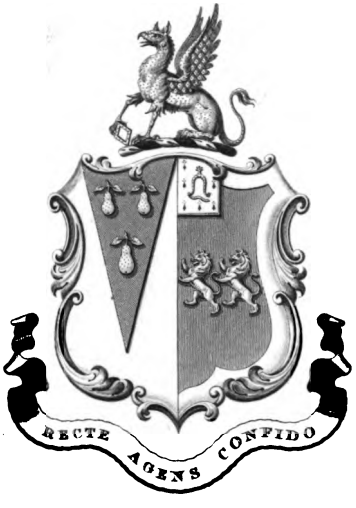

Thomas Aloysius Perry.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

SEVERAL PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

PARTICULARLY

THE HIGH-LANDS

OF

Scotland,

RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO

PICTURESQUE BEAUTY,

MADE IN THE YEAR 1776.

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

THE THIRD EDITION, IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.
1808.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

SECT. XXII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*illuc ferre; nec litore tenus accreſcere, aut reſorberi; ſed influere penitus, atque ambire, etiam jugis atque montibus inſeri, velut in ſuo.**

Some explain this paſſage, as if the ſea would ſometimes cover even the tops of the mountains. Others, among whom is the learned Gronovius,† laying the ſtreſs upon the word *ambire*, and arbitrarily changing *velut in ſuo* into *velut inſulis*, make the ſea, inſtead of covering the mountains in it's rage, only to ſurround them, and form them into iſlands.

Neither of theſe interpretations can well be the hiſtorian's meaning, as they both imply the ſea to be in an agitated ſtate: whereas he had juſt before told us, that theſe ſeas were ſcarce ever known to be agitated. *Pigrum et grave remigantibus perhibent; ne ventis quidem proinde attolli:* and this information he ſeems himſelf to have believed; giving phyſical reaſons, ſuch as they are, to aſcertain it's probability. We are conſtrained therefore to illuſtrate this paſſage in ſome ſenſe excluſive of that dominion of the ſea, which it exerciſes in a ſtorm.

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* In vita Agric.

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

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

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

We

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Having

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SECT. XXIII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* See his note on Iſ. viii. 20.

the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

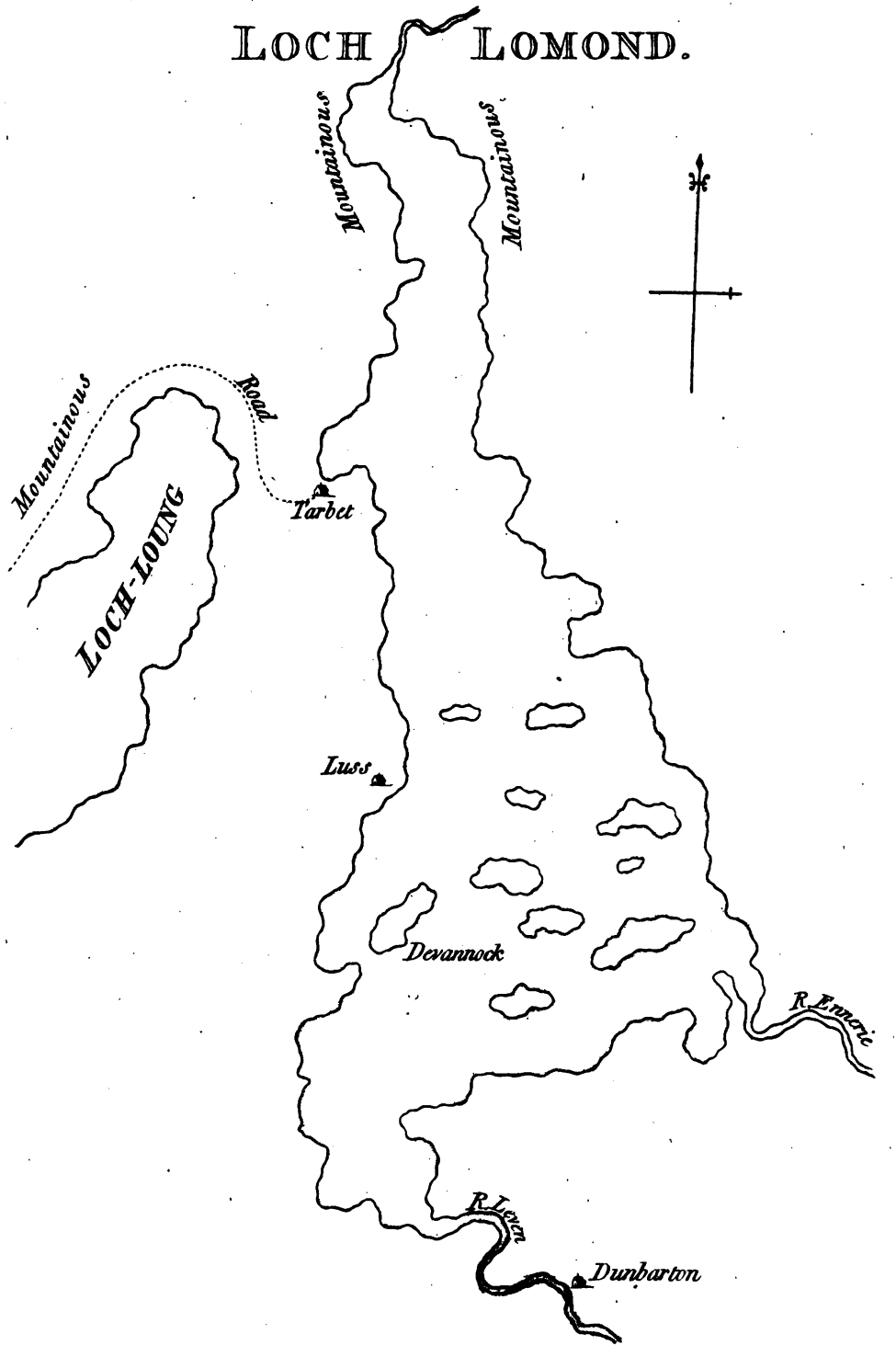
——————————et lumine veſtit
Purpureo * ——————————

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

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

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

SECT.



SECT. XXIV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One of theſe iſlands is obſerved alternately to ſink, and riſe. This is a common ſtory among lakes; and the myſtery of it generally is, that the water, tho it's apparent form is rarely altered, is yet ſometimes ſo high, as to cover an iſland, which happens to be very flat. I have heard however well atteſted ſtories of iſlands, in ſome lakes, that really riſe and ſink. This may poſſibly be owing to fungous earth dilated by vegetation, and detaching itſelf by it's lightneſs from the bottom. As it's vegetation ceaſes, and it becomes of courſe more compreſſed, and more ſaturated with water, it loſes it's buoyancy, and ſinks. The fact I believe is unqueſtioned; but I will not pretend to ſay, that this ſolution accounts ſufficiently for it.

Beſides this, there is another kind of floating iſland, which hath been ſometimes ſeen upon

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

We

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

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

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

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

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

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* Plin. Epiſt. lib. viii. ep. 20.

SECT.

SECT. XXV.

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

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

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

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

delight.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

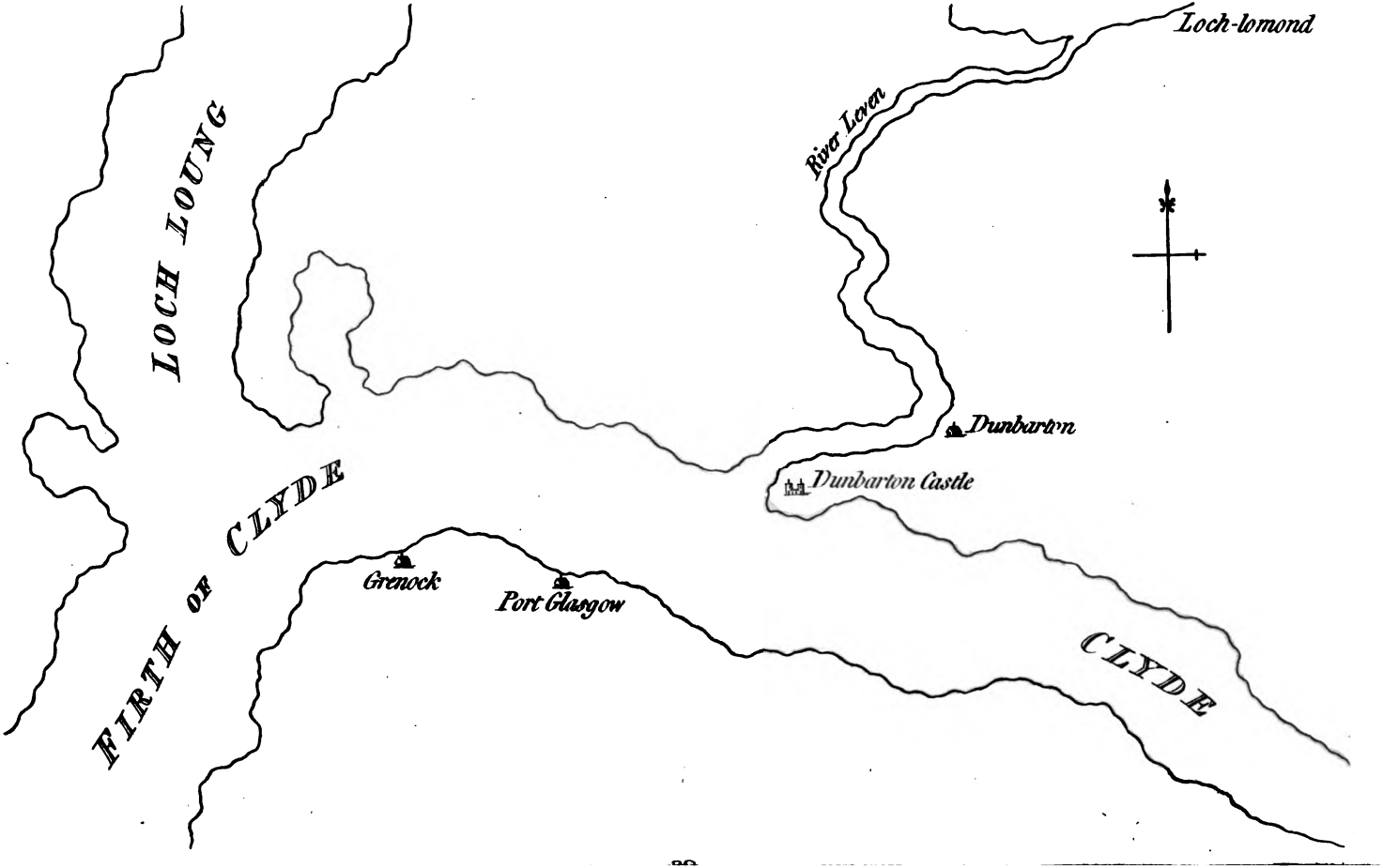
While the waters of the lake were thus agitated, the river Tay, which iſſues from the lake at Kenmore, ran backwards into it with ſo much force, as to leave it's ſhores, and in ſome parts, it's channel, quite dry. It was curious to ſee the weeds, which grow at the bottom, and are ſmoothed by the ſtream,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

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

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

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

SECT.



SECT. XXVI.

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

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

A ſtill

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

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

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

But

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fortreſſes

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SECT. XXVII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Engliſh governor. It afterwards belonged to a man the moſt notoriouſly marked of any, in the annals of Scotland, for the audacity, and ſplendor of his crimes.

Hamilton-houſe, which we ſoon approached, diſappointed us, both in proſpect, and on the ſpot. It had the appearance of one of the moſt diſagreeable places we had ſeen in Scotland — heavy, awkward, and gloomy. From it's form indeed, nothing beautiful could reſult. It is a centre, with two very deep wings tacked to it, at right angles. Nor did we ſee any thing in the ſituation that was pleaſing.

The awkwardneſs of the houſe indeed was an original error, which could not be corrected, without rebuilding: but I am informed, the park, the approach to the houſe, and the whole ſcenery around it, are intirely altered, and improved, ſince theſe obſervations were made. Two winding rivers, the Clyde, and the Avon, flow through the park; of which proper advantage is taken. There is alſo much greater variety of ground about it, than could have been ſuppoſed, before the incumbrances were removed. Advantage alſo has

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

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

ſo

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

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

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

* Now ſent to Ruſſia.

indeed,

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

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

her

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

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

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

as

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

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

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

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

With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.

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

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

Rubens

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

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

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

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

SECT.

SECT. XXVIII.

IN our way to Drumlanrig, which was the next place we propoſed to viſit, we paſſed over vaſt waſtes, and barren tracts; the ſame kind of country we had met with on our entrance into Scotland. But the beauty of the ſcene was greatly altered. We had then grand mountains, which, tho void of furniture, formed pleaſing lines, and contraſts. Here every pictureſque idea was blotted out: and yet the countries were nearly the ſame. A mere accident made all the difference. We ſaw one in ſunſhine, and the other in rain. A diſmal hue was not only thrown over the country; but the eye that ſurveyed it, was put out of humour; and in a habit, if I may ſo ſpeak, of taking offence at every thing.

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

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

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

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

that happened to be vacant. Exercises of every kind he performed with superior excellency. In the field he rode with uncommon grace; and he handled arms of every kind with surprising skill. So that it was difficult to say, whether in the active or sedentary line, he was the more wonderful man.

Thus furnished at home, he travelled abroad for farther improvement. He went to Paris — to Rome — to Venice — to Mantua. But in none of these universities he received any acquisition of knowledge. He had already made every thing his own. Admiration at his skill in arts, in sciences, and arms was all he acquired. In the mean time, he was a companion for all sorts of people. He could be serious, or he could be gay. He could reason with the philosopher; talk with the man of business; or trifle with the ladies: and they who were no judges of his parts, and learning, admired the qualities of his heart, the elegance of his manners; and the beauty of his person. In a word, he acquired in all places the title of the *admirable Crichton*, and under this name he is handed down to posterity.

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

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

In

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

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

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

In

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

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

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

It

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

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

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

if

if they did not think there were plain indications of ore? The men were of a different opinion, and aſſured him, that ſuch appearances were very common; and not in any degree to be truſted. Lothian however ſtill continued picking about, and told the men, he could not be ſatisfied, unleſs they took their tools, and went a little deeper. With ſome reluctance, as being taken from work of more importance, the men complied. But they had no occaſion to go deep. A very few ſtrokes convinced all who were preſent, not only that there was ore; but that the vein was uncommonly rich. The honeſt workmen, joining in the farce, aſked each other with aſtoniſhment, How they could poſſibly work ſo near the place, without diſcovering it? In ſhort, there was a univerſal joy, on all ſides, on having found at length, what they had ſo long ſought in vain.

The mines here, as in all mineral countries, are deſtructive of health. You ſee an infirm frame, and ſqualid looks in moſt of the inhabitants. And yet among the miners of Lead-hill, within theſe ſix years, a man of the name of Taylor, attained the age of one hundred

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

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

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

SECT.

SECT. XXIX.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But ſtill we want

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SECT. XXX.

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

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

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

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

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

This

This delicious ſcene the luxurious herd had choſen for their noon-tide retreat; where we diſcovered them at a diſtance, repoſing on the other ſide of the water. Our guide informed us they were rather ſhy; and inſtructed us to walk on without ſtopping, or paying them any particular attention. We had the pool to walk round; ſo that we had them long in view, before we came near them. As we approached, they roſe and retired gently into the wood; but gave us ſufficient opportunity to examine them. There were two bulls, ſeveral cows, and ſome calves. They were milk-white, except their noſes, ears, and the orbits of their eyes, which were black. Boethius ſpeaks of this breed of cattle, as *boves candidiſſimos; in formâ leonis jubam habentes; cætera manſuetis ſimillimos:* and Polidore Virgil mentions them nearly in the ſame language. *Gignit ſylva Calydonia boves candidos, inſtar leonum jubatos; qui adeo feri ſunt, ut domari non poſſint. Sed quia caro grata palato humano eſt, ferunt omne penè eorum genus extinctum.*

As to their lion-manes we ſaw no ſuch appearance; but indeed we ſaw them in diſhabille, as all cattle are, in their ſleek, ſummer attire.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

duke's tenants. Contrary to the uſual practice of the Scotch nobility, the duke of Queenſberry* grants leaſes of his farms; and has built comfortable houſes for his tenants, through his whole eſtate. Many of them are ranged within ſight of his caſtle, at proper diſtances along the ſides of the hills. If they are not pictureſque, they have a much higher ſpecies of beauty; and adorn a country more than the moſt admired monuments of taſte. Mr. Maxwell, the duke's ſteward, who preſides over all theſe improvements, ſeems to have the intereſt of the lord, and tenant equally at heart. He talks of the munificence of the one, and of the happineſs of the other, with the ſame pleaſure. The Queenſberry-eſtate, he told us, had in nine years, yielded about ſeventy thouſand pounds; out of which ſum the duke had only drawn, for his own private uſe, as he was attached to his ſeat at Ameſbury, about thirty thouſand pounds. All the reſt was ſpent in the country, on works of charity, generoſity, improvement, or of public utility.

* The duke of Queenſberry, here ſpoken of, was the laſt duke.

Among

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

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

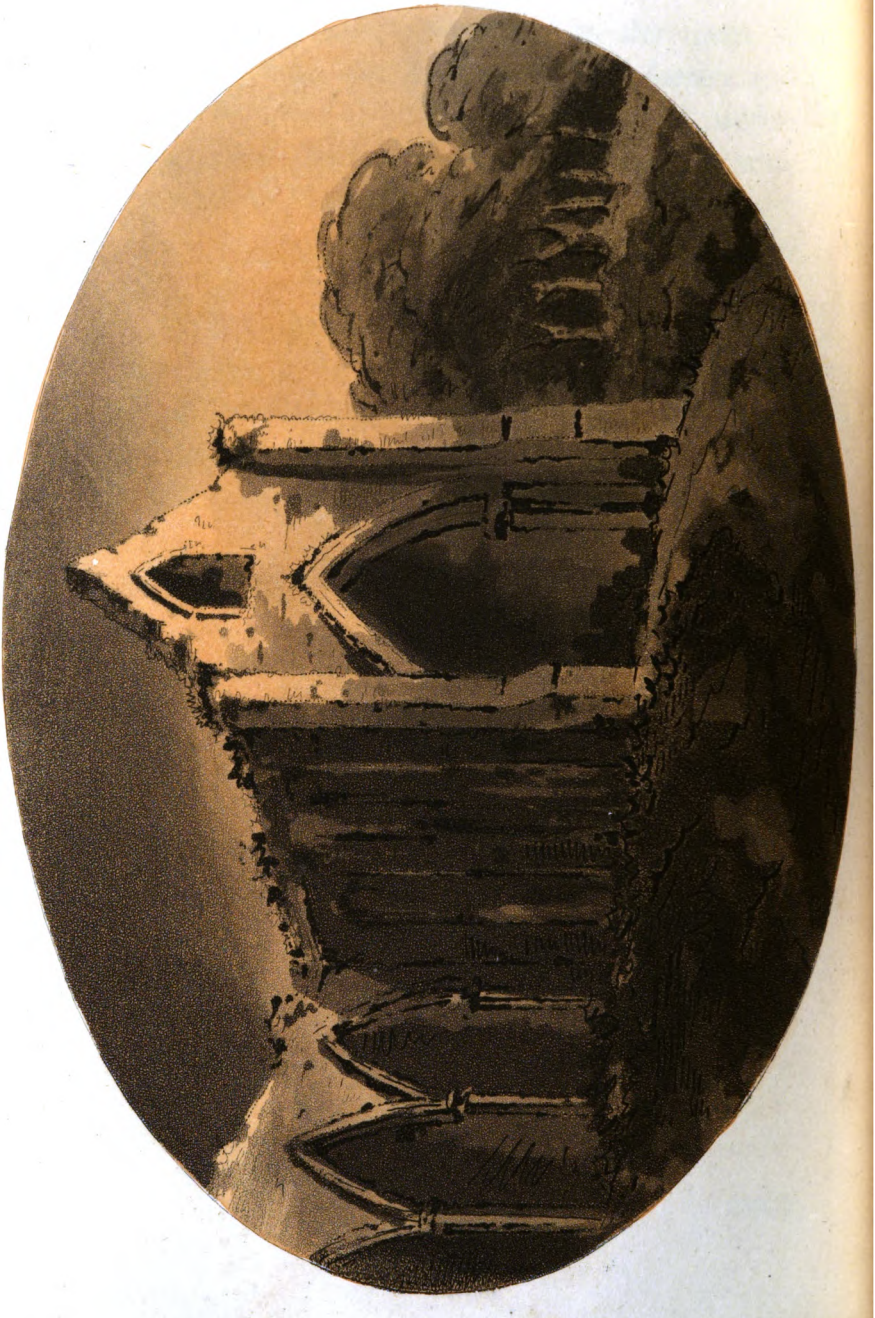
On another hill, in ſight of the houſe, remain ſtill the veſtiges of Tieber's caſtle; originally a Roman ſtation; and long afterwards a fortreſs of conſiderable ſtrength. In the hiſtory of the wars between England and Scotland, it is ſaid to have been one of Edward's ſtrong holds; and to have been taken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

ſeveral

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

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

SECT.



SECT. XXXI.

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

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

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

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

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

view

view of its winding courſe towards Solway-frith.

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

At Dumfries we breakfaſted with Mr. Goldie; with whom one of our party was well acquainted. Of the recovery of this gentleman from a lethargy, we heard afterwards a very aſtoniſhing account. He was a large corpulent man; and the diſorder, under which he had long laboured, had at length gained ſo much upon him, that he would fall aſleep at his meals, with a knife, and fork in his hands. His death indeed was almoſt daily apprehended. The fatal moment, as it appeared, at length arrived. A fit of apoplexy, bereft him of his ſenſes, and of every ſymptom of life. A phyſician attended, and for the ſatisfaction of his friends applied thoſe remedies, which are conſidered commonly as the apparatus only of death. They produced no apparent effect; and his relations, having taken their laſt leave of him, retired. Two ſervants ſat by him; one of whom was employed in ſupporting his dying maſter's head. The man continued about two hours in the ſame poſture: and ſuppoſing it now a uſeleſs office, he complained of the fatigue, and told his fellow-ſervant, he could not well continue it longer. The dying man, almoſt inſtantly recovering with all his ſenſes about him,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

——Vetuere patres, quod non potuere vetare,

is the motto of the place.

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

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

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

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

The,

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

It may not be amiſs, on the concluſion of this tour in Scotland, (which we were obliged to perform, for want of time, in little more than a fortnight) to recapitulate a few of thoſe peculiarities, and ſtriking modes of ſcenery, which this wild country exhibits. A general view of this kind will impreſs more ſtrongly the idea of the ſcenes we have paſſed.——To the obſervations alſo, which have immediately ariſen from ſuch a view, may be added a few other particulars, which we had not an opportunity of introducing before.

SECT.

SECT. XXXII.

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

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

was

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The

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

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

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

* See Anſon's voyage.

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

SECT.

SECT. XXXIII.

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

occaſion to obſerve, form one general rich maſs.

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

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

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

Dr. Johnſon has given us a picture of Scotch landſcape, painted, I am ſorry to ſay, by the hand of peeviſhneſs. It preſents us with all it's defects; but none of it's beauties.

" The hills, ſays he, are almoſt totally covered with dark heath; and even that appears checked in it's growth. What is not heath is nakedneſs; a little diverſified, now and then by a ſtream, ruſhing down the ſteep. An eye accuſtomed to flowery paſtures, and waving harveſts, is aſtoniſhed, and repelled by this wide extent of hopeleſs ſterility. The appearance is that of matter, incapable of form, or uſefulneſs; diſmiſſed by nature from her care; diſinherited of her favours, and

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

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

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

* Weſt. iſles, p. 84.

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

have

have as much uſe in the ſyſtem of nature, as *flowery paſtures, and waving harveſts* *. And as for it's being *incapable of form*, he can mean only that it cannot be formed into corn-fields, and meadows. It's form as a mountain is unqueſtionably grand and ſublime in the higheſt degree. For that poverty in objects, or *ſimplicity*, as it may be called, which no doubt injures the beauty of a Scotch landſcape; is certainly at the ſame time the *ſource of ſublimity*.

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

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

† Since this was written I met the ſame remark in Mr. Shenſtone's thoughts on gardening. Tho our opinions are not in all points coincident, they are wholly ſo in this. "Grandeur and beauty, ſays he, are ſo very oppoſite, that you often diminiſh the one, as you increaſe the other. Variety is moſt akin to the latter; ſimplicity to the former. Suppoſe a large hill, varied by art, with large patches of different-coloured clumps, ſcars of rocks, chalk-quarries, villages or farm-houſes, you will have perhaps a more beautiful ſcene; but much leſs grand, than it was before."

nearer

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

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

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

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

——————— plaga pinea montis;

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

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

* See Johnſon's Tour.

is

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

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

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

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

After

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

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

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

SECT.

SECT. XXXIV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Burn's poems, p. 170.

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

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

One

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

SECT. XXXV.

AMONG the pictureſque appendages of this wild country, we may conſider the flocks and herds, which frequent them. Here we have ſtronger ideas, than any other part of the iſland preſents, of that primeval ſtate, when man and beaſt were joint tenants of the plain. The highlander, and his cattle ſeem entirely to have this ſocial connection. They lead their whole lives together, and in their diet, beverage, and habitation, diſcover leſs difference, than is found between the higher and lower members of any luxurious ſtate.

Theſe *groups of cattle* were pictureſque, wherever we found them; tho we found them leſs frequently, than we could have expected in a country, which is totally paſturage: for, altho the diſtrict be wide, the herbage is

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

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

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

an act of parliament, is ſtill in general uſe *) is greatly more ornamental than the Engliſh. I ſpeak of its form; not it's colour; which is checked, of different hues, and has a diſagreeable appearance. The plaid conſiſts of a ſimple piece of cloth, three yards in length, and half that meaſure in breadth. A common one ſells for about ten ſhillings. The highlander wears it in two forms. In fine weather he throws it looſely round him; and the greater part of it hangs over his ſhoulder. In rain he wraps the whole cloſe to his body. In both forms it makes elegant drapery; and when he is armed with his piſtols, and Ferrara, † has a good effect. Oftener than once we amuſed ourſelves with deſiring ſome highlander, whom we accidentally met, to perform the exerciſe of his plaid by chang-

* As the highlanders were ſo extravagantly attached to their dreſs, the government, in the year 1784, in ſome degree reſtored it to general uſe. But it is by no means univerſally adopted. The herdſman of the mountains finds it, beyond all others convenient: but the farmer, who has a ſettled abode, begins to think the Engliſh dreſs more commodious.

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

ing

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

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

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* Alluding to the antique.

" Alteram

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

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

SECT.

SECT. XXXVI.

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

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

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

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

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

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* 1776.

Before

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

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

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

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

SECT. XXXVII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He will firſt be preſented with a mountain-viſta; which he muſt conſider as the grand portal to the ſcene he approaches. This viſta, which he purſues about four miles, is terminated by the mountain of Skiddaw.

The ſurface of this mountain, when we ſaw it, exemplified very ſtrongly an incident, to which theſe vaſt bodies are ſometimes liable; that of *falſe ſhadows*. Scarce any thing gives higher offence to the pictureſque eye. —— Whoever pretends to any ſkill in painting, tho he may not be verſed in all the theory of light, yet cannot be ignorant of theſe general principles — that the light falls on all the inlightened objects of a landſcape in one direction — that all the ſhadows are of courſe thrown on the oppoſite ſide — and that extended ſhadow is one great ſource of that

breadth,

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

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

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

* See vol. i. p. 12.

ſmall

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

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

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

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

of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SECT.

SECT. XXXVIII.

THO we had ſeen the lake of Keſwick many times; yet ſuch a ſcene is an inexhauſtible fund of beauty. It always preſents ſomething new. Our next undertaking therefore was to ride round the lake, which we had never done before. It is about eleven miles in circumference. Amuſing however as this circuit is, it ſeems to have been ſo little frequented, that altho we were under the conduct of an inhabitant of the place, we had ſome difficulty in finding even a bridle-road: and yet materials are ſo plentiful, that a little expence might eaſily make it commodious for wheels. Were the road better, the tour of the lake of Keſwick would perhaps be one of the grandeſt, and moſt beautiful rides in England. You are not carried along the margin of the lake, which in many parts is probably obſtructed

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our

Our next buſineſs would be to *remove deformities* — ſuch *deformities* eſpecially as obtruded themſelves from the road, or paths. And here I ſhould perhaps find a difficulty in ſettling with many people, what was a *deformity*. In *nature's works* there is ſeldom any *deformity*. Rough knolls, and rocks, and broken ground, are of the very eſſence of beautiful landſcape. It is man with his utenſils, who prints the mark of *deformity* on Nature's works. Almoſt every thing in which he is concerned, I ſhould wiſh to remove. In theſe rough grounds indeed there is not much of this kind that offends; and ſome of his works, the cottage eſpecially, under particular circumſtances, is an object of beauty: tho in general theſe are not the ſcenes which it ſuits.

But notwithſtanding the beauties of nature, it may happen that ſome deformities, even in her operations may exiſt. We often obſerve the craggy points and ſummits of mountains not well formed; and the mountain itſelf not exactly ſhaped. With theſe things however we muſt reſt ſatisfied. — Yet ſometimes, in

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

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

The

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

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

 effaced.

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

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

grounds

grounds however muſt generally be adorned with wood.

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

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

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

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

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

with the wildneſs of the country. Having levelled the ground, where too rough, and given an elegant play to it, you next plant your groves, and clumps, open your lawns, and conduct your walks. In all theſe things, the ſituation you have choſen muſt determine you. If it could be done commodiouſly, I ſhould wiſh to have the grand lawn before the houſe ſweep down to the water's edge. And yet I ſhould not be pertinacious on this point, becauſe other views of the lake might be equally intereſting.

When you have thus laid out your different ſcenes, I ſhould not object to your adorning ſo large an extent with a temple, or two; provided they were objects pleaſing in themſelves; adapted to their ſituations; and not both ſeen glaring together. I ſhould not even object, if you choſe to place ſome artleſs object as a point of view on the other ſide of the lake: for I conclude your houſe, or ſome of the grand walks, will open to the oppoſite ſhores. If you chooſe to adorn your diſtant view in this way, let not the object you make choice of, be ſome odd appearing thing, ſtaring from the top of a hill, like a tower; or a ſpire, where you know no ſuch thing

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

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

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

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

* See Vol. I. page 125.

bourhood;

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

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

SECT.

SECT. XXXIX.

FROM Keſwick we took the common road to Kendal; and were greatly amuſed, as we had often been before, with the grandeur and beauty of the ſcenery; which two ideas go hand in hand through all this country. Sometimes one prevails: ſometimes the other: and ſometimes we are ſtruck with the united force of both. Ideas of ſimple grandeur were generally ſuggeſted between Keſwick, and Ambleſide; and of beauty chiefly between Ambleſide, and Kendal.

From Kendal to Lancaſter the country aſſumes a tamer aſpect. At Lancaſter we could not avoid aſcending the caſtle-hill, to admire the ſcene of diſtant mountains it diſplayed,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

were

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

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

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

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

SECT.

SECT. XXXIX.

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

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

* See vol. i. page 132.

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

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

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

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

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