations, I cannot say, but there is on it a sunk path, in the middle of this slip of rock, (in shape like a marrow-spoon,) sufficiently wide to take in the legs of those who venture themselves in it: the bank rises on each side, and at the end of the path, forming a green earthen parapet, about knee high. I advanced to the furthest point, looking at the vast leap of the river, and tracing its course from the pool round the green bank on which I stood, two hundred feet below me, winding and dashing towards the promontory on which I had first gazed; and the top of the cataract was two hundred and seventy feet above me! The noise, as it was a flood, was beyond belief; it was impossible to hear any other sound; and the spray, in a great degree,

deprived me of sight and breath; and obliged me to lay myself down on my stomach, upon the green parapet, and every now and then, by gulping, and shutting my eyes for relief, I was by intervals enabled to look and breathe; to admire, and I might say, almost adore. The river, in its fall, diffused its spray in every direction to a vast distance, over my head, and far beyond my station. The water bounded from the pool, rising like innumerable high fountains, and in the return fell with prodigious force and weight against, and partly upon, the green bank, by which, and the spray, I was in a few minutes pretty well drenched. The want of breath and sight obliged me to quit this grand work of nature much sooner than I wished. If ever I am happy enough to see it again, it shall be in a drier season, when perhaps it may be more picturesque, though far less sublime and awful; besides, in such a season, there can be neither danger nor difficulty in getting at it.

I believe the Highlanders to be stout men, both in body and mind; and I also know they will dare do many things for whisky: but I cannot well credit what was told me at Fort Augustus of one who, for the trifling wager of a bottle

of that spirit, not only put himself into the river at the top of the fall of Fyres, but voluntarily went down the cataract into the pool, from which he paddled away like a duck, and climbed up the rock side, safe and unhurt, saying, "that was nothing to the fall of Niagara, down which he had precipitated himself many a time." Now the fall of Fyres is four hundred and seventy feet perpendicular; over broken rocks to the pool, and that, no one knows the depth of. I own I cannot swallow any part of the history; but I give it as I heard it.

As soon as I left the green bank, I walked to the bridge, not above a hundred yards higher up the river. This is a scene truly picturesque and very romantic, as well as beautiful. A simple arch, from rock to rock, ready to receive the soft winding river above it, and admit it to its rough and narrow approach to the cataract; but its labours begin just before the bridge, where the rough masses seem determined to impede its passage through the arch, lying heap upon heap to stop the way. The contest becomes extremely violent, and the whirl-pools boil up with fury, and then dash through the bridge down falls without end, entering with loud groans into the

narrow gulf of rocks, from which it leaps with boisterous force to the pool above described; and thence glides, babbling and laughing as it were, at its miraculous escape, to imbosom itself in the enchanting great lake. Near the bridge I entered several caves, large and dry; where I was told many of the unfortunate rebels hid themselves, before and after the battle of Culloden.

When I had seen every thing about this wonderful situation I entered the carriage, which was standing in a winding part of the road by the river's side, shaded by fine trees, and surrounded by hills not to be described. Such was my dressing-room. I drew up the blinds of the chaise, and new dressed myself entirely; took a glass of wine, and gave bumpers to the good Highlandman, the postillion, and my servants; and then proceeded with admiration of what I had seen, and what, at every step, I continued to see. After winding a little way on the margin of the river, the road crosses a burn, and suddenly turns up a steep hill, and leads to a defile of mountains watered by burns; which are, at the beginning of the defile, bordered by a great variety of trees and bushes, creeping up and down the braes (sides of hills and sloping banks of burns), till I

again crossed the river by a bridge, and entered Strath Errick, which joins Strath Nairn; both together forming a sort of opening from the town of Nairn, on the Murray Firth, to the mountains near Fort Augustus. The road runs through Strath Errick, amongst mountains so jumbled together, that to avoid their summits, and bogs, there is scarcely a yard of level or straight road for twelve miles: now and then is seen a hut at a great distance, just to shew a trace of humanity; and one tolerable house on a small lake's side; otherwise it is an extended spot of desolation.

A gentleman of some eccentricity whom I met with said, he believed God Almighty had made Stra' Errick on the Saturday night, and had not time to finish it.

About four miles before I came to Fort Augustus, I wound round a lake of a comical shape, something like the present fashionable military cocked hat, with two islands in it: this lake is called Loch Andurive: from one corner of it issues a stream that soon swells into a very rapid torrent, running deep and close below, under the shelf on which the road descends by a zig-zag of about a mile down to the river Doe, with which the lake torrent unites. As soon as I crossed the

Doe, the road mounted another shelf hanging over the river, unseen, but heard; dashing through wood and over rocks, forcing its way by perpendicular shoots, down the mountains to Loch Ness, which it enters. It was a sad pull up the shelf over the Doe; but within a mile after that rise, I started from my seat at the view that unexpectedly opened to my sight. The head of Loch Ness, with a verdant flat around it of about a mile in diameter; watered by two large rivers in different directions, with bridges over them near the mouth of each. Fort Augustus itself, like a large old palace, whose white walls rise on the centre of the Loch's head; the rivers forming a rampart on each side of it, emptying themselves into the lake close by the walls of the fort. The town appears like offices to the castle, or palace, a few trees filling up the defects and uniting the whole. The lake; its majestic sides of rocks, some bare, others dressed with wood, and enriched by every tint that nature paints, particularly a soft purplish red blended with yellow, that gave such a rich softness to the rays of the sinking sun, lingering on the tops of the mountains, as cannot be described. From the lake and fort my eyes wandered to the rough points of hill upon hill,

that take up the chain which the small plain about Fort Augustus has broken, bordering the lake and river Oich, running towards the sovereign of all the lakes in that quarter of the kingdom. There cannot be a more jagged summit than this Bowling-green of Glen Gary exhibits, (so called in derision.) It is, however, green from the base to the pointed tops of the mountains; wood and meads filling the small space to the lake and river's side. In short, the first view of Fort Augustus from Strath Errick, in a fine day, is like a little paradise; hemmed in on every side, and to appearance, by obstacles impossible to surmount, to have no means either to enter it or escape from it.—In that respect it resembles the happy valley described by Doctor Johnson in his *Rasselas*, or *Prince of Abyssinia*.

When I had feasted my eyes with this wonderful view, I began a descent of about a mile; in which, indeed, it seemed impossible for the poor horses either to keep upon their legs, or hold up the carriage behind them, though the wheels were dragged. Had I not had perfect confidence in Allen, and his steady beasts, I must have walked down the precipice, notwithstanding the wet and dirt from the rain in the morning.

Fort Augustus is in a state of great neglect, and appears to be going very fast to decay. There were only a few old invalids in it when I was there; and the sight of these old firelocks, on the parade, rehearsing their exercise before the Governor's house in a morning, was quite a burlesque scene of soldiering. The same ceremony, however, was practised at Fort Augustus as at Fort George; and the creeping centinels hailed us with "who goes there?"—I had letters to the worthy Governor, which I sent in; and was admitted over the thundering drawbridge, and through the dark gateway, to the parade and the Governor's door; who, with his lady, received me with every mark of kindness and hospitality. Alas! since that period, that good man, Governor Trapaud, is gone from his earthly friends to reap the reward of his numerous virtues!

The next morning I set off early, to follow the hollow from sea to sea. After crossing the bridge I left the river Oich to my right; and at the end of a mile, entered between hills that secluded it from my sight for two miles more, when the foot of Loch Oich, and its river flowing from it, opened to the view, with a range of mountains on each side, verdant from their bases to their sum-

mits, excepting every now and then where rocks covered with wood break the line, and bare masses of rock too, peeping through, just to prove that the outsides of the mountains are fairer and smoother than their insides. The whole way I beheld fine pasture for sheep, both on the sides of the mountains, and in the tiny flats between the chain of lakes. A little before the road joins Loch Oich, a burn crosses the road, tearing away the soil, and leaving only a large bed of round stones. Trees of birch, alder, pines, mountain ash, and other wood, ornament the whole space: at times creeping to the mountain's top, and again hanging over the river and the lake; which, towards the middle, is contracted by the projecting land at Invergarry, where the river Gary issues from the glen, bold and broad, shaded by fine trees. The road I was upon is a shelf, hanging over Loch Oich, with lofty mountains, almost perpendicular, of broken and shivering rocks; which, notwithstanding their excessive roughness, are mostly covered with thick Alpine wood; through which rush lofty torrents from their very summits. One of the boldest of these falls is in full sight of Glen Gary's house; and a fine object it must be to it.

From the Callader water, whose flood I before mentioned, as having torn away and overwhelmed the road with stones, to High Bridge, a distance of about seventeen miles, I counted at least a hundred mountain torrents, and above thirty of of them fine ones. These torrents require some sort of bridges to cross them, and art and constant labour, requisite to keep those bridges in passable repair; but it is impossible, without seeing such scenes, to understand or conceive their beauties from description. I was the whole way in constant exclamation;—here is another; oh, how fine! how beautiful! how dashing!—Hopping and rushing sometimes down mountains perpendicular to the road, so that I was continually obliged to draw up the glasses of the carriage to prevent the spouts coming upon us. Again, on the opposite side of the lakes, where the mountains are equally high and woody with those on our side, I saw white stripes of foaming torrents, as often as those I was close to: but all this happens only on a rainy day; as most of these falls suddenly flow with fume and violence, and as quickly subside, when it is fair; leaving nothing but a rough channel to shew where they

had been, and would be again the first hard shower.

When I went to Fort William it was a fine day, consequently the greatest number of these torrents were quiet. It was the next day, on my return, when it rained hard, that I was so delighted with these beautiful dashers. Having two days of different weather between Fort Augustus and Fort William, I saw on one day that charming defile, sublime, bright, soft, and smiling: on the other, terrific, gloomy, and dripping. Mr. M'Donell's house at Invergarry is sweetly situated, fronting Loch Oich, and close on the side of the river Gary, issuing from a lovely glen, amongst mountains pointed and jagged, with their bases richly clad with wood. A few acres of verdure are seen adjacent to the house, ornamented, as far as I could see, by fine trees, in a picturesque, natural style; and not far from the house, on a bold projecting piece of rock, is the ruin of a castle; whose broken walls, turrets, and fragments, are seen imperfectly through beautiful trees, shrubs, twining ivy, and coarse grass. In front of the ruin is the soft reflecting lake, and at its back the lofty range of mountains called

Glen Gary's Bowling-green; whose tops are grey crags, and from their bases creep wood, intermixed with patches of verdure, wherever they can embrace these rough majestic sovereigns. I determined to take a sketch of this place on my return, as I should then face the most beautiful landscape; but I forgot the old true adage, that delays are dangerous. The same determination prevailed when I came in sight of Loch Lochy; but, behold! the next day both these delightful picturesque places were darkened, and mostly concealed by rain and mist, to my great mortification. The road continues hanging over Loch Oich to its head (whence the water runs towards the North sea), and then it descends to a marshy flat, and soon reaches the head of Loch Lochy; where the water runs the quite contrary way, to seek, towards the south-west, the Irish channel.

At the head of Loch Lochy is a charming landscape; the lake almost filling the space between the mountains on each side of it. The Loch itself is a fine vista; reflecting the shores in the softest tints, fading away to a beautiful conical hill, closing the centre in the distant horizon. The road again mounts a shelf hanging over the

lake, and at about the midway of it I found Letter Findlay inn, close on the edge of the lake, screened at the back by high mountains, and very much shaded by wood. At the door of the inn is a small green patch, bordered by birch and alders; rushes, bushes, and shrubs creeping down to the water. On this fairy green I had the chaise turned that I might face the grand scenery of lake, wood, and mountains, on the north side of the Loch; whose bold sides, with precipitate projections, drive back the encroaching waters. Two solitary huts I saw under these mountains, nodding, as it were, at Letter Findlay; but how they were got at, I could not imagine. A patch of coarse verdure adorns these habitations: all around besides is wood and rocks, rising from them and the lake nearly perpendicular. Had I not afterwards been told to the contrary, I should have imagined that ravens must feed the beings, if any were, dwelling there, as in appearance nought but what drops from the clouds can reach them; but being informed there was a ferry to them from Letter Findlay I was better satisfied with their fate: besides, I was told they were shepherds, and that they and their flocks made as

little of all those crags and mountains, as I do of the stairs, in seeking my dinner from a high room to a low one.

After eating my meal, and sketching what was within my view, I proceeded on the side of the lake, in the same style of scenery, till I came within a mile of Low Bridge, when I was struck with such a variety of beauty that amazed me. It is an opening from Loch Arkeig, with a river sweetly winding amongst little and great hills (verdant and woody), seeking repose in the bosom of Loch Lochy. I do not remember seeing any habitation in that romantic Eden. The banks of Loch Arkeig, however, and its neighbouring glens, are tolerably well inhabited; but the cluster of hills near Loch Lochy, so close up the glen, that it is impossible, from the side of the lake where I was, to look into it.

It was to the neighbourhood of Loch Arkeig, that Prince Charles Stuart fled after the battle of Culloden, where he met with great friendship from Loch Eil, and others. He again visited that part of the country when he returned from the Isle of Skye, where he had been safely (though with infinite risk) conducted by Miss Flora

Macdonald, from the island of South Uist. After leaving the Isle of Skye, Charles entered Loch Nevis, which is not at a great distance (to the west) from the head of Loch Arkeig. Whilst he was skulking in that district, four hundred men, under General Campbell, arrived on one side of him, and five hundred more, under Captain Scott, on the other. These officers gaining some intelligence of him, began to form a circle round him not above two miles distant. In this dilemma he sent to Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who, in the night, conducted him through the guards who were in the pass they were obliged to take; and at one time they were forced to creep upon all fours, so close to the tents, that they heard the soldiers talking to each other, and saw them walking between them and the fires. This was only a prelude to their dangers and difficulties, as they still had to pass through the line of little camps, twenty-seven in number, called the chain. The night was very dark, and Charles's faithful guide, Donald Cameron, passed alone through the chain, by way of experiment. He returned safe, and with success conducted the Pretender through it. Before Donald began this hazardous expedition,

he said to Charles, "Oh! Sir, my nose is yuiking (itching), which is a sign to me that we have great risks and dangers to go through."

After having passed the guards without being discovered, Charles accosted his friend, and pleasantly said, "Well, Donald, how does your nose now?" "It is better now," said he; "but it still yuiks a little!"

Many were the hardships this suffering patient young man afterwards underwent in Glen Morrison, Lochaber, and in the mountains hanging over Loch Ericht, which became his hiding-place, till he made his escape to France, in Sept. 1746.

Somewhat before I came in sight of Low Bridge, the road turns from Loch Lochy, and is cut through steep rocks, beautiful to look at, rising to the sky, covered with wood and bursting torrents; but in a wet slippery day, not very desirable to pass in a carriage. Low Bridge is of one noble high arch, thrown over a water running from a glen behind the range of mountains, screening Letter Findlay inn, and is called Low, because it was unnecessary to be built so high as that over the Spean river, to which I came in about three miles from Low Bridge, by a road round, and up very steep sides of mountains. At

High Bridge, I got a more extensive view over the district both before and behind me: it is very wild, but not totally devoid of beauty. High Bridge is a great work, constructed under General Wade's direction; and is next in wonder to that going by the name of Wade's Bridge, or Tay Bridge, in Appneydow; eight miles from Taymouth, and close by the small town of Aberfeldie. The road at the top of the hill approaching to High Bridge, winds round on a shelf, hanging over the deep and close, bare, rocky (but in some parts verdant), banks of the Spean; which, as if glad of its escape through the arches of the bridge, was dashing with rapid bounds from one bed of rock to another; eager to finish the remainder of its tortured passage to the foot of Loch Lochy, deep below.

The day was declining and getting overcast, I therefore did not dare venture to stop to sketch the bridge; which I much wished to do, as a curiosity of art and nature. As I stood upon the ground higher than the bridge, it appeared to be a region of the utmost wildness; bare craggy mountains, one above another, on every side, and a dreary rough moor before me. The Spean, though violent just above and below the bridge,

came quietly, and tolerably level, from amongst the stupendous mountains towards Badenoch. But this river, at times, rises to an immoderate height, particularly at the melting of snow; as it is fed, not only by five lakes (two of them tolerably large), but innumerable torrents from Ben Nevis, and other far more distant high mountains, south-east and north, from the place where I was admiring it. Some of the feeding streams rise from the mountains farther north than Loch Spey, and near it; others as far east as the ridge hanging over the west side of Loch Ericht, near Rannoch; consequently, at the breaking up of a frost, or in a season of great floods, the Spean river must be filled with such huge pieces of ice, accompanied by a weight of water sufficient to carry off and devastate every thing in its way, with a violence not to be imagined or understood by Lowlanders, unaccustomed to the ravages of rivers in Highland countries.

Through the vast moor before me, there was nothing but the road to be seen, except a few scattered huts; some of them in such bogs, that it seemed impossible for any thing human to exist in such places. Peat-moss, rushes, coarse grass, and now and then a patch of heath, are the whole

produce of this up and down waste. The eight miles from High Bridge to Fort William, is the most dreary, though not the ugliest, space I had travelled in Scotland. It is very thinly inhabited; and notwithstanding its non-productive appearance, I never drunk finer milk than I did there, from cows I found milking on the road's side; and what was still more extraordinary, though I gave but a trifle more than the value of what was drunk, the honest creatures thought it *too much*, although they *seemed* the poorest of the poor in Scotland. The huts on this moor are very small and low, are soon erected, and must very soon fall down. They consist of four stakes of birch, forked at the top, driven into the ground; on these they lay four other birch poles, and then form a gavel at each end by putting up more birch sticks, and crossing them sufficiently to support the clods with which they plaster this skeleton of a hut all over, except a small hole in the side for a window, a small door to creep in and out at, and a hole in the roof, stuck round with sticks, patched up with turf, for a vent, as they call a chimney. The covering of these huts is turf, cut about five or six inches thick, and put on as soon as taken from the

moor; therefore it seldom loses its vegetation; as I hardly saw any difference between the huts and the moor; for what heath there was on either, was equally in bloom. In these huts they make a fire upon the ground, and the smoke issues in columns at every hole, so that if an inhabitant within be induced to take a peep at any travellers, they are seen in a cloud of smoke; notwithstanding which, the cursches (caps of Highland women) were as white as snow, and the faces of the children mostly fair and blooming. At night they rake out the fire, and put their beds of heath and blankets (which they have in abundance) on the ground, where the fire had been, and thus keep themselves warm during the night. The chief of their furniture is an iron pot, a few bowls, and spoons of wood, and pails to put their milk in.

A person accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of life, cannot conceive how it is possible for human beings to exist, in a state so near that of the brute creation.

It is curious to examine the interior of an habitation called a house, in a cluster of houses, termed in Scotland a town. It consists of a butt, a benn, and a byar; that is, a kitchen, an inner

room, and a place in which to put cattle. In the centre of the gavel end of the butt, is heaped up dirt and stones, in which is fixed small iron bars; leaving a hollow by way of grate, with a hob on each side: there is also a sort of crank that moves any way, to which is hooked the meikle pot. There is no resemblance of a chimney, but the hole at the top; so that the whole side of the gavel is covered with soot from the fire to the vent. The dirt floor is full of holes, retaining whatever wet or dirt may be thrown upon it; consequently it is always a mire. In one corner is a box nailed to the partition, between the butt and the benn. This box opens with a door in front, in which is a heath, or other bed, with a great number of blankets. Into this box creep as many as it can hold; and thus they sleep, boxed up on every side, except the small door in front. In the house I was in, close to the box bed, stood another box similar to the bed, containing provisions of milk, oat cakes, broth, &c. and eating utensils. If the family be large, the benn too has a similar bed or beds; between which and the byar, there is generally only a very partial partition. A small farmer will say, he delights to sleep thus close to the byar, that he may lie and see, and

hear, his beasts eat. Another pretty fashion among them (and it is universal), their dunghill is close to the door of the house, or hut: let the spot about it be ever so lovely, to them their sweet mixen is their choicest, their chief object. Next the dunghill stand their peat stacks; whilst, perhaps, on the back part of their house, where they seldom or ever go, all is neatness. What a perverse inclination for nastiness!

In most of the sequestered parts of the Highlands, the substitute for tallow candles, are the stumps of birch and fir trees, which the Highlandmen dig out of the peat mosses when they cut that fuel. These stumps appear to have lain buried in the bogs for a vast time; and when prepared for candles, they really give a charming light, but of short duration. After drying these stumps thoroughly, they cut them in slips like long matches, which are burned singly, or in a bundle, according to the light required. It falls to the lot of whatever useless being there is in a hut (old folks or children), to hold this torch, and renew it; for it burns out very fast. It is a pleasant sight to see an old woman of seventy or eighty, dressed in her snow-white cursche, sitting by a cozy (snug) fire, holding this clear taper

for her daughter and grand children, while they are, some spinning, others singing and dancing, and a group of youngsters playing on the ground with each other, and their faithful sheep dog.

When I lodged at Buttermere, in Cumberland, the good folks of the alehouse there always drew their beer by the light of dried rushes; and also used them on every other possible occasion, as the safest, as well as cheapest candles. Those large reeds grow in abundance about the lakes at Buttermere; and great quantities of them are dried by the villagers for candles.

I had observed no beggars in the Highlands, till I came upon the moor between High Bridge and Fort William; but there, at the sound of the carriage, came bounding like fauns, through the dub and the lare (mire and bog), swarms of half naked boys and girls, muttering Galic. Having no half-pence, I shook my head, and made every sign I could think of to make them understand I had nothing for them; but notwithstanding, one fly of a girl kept skimming over every thing in her way, by the side of the carriage, for at least two miles; I screaming, "to-morrow I will give you something." Whether she became weary, or conceived what I meant, I cannot say; but at

length she took a different direction, and bounded away through bog and heath, to a hut on a dismal looking swamp, at some distance. On the morrow, the rattle of the wheels again brought forth a swarm, and my skipping lass amongst them; I had not forgotten her; but all Maryburgh could not furnish me with six-penny worth of half-pence. The girl bounded before me smiling; and seemed to express, by her countenance, that to-morrow was come, and that she claimed my promise. On a steep rise she came close to the window of the chaise; she did not speak, but she looked in my face so expressively, that out came a silver six-pence from my purse, and I threw it before her. She stooped to pick it up, expecting, I suppose, a half-penny: but no sooner did her eye catch the white metal, but she jumped a full yard from the ground, uttering such a scream of joy and surprize as startled me, and might have been heard at a great distance. She then quickly turned to her companion beggars, shewed the six-pence to them, and, with a smile of delight, bounded away towards the huts with an incredible swiftness. I never gave a six-pence with so much pleasure in my life; nor do I suppose one ever was received with more ecstasy.

As I advanced towards Fort William, at a distance, amongst the ridge of stupendous mountains on my left, over the tops of which the clouds and mist were every instant varying, I perceived the hollow parts and cliffs of one of them filled with snow; and when I came opposite to it, I was all admiration and astonishment at its noble crescent of crags; the regularity, the sublimity, and seemingly perfect architecture of which, with the bold massy towers of rocks on each side, convinced me, (though impenetrable clouds concealed its major part) that this mountain could be no other than the Scotch Atlas, Ben Nivis. As I returned the next day, I was, with respect to a view of this gigantic mountain, in high good luck. Its cap of cloud is very seldom off; but the morning was bright, and the mist fast creeping up every side of the mountain. I anxiously watched the humour of the sovereign, and with joy perceived, in his majesty, a strong inclination to uncover. I set off, and by the time I came under the shadow of his wing, his cap disappeared, and I had a fine view of every part that is possible to be seen from the road. In its shape there is beauty, mixed with the sublime and terrific. In front a soft verdant sloping hill; be-

hind which is an hollow, and a lofty crescent rising from it, with its high pointed horns; joining to one of which are towers of huge rocks, furrowed by continual torrents; with hollows and chasms filled with snow, forming a rare contrast in summer, with the black and grey rocks of the crescent, and other huge masses adjoining. The whole, to an eye below, appears to be capped with soft verdure, except where the never-melting patches of snow keep possession. The summit, however, of Ben Nivis, I am told, is a bed of white pebbles, some of them beautiful. There are but few who attain so high a station, it being a very laborious journey to climb that mountain to the top.

I learnt, in those parts, another instance of the great love a Highland man has for whisky. A lady of fashion, having conquered that ascent, before she quitted it, left on purpose a bottle of whisky on the summit: when she returned to the fort, she laughingly mentioned that circumstance before some Highland men, as a piece of carelessness; one of whom slipped away, and mounted to the pinnacle of 4370 feet, above the level of the fort, to gain the prize of the bottle of whisky, and brought it down in triumph.

Loch Eil, a salt water lake, is in shape something like a compass half opened; running from west to east as far as the angle, and then south-west, to enter into Linnhe Loch, an arm of the sea. A traveller from Fort William, whether he proposes to return south, either by the Appin road, or through Glen Coe to Tyndrum, must keep close by the side of Loch Eil, till the ferry at Ballaheulish, at the mouth of Loch Leven, where that lake also empties itself into Loch Linnhe. The Appin road from that ferry continues south-west close to the sea: the new road towards Tyndrum runs nearly by the south bank of Loch Leven, until it enters Glen Coe. This glen runs nearly east to King's-house, in the Black Mount. The road by the devil's staircase is at the head of Loch Leven, but now never travelled: it is, however, the continuation of the military road from the Black Mount to Fort William. Even so late as in General Wade's time, they knew not the art of road making so well as they do now; for his military roads generally go up and down mountains, never dreaming that he could wind round the bases of them.

CHAPTER X.

Corryarraick—Garvimore Inn—Road into Rannoch—Rannoch and Loch Rannoch—Loch Ericht—Poet Strowan—Wha'll buy Jonny Cope's Salve—Rock Crystal Globe.

THE day, after I returned to my friends at Fort Augustus, was very bad; I therefore did not dare face a storm over Corryarraick, but remained quietly at the fort. A fortunate day's rest for the poor horses, who had been sadly off at Fort William, and dreadfully fatigued by the rough road from thence, after a sleepless night; there being at Fort William scarcely any thing for the poor beasts to eat, and nothing to lie down upon. The fare for man, at either of the inns there, is not much better than for horses; but as I had my own bedding, and some food and wine with me, I was very independant of their accommodations.

As we were sitting at breakfast with the good Governor at Fort Augustus, an Oxonian sent in his name, begging leave to see the fort. He had permission, and was invited to breakfast: he was

a very genteel young man, and gave us some account of his tour, which had not been quite so fortunate as mine. He left England, one of a large party : their new coach had broken down several times before they got to Glasgow, where it was sold for a song ; and two chaises taken instead, which had also broken down ; and I think overturned : at last, however, they all arrived safe at Dalwhinie, an inn I have before mentioned, where were collected, from the different branches of the roads, travellers to the amount of near thirty. Every room in that little inn was stuffed brim-full, with standing beds, boxed beds, and shake-downs. A shake-down is a bed put upon the floor or carpet, and there prepared to sleep upon. At Dalwhinie, the road to Fort Augustus over Corryarraick, branches from the great Inverness road. None of this young gentleman's party dared to encounter that road, except himself and servant, on horseback ; the rest went on to Inverness by the great road. The day he crossed Corryarraick was a continued violent rain and storm of wind, which gave it the appearance of wild desolation, beyond any thing he could describe ; and the whole of the road itself, he said, was rough, dangerous, and dreadful, even for a

horse. The steep and black mountains, and the roaring torrents, rendered every step his horse took, frightful; and when he attained the summit of the zig-zag up Corryarraick, he thought the horses, himself, man and all would be carried away, he knew not whither; so strong was the blast, so hard the rain, and so very thick the mist: and as for cold, it stupified him. He thought it almost a miracle to escape unhurt from such horrid wastes, roaring torrents, unwholesome vapour, and frightful fogs; drenched from top to toe, frozen with cold, and half dead with fatigue. He said he had heard people had gone that pass in a carriage, but he was sure it was impossible. The governor's family assured him it was done frequently; and turning to me, said, "here is one who means to do so to-morrow, in a chaise."—The gentleman stared, and added, "then I must alter my journal, for I thought it impossible." A young lady present said, she had crossed the mountain on horseback in winter, when snow was on the ground; but it was hazardous. Many, by imprudence, have there lost their lives in winter; and some indeed from fatigue and cold; particularly one poor woman, attending on a marching troop, carrying an infant in her arms.

At the top of the mountain she sunk, and would not be persuaded to be removed, nor suffer the child to be taken from her. She fell asleep, and the people who were sent the next morning from the fort to seek for her, found her sitting against a stone, nearly covered with snow. The woman was quite dead; but the infant at her breast, being entirely covered with snow, was not absolutely lifeless. It was carried to the fort, where the governor's lady (from whom I had the sad tale) restored it to life; but it did not recover the perfect use of its limbs for many weeks, so much were they frozen. Soldiers too, in their march, have often perished there, by imprudently drinking quantities of spirits at the inn on the Moor, thinking thereby to keep out the cold; but alas! it was the sure way to destruction.

All these accounts did not deter me from going over the pass: I wished to see it, and I had come back from Fort William on purpose. Mr. Baillie of Dochfour, had once in his life crossed Corryarraick; and there met with a difficulty from his horses not standing to their collars when going up the zig-zag; and notwithstanding every effort, they could not, for a great length of time, be made to stir an inch; but I was going down

the zig-zag, Mr. Baillie went up it: nevertheless his kind consideration induced him to write to his friend, the Governor of Fort Augustus, to desire him, if needful, to send some of his invalids up the hill with me. My postillion had been over the pass in May: he said, though the road was bad and rough, he could drive me over it with safety; and if I could get a pair of horses to put to those I had to help to draw us up the hill, it would be of far more use than the assistance of all the invalids in the fort. I followed his advice. The smith carefully examined the carriage, put all right that was wrong, and the morning looking tolerable, at eight o'clock I took leave of my good friends in the fort, and drove to the inn, where they added two plough horses, harnessed with ropes, to mine. The road over Corryarraick, quits the Fort William road about a mile and half from the inn; and immediately begins to wind amongst, and up the district of mountains to the south-east of Fort Augustus. Not a foot of level ground was to be seen for nine long miles; nothing but ups and downs till I reached the summit of Corryarraick. My head was continually out of the chaise window, gazing at the scene I was leaving below; a scene not to be

described. Nothing but the eye can convey to the mind an adequate idea of it. When I entered into the bosom of the mountains, which perhaps would for ever hide that view from my bodily eyes, I really felt my spirits sink; the road became rough, but not in the least alarming: all the pain I felt was for my poor horses, on whom it bore hard, notwithstanding the pair before them. The first seven miles of ascent are not positively on the sides of Corryarraick; but of other mountains nearly equal in height. It is not till after the crossing the bridge over the river Tarff, at the hollow, called in Galic Laga-ne-viene, the hollow of milk, that the base of Corryarrick begins. All these mountains afford fine pasture for sheep, and are at present nothing but sheep-farms; though formerly both black cattle and sheep were raised on them. There being some wood hanging about the broken banks of the Tarff, the descent to the bridge is very pretty; but in crossing it, and mounting the narrow steep way on the opposite side, I preferred the safety of my own legs to a reliance on the horses. At about four miles of the ascent from Fort Augustus, the ploughman-driver informed us, that five Edinburgh gentlemen had that morning gone up

so far that road, in order to cross Corryarraick ; but they became so terrified with what they saw before them, and what they dreaded to meet with, from the account of the young Oxonian, that they fairly, from fear, turned about and took the road to Fort William. This, however, did not alarm me. I saw nothing to hurt any body but the horses ; and they being assisted, I trusted all would go well.—From the base of Corryarraick to its summit, the road lies on a broad side of it. The ascent is to be sure very long and steep, but not excessively so ; nor does the hill sweep from the road very precipitately to a stream below, which is at a considerable distance from it. The mountain on the left rises high ; and on each side of the passing track, is a stony rough pasture, mixed with rushes, and a black boggy-looking heath down to the stream ; on the other side of which, the mountains have the same hue as that I was ascending. Not a shrub, or bush to be seen, nor trace of a house, except two or three huts at Laga-ne-viene ; so that the scene at all times, and in all weathers, must be black and dreary. Long poles are driven into the ground, by the edge of the road, at stated distances, all the way up the ascent ; and also down the zig-zag on the other

side, in order to mark the track, in the season of snow. Just at the winding to attain the summit, there is a degree of precipice, but neither perpendicular nor very dangerous, unless for a phaeton in a high wind; as one was actually blown from thence, and turned over and over, down the mountain, the year before I saw Corryarraick. Having arrived at the top, where there is a small plain, of perhaps half a mile, I got out of the chaise, that I might be a judge of the climate there. It was certainly cold enough for my great coat; but I became neither torpid nor frozen. I discharged my plough horses, and began to examine the surprising scene all around me. I had been before on many high mountains, whence I had seen lakes, plains, and far distant objects; but the view from Corryarraick is totally different. No lakes, no glens, no plains; all is a boundless space (except by the sky) of a rough ocean of mountains; whose tops seem to wave one beyond the other, to the distant sea in the west; and on every other side, as far as the eye can reach. Fortunately, when I was thus high, the day was tolerably clear, but not being bright, the whole scene was cold and dismal;—it was uncommon;—it was astonishing, but not at all terrific. My

mind was raised to a state of awe and seriousness, that led to the great Creator of all; and I almost forgot I belonged to this world, till the postillion reminded me it was time to re-enter the carriage. When I came to the beginning of the zig-zag, the sun began to shine; and to the south-west, above the rest of the mountain ocean's waves, I saw Ben Nevis, which I distinguished from the other mountains; it being rendered conspicuous by the sun shining upon its white patches of snow. At the commencement of the zig-zag I got out of the carriage, and walked down at my leisure; amusing myself by picking up curious stones and pebbles in the channels made by the torrents, which cross the road at every five or ten yards. Round the base of the mountain, at some distance from the zig-zag, is a stream, into which the other torrents dash; leaving behind them, broad channels of smooth round stones, washed from the higher parts. The road is so cut up by these violent torrents, from the top of the zig-zag to the entrance on the plain, that for four or five miles, scarcely ten yards can be found free of them; which is, indeed, sufficient to pull a slight carriage to pieces.—Allen led the horses, and the wheels being dragged, he came quietly and safely

to the bottom of that extraordinary pass. I will do my best to describe its appearance, from the approach to it from Garvimore. I will take my station upon a narrow shelf, cut on the side of a mountain, rising high on the right, of grey stone, partially covered with very coarse verdure. To the left is a precipice of no great depth, or danger, down to a small rough space of heath, bog, and rushes; scattered over with stones, and reaching to the stream coming from the base of Corryarraick: on the other side of that stream, rise mountains of a dark hue, bare, and wildly jumbled together. In front stands the broad side of Corryarraick, sweeping almost perpendicularly to the right and left; every where rough and bare, except patches of rushes and coarse grass, growing about the springs. At the summit a zig-zag road begins, about twelve feet broad; and from one angle of the zig-zag to another, about thrice the length of a carriage and pair of horses; the guide poles continuing to point out the track, should the road be by any means rendered invisible or obscured.

On each side the zig-zag are innumerable springs and marshy places, with thickly scattered loose stones, and fragments of rocks, brought

from the heights by violent rushing waters in hard rains. I can easily conceive this to be a frightful pass in a flood; when torrents at every step must threaten destruction to the traveller, and the natural desolation of the place rendered terrific by the additional gloom of rain, hurricanes of wind, and the frightful night of such mists as frequently obscure, and hide Alpine districts. I had none of these alarming difficulties to encounter; the day was sufficiently dry for walking, and the mountain torrents were all hushed, by a cessation of rain for twenty-four hours. I had heard and read so much of the horrors of this pass that, I confess, I was disappointed at its tameness. At the same time I made great allowance for the difference of appearance in a very bad day, and a tolerable one. I had read, that the Spey river, at Corryarraick, spreads horrid devastation, tearing away every thing before it, and also thence takes its source, which is not quite correct; for the torrents which issue from Corryarraick, are only trifling tributaries to the noble Spey river, which has its beginning in Loch Spey, far to the south-west of Corryarraick, in that part of Badenoch leading to Fort William, from Garvimore; and when I reached the plain,

I met it quietly gliding through the vale, and issuing smoothly from the opening between the vast ranges of hills leading to Loch Spey. Whatever *fury* the river Spey acquires before it finishes its course, it does not shew it till many a mile below Garvimore: for when I left its banks, eight miles below the inn on that Moor, it was gliding away towards the huge mountains near the bridge of Spey, just as quietly as at the first moment I saw it. The *tearing* waters about Corryarraick, are in fact, no more than copious springs, incessantly flowing from that mountain; and in great rains swelling to furious cataracts, carry every thing before them, to the stream which conveys them to the Spey in the valley.

At the foot of the zig-zag, I looked up the mountain of Corryarraick with astonishment, to think, that by a distance of only a mile and a half, I had descended an eminence that was full nine miles to climb on the other side. I longed, but I longed in vain, for the effect of a moving zig-zag, such as was described by my friend Major Barry. One part of the 24th regiment, in which he served in the year 1746, was, on a fine sun shining day, marching from Fort Augustus over Corryarraick. The officers, to add to the

uncommonness of the scene, ordered the men to walk one by one down the zig-zag; and the baggage and women to bring up the rear on horseback. What an extraordinary appearance in such a desert! To see a military moving zig-zag of almost two miles; their arms glittering in the summer sun beams, shining full upon them, and their officers at the bottom admiring the sight. I had not the pleasure of seeing a living being there, except the men and horses with the chaise, slowly creeping down the curious ridge: but in my mind's eye, I saw the Major's troops; I beheld their arms glitter; the women mounted, bringing up the rear; and he himself by my side, in raptures at the effect of their plan.

The whole of the way from Garvimore to Dalwhinie is particularly wild; but to my taste, far from ugly, as long as the road keeps by Spey side; but when it turns from that sweet river, nothing is seen but bare mountains, and walls of stone for enclosures, yet I was amused; my mind found wonders to contemplate; for those bare mountains, most of them being full of metals, when the sun-beams gild their huge sides, sparkle like gems; and from the walls on the road side, when I walked up the steep places, I picked num-

berless pieces of stones, filled (to an ignorant eye) with gold, silver, and all sorts of metallic substances. The stones were so pretty I could not throw them away, though I knew they were neither uncommon, nor, to a mineralogist, worth a straw. The sun was set before I left this secluded Alpine scenery, and nearly dark when I came within sight of Dalwhinie inn.

From Dalwhinie I retraced my steps to Dalnacardoch; it was the 13th of August, a fine bright day. The attendants, and horses of sportsmen, who were come to the Highlands to shoot, enlivened the scene at Dalnacardoch: and as I sat in the carriage writing, the carters as they passed, regaled me with soft, sweet, Galic ditties, that delighted my ear. Nothing can exceed the melody of the Galic tunes, sung by a tolerable voice. The murmuring of the river Garrie also added to the harmony all around me; so that the hour and a half the horses required to rest, seemed to be very short. I was not a little amused with the expressions of the comers and goers, but one of Allen's was quite new to me. A chaise coming from the road I was going, driven by a Perth lad;—Allen hailed him, by saying, "What like is that road?" the answer, "dreadfully hilly!"

Which I afterwards found very true. The day was hot, and the sun tinged the distant mountains most beautifully, particularly those of Atholl Forest, and the towering tops of Benygloe. All around me was a world of mountains, with craggy tops, and sides of sheep pasture; mixed with peat moss and heath. The road firm and good; but a constant up and down of long and steep hills, till I came in sight of a small valley, watered by the burn of Eroskie; to which is a descent by a very long zig-zag. The village at the bottom is Trinefour, from which another laborious hill is to climb of above a mile; at the top of which is a terrible rough barren heath. In front, at a considerable distance, is seen the globular top of Schiehallion, with its black rough body spreading, and sweeping, towards the Tumel river below it. The sun shone on the windows of Crossmount at its base, and on the blue slates of Drumachuine, which rendered those houses very conspicuous, though much concealed by wood and pointed rocks. A zig-zag road, over a heath at a great distance, pointed to those habitations; but I missed the track to it, and followed the great road to Tumel Bridge.

The view from the top of the rough moor north

of Tumel bridge, is extensive wildness, joined with something of the majestic. To the left, are bare rough hills leading towards Glen Tumel, with a scattered hamlet of the poorest huts, hanging on the declivity of one of them, without even a *bush* to shelter them: also the small inn at Tumel bridge, with trees that mark the river's course. As the eye turns to the right towards Rannoch, it is amazed at the dark majestic scene of Schiehallion, in the back ground; the wood and pointed rocks of Mount Alexander, and the opening to the lake; which is there concealed from sight, by the stupendous mountains on its north shore.

When I arrived at the highest point on Mount Alexander, the scene that opened to the west and the east amazed me: I got upon a wall to take in the greatest extent of it: the sun shone finely upon Glen Tumel, stretching below me far to the east; only part of Loch Tumel was in sight, with the river winding towards it; and beautiful mountains hanging over it to the north and south: wood also enriching the glen, and creeping up every sweeping mountain's side, almost to the top. My eye then turned to the west. Rannoch presented itself: a space of about twenty

miles in length, nearly straight, and about two and a half in breadth. The lake nearly fills fifteen miles of the space; and its shores are beautifully indented by sweeps of mountains, and wooded points of land, running far into the water: some islands also add much to its beauty. The mountains on the north-side are very high; and their steep sides, wherever the crags will permit it, are cultivated; producing barley, oats, and grass, with wood creeping up the rocks where cultivation is denied. On the south of the lake is another ridge of mountains; some of them little inferior to the proud Schiehallion: these mountains are finely covered by extensive woods of firs and birch; even some of the highest crags are thus beautifully clothed. As I advanced towards the town of Kinloch, at the foot of the lake, I passed on a narrow high shelf, hanging over a precipice to the river Tummel, deep below. The road is but just sufficiently wide for a carriage, and no fence whatever on the precipice side of it. On the other hand are mountains to the sky, shivering from their tops, with huge loose pieces of rocks lying from the summits to the bases, ready at the least shock to crush the passenger beneath them. To be in that pass was frightful,

and I was glad when the threatening danger was over.

Close to Kinloch is a very curious torrent, which in hard rains must have a very uncommon appearance. It falls between two bare mountains, in an irregular channel, narrow at the top, but spreads, as it descends, on large flat stages of redish smooth stones. I never beheld so singular a cataract; but I did not see it in perfection, there being but little water in it when I walked up its side. Some brush-wood, and a few shrubs and rushes hang about the broken pieces of rocks, forming a kind of irregular weirs, between the broad stages that come, step by step, from the top of the high mountain to the bottom, over which the water, in dry weather, slides in the oddest shapes imaginable; and in a flood, by the violent bounds, from one flat stage to another, the water forms a chain of semicircular spouts all the way down the channel.

At Kinloch, I crossed the Tumel just after it quits Loch Rannoch, over a very good bridge, and then wound round the foot of the lake, and proceeded on its southern margin, by a road truly beautiful; and were it not so rough, it would be a drive of fifteen miles that few can equal. There

are two tolerable houses, and several hamlets on the way. One of the houses is a shooting box, belonging to Baron Norton; the other is called Carrie. For the whole distance, there is but a small flat between the ridge of mountains and the lake, sometimes not broader than the road. The great variety in the woods and groves through which the road winds, renders every step picturesque. The Black Wood is an extensive tract of fine firs growing up the sides of the mountains, and covering every crag; and at the bases, tracts of charming elms, mountain ash, oak, ash, birch, and many other sorts of trees intermixed; and by the lake's edge, an abundance of alder, hazel, mountain ash, young oaks, and a great variety of shrubs and small branching wood, all in its true natural state. The shavers and dressers have never laid their frightful hands on that lovely district; it being, to this day, in Nature's sweetest style. The extent of the Black Wood may be imagined, when I say, from a late survey of it, in order to ascertain the number of trees fit for use, it was found that there were in it five hundred thousand, from six inches and a half, to three feet in diameter. What a pity it is there is no water carriage from Rannoch; for were that

the case, this fir wood would be a vast treasure to the owner of it. Had I not been in some fear for the carriage, from the roughness of the road, I should have enjoyed the drive through Rannoch amazingly. By and by I came to the bed of a large burn, another Calder burn with respect to its bed of stones, and the entrance into it even worse. Perceiving higher up the burn, a plank laid from bank to bank, I got out of the chaise, and made the best of my way to it. I found it in a very tottering state; but it was better than being in the carriage, for which I trembled, fearing it would be shaken to pieces every jolt it received, in going up and down over the stones in the burn's bed. That burn, in hard rains, rises suddenly to a prodigious height; and when I meant to return, it shut me up for a day, as there was no possibility of getting through it. As I approached the head of the lake, the district of Rannoch appeared to be entirely shut up from the whole world besides, by mountain upon mountain all around, and no means of escape; which indeed is nearly the case, except for Highland men and birds. It is true, there is an outlet to a flat towards Glen Coe, nearly west, by the river Gauer, that winds round some mountains

from Loch Lydoch, to empty itself into Loch Rannoch; but this plain is so full of bogs and roughnesses, that none but Highland men can master: it is even dangerous for a shelty (a Highland poney) to go over it. From the west end of Loch Rannoch to King's House in the Black Mount, near to Glen Coe, it is only nine Scotch miles; but it was impossible for me to get to the district called the Black Mount, that way, for the reasons above mentioned; I could only look at it from the mountain top, and afterwards went eighty miles round to get thither. At the head of Loch Rannoch, or as it is generally called the west end, there is on the north side a shooting box belonging to Sir John Menzies. On the south side is a cluster of huts, called George's Town; and near it the remains of a barrack, but now a shooting box belonging to the chief of the Robertsons'. There is an inn too, but it is only fit for drovers to put up at; also a farm-house, and another cluster of huts, by the side of a very curious mountain cataract. One day I ascended the hill at the back of the farm (not a very easy scramble); but when I had attained the eminence, the distant mountains were a grand prospect, though all between them and me a dismal waste

of flat moor, several small lakes, and the winding Gauer flowing from one of them; but beyond the waste, as far as my eye could reach, wonderful mountain beside mountain gratified my never satiated sight for such objects. To the north-west Ben Nivis is seen, with its towering head above the rest of the Bens. Due west, at the end of the Moor, the tremendous mountains in Glen Coe, and about King's house, rise in every sort of form, thence sweeping away to join the ridge on the south-west side of the Black Mount, having its tops lost in the sky; and those tops, what could be seen of them (from the motion of the clouds), varied in shape every instant. The sovereigns of Glen Orchy, with the sharp pointed tops of Cruchan Ben, hanging over Loch Awe, shut up the view to the south-west; and the near Rannoch mountains, bound the sight on the south; the soft round top of Schiehallion, looks down on its neighbours to the east; and the glittering bare crags hanging over Loch Ericht, close the scene to the north.

As I had looked at the head of Loch Ericht, when at Dalwhinie, I was desirous of seeing the southern end of it, near Rannoch. Eight miles was the distance named; but I am sure it is four-

teen at least. I was placed upon a shelty, which was led through the Gauer river by an Highlandman, hip deep; but he cared far less for that, than I did for the splashing of my petticoats. As soon as I left the side of the Loch, to mount the river Ericht's side, I could no longer take care of myself; therefore the good Highlandman again became my friendly leader. I stuck as fast to the pummel of the saddle as I could, and thus mounted and descended such places as were sufficient to scare a lowland female out of her wits. At the end of a mile or two we quitted the bank of the river, and every track that had been gone before us, entering on the roughest and most uneven boggy, rocky, watery, black mountain moor, that human being ever explored. It was with the utmost difficulty that the poor little beast could keep upon his legs, though born and bred on such wastes; but there is a sagacity in the shelties not easily credited: if they be left to themselves, they will pick out their way in these horrid places with as much caution and wisdom as a man can. I afterwards met with three German gentlemen who were on their road from the island of Staffa. To get to that island, they had crossed the Isle of Mull upon these little animals. There

were four men in that party, and they could procure only one saddle and bridle; the lucky he, to whom this luxury was allotted, soon resigned the use of the bridle; trusting, like the rest of his companions, to the better knowledge and experience of his shely. They all declared to me, that when left to themselves, those sagacious little beasts, on the most difficult and dangerous moors, would pat a suspicious place with their fore-feet, and try a slippery piece of rock, before they would venture to step upon it; and were continually looking to the right and the left to discover which was the soundest spot; and after a mature examination, would turn this way or that, or take a circuitous route to gain the safest footing. The little shely that carried me to Loch Ericht was not quite so sagacious; but, upon the whole, he did tolerably well, and I at last arrived at the lake; but such a solitary waste I never before beheld. The lake looks like a broad river, with immense, and most of them bare craggy mountains, rising perpendicularly from it; except here and there alpine wood creeping up their sides, till the shivering stones debar vegetation. On the east bank of this lake, at the south end of it where I embarked, is a prodigiously high, rough, bare

mountain, in the hollows of which, as I have before mentioned, poor Charles Stuart concealed himself. On the west side of the lake, opposite to this mountain, is a patch of verdure by a little burn's side, backed by the mountains of Lochaber, and the stony crags of Ben Alder forest, hanging over the western side of Loch Ericht. On this green plat stands a solitary sheelin (or shepherd's hut), in which lives a shepherd, whose employer, at stated times, conveys meal and other provisions to him, by means of the lake; but he and his family never quit this sequestered spot, except to preserve and follow the sheep entrusted to their care. The wind rose too high to permit me to land, otherwise I should have been pleased to have seen such aborigines. The boatmen assured me, there was not a more healthy, or more *bony* family in the Highland than this shepherd's; and what is extraordinary, they can neither speak nor understand Galic; a strong proof of their solitude, and that they have no communication with their neighbours in Rannoch. I think there cannot, in nature, be a more forlorn or desolate place than that about Loch Ericht; but I am glad I saw it; and as I returned from it, and came down towards Rannoch, that

district appeared, in comparison, a perfect Paradise. There are between the lakes a great many excessively pretty falls of the river Ericht, which I should have enjoyed, had the road been less dangerous, or I on foot instead of on horseback.

The greatest part of the district of Rannoch, (which I describe more particularly than most others, because it is less known, yet well worth seeing) has been for ages in the possession of the chiefs of the Robertson's. In the last rebellion, Robertson of Strowan, the poet, was their chief; a man, at that time, near eighty years of age, his body hale and strong, and his mind in vigour. He was at the battle of Preston Pans; and for his share of booty was allotted the carriage of Sir John Cope, there defeated. Strowan drove it in triumph, as far as he could, towards his district; and when the roads became impassable, he summoned his vassals to carry it into Rannoch. Amongst the other contents of Sir John's chaise, were a number of rolls of brownish stuff, which were concluded to be very valuable specifics for wounds, particularly as they were safely packed in a soldier's carriage, to be ready, as it was thought, in case of accidents. These precious rolls were cried in the streets of Perth, "Wha'll buy

Jonny Cope's salve." They were rolls of chocolate.

The long life and actions of Strowan the poet have something so singular accompanying them, that I am tempted, though somewhat foreign to my subject, briefly to name some circumstances. His family were all of them staunch friends to the Kings of Scotland for ages. That is not singular; but it is very singular, that the *same* man should be engaged in the *first* and *last* attempts made to preserve on the throne, at the Revolution in 1689, and to restore to it, in 1745, the race of kings under whom he was born, and to whom he had sworn allegiance. When he first fought in 1689, in the battle of Killycrankie, for the house of Stuart, King James the Second, of England, was then acknowledged by all Scotland as lawful sovereign; and although Strowan was then a minor, and did no more than firmly support the loyal cause, and the then lawful and acknowledged king, by his country; the parliament of *Scotland* passed sentence of forfeiture against him in the year 1690; and that sentence remained in force all his life. This forfeiture bore hard upon that Strowan; but still more so on his heir. Had Strowan the poet taken up arms, in his old age,

against the existing government in 1745, and *then* have been attainted, the case would be widely different; but having been attainted unjustly by the parliament of Scotland in 1690, and buffeted by adverse fortune all his long life, it was not to be wondered at, that he should be stout in the cause he thought just, to the end of his days.

The poet's habitation in Rannoch was on Mount Alexander, near the river, under the shelter of the high part of that hill, at no great distance from the point, where I got upon the wall at my first approach to Rannoch.—Over his gate he placed the following lines :

“ In this small spot, whole Paradise you'll see,
 “ With all its plants, but the forbidden tree.
 “ Here, every sort of animal you'll find
 “ Subdu'd, but woman, who destroy'd mankind :
 “ All kinds of insects too, their shelter take
 “ Within these happy groves, except the snake.
 “ In fine, there's nothing poisonous here enclos'd,
 “ But all is pure, as Heaven at first dispos'd :
 “ Woods, hills, and dales, with milk and corn abound ;
 “ Traveller, pull off thy shoes, 'tis holy ground.”

He had also inscriptions over the door of his house, the eating-room, and his bed-room; but when I was there, not a trace of his habitation remained. The natural beauties of Mount Alex-

ander, however, were just as the poet described ;
“ All as pure as Heaven at first dispos'd.”

The present worthy chief has since begun a house on the same site ; and I am persuaded, he has too much taste to destroy, by modern antics, the chaste, the enchanting simplicity, his ancestor has so well described ; in whose steps, in point of celibacy, though not in politics, he strictly treads ; so that the whole inscription too may be restored, and placed on the present Strowan's gate, which ornament the poet's portal.

Not half a mile below Mount Alexander, is the famous fall of the Tumel river ; its noise is heard at a great distance ; and it is a stop to the salmon, it being far too high for them to leap. It must be full forty feet high. It is not, to be sure, so lofty as many other falls in Scotland ; but few equal it in majestic grandeur, at the time of a great flood ; not only on account of the rise of the river, and the prodigious body of water in it, but chiefly for the wild appearance it exhibits, when dashing furiously in all the different forms that can be imagined, over the huge and irregular rocks at the cataract.

There is a very curious well at Mount Alexander, called the Silver Well, from the bright

sand in it; and which is inexhaustible; for the well has frequently been cleared to a considerable depth; notwithstanding which it filled, and rose to the usual height, in a short time. Between Mount Alexander and the bridge of Rynachan, on the south side of the river Tùmel, are vestiges of a temporary habitation, which, from its Galic name, must have been built for King Robert Bruce, when his affairs being at the lowest ebb, he was received in Rannoch by Duncan of Atholl, ancestor to the Robertson's of Strowan. The exploits of that Duncan, in the wars of those times, are great subjects of the traditional stories of the inhabitants of that country. Robert of Struan, Duncan's descendant, from whom the name of Robertson is derived, did great service to the crown, by seizing the conspirators of the murder of King James the First of Scotland, when they were about to place one of themselves on the throne, to the exclusion of the infant king. In the rebellion in Charles the First's time, the then chief of the Robertson's was of infinite service; and those services were acknowledged by Charles the Second, in a letter to the then chief. Robert of Strowan was, for his services, offered an Earldom, but declined it; alledging, a title could add

nothing to his consequence in his own part of the country, where titles of ceremony were neither *understood* nor *relished*.

The present chief has a rock-crystal globe, about two inches and a quarter in diameter, which descends from chief to chief. The legend attributes great virtues to it; and the Robertsons' preserve it with care. It is said to have the virtue of curing diseases in the human frame, and in cattle, particularly when elf shot; and at this day, it is sometimes requested, by the superstitious Highland men, to be permitted to dip this globe in water; alledging, that water thus charmed, cures the diseases of their cattle. This stone was found in a very singular manner. The beforementioned Duncan, styled of Atholl, a son of Angus, Lord of the Isles, who was at all times a steady adherent to King Robert Bruce, having gone in pursuit of Macdougall of Lorn, who had made his escape from his confinement on one of the islands (belonging to Duncan) in Loch Rannoch, was obliged to halt, with his followers, at a place near Loch Ericht, and to pass the night there. Next morning, when the standard bearer drew out the staff from the spot where it had been fixed in the ground, it brought up a great

deal of earth and small stones, amongst which, the crystal in question was found; and was there called the Stone of the Standard, or Collous, in the Galic language, which name it still retains.

The common language spoken in Rannoch, and throughout the Highlands, is the Galic, or Erse; though most of the inhabitants speak some English; for, except at the small town of Trinefour, between Dalnacardoch and Rannoch, I never, during the course of my peregrination in the Highlands, found any difficulty in getting myself understood.—The iron hook which keeps down the pole of the carriage having been forgotten, Allen did not mention it till we were near Trinefour; we concluded, however, the smith there would set us to rights; but behold, the smith was not at home, and his wife could not understand what *we* wanted, nor we what *she* said. I could ask her in Galic where her husband was, but, alas! I could not understand her answer. After bawling to each other a considerable time, and making signs to no effect, until we were tired, we both burst out with laughing; and then went on as well as we could, without the iron hook.

With much pain I turned my back upon the

district of Rannoch : particularly as I reflected, that it most probably would be the last, as well as the first time, I should ever visit those parts. It would be a very desirable place to live in, were it not for its great distance from any medical assistance ; there being none good nearer than Perth ; forty miles from Mount Alexander : and when I was at the west end of the lake, wheat-bread and letters were sent for from Aberfeldie, which is thirty miles.

CHAPTER XI.

Cross Mount—Schiehallion—the lost Star—Cashville—Ruins near the Mouth of the Lyon—Apspreydw—Menzie's Castle—Wade's Bridge—Aberfeldie—Moness Falls—Weem—Taymouth—Loch Tay—Glen Lyon—Kenmore Town.

I DID not quit Rannoch by the road I entered it, except the length of the lake; for at the east end of it I left the shivering rocks on the north side of the Tumel, and took the road to the south of that river; and arrived at Cross Mount, at the base of Schiehallion, where I ascended a very steep hill, and turned my face towards the south, still winding at the foot of Schiehallion; rising high on the right, above the clouds.

It was on a shoulder of this mountain that Doctor Maskelyne, a few years since, erected a temporary habitation for his observations. All the country gentlemen thought it their duty to pay the philosopher every civility in their power, particularly by frequent visits; which, probably, the doctor would gladly have excused, as he must

thereby be continually interrupted in his pursuit. The lower class of people believed, and declared, he came thither to look for a lost star.

In a short time after I quitted the base of Schiehallion, which is 3564 feet above the level of the sea, I entered the high road from Tumul Bridge to Crieff, at about seven miles from Weem. Around the junction of the roads, nothing can be more desolate and dreary; but soon after I came to a steep declivity, leading to a plain, the richest and most beautiful in Scotland; and taking in the *tout ensemble*, it may be equal to any thing in the world: its wood and mountains, at the declivity, were the only parts that began to open to the sight. The wheels of the carriage were dragged, and I went slowly down the winding steep hill, with a torrent, and the ruin of Garth on my right. The ruin is surrounded by a variety of ground and wood. At length I came down close by the burn side, just above Cashaville, where it falls in a very curious manner, and extremely picturesque; bursting from a dark-looking cave, forming a sort of arch; partly concealed by a profusion of beautiful wood, of birch, ash, nut, crooked oak, and mountain ash, hanging over the cataract, and creeping to

the top of the rocks and banks; branching and twining in the sweetest style. The very great variety of the trees and bushes, at the fall at Cash-aville, afford such a mixture of lovely tints, that I was charmed with every part of it that I could get within my view. The owner of it would do well, if he would clear a passage to the bottom of the fall, and cut openings for it to be seen more perfectly from the small field near it, on the road side; for it certainly is a very curious fall. This burn rises in Schiehallion, called the burn of Haltnie, running to the Lyon River; to which I soon descended, and met it issuing from its glen. A very handsome stone bridge is over it, less than half a mile before its junction with the Tay. On the road leading to Kenmore, near to the bridge of Lyon, and hanging over it, are charming trees; amongst which is a ruin of an old castle. I did not, at that time, go to Kenmore, consequently turned to the east; and the scene before me was every thing to delight the sight. Such a plano-valley cannot be imagined, without seeing it. It was in the midst of harvest, a fine afternoon, and the inhabitants in the fields, busy with their corn. The west end of this valley, called Appneydow, is bounded by fine

lofty mountains, and the extensive and luxuriant woods of Taymouth. Appneydow may be about a mile in breadth, of an uniform flat; with the Tay, joined by the Lyon, winding through the middle of it; stretching nearly eastward as far as the eye can see, to join the Tumel at Logie Rait. The vista is bounded by a gradation of mountains on each side of it, beautifully blending in the distant horizon. The ranges of mountains, both on the north, and the south of this valley, rise steep and sudden; some craggy, but mostly covered with wood. Tay Bridge, or Wade's Bridge, that most extraordinary structure, presents itself with its spires, in the middle of the vale; there teeming with plenty of corn of every sort, and grazing ground; all richly ornamented with wood and water. The southern ridge of mountains are finely clad with trees, and their bases enlivened by gentlemens' houses, and the town of Aberfeldie; over which hang the heights of Moness, covered with timber, and enchanting woods, which continue towards the east as far as I could see. Under the northern craggy range of hills, is the kirk of Dull, Castle Menzies, and the inn at Weem; besides other houses and huts, dotted amongst crags and trees. The trees close

to the Castle, and the wood creeping to the tops of the highest crags, both behind it, and extending as far as I could see to the east, from one of the finest views of the sort that I think can be seen. Castle Menzies is a large antique-looking building, with frightful short round towers and turrets, the whole whitened with lime; but it being much concealed by the hanging woods on the crags behind, and the fine trees that surround it; neither its white glare, nor its clumsy towers, offend the eye. The view from it must make ample amends for every imperfection of its shell: and after all, I question whether it does not suit the scene it stands in, far better than a modern house would do. The enclosures about Castle Menzies, and at Taymouth, pleased me prodigiously, being in character with the style of the country. They are round erections of stone, with small tower tops; and placed at certain distances, slight wood, or chain, running through them, to prevent the cattle from creeping under, or leaping over them: trees growing carelessly here and there amongst these little towers, which had been whitened; but by the weather were softened to the mellow tints of grey, brown, green, and yellow, mixed: coarse grass and weeds also sticking about them; giving

them less the appearance of a fence than any thing I ever saw; they are also lighter, and far less formal.

The small inn at Weem, when I was at it, was not a good house, but a new one was building to it; but what the house wanted, the landlord, Menzies, made up by civility and attention. I arrived at Weem to dinner; and in the evening drove over Wade's Bridge to Aberfeldie, and to the top of the brae, near the house of Moness: no farther could I go in the carriage. From thence to the falls, is about three quarters of a mile. I entered the wood accompanied by my servant, and a guide, a boy about twelve years of age; and I walked on, delighted with the scene before me, on the bank of a burn, so shaded with wood and rocks, that, as I advanced between them, daylight became twilight. There is a very good path winding amongst the rocks, and leading to the falls, which I began to hear, though I could not see them. By way of something to say to my little guide, I asked him who had made the walks, which were so convenient, and executed with so much judgment; "ah!" said the lad, who spoke good English, naming the late proprietor, "he is a fine man, and did a great deal of good,

and took much pleasure in all these places; he planned all these walks himself, worked at them, and helped to blow up the rocks; planting, and improving the place all his life."—I asked, "is he dead?" "No; he lives over the hills!"—"Why did he leave Moness, which he was so fond of?" What makes many leave what they like; the want of money!"—I began to look upon my diminutive guide as a very sharp wight; which, ere long, I was thoroughly convinced of. The evening was towards the close, and I was amusing myself with my guide's remarks, till I entered the windings of the darker recesses of the woods and rocks, hanging over the water; when on a short turn, we perceived before us, a stout man, whose aspect was by no means promising. The lad came near me, and whispered, "he is a thief."—A hatchet was on the man's shoulder; it struck me (particularly as I was in the Highlands), that that instrument aimed at wood, not at me; so I advanced without fear, and passed the man; who, however, looked very conscious of executed, or meditated mischief. The lad and he turned the point of a rock, and began talking Galic pretty loud: still I advanced, thinking more of what I saw before me (for just then I came to

the beginning of the Moness Falls), than of what they were chattering about. Soon after, the lad came running after me, and laughing, said, "I have sent him off over the hills as hard as he can run."—"How have you done that?" "I told him you were Mrs. Campbell, my Lord's mother, and that you would send him to Botany Bay for stealing the wood."—Moness now belongs to Lord Breadalbane. I could not help laughing at the quick invention of the boy, who certainly had an amazing capacity for his age. The falls of Moness are infinitely superior to any falls in that part of Scotland: they extend near half a mile in length, and are numberless; not only of the burn itself, but of a continued chain of torrents dashing in every direction from the rocky banks; some hopping from rock to rock, others, from immense heights, slipping down grassy beds, winding round the stumps and stems of trees, and through dark thick copse. The explorer now begins to walk from rock to rock, in the bed of the burn, or creeping over places blown out of the rocks hanging over the falls and whirlpools, which, when full of water, that walk cannot be attempted. The broken rocks on each side rise perpendicularly to a great height, inclining to a

junction at the top ; and are entirely covered with trees of all sorts, which branch wide, and feather down to the edge of the burn ; and by their embraces at the top, form a beautiful canopy over the whole. The masses of pointed and flaky rocks, constantly washed over, look brown and dark ; others are covered with green slime, moss, fern, and rushes ; which, joined by the never-ceasing roar of the numerous falls, give a darkness and solemnity to this scene not to be described. At length, after creeping over slippery stages of flaky rock, and clambering up and down steps on the rocks, from one huge mass to another, the pools whirling beneath me, and the water dashing, white, and foaming around me, with the mirky canopy above, for a quarter of a mile, I arrived at the highest, and first fall. It is a termination like the concave head of a cavern, open at top, though almost darkened to night by the high over hanging rocks and trees, which no axe has ever reached ; no track of any sort, but the channel made by the water, that from a very great height gushes with prodigious violence round a pointed rock, from a black confined passage, arched over by rocks, considerably above it, and covered with impenetrable wood. The water

then spreads, and forms one of the most beautiful cataracts in Nature; I say in Nature, for at the falls of Moness that goddess reigns in triumph, there not appearing the least trace of man, or his interference; it is even beyond the art of man to copy them, it having been often tried without success; and I am persuaded, that no pencil can truly delineate the beauties of the falls of Moness.

The next day I turned my face towards Taymouth. Every step was beautiful; but the house I did not see, by reason of hills and woods, until I came to the lodge gate, to which the road winds down a sharp descent, through a fine and extensive wood. The large front of the house faces the lodge at this entrance. The extended centre of this noble mansion is in a very old style of building, with short round towers stuck on from the top of each corner, downwards, for only one story, something like those at Castle Menzies. Two large flights of steps lead to the doors, and, like Castle Menzies too, the fabrick is whitened with lime. There are also two extensive wings, in a more modern style, and joined by covered colonnades to the old centre. All around the house, except immediately in front of it, there are as fine trees as any I ever saw, with the Tay

unseen winding at the back of it. Permission is given to drive through the park, which is but a small flat, surrounded on every side but one (towards the lake), by high mountains planted to their summits; and those plantations are flourishing luxuriantly. Clumps and single trees of very fine timber grow handsomely in every part of the park. There is no view from the house, it being built upon the lowest ground about Loch Tay, and on a dead flat. To the east it has the castle, like small hills that I observed generally blocked the entrance of almost every great lake I saw. Those to Loch Tay being covered by very thick trees, the shape of castles are confounded by a general outline of a wood; but when I walked over the pleasure ground, I perceived Loch Tay has its natural castle guards, as well as Loch Catheine, Loch Earn, &c. At the western gate of the park is the almost new and neat town of Kenmore, built close on the foot of the lake. The view from Kenmore is mostly similar to that which is seen from Maxwell's Temple, in his lordship's pleasure ground. The church of Kenmore stands upon ground rather higher than the town, from which, (though not joining) a row of houses, on each side, form a broad street

towards Lord Breadalbane's gate. The inn and its appendages take up the chief of the northern row, between which and the church-yard a road winds down to the bridge; a beautiful one of five arches over the Tay, as it issues from the lake. The church and church-yard are on the very brink of the lake; but not a tree immediately about them. On my arrival at the inn, as it was a fine day, I directly got a conductor, and proceeded to see the beauties of Taymouth. My search was not for what is to be seen in the interior of fine houses; for when one has seen half a dozen, they are in a manner all seen; I therefore refused to run over the house at Taymouth, determining, all the time I had to spare, should be dedicated to the out-of-door beauties. Very soon after I entered the pleasure ground, nearest the inn, I arrived by a verdant bank at Maxwell's Temple; a very neat room, with a green platform before it, otherwise it is surrounded and nearly covered by trees and shrubs. In it was a large prospect glass, with a black-ground on a moveable stand; it (like all other glasses of the kind) diminishes, and sharpens every part of the landscape; and at the same time mellows down every object to the softest tone. I

turned my back upon the Temple, and advanced to the edge of the grassplat: before me, to the west, was a view which must be a feast to every eye that delights in the noble productions of Nature. The immediate fore-ground is an uneven lawn, and shrubberies leading down to the town of Kenmore, and the river; then come the town, the church, the bridge, and the wide expanse of the lake beyond them, extending to a great distance, with bold projecting promontories, and fertile tracts of land running far into it; also a chain of woody mountains bordering it on the south; and on the north a still higher range, broken by small glens, and sloping fields of corn descending to the lake's edge. The part of the road to Kielin, on the north side of Loch Tay, near to Kenmore, makes no inconsiderable figure in the landscape, as from the bridge it winds up an almost perpendicular crag, chiefly covered with firs. This brown-looking road, and its wall of defence, indicate that the crag may be ascended by man and beast; otherwise it would seem that none but winged animals could soar thus high, and there hang trembling over the deep lake below. Beyond that crag sweep away to the west, mountain upon mountain (Ben

Lowers occupying the middle of the gradation high above its neighbours), till all is lost behind the towering points of Benmore, in the centre of the utmost distance. The mountains on the south and on the north of the lake, are chiefly clothed with wood; even the corn and grass-fields partake of a copious share of trees. In short, the view is a complete landscape of lake and alpine scenery, mixed with the haunts and habitations of man, and all in style; no eye-sore; no red tiles or bricks; all is harmony and in tune. I must not forget a small island, not far from the bridge, towards the north shore of the loch, covered with trees, through which peeps a ruin, adding to the beauty of the rest of the scenery. I was almost rivetted to the spot, though I did not, the first day, see it in perfection. The sun had gotten too forward to the west, but the next morning made me amends, by that luminary shining gloriously in the east upon the opening to Killin, and beyond it. Benmore too was uncovered.

When I left Maxwell's Temple, I entered a beautiful walk close to the Tay, and an avenue of lime trees, more noble than I can describe, which leads round the back of the house. After crossing

the Tay, I came to an elevated broad terrace, called the Beech Walk, or Drive, hanging over the river. I was told it continued many miles, bordered by fine beech trees. Through a wood, and by a pleasant walk, I afterwards ascended a high hill, opposite the house, where is a sham fort: from it are lovely views both to the east and west. Having tired my legs, and greatly feasted my eyes, I returned from the beech walk, through some pleasant corn fields, to the stone bridge over the Tay and Kinmore.

I had heard and read of the great yew tree at Fortingal, in Glen Lyon; I therefore, in the afternoon, took the north road on the river Tay, under a towering woody crag, and arrived at the bridge over the river Lyon. The view, at the turn of the road from Kenmore towards that bridge over Appneydow, is enchanting. I then came to the picturesque cluster of trees about the old ruin, near Lyon bridge, which I crossed, and retraced the steps I took from Cashaville, until I came to the entrance of Glen Lyon: a narrow, but beautiful district, flanked by high mountains; some well wooded, others bare; and the space between them tolerably fertile in corn and grass. The fine river Lyon winds through the

glen, shaded by continued wood, and very fine trees hanging over it, which mostly meeting each other, partially conceal, and greatly ornament the water, as it roughly rolls along. Its banks are dotted with tolerable houses on each side, and many small clusters of Highland habitations and farm houses. In short, Glen Lyon is a beautiful, though a confined district. At length I arrived at the kirk of Fortingal; and in that kirk yard is the ruin of the famous yew tree, which, when in vigour, measured fifty-two feet in girth. The sound of the carriage at the kirk gate, brought out the clergyman from his manse adjoining. No set of beings can surpass the inhabitants of the Highlands (of every description), in hospitality and attention to strangers; but at the same time they are extremely curious, and must know every thing, of every body who comes in their way; who they are, what they are, whence they come, and whither going. They in an instant combine circumstances, and are *au fait* in a moment. They put me in mind of what Doctor Franklin mentions of the Americans. That their curiosity about strangers and travellers, took place of every other consideration; that they would not stir an inch till that curiosity was

satisfied. He, therefore, when he travelled through the country, in order to save time and trouble, made it a custom, the moment he went into an inn, to accost the landlord with, "I am Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer; I live at Philadelphia; I am going to Boston, or ——; I have with me a servant and two horses: now pray tell me what I can have for supper?"

Perhaps this sort of curiosity may be common to all thinly inhabited, and seldom visited, countries, where the novel sight of strangers, leads to a desire of knowing every thing concerning them; particularly as in such an uniform round of life, where their minds are less employed and filled, than in cities and places of commerce and trade; their mental powers are open, and quickly alive to every adventitious incident.

The worthy Mr. Mackay accompanied me to the fence of the yew tree, which is surrounded by a high wall, to secure it from being diminished by depredations for ornamental boxes, &c. The door leading to the tree was nailed up, and I found the wall too high for me to scale. The black wild mountains in the closer and higher parts of Glen Lyon now caught my eye; at the same time saying to my reverend conductor, "these are

wild indeed; but not more so than in the region of Rannoch." "Have you been in Rannoch, madam?" "Yes." "At Carrie, perhaps?" "No; but at the west end of the lake." "Oh! madam, you are Mrs. Murray; I heard you were there." (Glen Lyon and Rannoch, over the hills, are not at a great distance; but the carriage road is near 40 miles.) At this part of the conversation Mrs. Mackay appeared; and with infinite kindness pressed me to enter their habitation, where tea, she said, was made, and I must partake of it. I could not resist the hospitable manner in which I was invited: my name was announced to her, and I was soon acknowledged by her as a relative by marriage. An abundance of every good thing was then produced; the horses were fed, my servants treated, and I in an instant looked upon as one of their family. Two young men entered; the one Mr. Mackay's son, and the other, a son of the gentleman who owns the yew tree. I was introduced to them, and before I quitted the house, the door to the yew tree was forced open, and the way cleared for me to enter the enclosure. In short, had I been a queen, I could not have been treated with greater attention; and what was still more pleasing to me, with the affec-

tion of relations: I learnt too that Mr. Mackay had been the instructor of my husband's two brothers in their early youth. In short, all conspired to make me feel myself at home, and as easy as if we had been friends of a long standing. I left them with regret; and proceeded, by their direction, to a bridge over the Lyon, somewhat above Fortingal, and turned from the river to the left, which was soon lost to me in the tremendous mountains of the glen, which I also there quitted, to join Loch Tay; which in a mile or two opened beautifully to my view, and I soon entered the north road from Killin to Kenmore, and came down by that hanging steep piece of road already described, seen from Maxwell's Temple.

In my way to Killin, on the south-side of the loch, I went up to see the fall at the hermitage, of a burn, with rocky close banks covered with wood. The height of the fall, I was told, is 240 feet: it is a very fine fall; but, in my mind, not half so beautiful as those of Moness, though higher. The one is dressed; the other is in its lovely, enchanting, native address: even the hand of man, in favouring the access to the head of Moness, is concealed. That to the fall, at the

hermitage, is art throughout, except the rock in which the hermitage is scooped. The ceremony of the dark passages to it, and all the curiosities within the hermitage, perhaps put me somewhat out of humour, and made me think less of the fall than I should have done, had I found myself on the points of rocks at the top of the hermitage, unadorned by any thing but what simple nature bestows: at the foot of the fall, however, it is very handsome; and the wood about it, were it left to its natural bent, would be delightful. The smaller fall, under the bridge above, and the rocks and trees hanging about it, pleased me much; and the views towards Kenmore and Taymouth, from the hermitage, are very fine.

CHAPTER XII.

*Killin—Fingall's Grave—Glen and Loch Dochart
—Glen Fillan—St. Fillan's Holy Well—Tyn-
drum Inn—Lead Mines—Road to Fort William
over the Black Mount—Inverounon—Loch Tollie
—Black Mount—King's House Inn—Devil's
Staircase—Glen Goe.*

FROM Kenmore to Killin, it is sixteen miles. The south road is somewhat more than the north; both are hilly, and include a great variety of scenery, and rich too throughout. About the midway of the lake, the huge Ben Lawers raises its craggy head, with verdant sides; and Benmore, with its two pointed tops, high above its neighbours, is seen in the utmost distance.

At Killin, it is said, the bones of Fingall are deposited; and I was told also, that Lord Breadalbane had had the ground, about the supposed grave, thoroughly examined without success, as to the finding the bones. The space about the grave looks as if it had been enclosed for a burying ground, and the old kirk of Killin stood near

it. The present church seems by no means of modern erection; the church-yard is in a very romantic situation near the river Lochy, there joining the Tay, and both entering the lake within sight. The Lochy river issues from a glen of that name; which, about Killin, is finely wooded; and through that wood, under a crag, peeps a picturesque ruin of a large castle, once inhabited by the Breadalbanes. Both the rivers Lyon and Lochy, take their source from some small lakes, and the high mountains, which tower to the north of Tyndrum, and near it, on the right of the road, from thence to Fort William. I had on a former visit to Killin seen some part of it, but Glen Lochy I had not entered. I ascended, by the Manse, a very steep hill, hanging over the winding road from Killin to the bridge over the Lochy, leading to Taymouth; and as I had heard there is a tolerable fall of the Lochy above, at no great distance, I descended the precipitate side of the mountain, very near the bridge, where I found a Highland town, and all hands busy at housing hay; which they were carrying from every quarter of that verdant, smiling district. The crops of hay seemed abundant; but this must be a backward climate, as it was then the 9th of

September; much later than at Appneydow (only twenty miles distant to the east of Killin), where, a few days before, they were busy in corn-harvest. As I was creeping down the crag side, the children and women came to the doors to gaze at a fearless female stranger, scrambling alone amongst the crags. *Comerie hache* (how do you do), and *la-mah-chuic* (good day to you), were nearly the only Galic words I could say to them; but here, as well as in all the other sequestered Highland glens, English is in some degree spoken. As I have a great passion for water falls, I wished to reach that of the Lochy, but knowing distances in Scotland to be often misrepresented, I much doubted the accomplishment of my desire. The Scotch wee bit is nearly equal to their mile, and a mile with them is almost double the distance of an English measured mile. However, I enquired at the village, and was told it was not so much as one mile; nearly which I walked, and met a man with a cart loaded with hay; the driver told me he believed it might be a mile and a wee bit; another Highlandman soon came in my way. "How far is it to the fall of the Lochy?" "I ca'nae say, but it maun be twa miles or mair." I still advanced, not from any further idea of

reaching the fall, but to take a nearer view of a house prettily situated before me. The evening was closing fast, when meeting a woman, I had the curiosity to question her about the distance to the fall. She could scarcely understand me; but by words and signs she, as I suppose, at last comprehended I meant the fall of the river; for she shook her head and said, “mony miles; it maun be pick mirk ere ye’s gate at the fa’!” I then totally abandoned my project, and turned about; but I could hold no converse to signify with the *gude* wife, who soon left me to my own thoughts, which naturally turned to the impossibility of getting at facts, such as they really are. It was dark when I re-entered the inn, where my servants began to wonder what was become of me; but seeing me go towards the Manse, they fancied I had therein found another good clergyman like Mr. Mackay, of Glen Lyon, who, in like manner, might be regaling me with the wonders of Killin.

The Lin at Killin is very striking, curious, and very uncommon. The Tay advances to it from Glen Dochart, and widens to a very considerable breadth as it approaches Killin; which is a row of small houses, facing the Lin; the road only between it and the houses. The broad bed

of the river is there choaked up by large masses of rock lying one upon another, in every kind of form and direction. These fragments of rocks have been most of them, at least, washed thither by floods, and in a course of years have collected soil that has cemented many of them together, forming rough islands, covered with beautiful bushes, and trees of no great size; but starting from every crevice, branching and weeping over the rocks, in a style that delights the eye. Two small bridges, from rock to rock (but not in a line), lead from the south to the north side of the river. Just at the bridges the river is divided by the head of a small rocky high-banked island. This nook is the terra firma between the bridges; against which, and the rocks before it, and at the arches of the bridges, the water dashes, foams, and roars to such a degree, that it is scarcely possible to hear the sound of a human voice, close at the ear. I wonder the inhabitants of Killin are not all deaf (like those who are employed in iron and copper works), from the loud and never-ceasing noise of the rushing waters. Standing on either of the romantic bridges, the scene around is prodigiously grand, awful, and striking. To the west, is the river winding from a narrow

opening, between green mountains and crags, rising almost perpendicularly from the margin of it. The observer is in the midst of the Lin, at least fifty yards in breadth, surrounded by its flat, and very irregular bed of rocks, partially covered with weeping trees, and branching underwood, with loud white reeking cascades and torrents, dashing in every direction; altogether forming a picture, not to be imagined, unseen. To the east, in front, is the abovementioned island; to which is a communication from the rocks forming the piles on which the bridges rest, and this communication is a narrow slip of rock, covered with grass: the entrance to the island is closed by a gate, kept fastened by the owner of it. Round the rocky base of this island the Tay dashes furiously, both on the north and south side of it, until it is again united at the end of the island. There are, besides the row abovementioned, clusters of houses on the south and north shore, with a road before each, leading to Taymouth. The opening from the bridges to the lake, is concealed from the eye by the church, the inn, the winding towering mountains on the sides, and the thick wood at the bases, filling the

whole space, and hiding the courses of the rivers towards the soft bosom of the lake.

I had a strong desire to go upon the forbidden island, but bars and locks denied me entrance. It is entirely covered with fir trees, whose dark hue casts a solemn shade over a burying place erected in the middle of the island, and railed round with iron. It belongs to a Highland chief hard by, who once, on laying his pretensions and possessions at the feet of a fair lady, whom he courted for his bride, told her, as an *irresistible charm*, that he had the most beautiful burying-ground in the world. Whether the lady preferred beauties she could enjoy in life, to those offered her after death, I cannot say, but the chief was not accepted; nor has he ever worn the chains of matrimony, though he has added to his family thirty-two children.

After quitting Killing, the road is for a mile or two close by the Tay, flowing quietly on, and then turns up a very steep hill to join the road from Loch Earn Head towards Fort William. All roads, in such mountainous regions, are continually torn away by violent torrents, and require constant repair. The road between

Killin and Tyndrum was, in 1796, getting a very thorough repair; and at the unsound parts of the moors, they were turning it; forming arches in some places, and levelling others, so that by this time, that drive of eighteen miles may be as fine a road as any in the Highlands.

Glen Dochart is a region of mountains, moor, and water, till near, and at the head of it, though all the way the banks of the Tay, at the bases of the mountains, are mostly ornamented with wood, and now and then gentlemen's houses; but the forms of the smaller hills, hanging over Loch Dochart, the verdure, in short, the whole is enchanting. On the south bank of the lake, the huge sides of Benmore give great majesty and solemnity to the scene. The islands in the lake are extremely picturesque, particularly the one that is formed by a large rock, covered with wood, through which a ruin is seen. All the surrounding objects conspire to make the small Loch Dochart, a view of the sublime and beautiful united. Towards Tyndrum, as Glen Fillan opens, the general scene changes to an appearance of higher mountains (except Benmore), and to a bare wilderness, in comparison of the head of Loch Dochart. The district to the west of Loch Dochart, takes

the name of Strath Fillan; the river also, which flows through the Strath there, bears the name of Fillan. The mountains are by no means so verdant as those I left behind me in Glen Dochart. The flat country, however, between them produces oats, barley, and coarse meadow grass; mixed with a pretty large portion of rushes; but as I drove near to Tyndrum, nothing was to be seen there but brown bare mountains, their sides broken by torrents and numberless springs, which render every yard upon them a bog, except the road, which is secured from their ravages. At Tyndrum inn the road branches in a triangle. To the east, is the road I came, towards Taymouth and Loch Earn Head; to the west, towards Dalmally, Oban, and Inveraray; to the north, up an excessive narrow opening, overhung by prodigious crags, is the road to Fort William. The inn at Tyndrum is reckoned to be on one of the highest spots on which any house stands in Scotland; and yet at it, it seems in a hollow. All things go by comparison; so when I looked at the mountains around me, the spot whereon the inn is built, appeared low. Innumerable torrents and springs rise in every direction at Tyndrum; and within half a mile of the house,

the two branches forming the river Tay, have their source. The one rises in the mountains facing the inn, the other in those to the north, at the back of the inn, and rolls round two sides of it, almost close to the door, and is called the Fillan water; over which is a pretty simple bridge leading to the west and north roads. Within sight of the house, in the side of a very lofty mountain, is a very fine lead mine, and the ore extremely pure. The mountains in which the Fillan rises must have a great quantity of sulphur in them, as that water turns the stones over which it falls, of a green colour. There is little to be seen or to admire at Tyndrum: the landlord, however, wished me to see a holy well near Strath Fillan kirk, whose water, he told me, cured every disease but that of the purse. My head was more full of the virtues of the well, than the wit of the inn-keeper; and concluding, as he pronounced the words, that the disease of the purse was a Galic name for some malady, I simply asked what it meant in English? "Money, madam; it will not cure the want of that." The water of Fillan holy well must needs be a radical cure for madness, in the way it is there administered for that disease. The poor creature thus

afflicted is dipped in the well, and afterwards tied (I believe naked) in the kirk hard by, and there left alone all night. If the saint comes and unties the poor object, and in the morning he or she be found loose, they are pronounced cured. I should imagine death, and no saint, in most instances, must break the cords of life, and thus release those unhappy sufferers. The inn at Tyn-drum is a tolerable one for so desolate a place: when I was there, I was very fortunate in having arrived early in the afternoon, before a most violent stormy rainy night came on, and such a crowd entered, that at last every corner in the house, and out-houses too, was crammed. There is one large room, with two beds in it, shut up in cupboards; but as they roll out, I took possession of one of them, and had it drawn to the middle of the room, reserving the other for my maid. It happened that Falkirk fair was just over; many of the sellers of black cattle and sheep were on their return to the Western Highlands, and islands, and began to fill the inn. The rain and wind were excessive, and the night so dark, that it was impossible to see. In this dreadful weather, nothing but rap, rap, at the door. "Who comes?" was the frequent question: "Drovers;

madam." This continued till the house was in a perfect uproar: my servants could not get a place to put their heads in. My man took his sleep in the carriage; and the poor horses were almost crushed to death in the stables. About eleven o'clock at night, in this dreadful storm, two chaises had found their way to the door; the horses were knocked up, starved with hunger, and half drowned. The ladies and gentlemen in the carriages had been misinformed; they had come from Loch Earn Head, and concluded they should find entertainment and rest for themselves and horses at one of the huts or inns, as they are called, on the Moor, at the base of Benmore; but when they came there, to their sorrow, they could get nothing for themselves or horses, and were obliged to creep on to Tyndrum, which made them so late. At first, they were told at Tyndrum, that neither they nor their horses could have the least room; but as the beasts could not stir a step further, and the night was so dark, the drovers crowded together, and gave up a very small bed room. When I learnt the situation of these travellers, I sent the landlady to inform the ladies they should be welcome to one of the beds in my room; but they had settled the gentle-

men amongst the drovers, and had kept the small room for themselves. . I mention this circumstance, to caution travellers never to depend upon the two dreadful huts on the Moor in Glen Dochart.

I much wished to see the Glen, which was the seat of the sad massacre in King William's time, and for which that monarch has been severely censured; but in all probability he knew nothing of the matter, as throughout, it has the resemblance of private pique, cloaked in public punishment. One would think the name of the district was prophetic, for Coe signifies lamentation.

The Earl of Breadalbane having been grievously thwarted in a favorite scheme, by Macdonald of Glen Coe; he was determined to wreak his vengeance on him the first opportunity that offered. To be sure, Macdonald's motive for frustrating the earl's intentions arose from a private circumstance, which ought not to have been confounded with matters wherein the public weal was concerned.

King William had, by proclamation, offered an indemnity to all those who had been in arms against him, provided they submitted and took the oaths by a certain day; with a denunciation

of military execution against those who should hold out after the end of December. Macdonald went to Fort William the last day of that month, and desired that the oaths might be tendered to him; but the governor of that fortress, being no civil magistrate, refused to administer them, and Macdonald immediately set out for Inveraray, though the ground was covered with snow, and the weather intensely cold. He travelled with such diligence, that the term prescribed by the proclamation was but one day elapsed when he reached the place. Sir Colin Campbell, sheriff of the county, in consideration of Macdonald's disappointment at Fort William, administered the oaths to him and his adherents: then they returned to Glen Coe, in full confidence of being protected by the government to which they had submitted. Breadalbane had grievously misrepresented Macdonald as an incorrigible rebel and ruffian, and declared he had paid no attention to the proclamation. In consequence of such representations, an order was signed to extirpate Macdonald, with his family and dependants; and particular directions were sent to put all the inhabitants of Glen Coe to the sword; and to take no prisoners, that the scene might be the more

terrible. In February, Campbell of Glen Lyon, marched into the valley of Glen Coe, with a company of soldiers, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land tax and hearth money: Macdonald asked if they were come as friends or enemies? as friends, was the answer; and the commander promised, upon his honor, that neither he nor his people should in the least be injured. In consequence of this declaration, Campbell and his men were received with the utmost kindness and hospitality; and lived fifteen days with the people in the valley, seemingly in perfect friendship. At length the fatal hour arrived: Campbell and Macdonald having passed the day together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual professions of affection. The younger Macdonalds perceiving the guards doubled, suspected treachery; but the old man would not entertain a doubt of Campbell's sincerity. The young men went forth to make further observations: they overheard the common soldiers say, they liked not the work; that though they would willingly fight the Macdonalds of the Glen fairly in the field, they held it base to murder them in cool blood, but that their officers were answerable for the treachery. At the return of the young

Macdonalds to their father's house, it was in flames; and the old man was shot dead in his wife's arms: and a guest in the house, of another district, who had a protection in his pocket, was also murdered without question. It is said a boy, of eight years old, fell down at Campbell's feet imploring mercy, and offering to serve him for life. Some say a subaltern officer stabbed the boy; others, that Campbell himself took him by the feet and dashed out his brains. The design was to murder all the men under seventy in the valley, amounting to about 200; but as the passes were not sufficiently secured, 160 escaped. After Campbell had finished this murderous deed, he ordered all the houses to be burnt, made a prey of the cattle and all the effects that were found in the vale; and left the women and children without food or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the whole face of the country, at a distance of six Scotch miles from any inhabited place: Most of them from grief, cold, fright, and apprehension of immediate death, perished in the waste before they could receive comfort or assistance.

In order to satisfy my curiosity with respect to Glen Coe, I turned out of my way to go thither

from Tyndrum; particularly as by going that road, I must pass over the Black Mount (a district so called), and near the Devil's Staircase, to get at it. Accordingly I set forwards early in the morning towards King's House. For three or four miles there is nothing between prodigious high bare mountains, but the width of the road, and the Fillan water, which roars down its steep rocky bed, forming in its way several very beautiful falls; not a tree to be seen, but some birch and other branching wood hanging over the precipices to the torrent. The road is very rough and bad, till after the crossing of a bridge over the river Orchy. At the top of the hill from Tyndrum, I arrived at the source of another torrent, taking a different direction from the Fillan; and then I came within sight of Auch, belonging to a Mr. Campbell, one of the Glenfallach family. I was struck with its situation: from the top of the hill I looked down upon the house, built upon a very small plain of grass land, with tremendous hills on every side. The road I was pursuing towards Auch, is on a shelf of vast height above a stream, and that shelf only the width of the carriage, and torn to pieces by the torrents and shivering high mountains on the right: also

continual deep channels, full of huge loose stones brought down in hard rains; and no fence or prop, whatever, to support the loose ground of the precipice (to the water), which quaked at every jolt the carriage made. This is a dangerous as well as an unpleasant pass for a chaise; but a glorious scene soon diverted my attention from every thing that was disagreeable: the morning was misty, and the vapours were floating up the mountain's sides, and incessantly covering and uncovering the summits; but just as I came opposite the house of Auch, the sun was shining, and a conical crag glittered above the clouds, like a cap of diamonds set in a huge socket of the softest grey. Not a breath of mist eclipsed its radiant front, under which the white clouds rolled with rapidity. I had not seen any thing like it, and I was quite in raptures with it. As I crossed the torrent under it by a simple bridge, I peeped amongst the high towering and closely jumbled mountains, amongst which the Lyon and the Lochy rivers take their source. Soon after I crossed the torrent at Auch, forming the Kinglash river, rolling to the Orchy, I came in sight of the mill, and the bridge over the Orchy river; and a dreadful looking zig-zag road over a high brown moun-

tain. This track is the old military road; but the new one, which is easy, winds round the base of it to Loch Tollie, and the inn at Inverounon, close on a river's bank. From Loch Tollie the river Orchy winds its way to the lower part of the Glen of that name, and empties itself into Loch Awe. From Inverounon, the mountains of the Black Mount rise wonderfully high, black, pointed, and craggy. The new road winds up their sides, far easier than General Wade's over the tops of them, and will be a very fine piece of alpine road, when it is completed as far as King's House. The inn of King's House, as I approached it, looked like a dot in the midst of a barren wilderness; surrounded, except to the east, by the most craggy, bare, stupendous mountains that the mind can form an idea of; and the opening at their bases stretching to the east, and Rannoch, is nothing but a dreary, black, boggy moor, the loose soil of which is quite black, broken by pools and small lakes, and very thinly covered, where the water does not remain, with the coarsest brown heath, rushes, and bogs: but there is a crag to the west of the house of a wonderful height, in some degree conical, of grey rock over rock, like scales on an oyster shell, which as the sun shone upon

it, assumed a most beautiful tint, contrasted with the dark russet of every thing beneath it. Few beings, but drovers, take up their quarters at this house; not wholly because of its desolate situation, but because it is very dirty. It is one of the houses government provides; therefore, as the folks who keep it have it rent free, it ought to be made more comfortable for travellers. My mind was bent upon a fascinating pursuit, consequently trifles neither deterred me nor disgusted me. Although I had travelled but eighteen miles, the horses were tired: it was nine or ten miles more to the place I had set my mind upon visiting, and the road bad, so I determined on an eighteen mile's drive in a peat cart, across which was fastened a board by way of seat. As soon as I had taken my short meal, and secured my pig-hole to sleep in, I left my maid to take care of every thing, and mounted the cart: my servant did the same, and away we went. I crossed the small bridge by King's House door, over a stream, which joining other torrents, helps to form the Etive water, which afterwards falls into the lake of that name, and in that country is called Etie. I then turned my face to the west, towards the stupendous mountains which close up the head

of Glen Coe: I never saw such mountains! even the inhabitants of Fort Augustus think nothing of their own mountains, in comparison of the height and wildness of those in Glen Coe, and they have reason for so doing. As I advanced, every succeeding hill seemed more tremendous than those I had passed, and I very soon got into a labyrinth of them. At the foot of the Devil's Staircase begins a dreadfully steep zig-zag, up the front of a mountain, ten times more terrific than the zig-zag on Corryarraick; but as this wicked-named pass, made by General Wade, is superseded by a somewhat easier one, through Glen Coe, I only took a peep at it. Indeed I cannot conceive how any sort of wheel-carriage could ever go up and down it, or even the shelties keep upon their legs. A breed of mules, such as pass the heights about the Andes, should have been procured at the time the Devil's Staircase was in use. Those mules, I have read, sit down on their hind parts, and curl themselves up in a manner so as to slip all the way down the dangerous heights, with safety to themselves and to those upon them. The Highlandman assured me, the descent on the other side of the mountain, called the Devil's Staircase, is beyond comparison more steep,

rough, and dangerous, than what I was looking at. About six miles from King's House I came to the torrent, forming the head of the small water of Coe, where it falls from the mountains in a very fine cataract, into a dark, deep, narrow passage, dashing over and amongst steep rough rocks for at least a mile, till it gets to the small plain in the middle of Glen Coe, where it gently empties itself into a little lake. Just at the cataract at the south-side of the glen, under which the water dashes after its fall, are huge towers upon towers of solid rock, forming a multitude of stages to the greatest height, and all in a drizzling state; which in some degree looked like thousands of icicles, dropping from innumerable points of rocks upon every stage; and forming, from the top to the bottom, one of the most curious sights I ever beheld. In violent rains a cascade must there be formed, so grand and majestic, that I cannot conceive any thing equal to it; except a sudden frost should congeal this grand cascade when tolerably full, and in that state having the sun-shine upon it. These tower-like crags may, perhaps, have lakes in their hollows; springs without number must be every where about them, or they could not weep without ceasing. The constant dripping

has rendered them of a very black and dark green hue, consequently very gloomy. Adjoining this extraordinary weeping mass, is a continued range, of a mile in descent, of other crags equally perpendicular and high; in most of which appear caves and arched passages, with pillars, like the communication from one ile to another, high up in the sides of Gothic cathedrals; also small Gothic-like windows and doors. The whole mass, to an eye below, appears like an immense and inaccessible ruin of the finest architecture, mouldered, defaced, and become uneven by a vast lapse of time, and inclemency of weather, which has variegated its native grey, by ten thousand soft tints, that nothing but time and weather can produce. In a few of the very high hollows I perceived considerable protuberances of something white, like crystal, (and the Highlandman told me they were such) which, when the sun shone upon them, glistened like diamonds. It is under this range of wonderful crags, that the Coe dashes loud, though unseen; at the edge of which birch, alder, mountain ash, nut, and many other small branching trees growing out of the crevices of the rocks, give a degree of softness to this solemn, sublime, gloomy, steep pass. Probably the

weeping of the rocks, and the groans of the water under them, was the original cause of its name, Coe; the signification of which, as I have before mentioned, is lamentation.

The mountains on the north of the Coe are amazingly high; but shivering, and rounder than the opposite range of rocks, and have some verdure about them. There is no space between the south rocks, and the north mountains, but the road down to the flat of the glen twisting and turning round, and between vast projections of the mountains on the right, and the river Coe, under the rocks, on the left.

As I was advancing through this steep narrow pass, I perceived a cavalcade and a small chaise meeting me: such a sight, in such a place, is an event; and to those I was meeting, I and my rustic equipage, must have been a matter of mirth and curiosity, especially to the chief, for it was the lord of the beautiful burying ground at Killin, accompanied by some of his family and fine sons: they were making the best of their way towards King's House. I thought it lucky my maid had taken possession of one of the best sties: at the instant, that was the subject of my cogitations. What the chief and his party thought of me, and

my expedition, I cannot say. He reported, however, from the distance he met me from King's House, that he was sure I could not return thither that night; but he was mistaken.

When I was in Glen Coe, I heartily wished I had been provided to go on to Bellaheulish, where I was told is a striking view of mountain and lake; but it was then out of my power to do so, and I continued my route in Glen Coe, as far as the time before dark would permit. The plain of the glen may be about four miles, with a lake in the middle of it: it now consists of two sheep farms, and there are not more than three or four mean habitations in the glen; and its population is much under thirty persons. As I passed by the spot where old Macdonald and the greatest part of his clan were massacred, I could not help paying the tribute of a sigh for their melancholy fate. To be in friendship one hour, and butchered indiscriminately the next, by those whom they had feasted and caressed, is a tale to shudder at. The spot on which the bloody deed was perpetrated is about the midway of the plain.

When I had walked and carted for about nine miles from King's House, I was with regret obliged, out of compassion for the Highlandman

and shelly, to turn about and retrace my steps; but I did not enter King's House till after dark, and in the rain, which came on soon after I came out of Glen Coe. King's House was full of people, and I made my way to my sty through columns of smoke. This sty was a square room, of about eight feet, with one window and a chimney in it, and a small bedstead nailed in the angle behind the door. Throughout Scotland you will not see a casement, such as are in cottages in England; but the houses have universally sash windows:—be upon your guard when you approach a window in that country, or you may get your hand mashed, or a finger taken off, by the sudden fall of the sash, to which there are no pullies or lines. I speak feelingly on this matter, for at King's House the window was to me very troublesome. The usual prop in Scotland for the sashes is a poker, or hearth broom.

My maid, for her bed, had a shake-down upon chairs: as for me, my eighteen miles carting had made me quite ready for repose. I soon eat my bit of supper, half choked with smoke, and in danger of getting cold by an open window, the damp from the rain pouring in, and my petticoats tucked to my knees for fear of the dirt,

which was half an inch thick on the floor; but notwithstanding all these obstacles to peace and rest, I had no sooner laid my head upon my pillow, than I fell fast asleep, and did not awake till morning. Thanks, however, were due to my little maid for such a comfort, for she was all attention. I was also indebted to my independence in point of linen, blanket, quilt and pillows; perhaps the cart ought not to be forgotten; its exercise certainly had no small share in making me sleep soundly. The next day I retraced my steps to Tyndrum, to pick up my trunk; and as Allen was of opinion we could reach Dalmally that day, I stayed at Tyndrum as short a time as possible, and entered Glen Lochy. Tyndrum is in Perthshire, but on the very border of Argyleshire.

CHAPTER XIII.

*Road from Tyndrum to Inveraray—Glen Lochy—
Glen Orchy—Cruchan Ben—Dalmally Inn—
Loch Awe—Cascade of Loch Etive—Beregoinium—Wild Country between Dalmally and In-
veraray—Loch Fine—Inveraray.*

GLEN Lochy is a very narrow tract; and near its entrance is a small lake, with a quiet river running through the middle of the whole glen; and a range of wonderful lofty green mountains on each side, from which flow torrents not to be counted for number, feeding the lake and river. This glen is eight miles long, and almost uniformly wide, but winding; and produces nothing but sheep pasture; nor did I see any sign of human habitation, not even a sheelin. In a bad day Glen Lochy must appear very dreary; but in sun-shine very pleasant. Unluckily for me it began to overcast, and a degree of mist to rise by the time I drew towards the end of this glen; but notwithstanding the mist, when I came to the spot where I looked down on the beautiful

and grand view of Glen Orchy, I exclaimed, oh! what a Paradise is there. You who read, imagine yourselves just at the end of a drive, of eight miles, between uniform green mountains up to the sky, and emerging at once from this narrow defile, upon a precipice hanging over a very extensive vale, watered by a fine river, and enriched by an abundance of luxuriant wood, and fields of corn and grass, with houses, ruins, and kirks, scattered thickly throughout the glen, which is bounded by mountains of every form and hue; and in the distant front is Loch Awe, thirty miles long, with Cruchan Ben, rising above the clouds in terrific majesty of towering crags, volcanic concaves and points: also other mountains, with verdant tops and woody sides, but not equal either in height or sublimity to Cruchan Ben, whose northern aspect is as terrific, as are its east and southern, sublime and beautiful.

As I advanced to Dalmally, every step delighted me: but, alas! the clouds gathered thick, and a deluge of rain succeeded, which continued with unceasing violence the whole night and the next day.

Had I then been acquainted with the beauties I might have seen in my way to Bun Awe and

Oban, I certainly should have gone thither from Dalmally. I would advise whatever traveller may reach the length of Dalmally, by no means to miss the drive to Oban, about twenty-four miles. The road to Bun Awe, thirteen miles, crosses the beautiful river Orchy, by a bridge opposite to Dalmally inn, and soon climbs the side of Cruchan Ben, encountering innumerable torrents issuing from that gigantic mountain; which on that and the south-side is chiefly covered with wood, at least round its base, and high up its sides. After two miles the road crosses two powerful torrents, high above the Orchy river, and then descends by a precipice to the edge of Loch Awe on the left, having Cruchan still towering to the sky on the right, with numberless torrents rolling down its sides dashing to the lake.

From the eastern side, from where I saw it, the surface of the water near the river Awe appeared to me perfectly smooth; but it falls over a broad bed of rocks with peculiar force and astonishing rapidity, and then roars through a channel of rocks and loose stones until it is lost in Loch Etive. A few short periods of fair weather between the violent storms of rain, gave me an opportunity of seeing perfectly that part of Loch

Awe, where the river Awe runs out of it. From that station the channel of the river seemed narrow; but of such a variety, grandeur, and beauty in the winding scenery about it, that nothing but the eye can take in. The huge masses of mountain of Cruchan Ben and Cruchan Barn, (that is fair) bound the lake and the river to the north-west, and extend from Dalmally to Bun Awe. Nothing can exceed the terrific appearance of that huge craggy mountain facing the north; but on the side of the lake, and the beautiful river, the face of it is indeed *fair*, being covered with wood and verdure. I never shall forget the effect this scene had on me, when I looked at it during some very short cessations of rain. The lake, the islands in it (and there are several, all, except one, covered with wood, through which the rocks peep like ruined castles; and that one is of grass, and a perfect flat of bright verdure, rising just above the level of the water, forming a great contrast to the other islands), the smooth water gliding to the channel of the river; the beautiful and grand banks of mountains, rocks, and wood, and the projecting promontories of crags, retiring in perspective order, round which the broad river rolls till lost to sight, all was to me so enchant

ing, that it is far beyond my power to describe it.

The road to Bun Awe sweeps round the huge base of Cruchan for thirteen miles, sometimes close to the water's edge, at others on a shelf hanging over it, through a continued grove of wood, and adorned by innumerable dashing torrents. Bun Awe is situated near the mouth of the river Awe, where it empties itself into Loch Etive. At some miles to the south of Bun Awe is the ferry, commonly called the Connel Ferry, which, all who go to Fort William by the Appin road, must cross, and it is a carriage road; I am told a tolerable good one. I say told, for alas! I missed it from ignorance of what is there to be seen; and I am in this description come to the Connel Ferry, in order to mention a cascade, as wonderful, if not more so, than any other in the world. Connhuil, signifies the raging flood. This cascade is periodical; for when Loch Etive (which is a salt water lake) is swollen by the spring-tides, it discharges itself in a mighty cataract through a strait, formed by rocks stretching out from either shore. The lake thus increased falls over the precipitate face of the rocks towards the west, from a height of about fifteen feet, with a

noise that astonishes all who hear it; and in some directions it is heard for many miles; while the fishing boats, at the extremities of the eddies, float in perfect smooth water.

On the west-side of Loch Etive, near the road to Appin, are the ruins of the city and castle of Beregonium, formerly the chief city of Scotland.

I now return to my own route towards Inveraray from Dalmally; and as I left the view of Loch Awe, and proceeded on my journey, I drove through a woody district; and the road, from the hard rain, was continually crossed by roaring torrents, and burns swelled to rapid rivers. When I came to the bridge of Cladich, the stream there was so tremendous, that I was apprehensive it would wash away every thing before it. From that bridge the road takes a short turn towards the east, and immediately winds up, and amongst mountains, to a very wild and dreary alpine country. The stream the road lies near, perhaps in dry weather, is little more than a burn; but when I was near it, and in a violent rain, it was roaring through its deep channel with prodigious violence, resembling a large river: indeed the whole was a scene of wild mountains,

and deep dark glens, covered with foaming torrents as far as the eye could see. At the top of the hills, between Loch Awe and Inveraray, I perceived many grand cataracts; but one above the rest struck me with astonishment; it is the river I had crossed at Cladich, amongst the mountains, at least three miles from the road. I discovered it by its noise, and even at the distance of three miles it was prodigiously fine; what then must it be when near to it? I never in my life experienced such a day of rain; it was as though every floodgate, both above and below, was opened to deluge the earth; and during the whole of the fifteen miles between Dalmally and Inveraray, particularly for the last ten, it was the noise of a constant rushing violent cataract. No sooner had I quitted the torrents running to Loch Awe, than numberless others appeared, gushing from every cliff and from every chasm, rolling from rock to rock to form the river Aray; and as the chaise descended to that river under hanging precipices, down which came every ten yards tearing foaming cataracts, spouting as it were from the sky (so high are the mountains) that the water and spray of them continually dashed against the windows of the carriage, sufficiently to

alarm a timorous mind. It was however to me a grand and awful scene that penetrated my soul; and I had not a drawback from perfect admiration, except the idea of danger and labour for the men and horses. As soon as the road touches the brink of the river Aray, notwithstanding the tremendous mountains on each side of the very narrow glen, the plantations of the Duke of Argyll shade the river, and creep up every mountain to its summit; and for the three miles before the entrance to Inveraray, the wood is nearly impenetrable on each side the good road leading to that town. About two miles above the Castle I heard the sound of a tremendous cataract; I stopped the carriage and got out; there was then a very short cessation from violent rain; a trifle did not stop me, I therefore followed the noise of rushing water, and came to a wooden bridge across the Aray, resting upon a ledge of rocks, over which the river was foaming with great violence, it being a high flood. I never saw a more picturesque fall: the scenery of wood about it is enchanting; and though it be made very accessible, not the least trace of art is visible, but chaste simplicity is preserved. How it happens that the bridge, slight as it looks to be, is not carried

away by the raging flood, I cannot imagine. As I stood upon it, it absolutely trembled from the violent shocks it incessantly sustained from the dashing foaming river. When once the water has escaped this fretting passage, it winds away most beautifully, bordered by thick wood, to the Duke's pleasure ground, passes very near the Castle, and in front of one of its sides empties itself into Loch Fine; and over it, as it joins the lake, is a beautiful stone bridge. There is also another bridge over the Aray, on the north-side of the Castle, of one arch, and a very fine bridge it is, of dark grey stone; it is called Few's bridge. About half a mile above that bridge is a mill, close on the Aray, and by it a very picturesque fall; but not any thing like so grand as the one under the wooden bridge above. The ground around this mill is part of the Duke's farm; indeed he holds almost all the land about Inveraray in his own hands, as I was told, amounting to about two thousand pounds a year.

Very little corn is cultivated in that part of the country; its produce chiefly consists of grass and sheep pasture. The small glens are extremely productive, particularly Glen Shyra; but, alas!

the climate is so wet, that the abundant crops of grass cannot, out of doors, be made into hay. To obviate this inconvenience, the duke has erected, from his own plans, barns, into which the grass, as soon as it is cut, is carried and there dried. These barns are very ornamental, as well as extremely useful; for they appear like so many noble castles, resembling in colour the inhabited mansion, with Gothic exteriors. Those parts of the barns which could not be built castle-like, are painted so as to complete the resemblance.

Inveraray, to me, is the noblest place in Scotland; but the climate of it is dreadful. I asked a lady if the streets were ever perfectly dry? She answered me, *never*; nor is there a bit of fresh meat to be got in the town during the whole winter. Salted beef, mutton, and herrings, are constantly prepared for the stock of food during that season; for there is not a fresh joint of any meat to be had for love or money. The duke, of course, has every thing he wishes; for having so much ground in his hands, he can kill from his own stock. At Inveraray the herring fishery begins about July, and lasts till November: the

herrings caught there are the finest I ever before either saw or tasted, and are often so cheap, that six score fish may be bought for sixpence.

The approach from Dalnally to Inveraray, is by no means so striking as that from Dumbarton. The castle and town are situated on the banks of a broad bay, on the north-west side of Loch Fine; and coming from the head of the lake, about five miles, the road turns short round a promontory, and the eye of a stranger is on a sudden presented with one of the grandest scenes that can be produced in nature. To the south-west, the broad surface of the lake sweeps away as far as the eye can see, skirted by mountains of every hue and form; some craggy and bare, others verdant to the tops, with small wooded glens running between them. The range on the west shore is so entirely covered with trees, that little else of the mountains, except now and then a craggy summit, is to be seen. The eye of the traveller at this turn is directed to the north-west. The broad salt lake is the immediate front, with two fine bridges at a considerable distance; the one over the Shyra, running from the glen of that name, the other over the Aray; beyond which is seen the Castle, constructed of dark bluish-looking

stone. Its form is a quadrangle, with four round towers at the corners ; the four sides of the fabric nearly resemble each other, with battlements upon the whole. All the windows, both in the towers and the sides, are large, and have Gothic tops to them. The roof may be said to be flat; on the centre of which rises another quadrangle of less dimensions, having two rows of battlements upon the top of it, and like the lower part of the Castle, it has on every side of it large windows, with Gothic tops to them, serving for sky-lights to the hall and staircases. The castle stands about a quarter of a mile from the lake, on an extensive lawn (rising gradually from the Aray Bridge), of great variety of ground of the richest verdure, with very fine timber trees of different sorts scattered charmingly over it; some single, others clustered; and groups of sheep greatly adding to the beauty of the scene. Rising from the Castle (to the traveller's eye on the right), is the lofty Dunacquaich; thick wood creeping nearly to its summit. Its shape is very uncommon; and being planted with a great variety of trees and shrubs, the tints on its sides are very striking. Towards the top of it some crags peep between the brush wood, gorse, and broom, form-

ing a picturesque contrast with the foliage, and the verdant grass-cap, which covers the summit, on which stands a watch tower. The river Aray, with an abundance of fine trees, surround its base. Behind, and on the left of the Castle, piles of mountains of all hues, shapes, and heights, seem to form an impassable barrier, both to screen and to guard it from attacks, either of the boisterous elements, or the wild encroachments of man. To the traveller, on the opposite side of the loch, the white walls of Inveraray town appear along the shore; and in the time of the herring fishery, innumerable vessels and boats crowd the bay, and many are drawn on the beach before the houses. The inn, and its large arched gateway, is conspicuous, backed by wood and avenues of very ancient trees and high mountains, all finely planted, forming a part of the noble chain before-mentioned, on the west of the lake.

From the spot where I have stopped the stranger, Glen Shyra is little seen: the grand avenue of fine trees at its entrance, and an opening between mountains, denote its situation; but the wood is too thick to admit of the glen being seen until within it. It contains a small lake, and the river Shyra running through it. This

glen is very productive, and its boundary hills are well clothed with wood. The Hay Castle too, in it, is a fine object. The bridge over the Shyra river, at its entrance into Loch Fine, is somewhat in the style of Wade's bridge in Appneydow, but without its spires.

In the road towards the bridge over the Douglas river, are oak, ash, beech, and other trees, as fine and large (if not more so), as any I have ever seen in my life; even were those in the parks of Hagley and Burleigh to come forward and claim a pre-eminence.

There is a beautiful drive from Inveraray to a romantic bridge of one arch, over the river Douglas;—the mill close to it—the trees weeping, and ivy creeping about it, and the rocks around, render this spot very picturesque. There are two roads to this delightful scenery; one on each side the Douglas river, and I know not which is the most charming.

It is said that Inveraray Castle is a heavy building; it may be so; but it corresponds so well with the scene in which it is placed, that the sublime effect of the whole would be lessened, were the Castle any other than it is.

There is a strong character in the jagged

mountain tops of this part of Argyleshire, and particularly around Inveraray and Aroquhar. It is an odd idea, but a true one, that most of the high crags seem like huge giants' heads laid flat, with their faces uppermost; the points forming a forehead, nose, and chin of a huge old man.

CHAPTER XIV.

*Cairndow Inn—Ardinglass—Glen Kinglass—Pass
over Rest-and-be-Thankful—Glen Croe—Loch
Long—Aroquhar Inn—Loch Lomond—Ben
Lomond—Luss—Dumbarton.*

I QUITTED my kind host and hostess at Inveraray with great regret, for nothing could exceed the attentions of Captain and Mrs. Graham; nor can I forget the pleasant hours made so, by the good temper and never-ceasing cheerfulness of Mrs. Haswell.

When I turned the corner that screened me from the enchanting scene of Inveraray, I really was cast down, and the rain that came on did not raise my spirits. I crossed the river Fine at the head of the lake, and soon arrived at Cairndow inn, where, according to my usual custom, I eat my dinner in the chaise; the rain pouring all the time. I was near a very pretty place called Ardinglass, where is a new modern house just then finished, situated at the foot of Glen Kinglass, with the river of that name falling in gentle

cataracts, and winding round it. The head of Loch Fine is in front of the house, with tremendous mountains all around, which, in wet weather, foam with high torrents not to be numbered.

At leaving Cairndow, the road leads up a steep hill, on the margin of the Kinglass river, and immediately enters that narrow glen. At its entrance there is some wood; but within a mile of Ardinglass, not a tree is to be seen. The river and the road occupy the middle of the glen, and nearly fill the space between the wonderful mountains on each side of it; and notwithstanding broken pieces of rocks are thickly scattered throughout, it is sufficiently covered with verdure to afford good sheep pasture. This glen is of some length, and the head of it runs towards the head of Loch Lomond; to which, however, from Glen Kinglass, there is only a foot way. The carriage road in Glen Kinglass runs through it for about three miles and a half, then leaves the river and the glen, and turns to the right up one of the most formidable as well as most gloomy passes in the Highlands, amongst such black, bare, craggy, tremendous mountains, as must shake the nerves of every timorous person, particularly if it be a rainy day. And when is there

a day in the year free from rain, in Glèn Croe? and on the hill called, "Rest-and-be-Thankful?" no day; no not one! So says the Argyleshire almanack. As soon as I crossed the river Kinglass, and quitted that glen, I got out of the chaise, for then it became somewhat fair above, and turned my steps to the steep of the mountain: a torrent rolled on my right, towering black crags were to my left, and, at a short distance, a broad roaring cataract faced me, dashing over the huge masses of rock, which every where crowd this mountain hollow. For although I had ascended a tremendous steep mountain for about three-quarters of a mile, I still found myself in a hollow, with rough, black, and craggy rocks, prodigiously high above me, in every form and direction, streaming with never-ceasing springs, and striped with numberless white torrents. Some of the crags on the hollow top of this mountain, hang so concave over the pass as to present a scene of awful darkness; and there is a small lake in this mountain gap, so shaded by the black crags hanging over it, that the water of it appears to be really black. Advancing through this rough and craggy pass, I came to the edge of it, looking down into Glèn Croe. Whether I looked around

me, or in front to the glen, all was a scene of wildness that no pen can describe. It was sufficient to strike a timid mind with horror—to fill a contemplative one with wonder and amazement, leading reflection to the Omnipotence that produced it. An infinity of towering, convex, concave, and pointed tops of mountains surrounded me, and rose high above me; black, rough, and dripping. I then stood on the edge of an amazing rough eminence, hanging over a zig-zag road (of at least a mile) down to the glen. Cataracts dashing in every direction, by the road, across the road, and bursting from every cliff and chasm on every side. A river runs swiftly through the middle of the glen, with the road close to it; and there are rough mountains to the sky on each side of it, with tremendous gaps in the rocks, and huge loose pieces scattered thickly over the bare glen. One or two solitary huts are seen on the margin of the water, and some patches of verdure peep through the pieces of rocks, and creep up the mountains, wherever a small portion of soil is collected, producing a very scanty pasture for the sheep, seen hanging about the crags, diminished by distance to the size of Scotch caraway comfits. This spot looks as if it had been

abandoned by Providence ; and the cause of its desolation seems to have been a hard shower of black rocks, poured upon it from the surrounding masses ; and although the fragments lie almost as thick as hailstones, yet not visibly have these mountains been decreased either in height or in bulk. This glen, when viewed from above, or within it, seems as if it were the *ne plus ultra* of all things ; but wild as it is, Glen Croc, as well as Glen Coe, has charms for me, and I was sorry to lose sight of it. Had not night and rain been coming on, I should have loitered in this uncommonly wild region.

The reason why the hill above described, as well as the pass, is called "Rest-and-be-Thankful," is as follows.—In the year 1746, the 24th regiment, Lord Ancram Colonel, and Duroure Major of it, being employed in making that road to Inveraray, as I have been informed by a good friend of mine, who was a young Lieutenant in that regiment ; when they had completed the zig-zag to the top of the hill, they set up a stone like a tombstone, under a black rock, and engraved thereon the words, "rest and be thankful." The stone is still there, though not under a black rock ; but it is raised upon a broken bank, and

now contains, in addition to the old inscription of the 24th regiment, "repaired by the 23d regiment, in 1768."

The military roads made by General Wade, previous to that over Rest-and-be-Thankful, inspected by Lord Ancram, were of great utility to the Highland part of Scotland, as they formed an access, by land, to the western Highlands, through regions before excluded from, and almost unknown to the other parts of the country. The inhabitants of the mountainous districts through which the military roads ran, before Wade's time, had little communication with mankind beyond the confined limits of their respective glens; and when that General made his appearance amongst them in his coach with six horses (he was the first person who drove a carriage over Corryarraick, and in other roads his soldiers had made), they crowded about it, paying the utmost respect and reverence to the drivers, but took no notice of the General and his friends in the coach, taking them to be baggage; and the postillions, coachman, and out-riders, as the only proper objects of their attention and bows.

The road out of Glen Croe towards Loch

Long, is very narrow and winding, amongst rough rocks, by the river's side, running from the glen to that salt water lake. As soon as the road joins Loch Long, it runs close by it on the north-west bank of it, under vast mountains towards its head, for near two miles from the descent out of Glen Croe. Soon after turning the head of the lake, the neat inn of Aroquhar will be found, facing the loch, and at the distance of about thirty yards from it. The house is a new one, and became an inn chiefly for the accommodation of the Duke of Argyle in going to Roseneath, another beautiful seat belonging to that nobleman. Travellers, who have neither time nor inclination to go farther than to see the beauties of Loch Lomond, should, from Dumbarton, sleep at Aroquhar instead of Luss; and as the distance is only two stages, they may, while the horses are resting at Luss, sail upon the lake, see the islands, &c. and still get to Aroquhar in one day. They would by that route see almost the whole of the beauties of Loch Lomond, and the next day return to Dumbarton by Roseneath; by which means they would also see great part of the beautiful scenery about Loch

Long, Loch Gare, with the broad mouth of the Clyde opposite Greenoch, and continue by that river to Dumbarton.

From Cairndow, a chaise containing three German gentlemen preceded mine, and in walking out of Glen Croe I overtook them on foot. Human beings, in solitary tracts, soon become acquainted, and human beings meeting by chance in Glen Croe, is an event too rare to be passed unnoticed; I therefore soon learnt, according to the Highland curiosity, who they were, whence they came, and whither going. They had been in the island of Staffa, and were returning to London by Edinburgh. The two carriages arrived at the Aroquhar inn in torrents of rain; but as the German gentlemen had permitted their servant, who was on horseback, to secure rooms for me, as well as for his masters, I soon made myself at home, notwithstanding the Germans requested to share my parlour, as other company required theirs. The next day was so very adverse for moving, or seeing through the fog which accompanied the torrents of rain, that we were all weather-bound at Aroquhar. I ventured out on the beach of the lake for a quarter of an hour, but the wind was too high to stand it

longer, and the mist too thick to see any thing, except imperfectly; some black crags, and torrents raging down their sides, making themselves visible by their whiteness and noise. The second evening that I was at Aroquhar, the weather became dreadful by rain, wind, and darkness, when a chaise stopped, containing a gentleman, his wife, and two young ladies. I opened my parlour to consult if room could be made, but it was not to be done; there was not even a shake-down to be had, as three of them were to be spread upon the carpet of the parlour I was in, after I should retire, for folks who had been in the inn all day. To see these strangers turned out was lamentable; and in such a night too! but as Tarbet inn was only one mile and a half further, by sending lanterns and guides they got safe to it; though they found sad accommodations there. I had the next day the pleasure of seeing this party at Luss, and dined with them at Dumbarton; when I learnt from them, that in the most dreary part of Glen Croe, they came up to a man whose horse had just dropped; that they did all they could to assist him, but to no effect. The horse was dying; and the man had taken the saddle upon his own back, and left the beast to die alone. What a

deplorable state was that man in! I suppose he might get to one of the huts in Glen Croe. To walk to Cairndow was impossible, loaded with the saddle; and in such a storm of rain, and wind, and darkness, into the bargain.

The morning I left Aroquhar was very tolerable; and as much as I could see of the view down Loch Long, it was pleasant and woody. To the head of it, is a cluster of black, jagged, mountains, leading to the head of Loch Lomond, and towering over its western side; these mountains are called the Aroquhar Hills: they are extremely jagged, covered with old men's heads, and very high; but not so huge as Ben Lomond, opposite to them, on the east side of Loch Lomond. From the Aroquhar inn to Tarbet inn (better than a mile), is an opening between mountains, with all sorts of trees; so that it is like a fine grove. This road joins the one on the west side of Loch Lomond, in a right angle at the inn at Tarbet, a single house, exactly opposite to Ben Lomond. The military road, from the junction, continues by the lake's edge to its head, and then goes through Glen Fallach, and joins the Tyndrum road; but it is so out of repair,

that it is dangerous, and impassable for a carriage.

From Tarbet inn is a ferry to a house opposite, at the foot of Ben Lomond, built on purpose by the Duke of Montrose, for the accommodation of those who wish to go to the top of the mountain. A gentleman, I was told, had been waiting a week at Tarbet for a favourable day to ascend, and was on that expedition the day I passed it. As it grew clear enough for me to see the top of that huge mass, I think he would not lose his labour; but on such occasions disappointment is often the case; the country below being seldom to be seen distinctly from such immense heights, even though at starting all appears clear and cloudless.

The drive from Tarbet to Dumbarton, (21 miles) is superlatively beautiful. A few miles south of Tarbet, the road winds up a very steep hill, to a shelf hanging over the glassy lake: from that point, to the east and north, the sublimity of the scene is equal to the beauty of it. It is the narrow part of the lake, bounded by the Aroquhar hills and Ben Lomond, both sweeping precipitately to the water's edge, with rocky,

verdant, and wooded promontories stretching into the lake, and receding one behind the other towards the head of the loch, and finely reflected by the mirror beneath them. The southern view, (from this shelf), over Loch Lomond is enchanting: the vast expanse of the lake, containing at least twenty-four islands, many of them large, and enriched and beautified by wood and rocks, and every thing that can charm the sight. The mountains, the woods on the banks, and the cultivation as the mountains recede from the lake, with the high blue hills in the horizon to the south, all contribute to render this view, in point of beauty, equal to any in nature, when seen in a clear day, with a favourable light.

From the hill just behind Luss, is also a charming view: in short, there is not a step from Aroquhar to Dumbarton, that may not be admired for some charm or other.

The town of Dumbarton has nothing striking in it; there are indeed almost two new towns near it; one on the west bank of the river, and the other on the east, by Balloch Boat, which proves the great increase of trade and population at and near Dumbarton. The rock on which the Castle is erected, is a very great curiosity: how such a

prodigious mass of solid rock, and of great circumference and height, should rear its lofty rough head, and be insular on a perfect flat, without the least rising ground for a mile on any side of it, is very astonishing. To this rock from the town is about three quarters of a mile, to the south; it rises on a peninsula of sand, washed by the Clyde, and the river Leven from Loch Lomond, which empties itself into the Clyde at the base of the rock; at the top of which is a fine view. The Castle, in the light of utility as a defensive fortification, is a mere nothing; though a farcical fuss in time of war is made to gain admittance into it. The sketch book and pencil of such an inoffensive draughtswoman as myself, was, with great solemnity, ordered to be left in custody whilst I walked to the top of the Castle, lest I should run away with the plan of this *important* post of *defence*. I obeyed orders, but laughed in my sleeve at the prohibition of my innocent portfolio.

The drive from Dumbarton to Glasgow is very fine by Clyde's side; but I did not travel it, as I arrived at that city by another road.

Glasgow is amazingly enlarged; I was there eleven years previous to this tour, and I could

hardly believe it possible for a town to be so altered and enlarged as I found it to be in 1796. Its situation is very fine; but the town is like all other great manufacturing trading towns; with inhabitants very rich, saucy, and wicked.

CHAPTER XV.

Bothwell Castle—Hamilton—Clyde River—Stone Biers Force, a grand Fall of the Clyde—Lanerk—Lee Placc—Lee Penny—great Oak Tree—Carstairs House—Boniton—Falls of Clyde, called Boniton Falls, and Corie Lin.—Cotton Works—Borronauld—Cartland Crags—Douglas Mill Inn—Douglas Castle—Elvan Foot—Moffat—Annandale.

I LEFT Glasgow as soon as possible, and proceeded towards Hamilton, stopping at Bothwell Castle, where, by a rich feast of beauty and nature, I forgot the din of Glasgow, its pride, its wealth, and worldly ways; forgot my sleepless night; even hunger too (for I had not breakfasted) gave way to the delight the scenes of Bothwell afforded me. What a lovely walk is that by the river's side! How picturesque the ruin, and the wood! How enchanting the scene from the windows of the house! No drawback, except in a few spots; a little, and but very little of the slime of the Nature dressers, who shave too neatly for

dame Nature's lovely honest face. Smooth lawns, the rose, the pink, the jessamine, the twining honeysuckle, and flower border, are sweet and lovely, but in some instances they are out of place.

Hamilton is a tolerable town. The Duke's palace, on the outside (I did not see the inside of it), is an old, and rather a forlorn-looking mass of building, attached by high walls to the worst end of the town. It stands on a flat; the ground rising, I believe, on every side, and trees and woods every where about it; particularly at Chattelherault, where they are very fine. About one mile after I had passed the palace, I crossed the Avon Water, a considerable river, with a bed full of rocks: all around the bridge over it is beautifully romantic, particularly at a house on the edge of the water, about a quarter of a mile above. Soon after crossing the Avon, the road ascends a rough steep hill, by the side of Duke Hamilton's woods and park pales, which is the road to Douglas Mill, from which the new road, by Clyde's side, to Lanerk, strikes off, and becomes a most beautiful drive, by the river's side all the way. Stone Biers Force is a very grand fall of the river Clyde, within three miles of

Lanerk. The new bridge at the foot of the hill; the town of Lanerk high on the top of it; with the winding river, and noble woods of Boniton to the right; and those about Cartland Craggs, and Lee Place, to the left; form a charming view, as the traveller advances towards the bridge.

Lee Place is ancient and venerable. One of its owners, a Sir William Lockhart, was Ambassador to France for the Republic of England, in Oliver Cromwell's time, and also in Charles the Second's. One of the Lockharts married a niece of Oliver's. There is at Lee a very fine picture of Cromwell, by Vandyke. Lee Place abounds with wood, and trees of all sorts, particularly an oak, which is in circumference, at the root, twenty-one feet three inches; and where the branches begin to expand at the top of the trunk, twenty-three feet. There are three large branches which arise from the trunk, one of them measures nine feet nine inches in circumference, another thirteen feet three inches, the third fourteen feet three inches. It is said to be 150 years since it was discovered that one of its branches had begun to decay, and though it has gone on decaying, still it is only the tops of the large branches that are now in a decayed state. By the tradition of

the Lockhart family, this oak, in 1796, was 750 years old. A larch tree also, at Lee, which was planted when King George the Third was born, measured, in 1782, ten feet four inches in circumference. There is also an avenue called the Velvet Walk, shaded by the finest ash and lime trees I ever saw; their spreading branches form a canopy over the walk, which entirely excludes the rays of the sun. The house is like the surrounding scene, very ancient (though not gloomy), with a face of calm dignity, repose, and quietness, suitable to the venerable aspect of age.

There is at Lee a curiosity of many virtues, called the Lee Penny. The good lady of Lee suffered me to take a copy of its history, which is as follows:

“ That curious piece of antiquity, called the
“ Lee Penny, is a stone of a dark red colour, and
“ triangular shape; and its size about half an
“ inch each side. It is set in a piece of silver
“ coin, which (though much defaced,) by some
“ letters still remaining, is supposed to be a shil-
“ ling of Edward the First. The cross too is
“ very plain on this shilling. It has been, by
“ tradition, in the Lee family since the year 1320,

“ that is, a little after the death of King Robert
“ Bruce ; who ordered his heart to be carried to
“ the Holy Land, there to be buried. It was
“ said, that one of the noble family of Douglas
“ was sent with it, and the crowned heart in his
“ arms, from that circumstance: which is not
“ so; for the person who really did carry the
“ royal heart, was Sir Simond Locard of Lee;
“ who, just about this time, borrowed a large sum
“ of money from Sir William de Lindsey, prior
“ of Ayr, for which he granted a bond of an-
“ nuity of ten pounds of silver, during the life of
“ the said Sir William de Lindsey, out of his
“ (Sir Simond’s) lands of Lee and Cartland.
“ The original bond, dated 1323, and witnessed
“ by the principal nobility of the country, is still
“ remaining amongst the family papers.” (And
a curious bond it is, for I saw it.) “ As ten
“ pounds of silver, to be given annually, was a
“ great sum in those days, the sum granted in
“ lieu of it must have been very large indeed;
“ and it was thought it was borrowed for that
“ expedition to the Holy Land. From Sir
“ Simon being the person who carried the royal
“ heart, he changed his name to Lockheart, as it
“ is sometimes spelt, or Lockhart. Sir Simon

“ having taken a Saracen prince prisoner, his
“ wife came to ransom him; and on counting
“ the money and jewels, a stone fell out of
“ her purse, which she hastily snatched up:
“ this, and her confusion being observed by Sir
“ Simon, he insisted upon having the stone,
“ or else he would not give up his prisoner.
“ Upon this the lady remonstrated, but in vain;
“ and she gave it him, and told him its many
“ virtues; *videlicet*, that it cured all diseases in
“ cattle, and the bite of a mad dog both in man
“ and beast. It is used by dipping the stone in
“ water, which is given to the diseased cattle to
“ drink; and the animals are to have the wounds,
“ or parts infected, washed with the water.
“ There are no words used in the dipping of the
“ stone, nor any money taken by the servants,
“ without incurring the owner's displeasure.
“ Many are the cures said to be performed by it;
“ and people come from all parts of Scotland, and
“ even as far in England as Yorkshire, to get the
“ water in which the stone has been dipped to
“ give to their cattle, especially when ill of the
“ murrain and black-leg.

“ In early times, a complaint was made to the
“ ecclesiastical courts against the then Laird of

“ Lee, Sir James Lockhart, for using witchcraft.”
(A copy of the act of the Glasgow synod I saw; but I was not in the least the wiser for it, for I could not read it.) “ There is no date to the
“ act of the Glasgow ecclesiastical synod on the
“ subject; but from the spelling of it, and the
“ appellant being called Goodman of Raploch, a
“ title then given to the small lairds, and Sir
“ James being the name of the Laird of Lee, it
“ must be as early as 1660.” (The act of the synod was in favour of Sir James, as he was thereby permitted to continue the use of the stone, without the dread of being burnt for a wizard.)

“ It is said, when the plague was at Newcastle
“ upon Tyne, the inhabitants sent for the Lee
“ Penny, and gave a bond for a large sum of
“ money in trust for the loan of the stone; and
“ they thought it did so much good, that they
“ offered to pay the value of the bond if they
“ might keep the Penny; but the laird would not
“ part with it. A copy of this bond is very
“ well attested to have been amongst the family
“ papers; but supposed to have been spoilt, along
“ with many more valuable ones, about the year
“ 1730, by rain getting into the charter-room.

“ during a long minority, and no family residing
 “ at Lee house.

“ The most remarkable cure performed upon
 “ a human being was on the person of Lady
 “ Baird of Saughtenhall, near Edinburgh; who
 “ having been bit by a mad dog, was come to the
 “ length of the hydrophobia; upon which hav-
 “ ing begged that the Lee Penny might be sent
 “ to her house, she used it for some weeks, drink-
 “ ing and bathing in the water it was dipped in,
 “ and was quite recovered. This happened about
 “ the year 1700; and the fact is very well attested
 “ by the Lady of the Laird of Lee at that time;
 “ relating also that she and her husband were en-
 “ tertained at Saughtenhall by Sir — Baird
 “ and his lady for several days in the most sump-
 “ tuous manner, on account of the lady’s recovery
 “ by the Lee Penny.

“ N. B. The Lee Penny has been examined
 “ by a lapidary, and found to be a stone, but of
 “ what kind he could not tell.”

The Lady of Lee, so entertained at Saughtenhall, had not been dead more than thirty years when I saw the Lee Penny. At Lee, I was treated with the utmost politeness by Mrs. Lockhart; and the ceremony of the dipping of the

Penny three times, and the three times twirl in the glass of wine I drank, was performed with all due solemnity; but as neither disease existed, nor faith accompanied the operation, no effect was produced from it. A gentleman in company, though no enthusiast, and who was in the last stage of a consumption, like a drowning person catching at a reed, looked eagerly at his enchanted glass of water; and although his voice laughed at the fable, his heart silently though feebly hoped; I saw it by the turn of his eye as he swallowed the draught: but, alas! on him it had no effect.

During my visit to the amiable family at Gartairs house, I also saw Boniton and its beauties in perfection, both in fine weather and in a flood. The banks of the Clyde, from the cotton works to the Boniton falls, are beyond description sublime and beautiful. The mill at Corie Lin, the ruin of the old house of Corie on the tip of the rocks hanging over the Lin, Wallace's seat at the top of the Lin, the noble masses of projecting rock, the rich wood on every side, with the grand fall of the Lin in the centre, which rolls from a prodigious height, and dashes to a great breadth, altogether form a wonderful effect. The car-

riage stopped under fine single trees, at the entrance of a beautiful wood; the noise of the Lin pointed out the way by a winding path to a very thick part of the wood, facing the Lin, which at once astonishes and delights. Lady Ross has made many judicious cuts in the wood to open the fall. But if her ladyship would make a rough and winding way, scarcely to be seen, or even steps in the rocks, from the first station on her side of the river to the bottom of the fall, I am sure the effect of looking up at the Lin would be wonderfully grand.

Nothing can be more beautiful, romantic, and rich, than the terrace hanging over the river, from the seat opposite the Corie Lin to the square stone stand erected to view the Boniton falls. The masses of rock confining the river on each side; the wood branching, feathering, and hanging over and down them in every form, beautified by the greatest variety of tints; and the river in its deep and narrow bed, rushing furiously amongst broken rocks; in short, it is one of the most enchanting walks of half a mile that can be met with on the face of the earth. The traveller must not be satisfied with viewing the Boniton falls from the square erection, he must

get close to and under those falls ; they are three in one, and very charming. Every part of Boniton is well worth seeing ; the prospects are not of the extensive kind, but they are infinitely delightful to a painter's eye. Were I to break the tenth commandment, most undoubtedly it would be in coveting Lady Ross's house and possessions at Boniton.

The town of Lanerk is sweetly situated ; but all to the east of it, except just on the banks of the Clyde, is wild and dreary. Within half a mile to the north of Lanerk runs the Mouse, a very wild small river : on its banks are many romantic spots, particularly one called Borronauld, close to the Cartland Crag. A neat small house stands in the hollow of a hill, high above the Mouse ; in front, below the dwelling, is a lovely sweep of the river ; over which, at a little distance, is a beautiful simple one-arched bridge of grey stone, so mellowed by the green and yellow tints of time and weather, that it was beautiful. I hope I saved it the torture of a white face-washing. A soft meadow is on the near side of the bridge, and rocks and wood wind on the river's southern bank before and behind the arch. To the left of the house is a rising hill, clothed

with thick wood, through which, one winding path leads to the top of prodigious crags hanging over the Mouse, and another pointing down to the bottom of them; these are Cartland Crags. The river, when I was there, was fortunately low; and the polite owner of Borronauld took the trouble of accompanying one of my amiable young friends and me, through the bed of the river, for about three quarters of a mile. It is impossible to describe the sublimity, beauty, richness, and variety of that spot. We first crossed the river from Borronauld, by stepping from one great piece of rock to another, and landed on the small meadow not far from the bridge, from whence the opening into the crags over the Mouse is wonderfully grand; but as the view of a small part was only increasing my desire to see the whole, we ventured to follow our good guide through the extent of the craggy passage. The rocks on each side, though covered with wood, are too steep and broken, at the edge of the water, to bear a path to be made, or to be preserved if made, by reason of the violence of the water in hard rains; we were therefore obliged to step from stone to stone, in the middle of the water; and at the sides, to creep along, and round the points of

rocks on the margin, where huge flat flakes are continually heaped one upon another, with beautiful trees sprouting naturally from every crevice. Towers of rocks boldly rise to the sky, with chasms and mouths of caves on each side gaping and pouring forth never-ceasing streams. The gay red-berry mountain ash, the alder, maple, thorn, and young oak, creeping up on every side, and brightening the dark recesses that at every ten yards present themselves. In the caves of Cartland Wallace frequently concealed himself from his enemies. There is a great variety of strata in the crags of Cartland; it was autumn when I saw them, and the plants, weeds, and trees, exhibited a rich variety of tints, hanging about the huge masses of ponderous spar, rising to prodigious heights; and as the sun shone on the flakes of them, they resembled the finest blocks of polished red and white marble, ornamented with the most beautiful tints which vegetation in its autumnal pride can bestow. Every turn of the scene (and it is nothing but windings) presents a new and different beauty from the former. I was extremely sorry to quit this charming and enchanting spot, where I knew not what to admire most, the water or its banks. We pursued its course till

we were within sight of the bridge over the Mouse, near its junction with the Clyde; we then climbed up its banks, through the wood, and returned to Borronauld, where we again joined the rest of our good friends of Carstairs; who imagined, by our long absence, that one of us at least had been swallowed up by the Mouse, as we were skipping from rock to rock.

On another day from Carstairs, we visited Douglas Castle, which is in a very unfinished state. It stands low, near a sluggish small river; no view at all from it; but it is shaded by an abundance of fine old and very large trees, particularly ash; on some of which, in times of old, offenders were tucked up without the assistance of either judge or jury. These execution-trees were shewn us within a stone's throw of the castle. There is only the ruin of one round tower remaining of the old castle. It is said that one of the Dutchesses of Douglas set it on fire to get her Duke from it. Had he lived, another castle would have been completely raised on the same spot. The plan of the castle begun, if one may judge from what exists, was intended to be a square, only one side of which is built. Had the whole been finished, it must have been a

prodigious pile, though, by the specimen of what is erected, it could never have been otherwise than heavy, inconvenient, dark, and gloomy. We went up to the top of the castle first; and I never ascended, at once, so many stairs in my life; at least a hundred and fifty. At such a height, there is from the leads rather an extensive view to the west, over the town of Douglas. The round towers at the corners of the building, carried from the bottom to the top, are the pleasantest rooms by far in the castle. There are few spacious apartments, and those gloomy; the passages; and anti-room to them, from the staircase, are totally dark. There is no furniture in the castle, except two beds, and a few pictures, &c. The exhibiter diverted me by her imperfect lesson of the subjects of the pictures. A large modern piece caught our eyes; and we asked, without examining, "What is this?"—"Lord Douglas's picture, with his nurse!" What should this prove, but an emblem of his Lordship's great cause; his head, and Justice at full length trampling upon Discord, &c.—The figure of Justice, the good woman had transformed into that of his Lordship's nurse.

I left Carstairs House on the 10th of October,

1796, with a very heavy heart. So hospitably, and so kindly had I been treated by the whole of that amiable family, that it was with the utmost regret I quitted them.

It was a bad day; snow covered the top of Tinto Hill; and the rain thickened and continued, with some few intervals of fair, till I arrived at Moffat, in the dusk of the evening. Moffat lies at the head of Annandale; which, though wild, possesses many beauties. The Spa, similar to the German Spa, is within a mile of the town. It is tolerably frequented, and is on the side of a hill, with a torrent rushing near it; at the head of which is the cataract called the Grey Mare's Tail. There are vast ranges of high mountains around the head of Annandale, from which rise fine rivers, running in every direction; such as the Clyde, the Tweed, the Yarrow, the Ettrick, the Esk, and the Annan.

During the night which I passed at Moffat it had poured with rain, so that in the morning every torrent was roaring as I pursued my journey, and the rivers had swollen beyond their bounds. At about two miles south of the town of Moffat, I crossed a branch of the Annan by Duncrief House, finely shaded by wood, and the water

dashing furiously close to it. Cornal Tower is on the other side of the water, and is also surrounded by thick wood, at the base of vast mountains. The drive through Annandale is very pleasant, as the river is a very fine one; and is for the most part ornamented by wood and some rocks on its banks, with a great diversity of mountains bounding the vale; but in twelve miles after I left Moffat, I quitted the beautiful Annan river for the dreary road to Lockerby, Ecclefechan Gretna, and Longtown.

T H E E N D .