A Tour through part of England and Scotland By Eliza Dawson in the Year 1786

1786

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In her posthumously published autobiography, Eliza Dawson (later Fletcher) writes: ‘In the summer of 1786 my kind father indulged me with an excursion to the Highlands of Scotland.’ While Fletcher recalls her tour as one of the formative episodes of her young life, she is less sanguine about her written record of it:

I was then sixteen; and for my father’s amusement I kept a journal of each day’s adventures. This was afterwards transcribed in a book, which held a favoured place in my father’s book-case, and yet now-a-days a very ordinary girl of sixteen would be ashamed to write so bald, so affected, and so absurd a narrative of a six-weeks’ tour in Scotland; I could sit down and laugh at it from beginning to end, there is so much attempt at fine writing in it, a thing never thought of now, I presume, by a girl of sixteen. It abounds in the bad taste of the time; it is a sort of “sentimental journey.”[1]

Over two centuries later, the very aspects of the journal which Fletcher enumerates as it failings, now recommend it as a hugely valuable text: a rare insight into the lifeworld of ‘a very ordinary girl of sixteen’ written in an engaging literary voice, and a compelling example of the late-eighteenth century manuscript tour. Dawson and her family complete a version of the ‘Petit-Tour’ popular throughout the period, reaching as far west as Inveraray, and north to Dunkeld, where they visit the Duke of Atholl’s famous Hermitage and so-called Ossian’s Hall. While that attraction, like Dawson’s literary models, resonates with what she might have later dismissed as ‘the bad taste of the time’, they also serve as useful reminders of the dominant cultural status of sentimentalism in the late-eighteenth-century, bolstered by the widely read work of Laurence Sterne, Henry Mackenzie and James Macpherson, the supposed translator of Ossian’s ancient poems.

The Dawsons’ tour was at least partly motivated by Eliza’s desire to visit her schoolfriend Miss Meliss, now Mrs Stewart, who had recently married the cotton manufacturer and burgh reformer George Meliss of Perth. This context is reflected in Dawson’s descriptions of philanthropic manufacturing schemes around the Tay, including the mills at Stanley. In addition to moments of antiquarian speculation which echo those found in Pennant’s two *Tours* of Scotland, Dawson also presents moral reflections on the rugged Highland landscape, which reflect her characteristic erudition and draw on long-running debates surrounding issues of improvement and the theological and aesthetic significance of mountain scenery. Dawson’s accounts of incidents on the road offer further opportunity for encounters in the sentimental mode, but also reveal the shaping role of practicality and accident in the experience of travel, often omitted from the period’s published tours.

Notes

[1] Eliza Fletcher [née Dawson], *Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher*, ed. by Mary Richardson [née Fletcher] (Edinburgh: 1875), pp.27-28.

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It is natural to suppose a Girl of sixteen, who has never been above thirty miles from home, should form sanguine expectations from a journey of eight hundred. as for me who answer that description, I anticipate a prodigious deal of pleasure from it — and therefore have determin'd to set down every trifling circumstance, that affords me the least momentary entertainment, — two good reasons induce me to do it — first as they might probably slip my memory, and by that means I should lose the satisfaction of reciting them to those from whose indulgence every pleasure I experience is deriv'd, — and surely our enjoyments would be all imperfect were we denied the superior gratification of communicating them to others. — The second inducement is, that doubtless in course of time, Fortune may be less lavish of her favours than she has been hitherto, and as we are too apt to lose all remembrance of the former bounties we have enjoy'd. — I may cast an eye upon this journal and recollect I have no reason to repine, since this will prove I have had my portion of happiness ——— These reasons I flatter myself are not bad ones, — and with these ideas I will avail myself of every opportunity.

Set off from Oxton July the 23rd about seven o clock having travell'd the road before as far as Broughbridge, I found nothing remarkably striking; — one object present'd itself that rather excited our compassion which was: about half way between Wetherby and B^oroughbridge we observed several Boys assembled; and when we drew nearer discover'd a cart had been thrown over by the negligence of one of them, — from negligence it must have been since it had run off the road, we had not occasion long to examine the

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countenances before we found out which was he, — he seem'd about twelve years old, and never was sorrow more strongly delineated in any face whatever. — he had been exerting all his strength, and skill to raise it up again. — but finding his efforts fruitless, was standing over it — in an attitude of utter stupefaction, - what would I have given to have help'd him. – it might have been a matter of ridicule to some — yet who knows but that poor lad might so far incur the displeasure of his master as to be dismissed his service. — perhaps he had no home to go to. ——— when we consider these things which are very possible, — sure pity must intrude upon our feelings, — We arrived at B^oroughbridge about ten and after having order'd breakfast we desired the waiter to show us to the Devils Arrows . indeed they may deservedly be reckon'd great curiosities. — there are three almost in a direct line. the first is by far the largest in circumference. my Uncle, and Cousin, took the dimensions. Towards the base it is twenty four feet and appears to be about twenty one feet high, — the other is considerably higher and of a pyramidical form, the last resembles it, only not quite so high, it is very remarkable there is not tradition to be found concerning them. — they are of a gritty nature resembling fitt'ring stones — I was curious to know what were the ideas of the common people as I supposed their conjectures would be nearly as wonderful as the cause which excited them, — accordingly I ask'd the waiter what was the general Idea of them. "Ma'am (replied he making an obsequious bow) They say they were shot from Hamilton hills ." What makes them entertain that notion, said I? — " Because Ma'am (bowing again) they are the same kind of stone that is found there — this was a more reasonable answer than I expect'd — Some of the most superstitious assert

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that they have been shot by the Devil when he was in a pet with B^oroughbridge. — certainly he might have chosen a more eligible situation than Hamilton Hills to have discharg'd them from, — as I fancy ^those hills are above twelve miles from the illfated town. however whomever they were shot by they surely must have been, of the family of the Armstrongs, — The most likely conjecture is that they are a composition, and have been erected to commemorate the actions of some Great Men. ——— When breakfast was over, we proceeded on our route — we were much pleas'd

with a small village call'd Aizenby situated on the banks of the river Swale, — a charming view from the north side of Topcliff down the valley it commands a good prospect of Lord Grantham's house, and the Vale is pleasantly decorated with ^the windings of the river, the banks of which are cover'd with fine trees. — The road to Northallerton extremely agreeable from the quantity of small Villages and thatch'd huts, the inhabitants seem'd busily employ'd spinning worsted, and the children (with countenances that indicate inward serenity and rosy health) playing at the door, give the whole an air of content extremely pleasing. — We arrived at Northallerton about three, order'd dinner and in the mean time went to see the Sessions Hall, which they are building it will be an excellent room 60 feet by 32, they are also building a gaol, and some excellent apartments beneath the spacious Hall, — for the Governor to reside in this will be a great addition to the town as the Old Hall is the meanest looking place imaginable. nothing else remarkable at Northallert it's a well built town consisting ^chiefly of one long and spacious street. — Left it at five, and arrived at Darlington by eight. My Uncle sent

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for Mr Richardson, and order'd supper. M^{r} R — came, spent ^the evening with us, was as jocose as ever, and ask'd us to breakfast with him the next morning — we part'd about twelve, each happy to retire to our several apartments. ——— Slept well at Darlington then went to Mr Richardson's w^here we met with a very agreeable reception, both from Mrs Mowbray and himself. — the former seems to be very conversable and extremely good temper'd,. Mr Mowbray was from home but she introduced us to her young family, which consists of a fine looking boy about 12 years old and two sweet little Girls. — we stay'd there till ten which was longer than we intended, but could not resist their pressing solicitations — (so powerful is persuasion,) — We left Darlington about eleven, and after some hilly road (in which my Uncle compassionat'd the poor horse so much as frequently to alight) we reach'd Durham about two, and a Grand and Solemn procession we made the streets being so uneven and illpaved as to oblige us to go as slow as possible, — we proceeded to the Wheat Sheaf (Mr Shuttons) recommended to us by Mr Forster, it is a most elegant house. was formerly the habitation of a x x x x gentleman call'd Reed, it is in a dull part of the Town but has the advantage of a garden, from which there is a pleasant view of the Castle and Cathedral — We order'd dinner after which we took a walk to the Minster. There is a most delightful view from Fromergate bridge to Newbridge[1] on the West side are sloping gardens, and on the East a high and rugged rock — on which stands the Castle and Minster — the Mill and dam, are nearly between the two Bridges, and add greatly to the beauty of the charming prospect — this walk led us to the Cathedral — after having seen S$^{t.}$ Peter's at York this appears but trifling

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and tho' considerably smaller it is exactly the same plan, the pillars are heavy and shew a wretched taste for architecture, whereas those at York are remark'd for the contrary, — a woman conducted us to see the curiosities, we were shown five very ancient robes, one was given by Charles the first, it's red velvet curiously inwrought with gold, it has been intended for a cloak, and on the hood is the figure of David, with Goliah's head in his hand: the other four are said to have been here ever since the church was founded, they are different colour'd velvets cover'd with emblematical figures taken from scripture, inwrought with gold, silver, and various colour'd silks, — there is an ancient manuscript (concerning the founding of this Cathedral) which I copied literally it was as follows. —

"The Bishops See of Durham was first placed at Lindisfarn
"now Holy-Island, on the sea coast of Northumberland. but both the
"Bishops and Monks being driven from thence by the Danes about
"the year 800, they wander'd up, and down, for about 200 years, till
"in the end they sat them down at Durham, in the year 1000
"here it hath ever since continued, there was a succession of 24 Bishops
"at Lindisfarn, now Holy Island, before the founding of Durham of whom
"St Cuthbert was the sixth, Aldwin was the twenty fourth Bishop of
"Lindisfarn and first of Durham ———

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The above manuscript appears to be a very great contradiction otherwise upon consideration Aldwin must have been a pretty good age, when he sat himself down at Durham. —

There is a place in this Cathedral — called the nine alters, where the Bishops were formerly interred, they have lately dug up this place the

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Coffin of Anthony Beck — Patriarch of Jerusalem, who died in the year 1283, we were shown this coffin which is Iron and has had a wood one within it, it is all shatter'd in pieces, (and though it was Sunday) a resistless impulse inclin'd me to steal a morsel of it — I hope the Old Patriarch will give me absolution as I did it from profound respect to his memory. — They also shew us a shoe and spur (at this place) the former measures 14 inches, and ¾ in length, and is of propo^rtionable breadth, this my Uncle measured himself otherwise we could not have believed it, the spur is equally curious the woman gravely assured us, it was St Cuthbert's, — be that as it may, we are not bound to credit her assertion. — most certainly it must have belong'd to a Saint, as it is widely different to those shoes that would fit the degenerate feet of the present age, I could not help making a comparison between it, and the small toe'd slipper, of the modern Beau; — we left Durham about six and after a pleasant ride of 14 miles (in which we had a fine view of Lumley Castle (The seat of the Earl of Scarb^orough) from Chester le street), — we reach'd Lofthouse's the Old White Hart in Newcastle about nine, where we met with good beds, and excellent accomodations, as it was too late to see any thing of the Town that night, we rose at six in the morning went to ^see the assembly rooms, they are indeed very light, and elegantly finished infinitely superior to those at York, the dimensions of the large room are 94 feet long by 34 broad, and 36 high, — from this we went to see the Glass manufactory, it is curious but is a scene which rather disgusts than affords satisfaction. — as the pallid looks of the workmen

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plainly shew it must be a most unhealthy business, after having seen these things which we were inform'd were all at Newcastle worth notice we return'd to the inn, and breakfasted. — Newcastle is a large populous town, the streets in general narrow and confined, extremely hilly, and disagreeable to travel through, — the south entrance into the town must prejudice many against it, one is obliged to descend a prodigious steep hill called Gateshead, down which few have courage to remain in their carriages, for our parts we did not hesitate a moment but gladly alighted and proceeded slow, and cautiously, — from this hill one might have a view of the town, were it not immers'd continually, in one black cloud of smoke, which proceeds from the quantity of Glasshouses Potteries &c; When breakfast was over we set out for Morpeth, and reach'd that place about 12, the inn there is kept by Nelson a Yorkshireman, from whom we met with uncommon civility — This is a neat built place pleasantly situated but nothing in it worth observation. We turned at Morpeth from the great road in order to see Warkworth a place celebrated in verse,[3] it was six miles out of our way ^and the road being a private one is not very good, though the views from it are beautiful, which by keeping the attention awake smooth the roughness of the way. — on the right of the road about eight miles from Morpeth, stands Witherington Castle, it attracted our attention and being near the road my Uncle and I alighted to take a nearer view of it — we enquired of a Peasant that was by if it was inhabited. (as it had a very antique appearance.) He reply'd it was, and by a Mr Loraine and conducted us into the field where the Castle stood. there I sat down to take a sketch of it, and my Uncle stood by me. — we had not remain'd long in this situation, when we observed a Gentleman of very genteel appearance

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approach. he accosted us very politely, and my Uncle apologized for our intrusion by saying we were so much struck with the beauty of the situation that we had taken the liberty to alight in order to make a short sketch of it, he reply'd there was no occasion for any apology. he look'd upon it as a high compliment, by this time I had finished — and he beg'd us to go up to the Castle (which was not above 100 yards off) and dine with him, this kindness we were obliged to decline as we had got a snack at Morpeth, and our time was precious it being now three o clock, — however he earnestly intreated us to take a glass of wine, — we follow'd him — and he conducted us into an elegant apartment where he introduced us to Mrs Lorain, an old Lady, who probably might be her Mother, a young Lady of about twenty five, and two sweet little Girls about five, or six. — they were at dinner and seconded Mr Loraine in intreating us

to partake with them. — we still resisted their solicitations but drank their healths in a glass of wine — we staid with them about a quarter of an hour and left Witherington Castle highly pleased with the polite hospitality of its agreeable inhabitants. I cannot for^ego the pleasing subject without giving a short description of these persons who had afforded us such entertainment, Mrs Loraine who seems about 25 has a mild and placid countenance, expressive dark eyes, and a beautiful complexion, her figure tho not tall is elegant and her dress and manner easy, and genteel, Mr Lorraine is about six 6 foot high extremely well made, has a pleasing and sensible countenance. I was struck when in the Castle with a great resemblance between this family and that of our Eubanks at Bolton Percy , the same kind of elegance and domestic tranquillity seems to preside over both — The Castle stands upon,

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a fine eminence and commands a beautiful view of the sea, it belongs to Sir George Warren to whom the hospitable inhabitant is tenant. —

We got to Warkworth about five and after committing our horses to an Ostler's care, we walk'd to the Hermitage, it is a most delightful spot on the banks of the River Coquet. the best tradition that is to be found concerning this place is Dr Percy's beautiful poem call' *The Hermit of Warkworth* , it is hewn out of the solid rock, which must have been an arduous task, as there are several different cells, and in one of them the very image of which the Poet speaks, — the statue is much the worse for age, as there are not now the least remains of beauty, — alas she has now no Hermit to count his beads over her inanimate resemblance,[4] — The walk to this place is charming, on one side are most stupendous rocks overhung with trees, and wild shrubs, and on the other hand is the river which one may just discern through the leaves of those trees which are planted on its banks, — When we return'd from thence we walk'd up to the Castle it is a fine old ruin situated on an eminence and commands one of the most delightful prospects imaginable, on the right at about the distance of three miles is Coquet Island — surrounded by the German Ocean, it belongs to the Duke of Northumberland, who has made several plantations upon it stock'd it with Cattle and has built there by way of ornament something resembling the Tower of a Church. nobody lives upon it as the sea at high water frequently makes depradations. — On the left from the same eminence is a romantic view of the Vale of Coquet (in which is situated the Village of Warkworth) beautifully interspersed with wood, and water, the river Coquet winding through it; — after having enjoy'd these charming prospects we return'd to the inn it was the best in the Village; but a paltry one notwithstanding, — after a little refreshment we set forward to Alnwick. the road laid close to the Ocean

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and the uncommon serenity of the evening conspired to make our ride as agreeable as possible, we arrived at the White Swan in Alnwick about nine, and after supper retired to bed, much pleased with our days amusement. —

In the morning my Uncle call'd upon Mr Grey, gave him Mr Forster's letter and brought him to breakfast with us, when that was over he conducted us to the Castle, — we were first shewn the stables which are within the great court, — there are stands for sixteen horses and it is ornamented with a handsome cornish of plaister. — we then proceeded to the Castle it is not possible for me to give an adequate idea of the Grandeur of its appearance, — the man inform'd us the Gateway has been built 430 years, in part of which there is a dungeon which was formerly a place of confinement for condemn'd criminals, on the floor above the dungeon there are a large quantity of cannon balls (64 pounders). — We were then shewn the inner rooms they are all equally superb and ornamented chiefly with emblematical figures of war and ^on the cornice the arms of all the family and branches of the house of Northumberland, there is a spacious library well furnish'd though it is the Chapel which is elegant beyond description — the pilasters, and cornice being enriched with gold. on the walls is the Genealogy of the family traced from the earliest periods down to the present time, the end window is an exact imitation (tho in miniature) of the East window of St. Peters at York. — it was done in London and the colours are remarkably fine. below this window is a large marble tomb ornamented with elegant sculpture dedicated to the memory of the late Dutchess of Northumberland. — In one of the rooms is a fine picture of that lady it is admirably done she has a most majestic figure and a fine open countenance and the drapery, which adds much to the

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grandeur of the piece, is a morone colour'd robe embroider'd with gold —

When we return'd from the Castle Mr Grey accompanied us to the Duke's mount an eminence about three miles west of Alnwick. the ride was extremely pleasant most of the way through a shrubbery and plantation on the top of the emi^nence is a beautiful Obelisk of Gothic structure. there are stairs to the top of it. it is thirty yards high and there are 131 steps to the second terrace, we ascended it and from thence saw some very fine and extensive views, ^on the West there is a grand and rugged prospect of Hills and Mountains, the highest of which was Cheviot , — on the East a fine view of Alnwick Castle, and in the valley a prospect of a ruin, called Hull's Tower which stands on the banks of the Alne, the river that runs through Alnwick, the banks of which are finely ornament'd with plantations — this view is terminated by the sea, — The late Duke has made great improvements about this place and they all spoke of him with great respect. — From the mount we return'd to the Inn took leave of Mr Grey and left Alnwick about twelve and being inclined to see Bambrough Castle we dined at North Charlton —, six miles from Alnwick — where we got a good lamb steak tho I dare say the house is not much frequented, as there was neither Ostler, or Waiter, and a canny old woman served in every capacity, — from this place we turned to the right from the high road to get to Bambrough, the road was bad and we did not reach it till five — We gave our horses to the care of a boy and walk'd down to the sea the Castle is situated upon a prodigious rock, which at the time of high water is wash'd by the sea – This Castle belongs to Lord Crue by whose family it had been endow'd. the institution is a very humane one being founded for the relief of distress'd Seamen. — We stay'd there about an hour and then set forward for Belford, the road part of the way

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lays across the sands we were overtaken by a sharp shower, reached Belford about eight, where we met with comfortable accomodations at the Blue Bell — and took up our residence till morning. ———

We rose at Six on Wednesday morning July the 26th and reach'd Halls at Berwick by ten, where we order'd Breakfast and sent for Robin Straughen —, he appears to be about seventy, I no sooner told him I came from Mrs Brudenell and had brought him a letter, than tears started into his eyes — "Oh God bless her how does she do Ma'am" said the old man — he beg'd me to read her letter and at the end of every sentence cried out, "Lord love her, — Lord lover her," — I told him he seem'd to have great respect for M^rs^ B, — and assured him she had the same for him, "respect Madam" (said he,) "I have known "her ever since she was born, I lived with Captain and Mrs Heburn above 13 years, and they used me more like a friend than a servant. aye God knows, when the Captain died, I lost a father as well as her — poor thing when she could scarce walk it used no end to nestle about me, and if it saw any body in distress, would have gone to my Master to have beg'd a halfpenny for them". ——— he ceased from an inability to articulate more. — never was any thing more affecting than the artless yet expressive stories of this poor old Man, — and his ^countenance while he was dwelling on this theme would have been a subject for the pencil of a Guido. Mrs Brudenell had desired him to take a letter from her to Foulden, which he did, along with a note from me to Miss Wilkie, telling her we would call there in the course of the day, we then set out for Mrs Greys in the parade. — we were shewn in and immediately after came in Mrs Grey and a gentleman just arrived from London, whose name was

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Sanford. — we present'd Mrs Grey with Mr Forsters letter by way of introduction she is a most agreeable woman, and for her years (which must be fifty) she is remarkably handsome, had a fine open countenance expressive of Benevolence and goodwill. — She has met with no small number of calamities, — lost the kindest and most affectionate of husbands when her children were all young, — and her eldest daughter a most aimiable woman who married a Mr Hall, was suddenly snatch'd from her, notwithstanding her feelings are strong — she supports these severe strokes with becoming firmness, — she ask'd us to dine to which we consented, soon after appear'd Miss Grey she had no sooner enter'd than she commanded our admiration, had no sooner spoke than she won our esteem, — she walk'd out with us shew'd us the ramparts, and a prodigious large Brewery, they have not yet begun to brew for exportation the barley being so dear of late, the Copper is large enough to boil 76 casks, 36 gallons each, — from thence we return'd to dinner, during which time Old Robin came with a polite note from Mrs Wilkie, telling us M^r^ and Miss Wilkie were gone to Edinburgh races, but she would be glad of our companies to take a bed with her at Foulden house. — accordingly we were obliged to take leave of the two agreeable Ladies in the parade. — and tho'

our acquaintance had been so short I could not refrain from tears at parting. I never ^saw one so thoroughly form'd to please as Miss Grey, she seems about twenty two, her person tho' not tall is extremely elegant, her countenance beautiful and expressive, mild and gentle, tho' lively, and animated, she seems (to borrow the elegant expression of the sentimental Journalist) she seems to be "All the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in Woman." —[5]

The Gentlemen were equally pleased, we called to thank Robin for his trouble

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and left Berwick not without casting ~~x x x x~~ many a look behind trying to trace the road to the parade, — We reach'd Fouldon about seven its a most beautiful situation and an elegant and uniform building, we were graciously received by M[rs] Wilkie. she is a fine handsome looking Woman, has a regular set of features is tall and rather fat, — tea was ready, after which she took us to see the Village which has been lately rebuilt by M[r] Wilkie, she said she dare say we had heard much of Scotch dirt, but for the credit of Foulden, she would shew us some Cottages that would incline us to think there are a few exceptions, we accordingly went into two of them, and I never saw cleaner places in my life, — we walk'd till supper after which we retired to rest. — in the morning a bad prospect open'd to us, it rain'd hard, and the wind was extremely high, M[rs] Wilkie intreated us much to stay the day with her, but ^we were obliged to decline her invitation. and about twelve o'clock Thursday July the 27th, we left Fouldon House, it was fair but the wind increas'd. the road lies across a barren moor called Cowdingham moor six miles in length upon which neither tree or bush can flourish, it lies exceeding high, and on the right about a quarter of a mile is the sea, — on this moor we were in a dreadful situation, the wind was so very boisterous it was impossible for the Mare to proceed, and very unsafe for us to stay in the carriage, as it was very probable it might be blown down since there was a load of hay in that situation, upon level-ground, we thought it therefore safer to alight and I took fast hold of the chair behind. and by that means was dragg'd on, otherwise I could not possibly have kept my feet, my Cousin lead the horse

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and in this trim we walk'd for above three miles, — I had forgot to mention one circumstance which was notwithstanding I held my hat on the wind tore it off and away it flew towards the sea, — I bade farewell to it but my Cousin pursued and luckily overtook it. — we began to find ourselves exceedingly hungry about 4 o'clock. so we sat down in a quarry hole, that was by the road side and regaled ourselves with some peppercake, which our considerate old Friend at home had provided us with, this refreshment enabled us to proceed stoutly. — about half way between Press Inn and Dunbar there is a valley called Pease Valley, over it they are building a Bridge which is one hundred and thirty seven feet high, and consists of four arches. this ^is to render the road more commodius. as there is no water in the Valley, — when we had pass'd this place we were a little sheltered by some Hills on the left so we ventured to mount, — and got safe to Dunbar by six. it is a well built place but the Inn is the worst looking house in it. here we order'd dinner and in the meantime took a walk to see the Oyster shell, which we had heard so much of. —

It is the property of a M[r] Fall, the present Mayor of the place, we askd permission to see it. but found it was not very usual for strangers. — a Lady who we supposed to be M[rs] fall told us we were very welcome, by she did not think it was so great a curiosity, it was sent her from the East Indies where she believed they were plentiful. — she order'd a servant to carry us into the garden where it was, it measures in length thirty three inches and is of proportionable bre^adth, and the lady inform'd us it weighs one hundred and thirty seven pounds. This is but half the shell. it resembles a muscle more than an Oyster, as it has been united to the other part, by the side, and not the end, this was all at Dunbar worth

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observation. we then return'd to the Inn and dined, and hearing it was twelve miles good road to Haddington and our accomodations none the best at Dunbar. — we set forward for the first mention'd place which we reached by nine, at the Blue Bell we found ourselves comfortably situated, which compensated for the rude buffeting of the wind. —

I could not help making comparisons between this day and the agreeable one we spent before with M[rs] and Miss Grey. it furnish'd me with a fund of reflections, and serv'd to shew how whimsically life is checquerd, — We staid

at Haddington all night it is a small but well built town, and stands in a fine fertile valley — We left this place ^on Friday morning about 11 o clock it rained all the way to Edinburgh, which place we reach'd about two. we drove up to Walkers hotel by the recommendation of Mrs Wilkie, but he inform'd us his house was entirely fill as were the other two Hotels but was so obliging as to get us private lodgings next door at a Mrs Hutchinsons, and very comfortable ones they were, — Our old Hostess was very civil and gravely assured me her beds were free from vermin, — it rain'd so hard we could see very little of the town, in entering it we met several elegant carriages coming from the races. — after dinner we sent to Mr Meliss and Miss Wilkie the latter who was in the same street came immediately was much surpriz'd to see us. — Mr Meliss was not long after, and gave us a polite welcome to Scotland, we had fix'd to go to the play that night which we did, and were vastly entertain'd with Mrs Jordan — who play'd Miss Hayden in *the trip to Scarb^orough* the Theatre was much crowded, and nothing could equal the encomiums bestow'd on Mrs Jordan, — The Farce was *Comus* in which Mrs —

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Kenedy sang (Sweet Echo)[6] — most divinely, ——— Mr Meliss return'd to Supper with us. — and the next morning breakfasted and afterwards walk'd with us into the New Town, — nothing can equal the elegance and regularity of the buildings, every dwelling is a sumptuous mansion. — the plan of the town is one long and spacious street, called Georges Street — and on each side of it, Two rows one facing the Forth, and the other the Old Town, from these rows are branching streets into the middle on, — which form some elegant squares.— The three principal streets extend from East to west and are intended to be each one mile and a half in length.— after this we called upon Miss Wilkie to ask her to with us to Leith races, to which we readily consented. it unfortunately rain'd the whole time were there, — Leith is about two miles from Edinburgh, close by the sea, the horses run upon the sands so they are guided by the tide. We went in a hack Coach. there was the most elegant shew of carriages I ever beheld, a great many Nabobs, the colour of whose horses it was hard to distinguish from the superb richness of their harness. The Lord Provost Sir — Blair stands at the winning post, to decide the Race, and Soldiers are placed along the cords to keep good order, the Race was over about two, and we return'd and set Miss Wilkie down number 12 Princes Street. — Mr Wilkie called before dinner and ask'd us to go to see the new assembly rooms, when the Large room is intirely finish'd it will be prodigiously elegant, — it is ninety six feet in length, and of proportionable breadth and height, and is beautifully oramented with an elegant cornice and very fine large Glass Chandeliers. — from thence we return'd to dinner, Mr Wilkie took his leave, and Mr Meliss sat down with us —

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during the time we had been at the assembly rooms, he had been getting us tickets to see Mrs Jordan in *the Country Girl* . and Mrs Kenedy in *the Poor Solider* , that evening, — as soon as dinner was over, we took a walk into the Old Town, where they are making great improvements it is a dirty looking place, and the houses extremely ^high being most of them eight or ten stories — and one we saw that was fourteen, the rooms are large, and one flat, (as they call them) has every convenience for accomodating a moderate siz'd family, — One pleasing Idea suggests itself while one is surveying the stupendous height of those buildings, which is, the Goodness of Providence in so seldom permitting fire to make depradations here, — alas what would become of those placed in the upper stories, — what thousands of souls must inevitably perish, without a possibility of receiving any Earthly assistance. ——— Happily they have no want of Earthly assistance. — Their protection is from above, ——— The prison at Edinburgh has a mean appearance, there is a part of the roof left flat, into which a door opens. from a cell and upon this place the unhappy criminals are executed, — this prison is in the most publick part of the Town. ——— when we return'd Mr Meliss took us to see an Exhibition of paintings they were extremely fine, and a prodigious quantity of them. There was Robertson, the great Historian, a fine pleasant animated countenance, and another of Dr Webster who brought about the act wherein Clergymens widows are well provided for, in Scotland, the design is a room, in which he is sitting with the act of Parliament in his hand, there is a picture in the back ground hung against the wall, which represents a Widow weeping over the urn of her departed husband, and surroun^ded by a young, and

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numerous offspring, the Countenances of the whole groupe are well express'd — from this place we went to the Theatre which ^was infinitely more crowded than the night before, — and the Ladies still finer dress'd Plumes nodding, and diamonds glittering innumerable, I dont think Scotch Women remarkable for beauty in general but this night there were many fine faces graced the boxes, one I particularly remark'd for beauty of countenance, and elegance of figure, her name Macdonald. — Mrs Jordan was great beyond description in *the Country Girl* , — and Mrs Kenedy pleased much in the Songs (How sweet the love that meets return,) and Farewell to Locharber. — in *the Poor Soldier* she is far inferior to Mrs Jordan, — Mr Meliss and Mr John Stewart return'd to sup with us, — and in the morning the former and Mr Wilkie came to breakfast, when that was over, we all went to the Castle. it stands upon an amazing high rock, from which there is a fine extensive prospect, being Sunday we were not allow'd to see the armoury or any thing in the Castle, for the Scotch are strict observers of the Sabbath. the 36 regiment is at present garrison'd there, — from thence we went to Coulton hill upon which is a burying place in which is David Humes monument, it is a very humble affair, but was built according to his request, this hill is on the East side the Town. There is a fine prospect from it, but not so extensive as from the Castle Hill, ——— From this place we went to Holyrood House the ancient Palace of the Scottish Kings, to recount the curiosities of this place would require a volume, — therefore shall only mention a few particulars — we were first shewn a long gallery full of fine ancient pictures, among which is an original painting of the unfortunate Mary I own I was a little disappointed in her, as all Historians agree, she

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was uncommonly beautiful, but I was inform'd there is one in the possession of the Mariners company at Leith which she herself gave them, — and that it ^is beyond description beautiful, — this gallery is fifty six yards long and ^the wall intirely cover'd with pictures, — of all those who signalized themselves in the service of their Country, ——— from this place we were taken into a kind of vault, where they shew'd us the thigh bone of James the Fifth and a piece of his flesh, which actually resembles a dried herring, more than any thing else, — They also shew'd us the same joint of the famous Lord Darnley , it is a prodigious size — There is no saying whether or not they are the bones of those Great Men, — but our conducteress seem'd to take such pains to assure us they were, that to have disputed her would have been cruel, — She then went to a Coffin and took out of it the carcase of a woman, which she assured us was the Countess of Roxburg, who gave up the Ghost about five hundred years ago,[7] she is six feet four inches high, and has been so well preserved as to have here teeth and nails still entire, — the flesh is dried so hard as to be imperishable. — the woman dangled her in her arms and seem'd to pay no respect to persons. ——— I was glad to hasten from so disgusting a scene, and tho' a dead Countess cuts a curious figure, — yet how should we like ^to suppose, some few years hence we might be exposed as a subject of ridicule to others, — Several of the nobility have apartments in Holyrood House for their winter residence, in one of Lord Dunmores rooms there is a remarkable fine painting of Charles the first and his Queen going out to ride. — it was done by Vandyke,[8] and is esteem'd a capital performance. In the Duke of Hamiltons

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apartments there is a room in which Rezzio was murdered and the blood mark is yet on the floor. There is a bed and a chair work'd by Queen Mary. — and also the bed in which she used to sleep. Through this room is a small closet, where she was sitting, when she heard the shrieks of Rezzio, — The Tap^estry in these apartments is prodigiously fine, the battles of Constantine the Great, which was brought by Queen Mary out of France we reckon'd extremely good,[9] — There is in one of these rooms a full length picture of Lord Darnley, he has been remarkably tall. ——— From Holyrood house we return'd to our lodgings Mr Meliss Mr John Stewart and we, sat down to dinner, Mr Wilkie being ingaged to Lord Grey. — however he was kind enough to bring his daughter in the afternoon to take leave of us, — Mr Wilkie is a very agreeable man having been much in the army, he has quite the Military air, ——— We left Edinburgh on Sunday, July the 30th and after a pleasant — ride of about nine miles, arrived at Queens ferry by seven. — where we ordered tea, and afterwards Mr Meliss sent for a gentleman to sup whose name was Taylor, — he told him our intention of seeing Hopeton House early in the morning, that we might get over the Firth at the time of low water. — Mr Taylor said he would accompany ^us and beg'd we would breakfast with him in the morning. ——— accordingly we did rise early and the gentlemen thought it would be better to send the carriage and horses over first. — and we took a chaise to go to Hopeton House, — it is pleasantly situated about two miles up the Firth of Forth of

which it commands a fine prospect. — It makes a most princely appearance, is a prodigious mass of building, in the form of a crescent. The rooms are not large but are ornamented with an admirable collection of paintings ———

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In the first room one enters, there is a full length picture of Lord Hope elder Brother to the present Earl, who died before his father, he is just come from shooting and is leaning his arm on the stump of an old tree with his gun in his hand, — it was taken when he was going off in a consumption, and is beautifully expressive of a languid and ill state of health, — it's thought to be an excellent painting. and was done by Dance. — To give a minute detail of all those pictures, is not in my power therefore I shall but mention those which particularly pleas'd me, — There is a painting of S$^{t.}$ Frances in the attitude of prayer. and never was fervent devotion more strongly delineated in any countenance whatever, — it is by Connoisseurs reckon'd one of the most admirable performances, and was done by Guido Rheni. — there is also another done by the same great artist. It is St. Andrew the Apostle haul'd to the cross, submission and patient suffering of spirit are strongly expressed in the face of Andrew, as is relentless cruelty in the vissage of those that conduct him. — there is another of the asscension of Our Saviour — . such a glorious benignity is express'd in the countenance of Our Lord, as exceeds all power of description — . I cannot recollect the painters name, but he certainly has great merit ——— Tho the painting that pleas'd us most, was the death of Lucretia it is in that part when Brutus snatchs up the dagger (with which she has just executed her bloody purpose), and makes that elegant harangue which is justly deem'd an extraordinary piece of Oratory, — She is dying and supported by her husband whose — excess of grief the painter has been unable to describe, so has cover'd his face with his mantle, — in her countenance death is

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visibly painted without its agonies, she looks as if she was well pleas'd with the glorious choice she had made, which was preferring Death to loss of Honour, — In the faces of the bystanders there is a sort of admiration — mixt with an excess of grief. — the blood is streaming from her side and stands in drops upon the daggers point. — the figures are all as large as life: — and the whole has an effect so astonishing that the different passions so forceably expressed in the piece, vibrate by turns through the heart of the spectator. — it was done by Gavin Hamilton. — these are all that we particularly remark'd. — we return'd charm'd with our excurtion, and breakfasted with M^{r} & Mrs Taylor. — about twelve Mr Meliss lit a fire upon the shore that being the signal for boats to come over, since they are all kept ^on the North side. The Ferry, it was not long in coming and we and several other passengers got into it — I always expected to be sick in this expedition — but however I was happily disappointed, the Firth was very smooth it is in that part two miles across, and we were but sixteen minutes in performing it. — Nothing could equal the kind concerns of Mr Meliss with regard to us they demand our sincere acknowledgements, and shall ever be rememberd with gratitude. — we got into the Chair on the other side and arrived at Kinross, the county town of the shire about three. — about a mile to the East of this place, is a small Loch, called Loch Leven, there is an Island about the middle of it on which there is the ruin of a Castle. — Where we were inform'd Queen Mary was once confined. — the road to this place is rough and hilly. fifteen miles from the ferry. — here we dined and from thence proceed'd to Rosemount. — Tho the whole of the journey had been most delightful, yet the pleasure I felt in seeing my friend Mrs Meliss after an absence of above a year occasion'd me the most heartfelt

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satisfaction I could possibly experience. our pleasure was mutual and I will not attempt to describe the delight we felt at the recollection of those days, when our esteem and unalterable Friendship first took root, and there was not a scene that had pass'd at that happy time but was fresh in our rememberance. — Mrs Meliss's situation in life is as happy as her deserts are great. — She is blest with a husband who knows the true value of the treasure he possesses, in him every virtue is united, he is lively and animated has a great deal of humanity and true feeling, without the least pretension to it. — as an affectation of fine feelings, is of all affectations the most disgusting. ——— his manner is easy and genteel and his first study seems to oblige, and make every one about him happy, — Mrs Meliss is no less amiable. her friendships, and her attachment to her husband and little infant, are strong, she has a warm and disinterested heart very susceptible of the sorrows of others, — She is form'd for domestic happiness, has not taste for fashionable Levities, but enjoys herself most in a small circle of dear friends, of whom her husband makes the chief, — she is rather more reserved than Mr Meliss which proceeds from an extreme diffidence, which she is not

able to conquer, her understanding is excellent, and as well as her husband she has a great taste for Literature. — This without prejudice is the Character of the worthy inhabitants of Rosemount. — for whom I have the most lively friendship. — the situation of this place is extremely beautiful. it is situated on a rising ground about a quarter of a mile from Perth, of which Town and excellent bridge it commands a good prospect. — on the other hand is a fine view up the Valley in which one sees the windings of the Tay. this prospect is terminated

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by the Grampian Hills, (— where Norval fed his flock) — .[10] — The first week we spent intirely at home, tho we had often company. We generally breakfast'd between nine and ten, then walk'd out, dress'd for dinner read or conversed till three, at which hour we dined, at five if Company was expect'd adjourn'd into the drawing room, drank tea at six, music or conversation till ten, at ^which time we sup'd, and after it for an hour or two either Scotch reels, or singing. — The people here are extremely sociable and friendly they frequently stay till Twelve, or one o clock in the morning. — There is much more deference paid to the fair sex here than in England by the Lords of the creation, the reason is obvious, so much greater attention is paid to the Education of the women that it renders the knowledge of the Two sexes upon a greater equality, — There attention and hospitality to strangers is particularly worthy of remark. — They seem conscious what an uncandid Idea the English have of them and appear to have a great desire to change it. — In short tho the Scotch may be far behind us in Agriculture commerce and all the fine arts, — yet in Mental qualifications they seem infinitely to surpass us. — Where are the stricter observers of the Sabbath. — Where are thefts murders, and suicides seldomer commit'd, — Where are there soldiers or Seamen that in Time of danger, can brave hardships like a Caledonian. ——— Where is there an Historian like Robertson, a Preacher like Blair, or a Muse like Beattie's, — I perhaps may be prejudiced in favour of Scotland as I know nothing so likely to endear a place to us, as containing those we love, — On Sunday August the sixt we went to hear a sermon it was in the Churchyard which as well as the Church was as crowded as could possibly be. — the Clergyman stands in a kind of small wooden house, it is large enough to hold three or four people — and as the day was cold Mrs Meliss and I were usher'd into it. — Notwithstanding ~~[illegible]~~ the solemnity of the

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occasion I could scarce refrain from laughing at being box'd up with the parson, Clark, and another man, in a place we had hardly ^room to stand in. The Clergymans name was Chapman, he is esteem'd here an excellent Orator — tho I cant say his pronounciation pleased me much. he seem'd affecting to speak good English, without having the power to do it — The Presbiterians Pray, and preach extempore. he made a very good prayer. which was longer than most of our Clergymens sermons, — after this he gave out his text which was — (set your affections on things above)[11] — he preach'd fifty minutes during which time he [illegible] fully on the subject. — The people all stand or sit on the cold ground. with their hats or bonnets on. that is the men after the women, at least the lower class never wear any, but have plaids or long blue cloaks which reach to their feet, and have large hoods which upon occasion they put up. — at the end of the prayer and sermon they all pull off their bonnets and bow to the Preacher, this I imajined was by way of thanks — but Mr Meliss inform'd me it was by way of Obeidiance to the Supreme Being, ——— This happen'd to be the Fast week at Perth ^It is only once a year when they on the Sunday receive sacrament. — they being on the Thursday to pray and preach, and continue till Sunday in the above manner. and as soon as the Clergyman has done, another ascends the wooden house. — so there the congregation sit or stand. going out perhaps once a day for a little refreshment — On the Sunday when sacrament is received in the Church the congregation all sit round a long table which is placed in the middle aile, and the Clergyman stands on a chair exorting them. to consider ~~[illegible]~~ the consequences of this sacred

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institution during this exortation, the Elders of the Church who are chosen by the parish as learn'd and judicious men, go round the table and gather tokens which are given by the Clergy of the several parishes to signify all such as are worthy to recive the sacrament, and if they have no token they are rejected as being unfit for it, — They are going to have the Sacrament more frequently to prevent this preaching out of doors, as having it only once a year occasions such crowds to assemble as to make the Churches unable to contain them, — it is said they like it to rain when they are out, and suffer themselves to be wet to the skin, rather than move from the place. — they like it, because they

think it gives them an air of greater devotion, — on Monday evening we had a very agreeable party most of whom, on my Uncles account were musical, after the concert Reels were danced, in which Mrs Rose an Old Lady of seventy six — join'd. — and after supper sung us many sprightly airs, — On Tuesday we all except Mrs Meliss (who could not leave her little boy) went to dine at Mr Macalpins at Cromley ha, — six miles from Perth, — the road was bad but the prospects from it delightfully pleasant, on the left of the road at the distance of half a mile is a fine view of the ruins of Huntingtour Castle, —,

"In which place
"James the sixth of Scotland was held prisoner. he was invited there to hunt
"which was his favorite diversion. but a secret conspiracy was forming against
"him, All the nobles of ~~[illegible]~~ the realm were assembled, and James
"conscious he was wrong, in bestowing too much power on his favorites Lennox,
"and Arran, felt great uneasiness, and when he was about to depart, the Nobles
"enter'd his bed room in a body, and present'd a memorial against the illegal
"and oppressive actions of his two favorites, whom they represented as most
"dangerous enemies to the religion and liberties of the Nation. —
"James expostulated, threaten'd, and complain'd, but finding these without

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effect, burst into tears. The conspirators without regarding either his tears
or indignation dismiss'd such of his followers as they suspected and allow'd
none but their own party to have access to him. — and though they
treated him with great respect, gaurded his person with the greatest
care, this enterprize is usually call'd by our historians the
Raid of Ruthven, ———

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— We reach'd Cromley about two, were introduced to M^rs^ and Miss Macalpin after the first salutations were past, which in Scotland is always a shake by the hand, — I sat for a Quarter of an hour without speaking a painful <u>situation</u> for a <u>female</u>, — at last I was determin'd to try some conversation with Miss Macalpin, not <u>being</u> <u>able</u> to <u>endure</u> it <u>any longer</u>. — but first I will give you a little description of that Lady, not with an intention to excite ridicule, but merely to show what an unpromising subject I had to work upon. — Nature has not been very lavish of her beauties either to her person or face, which is remarkably long, large, light eyes steadfastly fixt, — a long sharp nose, and a mouth none of the smallest, and throughout the whole of her face there is such an unmeaning and forbiding gravity, as I never saw in any countenance before. — I spent a second silent quarter of an hour in studying what topic to enter upon — at last I said — "This <u>is</u> a <u>charming</u> <u>situation</u> — Ma'am, — "yes Ma'am — "Don't you like the country better than the Town in summer — "I really don't know Ma'am — silence succeed'd — "I am told you have not been here long Ma'am — "No not long Ma'am dinner was announced and down stairs I went with a joyful

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heart not more because I was hungry but because it relieved me from the most unentertaining discourse I ever enter'd upon. — I remark'd this Lady as being the only one ^we saw in Scotland that want'd vivacity — or was at a loss for conversation, — after dinner we went to see the Printing Works Mr Macalpin has great merit, for in a year and a half, he has beautified a place which was before perfectly a wilderness, it is now extremely romantic. — its a narrow Valley through which runs the river Almond on one side of it are stupendous rocks cover'd with fine fir trees, and on — the other side Mr Macalpin has erected a prodigious printing Mill with various houses and sheds for the convenience of the business he has also cut a canal which turns the mill and in which they dip the linnen after every colour is put on.[12] — it is astonishing how quick they print pocket handkerchiefs these they do with a copper plate, and other things with wooden printers. — There were in one room about a hundred girls putting in the colours with hair pencils (for they only trace the outlines with the wooden instrument) — I told them I thought their occupation a very pleasant one, and assured them the women in England had <u>much</u> <u>harder</u> work. — they seem'd much pleas'd at my taking notice

of them — . — but made no answer except a general smile, — we return'd to the house drank tea and set off for Rosemount ——— The Day following we went to breakfast with a M[r] Sandemane at Luncarty three miles full north of Perth. — M[r] Sandemane is about 64 has great Grandchildren six years old and is the most allert and lively man I ever saw, though a great oddity he is a good deal respected in the Neighbourhood as being the head of that society called Sandemonians, it was an Uncle of his that was the first founder of it, and this man is now the chief. — His only topic is matrimony, and so great a friend he is to it, that he actually almost hawks his Children about and generally gets his daughters married by they are fifteen and his sons eighteen. — after breakfast he carried us to see

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his works which are for whitening all sorts of linnen. This is reckon'd the greatest Bleachfield in Briton, he helps many weavers employ'd in Perth and the colour of his cloth is prefer'd to Irish, — He accompanied us to Stanley to dine at M[r] Keys. — This is a beautiful place and stands on the banks of the Tay there is a prodigious cotton Mill erect'd at this place which when it is intirely finish'd will employ five hundred people. There are eight proprietors one of which is M[r] Key a very agreeable man who resides on the spot. — they are building a large village for the convenience of the work people and amongst the rest of the improvements a large Sunday School is erecting, which is the first in Scotland.[13] I was truely sorry to find they were not more general, as the minds of the lower class are totally ignorant and consequently superstitious, and therefore have much want of the benefits attending that excellent institution. — This School is to be support'd by the eight proprietors of the Mill who intend giving an a^nnual salery to some Clergyman of good character, who is out of preferment to preach to them every Sunday, teach them to read and instruct them in their duty, — There is no place where there is more occasion for a School of that sort than Stanley. — for it is astonishing what a quantity of Children are employ'd in the Cotton Mill. — I could not help expressing the joy I felt in recollecting the advantages this little group would reap from this human institution, and so great an impression it made upon me, that I invoked the Muses aid to give it utterance, this very trifling production so unworthy of the subject which excited it, I am prevailed upon to transcribe and it is as follows. ———

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Verses on Stanley Vale

Genius of Scotland, wake the sacred nine
Thou Wilt not ask their tuneful aid in vain.
Eager they'l listen to a voice like thine,
And gladly pour, the sweet, melodious strain.
To Stanley Village, strike the sounding lyre,
That Caledonia may catch thy lays,
May feel the ardour of poetic fire,
Attentive hear, and echo back its praise.
Sweet Stanley, seated on the banks of the Tay
Whose beauteous Stream, winds copiously along
And murmuring oft its circling ^eddies play
Responsive to the pipe, or Milkmaids song. —
Along its sides, are ranged the stately pine.
Whose verdant foliage, braves the tempest drear,
Whose sturdy trunks to neither side incline,
But tall and straight their haughty honors rear.
Here Industry that ever prosperous fair —
Rears her bright standard, spreading peace around,
Dispersing penury, and vain dispair,
And the shrill cry of want, — heart piercing sound.

The Cotton here from India’s coast we see,
Safe wafted by a kind propitious gale.
Behold the produce of that useful tree,
Spread competence, and wealth through Stanley Vale. —

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Here we behold employ’d the livelong day
A youthful tribe, — who erst knew nought but want,
Who spent their hours in idling time away —
Without instruction, — of provision scant;
And now alas, it grieves my heart to say,
Without instruction, they e’en now remain,
And spend the Holy Lords, appoint’d day —
In wanton resting, and open shame.
No longer famish’d cries the ears assail,
No longer rest these images of woe,
Fell Sloth is banish’d from the Peaceful Vale,
Sloth first great cause from whence all evils flow —
This praise industry merits, — ha! behold,
What form angellic swims before my eyes,
A snowy robe, her graceful limbs infold,
Sure tis some heavenly regent of the skies.
Her mein, her looks, bespeak her heavenly birth,
In her right hand, a milk white dove she bears —
Emblem of peace, and ever conscious worth,
Soother of grief, and quieter of cares. —
Her cloudless brow, unconscious of a frown,
Her eye beam’d energy and artless truth,
Around her form were thousand Graces thrown
And her cheek ting’d with the soft blush of youth,
She spoke, and speaking charm’d the listening ear,
Sweet vibrated the sound through Stanley Vale,
The Tay stopt short, as if intent to hear –
When thus the voice soft float’d on the gale —

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Ye sons of Scotland, — by supreme command,
Know that in me, t’is piety ye view —
Lo, I am sent by an Almighty hand,
To you, ye highly blest, and favour’d few —,
What tho’ Industry here her standards bring,
Tho’ Plenty, ever teems her golden horn,
Yet if you know not whence these bounties spring,
Still must the heart feel wretched, and forlorn —
Know that from Heaven, each precious blessing flows,

From Heaven, all pure and perfect gifts descend,
There will the wearied pilgrim find repose —
There will the wretched, find one Faithful Friend,
Then teach betimes the unexperienced youth,
The Power Supreme, to worship and adore. —
To keep his ^holy word, — to x x x x cherish truth.
Thus said, she vanish'd quick, — nor utter'd more. —
She said, and none her precepts dare dispise. —
Quick throbs the impulse of each generous heart,
For see, the humble Village school arise,
And each commercial Brother bears a part,
A good and virtuous Pastor, next they seek:
To rule the youthful tribe with peaceful rod,
And the revolving Sabbath of each week —
Teach their young Minds the surest way to God.
Blest Village, happiest far on Scotia's plains,
Blest Institution, form'd by judgement cool,
Where pure Religion source of comfort reigns —
Religion founder of The Sunday School.

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The day at Stanley was much more agreeably spent than that at Cromley, as Mr Key has two sisters both of whom are chatty and good humour'd. it was rather ^late before we got to Rosemount where we found our friend Mrs Meliss anxiously waiting our return. — The rest of the week was past at home where we had frequently very agreeable parties, and spent a very jovial evening on Saturday August the twelfth with the two Miss Andersons — . The Tuesday following we went to breakfast at Mr Wright's of Lawtown , nine miles from Perth. Mrs Meliss and her little boy accompanied us in this excurtion, which made it particularly agreeable — We reached Lawtown about eleven, — M^r^ & Mrs Wright we had seen before at Rosemount. They seem each upwards of forty M^r^ W is a very sensible jocase man, and M^rs^ W is reckon'd remarkably clever is Cousin to the great Scotch Poet Dr Beattie and has a great taste for Literature. We were introduced to Miss Brandling Governess to the two Miss Wrights, who had her education at Miss Procters Doncaster. This Lady seems about three and twenty has a countenance extremely dejected, and looks as in a bad state of health. — The pleasure she took in conversing about Doncaster was evident, since it enliven'd a face in which fervors seem'd deeply implanted. — My Uncle said he was once at Miss Proctures when there was a young Lady whose name he had forgot; that she was preparing for a voyage into America where she had a sister well settld under whose protection she was going to put herself. I have heard add'd he that she was disappointed by the sudden death of her sister, but you doubtless may know something more about it,

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he had no sooner said this than Miss Brandling left the room in great disorder. Mrs Wright (whose attention to this young Lady deserves the highest encomiums) instantly followed her, — and in a short time came back making an apology from Miss Brandling for her strange and sudden departure, "but that he had "touch'd upon the string on which hung all her sorrows"[14] — for she herself was the unfortunate girl to whom he alluded. — The death of that sister (add'd Mrs Wright) blast'd all the promising expectations of Miss Brandling — without friends — without fortune — a dependant station was the highest she could aspire to. — to a girl possess'd of such a fund of Sensibility a stroke so unexpected must have been doubly felt, and a deep dejection of spirit which naturally impairs her health has been the result of this disappointment, — I have a sincere affection for her continued she, as well as Mr Wright

and we think it our duty by showing her all the tenderness in our power to endeavour to alleviate her sorrows. — My Uncle was much hurt at being the smallest instrument in bringing back so painful a remembrance — Miss Brandling enter'd — and we again commenced a conversation about Doncaster and its inhabitants which seem'd the only topic interesting to Miss B— and the rest of the day was spent very x x x agreeably —. Lawtown is about two miles from Dunsinane Hill where Macbeths Castle stood. — I had express'd a desire to see that place but the day after turn'd out so ill I gave up all thoughts of it, however it clear'd up and after tea Mrs Wright said she was determin'd I should not be disappointed and if nobody would attend us she and I would go together. however Mrs Meliss and we got into the Chaise Mr Wright a Mr Berriman and my Uncle on horsebacks —

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The road to it was terrible, not being much frequented as few people have an inclination to climb the stupendous steep. — we found it impossible to ride up it; so each of us secured the arm of a Beau, and with much fatigue difficulty, and length of time, reach'd the summit, the evening was too far advanced for us to discern objects at any great distance, otherwise we should have seen one of the finest and most extensive prospects Scotland affords, — there are not the smallest remains left of the Castle above ground. but the Lord Privy Seal and several more Antiquarians have dug ^of late and found several vestiges that lead them to conclude the Thane of Fife by whom it was destroy'd, had levell'd it by fire, as they have discover'd a quantity of burnt corn, and stones which have the appearance of cinders, — there is a high bank raised round it which has been by way of defence.[15] — Bernam Hill is about twelve miles off. there is now no wood upon it — having been (if we may credit Shakespeare) all cut down by Macduff's forces,[16] — after staying there about a quarter of an hour, we descended the Hill, got into the carriage, and got safe to Lawtown, this place takes its name from a hill which is close by Mr Wright's house. on this Macbeth used every week to dispense the laws to a crowded assembly. — henceforth the Village just by is called Lawtown,[17] — we related our excurtion to Miss Brandling Mr Meliss and my Cousin, and spent a very jovial evening, — In the morning when breakfast was over we took leave of the worthy and agreeable family at Lawtown. — The parting on the side of Miss Brandling was truely melancholy. The delight she had felt in talking of a place where she had cherish'd so many flattering expectations, — a place in which she had ^known nothing but pleasure, —

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was superior to any injoyment she had experienced since she has left it, she seem'd to have conceived an attachment for us, and wept as if she had been parting with the nearest relatives. — I never felt greater compassion for any one, and for some time Miss Brandlings misfortunes gain'd such an ascendancy over my heart as to make me insensible of injoyment. Mrs Meliss who is ever desirous of promoting pleasure earnestly intreated her to come to Rosemount while we staid, and Mrs Wright kindly seconded the motion, but she refused saying a second parting would but renew her uneasiness. — Mr Meliss my Uncle Cousin and myself set off for Dundee, and Mrs M. with her child and Maid for Rosemount — The road from Lawton to Dundee is most delightfully picturesque and romantic, between two enormous hills where we seem'd hem'd in on every side, a little further the hills divide, and form the sweetest little Valley imajinable, through which runs a burn that often meets with rocks and other obstructions and dashing over them forms the most delightful cascades — in this Valley are several little huts scatter'd about at some distance from each other. at the North side of them they plant firs to shelter them from the Northern blast, and in the South they have little gardens stock'd with Cabbages Pottatoes, and other vegetables for winter use, — they are ten or twelve miles from any Town and I really think it is not possible for nature to have lavish'd more beauties, than in the compass of this little Arcadian Valley. ——— We reach'd Dundee about one, it is a pretty good Town, pleasantly situated near the Firth of Tay. There is a large Manufactory of coarse Cloth at this place, there is nothing much worth observation at Dundee & I called upon Miss Read for whom I had x x x x x a large packet from York — That Lady was well and express'd a great

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regard for York and its inhabitants, from whom she said she had receiv'd many civilities, I parted with her about five, and arrived at Rosemount by eight. — On Thursday we spent a very agreeable evening at old Mrs Roses there was

a large party, and amongst the rest, a D[r] Stewart — a very stately Beau, who after supper when merriment prevail'd sat without deigning to smile, and look'd as if he thought mirth extremely vulgar, — The day following there was a very agreeable Concert and Ball at Cambells large room. — Old M[rs] Rose danced from eight o clock till three in the morning. — The day after we went to Duplin, the seat of Lord Kinnoul, it is about 4 miles from Perth, the pleasure grounds are very extensive and laid out with great taste — . Nature indeed has done much for it, — furnished them with rocks and natural cascades Gifts infinitely superior to ^all the skill of labour'd art, — The house is not large, and nothing in it but family pictures, which are very unentertaining, Lord Kinnoul was twice Ambassador — by which means he has had two services of plate which together with a large quantity belonging to the family cuts a conspicuous figure. — from this place we went to Stillend to dine at Captain Stewarts — M[rs] Stewart appears to be about forty, is still a handsome looking woman and has a large family. — The Captain exactly answers the Character of the British Tar, — is honest, open hearted and courageous — it was rather late before we reach'd Rosemount The two days following were taken up with the unpleasant occupations of taking leave, and packing up, — And on Tuesday August the twenty second about ten o clock, we left Rosemount M[rs] Meliss myself the child and maid in a chaise and M[r] Meliss with my Uncle in the Chair. — Dunkeld is about fifteen miles from

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Perth, the road rather rough and hilly, but the views from it uncommonly pleasant. — we reached it about one — and went before dinner to see Ossians Hall — which, is about a mile from the inn. — The road to it is by the side of the river Rumble,[18] — which falls into the Tay a little below — The name of this river takes its rise from the various obstructions that impedes its course, over these obstructions it rushs with redoubled violence and forms cascades which cause a never ceasing Rumble. — Ossians Hall on the outside appears a half circular building when you enter it it is perfectly round and opposite the door is a fine painting of Ossian, the poet and some of the Celestial nine , — while our attention was busily occupied in observing this picture — it suddenly vanish'd (by the help of a pulley) — and behind it we perceived a most elegant apartment, — the surprise this occasion'd us was great. — what with the noise of the pictures removal and the sight of this unexpected room — on entering it the pleasure and surprise is infinitely increas'd by a most beautiful and romantic cascade which is just below the window, the rocks are very high and rugged and the water dashes over them with astonishing violence. — On the Ceiling of the apartment are several mirrors, and to look up and see the reflection of the water foaming above, has the finest effect imaginable. —

Many think a hermitage in this situation would have been more in character than this elegant little Temple, the sides of which are ornamented with paintings on the plaister all well executed, and the cornish gold, — A little below the cascade is a bridge built of rude stone, and just by it a cave hewn out of the solid rock. This cave is a great contrast to the superb richness of Ossians Hall — it is ornament'd with shellwork, Scotch pebbles &.c —

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This part of the pleasure Grounds of the Duke of Athol, which is on the south side of the ferry, was intirely the taste of Lady Charlotte Murrey, sister to the Duke — to whom when it was compleated she made a present of it. — From thence, we return'd to dinner after which we cross'd the ferry. The House and principal part of the pleasure grounds lay on the north side of it. but as the day was far advanced, we had not time to see them — and now the most painful task was come. the parting with our dear and worthy friends M[r] & M[rs] Meliss, ——— Over this scene, then let me draw a veil ——— Nor dwell upon a theme the sadness of which could by be alleviated by the kind promise (If Heaven permitted) of a visit from them next summer, — I will not attempt a description of our feelings at this moment — but borrow the elegant lines of a deservedly celebrated Poetess. ———

> For every Good and Gracious Soul
> Where gentle feelings dwell,
> Will better far conceive the whole
> Than any Muse can tell, —[19]

We left them at Dunkeld, and made the best of our way to Blair which place we reach'd by nine. — it is twenty miles and the road remarkably good and the prospects uncommonly beautiful, and diversified with wood, rocks, and water. — Blair is another seat of the Duke of Athol. the situation is not equal to that at Dunkeld. but the pleasure grounds more extensive. and. well laid out. some fine natural cascades ornaments it very much The outside appearance of the house is not very striking and it

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is a faithful index of the inside, as the furniture is very plain and there are no paintings. — The family had just breakfasted and had regaled themselves with herrings as we saw several plates full of well pick'd bones. — I suppose this is their Graces usual breakfast — They live very retired and attend much to the education of their children, and have neither been at London or Edinburgh these three years. — sometimes they reside at Dunkeld, but oftener at Blair, —

— We left this place at twelve, and went eight miles back on the Dunkeld road to get to the ferry of Logyret. which we cross'd — about five miles from Blair is the pass of Gillicranké — a streight road between two stupendous rocks, where the Duke of Cumberland met and fought the rebels in 1745,[20] — We dined at Weimss, a wretch'd village and our accomodations were nearly correspondent with the look of the habitations. — From this place we pursued our rout to Kinmore the seat of the Earl of Bredalbane. — this place we reach'd in the evening and early next morning were conducted by the Park keeper through his Lordships Policy — .[21] we follow'd him along a broad grass walk the trees forming an Alcove, this walk is two miles and a half in length but we went only one. — when turning on the right we cross'd a neat Chinese bridge which is over the river Tay. this road lead us to the park where the house stands and in which there is a great quantity of fallow deer. — this place we cross'd in order to ascend a mount on which is built an elegant fortress at the top of it is a flag which is hoisted on any particular occasion — and on the ramparts are placed eighteen small cannons. — From this eminence there is a most delightful prospect of Loch Tay, which is about a mile distant. also of the Church and Newbuilt Village of Kinmore —

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which stands close by the Loch. — we descended this hill and went to see the house the middle part of it has a very antique appearance but the two wings have been built by the late Earl, and look very modern. we did but see the dining and drawing rooms both of which are good. the former is ornament'd with family pictures by Vandyke and other eminent artists.[22] — the latter has some fine Historical paintings chiefly from scripture —, one remarkably fine of the meeting of Jacob and Easau , another of St Frances and several others. — after walking above four miles we return'd to the inn, which as well as the rest of the Village is intirely new. — Kinmore is by many travellers reckon'd the most beautiful place in Scotland the situation is indeed remarkably good. — but what to me gives it the highest preferance. — is the neatness of the Village above mention'd[23] — For after having admired the beauties of Dunkeld, Blair, Duplin &c where every effort of luxurious art is practised to assist the works of Nature, — after having gazed upon the dazzling luster of a splendid sideboard — your pity, your resentment is awakened when you behold these places surrounded by miserable hovels unfit for human creatures to reside in. — mere sheds through which the sharp Northern wind finds a thousand crevices to enter. ———

How is one disgusted at the thought, that what is ^in one week expended in unnecessary trifles, would give comfort to the hearts of so many poor famish'd shivering sufferers. — To me a neat and comfortable Village would add much more ^to the beauty of any pleasure grounds, than a set of the most sumptuous temples dedicated to any of the Heathen Deities. — this may x x x be said to be an unfashionable and romantic preferance —, but let it be what

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it may I am determined to indulge it. — The present Earl is very young and but lately return'd from his travels, — but seems to be much liked and is said to have an amiable disposition, his policy is very extensive as is also his property, for he can travel one hundred miles streight forward in his own estate and yet I fancy has not more than twelve thousand a year — . we were inform'd the hermitage was well worth seeing which was about four miles out of our direct road. to this place we went and devoutly do I wish I had a pen sufficiently descriptive to give an adequate Idea of the unequal'd beauties of this little Elysium. However I will aim to give a faint imperfect sketch of it. ———

Art has little hand in it and Nature reigns predominant. — It is a steep glen in the midst of which are high and rugged rocks, over them rush large sheets of waters, which form the most beautiful cascades imaginable. — the sides of these rocks are cover'd with trees shrubs and wild flowers. ——— One is lead by a winding path to a door which conveyed us through a dark subteranuous passage. — hewn out of an astonishing rock. — at the end of this passage is another door, which when open'd discovers a hermitage, which one enters. it is built of clay and moss and in the inside ornament'd with shellwork and plaister in imitation of fruit — which is supposed to be the Hermits food. — there is a humble couch of goats skin for him to repose on, and above it an old library of ancient manuscripts which apparently might have been saved in Noah's Ark — this Hermitage is built in the form of a Sexagan stands on a high rock — and exactly opposite the window at the distance of about 60 yards is a Cataract which is said to be the finest in Briton.[24] it falls eighty yards perpendicular is an amazing sheet ^of water — and loses itself in murmurs among the rocky bed below —

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I sincerely wish every one who has a true taste for the beauties of nature to visit the Hermitage at Taymouth. — after seeing it how dull and insipid is the stiff cut avenue and gravel walk. — We found we should be obliged to go back to Kinmore in order to get the right road to Killin which we did and travel'd fifteen miles close by the side of Loch Tay, — it is a fine peice of water in some parts a mile and a half across, its computed to be from fifty to one hundred fathom deep. — and what is very remarkable was never known to freeze tho' it can have no communication with the sea. — we arrived at Killin about three o clock. the Inn there is kept by a Yorkshireman and Wife who formerly lived at — Wetherby. My Uncle knew them and it is natural to suppose the pleasure they would feel at the unexpect'd sight of their Country people The situation of Killin tho' an odd house is extremely pleasant being between the two rivers[25] that feed Loch Tay, — We left this place about five and made the best of our way to Tynedrum. it was twenty miles to that place and I dare venture to say worse road was never travell'd, — We were in constant fear of an overturn. durst not venture out of a foots pace and were frequently obliged to alight, and walk ——— by this means it grew dark long before we reach'd Tynedrum. — we kept enquiring how far to that place and which was the road. but could gain little information as most of our informers spoke nothing but Erse. —

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however we journied on terribly fatigued without knowing when we should have rest, at length we perceived a light and never were poor benighted travellers more rejoiced. we made up to it and found it to be the Inn. — I got out of the Chair and was running in when I was met in a long dark passage by a prodigious fat gigantic woman, with a candle in her hand and with a hoarse voice scarcely intelligable inform'd me she could ^not possibly make room for us, — you positively must spare us a corner said I we will put up with any accomodations but for Gods sake admit us into the house for we are almost starved and tired to death, —

— well replied she then follow me, — I did so, up a pair of dark stone stairs at the top of which she open'd a door, pop'd in her head and mutter'd something I could not understand, upon which a large party of drunken Highlanders stagger'd out of it, we enter'd. it was a very small apartment in one corner stood a bed a table just by it, it smelt much of Wiskie which nectar I suppose the above mention'd Gods had been quaffing. — This room said she is bespoke by a Gentleman in the house — but perhaps he may give it up to you. — I will ask him — as for the Gentlemen I don't ^know what to do with them, we must make them a place somewhere — . I then desired her to show them up — and make us a good fire — then gave her a brace of Moorgame, which had been politely sent us at Kinmore by two Gentlemen who were shooting those — and beg'd her to roast them for supper — , soon after Captain Cambell sent his Comp[ts] *[Compliments]* . and desired me to make use of his room. — which offer I readily accepted and return'd my thanks. — We spent our evening very merrily in praising the gallantry of the Caledonian Beaux. — about twelve we parted and lucky for us we were so tired as not to regard our uncomfortable lodgings —

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we left this place early the next morning, and found the road to Dalmally pretty good at that place we breakfasted, I had forgot to mention a fine Loch, which we pass'd before we reach'd Dalmally it is called Loch Awe, — it is of a very irregular form and has several Islands upon it, which are well planted and many of them ornamented with old ruins. — We left Dalmally about one and persued our rout to Inverary, the road between these two stages is very good

but rather hilly, the last four miles which is through the Duke of Argyle's policy, is very rich and beautiful and well contrasted with the former part of the roads which is incompass'd with high rocks and stupendous hills cover'd with nothing but black Ling and Broom. — We reached Inverary about four, order'd dinner after what which we took a long walk, up to the summit of an amazing steep, called Dunikaith Hill, where an Observatory is built — At the top of this hill one looks almost perpendicularly down upon the Castle of Inverary, the residence of the Duke of Argyle, which cuts a grand and ancient appearance. It is a large building nearly square flat roof'd and a large Tower in the middle, a considerable height above the rest of the building. — The situation is delightfully pleasant in a fine lawn and commands a most beautiful prospect of Loch Fyne, which having a communication with the sea ——— is salt water. — When we descended this hill went to ^see the Castle the appartments are spacious and lofty and are most elegantly finish'd, there are some good family pictures but few from history. — Lady Augusta Campbell the Dukes eldest Daughter, is very handsome and ^has a great taste for music, painting, and all the fine arts — The Dutchess we saw but at a distance with Lady Darby

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Madame Halliarde, a French woman of quality and several others whose names I have forgot, after having seen all the apartments below we were taken up stairs to a square gallery form which one looks down into the saloon it is support'd by large pillars — from this gallery one ascends still higher till one gets to the lead terrace which surrounds the foot of the middle tower from whence we had a fine prospect of the Loch, tho not an extensive one as it is encompass'd with high rocks, we descended and return'd to the Inn, well pleased with the days diversion, —

We left Inverary about nine the next morning and travell'd by the side of Loch Fyne, for about ten miles, — before a very serious calamity befel us, which was one of the main hind springs broke, we were sadly distress'd by this accident being fifty miles from Glasgow, which was the nearest place we could get it mended at, — it rain'd ter^ribly and we ^were obliged to go slow and cautiously. My Uncle and cousin thought it would be best to tye the spring with a piece of card — we stopt opposite a wretched looking hovel in order to do it and ask'd for some water to steep it in. — which was brought us by a little girl, the picture of miserable poverty she ran back again, and fetch'd me some berries in a little tub, — Her name she said was Taby M$^{c.}$Darty, she spoke good English and seem'd to be about nine years old. — the habitation she came out off was built of clay and laths, and was badly thatch'd with broom, holes were left in the side to admit light, through these holes issued all the smoke — so they serve both for windows, and chimneys. — My Uncle advised me to dispose of the Goosberries, by throwing them away as the hands they came from where none of the cleanest. — this advice was needless as I scarce durst touch them with my fingers for fear of the disorder for which the lower class in this country, are pretty famous —[26]

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about five miles from this place we reach'd a prodigious Hill on which is a stone with this inscription (Rest and be thankful) from this Hill (which is very steep) the road is lead as gradually as possible it is two long miles to the bottom of this x x x Valley[27] we walk'd all this way, as in the state our carriage was in, we judg'd it dangerous to remain in it. — it luckily clear'd up, and we had no unpleasant walk, our prospect was amazing rugged and romantic rocks on each side at least a quarter of a mile perpendicular, down their sides rush torrents which dash'd from one rock to another with amazing violence these were greatly augmented with the prodigious quantity of rain which had fallen in the night. — no other prospect than this afford'd itself for several miles —

I could not help thinking how many there are in England who would travel this stage and many others in Scotland full of anger and vexation, and when they got seated by their own fire sides would most bitterly abuse the barren and unfruitful soil of this Kingdom — How impotent and ^irreligious is such conduct: to find fault with Nature is surely to arraign the Wisdom of God; is this then a proper return to him who cloaths our feilds with verdure. — and gives us every luxury we enjoy. — Is it a proper return to blaspheme his works. because they do not smile with riches like our own? ——— These scenes methinks should have a tendancy quite different They should impress us with a lively gratitude for the inestimable blessings so lavishly bestow'd upon us. — and by seeing how much they overballance those in Scotland, create in us an ardent desire of deserving them. for as we have much more give, — so have we much more reason to be thankful.[28]

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a little onward another prospect open'd to us. which was Loch Long. it is a fine sheet of water, of an irregular form but not very broad. — we cross'd a bridge which is over the river that feeds it,[29] which joins the Firth of Clyde by which means it is salt water, — about four miles farther is Tarbet Inn, which we reach'd by four o clock. the look of this house did not promise us much comfort, however we order'd dinner and Good stomach (according to the old proverb) being the best sauce. — we found no fault with our provisions, which (by the by) were not capital, This Inn stands close by Loch Lomond a Lake which all agree is not ^to be equal'd by any in Briton. — and exactly opposite on the other side the Loch is that most astonishing and stupendous hill called Ben Lomond. of which every traveller that visits this part of the Highlands takes particular notice, and many mount his summit. which commands a very extensive prospect, but that entirely depends upon the day for I was inform'd by a gentleman who had been there that when the atmosphere was clear one may easily discover the Irish Coast. — whereas the day we were at Tarbet the clouds hung so low we could not discern the top of Ben. — it is three miles from the base to the summit and one mile perpendicular — The road in many parts is totally impassible on foot, so those who have curiosity to ascend this steep are obliged to hire little Shelties or Galloways which are kept here for that purpose, and are well acquainted with the way ——— But there were some lines on a pane of Glass in the Inn which I really think worth transcribing. tho' few scratchs on tavern windows deserve a look. — however should any of my friends visit Ben Lomond, they may be mindful of the advice given by — S Russel. [30] —

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Verses on Ben Lomond written on a Window —

Strangers, if this pane of glass perchance,
Thy roving eyes should cast a casual glance;
If taste for grandeur ,and the dread sublime,
Prompt thee, Ben Lomonds fearful height to climb;
Here stop attentive, nor with scorn refuse,
The humble rhimings of a tavern Muse: —
For thee the Muse, this rude instruction plan'd,
Prompt'd for thee, her poets humble hand.
— Trust not at first a quick adventurous pace,
Six miles its top points gradual form the base. —
Up the high rise, with panting haste I past,
And gain'd the long laborious steep at last.
More provident thou, — when once you pass the deep,
With cautious steps, and slow, ascend the steep. —
Oh, stop awhile oft taste the cordial drop,
And rest, oh rest, long, long upon the top,
There hail the breezes, nor with toilsome haste,
Down the rough slope thy useful vigour waste:
So shall thy wondering sight at once survey,
Woods, lakes, and mountains, vallies rocks, and sea. —
Huge hills, that heaped in crowded order stand,
Stretch'd o'er the Western, and the Northern land,
Enormous groupes; while Ben who often shrouds,
His lofty summit in a veil of clouds,
High o'er the rest, exulting in his state,

In proud pre-eminence sublimely Great: —

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One side all awful to the astonish'd eye —
Presents a rise three hundred fathoms high:
Which swells tremendous on th' astonish'd sense,
With all the pomp of dread magnificence,
All this and more thou shalt with wonder see,
And own a faithful Monitor in me. S Russel ———

I think M^r. Russel gives very wholsome advice, we left this place about five the afternoon was pleasant and ^the road to Luss all the way by the side of Loch Lomond. this Loch is twenty four miles long, and in many parts six and seven broad, it has twenty eight Islands upon it, none of which are very small, and all ornamented with wood which adds much to this enchanting prospect. we reach'd Luss by eight, at which place our accomodations were very comfortable — after eating a hearty supper we retired to bed, and left Luss at eight on Sunday morning August the 27th. it rain'd heavily therefore we could not enjoy the pleasant prospects between Luss and Dumbarton as the road was still by the Loch. — we reach'd the last mention'd place about eleven, where we order'd breakfast — There is the remains of a Castle at Dumbarton which most travellers passing through go to see, but it rain'd so hard the whole time we were there — we were obliged to be content without seeing it. — This place though the county Town, is but small and trifling we left ^it about two, and had a very pleasant ride to Glasgow — the Country here wears a different aspect to that we had pass'd through a day or two before, — here the surrounding lands are well cultivated, and many Gentlemens seats are scatter'd about. —

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These are the summer residences of some of the best families in Glasgow their situations are well chosen most of them commanding either a view of Loch Lomond or of the Clyde — which is the river that comes to Glasgow and is one of the three that is navigable, it is rather remarkable so many rivers as are in Scotland there are but three, the Clyde to Glasgow, the Forth to Stirling, and the Tay to Perth. — about two miles before we reach'd Glasgow is an Obelisk near the road side but tho' it did not appear ancient, the inscription was effaced; however we enquired and found it was erected to the memory of Smollet the historian, and were also shewn the house he was born in, which was just by and cuts a mean appearance. —

— We arrived at Glasgow about five o'clock, and were recommended to the Saracens Head Gallowgate, which was quite the South end of the Town, we were all much struck with the beauty and regularity of the buildings, and the spacious and well paved streets. — after tea we sent Mr Wauds letter to Dr Williamson one of the Professors inclos'd in a note from my Uncle desiring to know what time we should wait on the Dr, to see the College, he sent his Comp^ts *[Compliments]* and would wait on us that evening, accordingly he came about eight o'clock supp'd with us and staid till twelve; he is a very agreeable man full of entertainment and instruction, is very lively and seems to be about sixty five. — My Uncle was much pleased with him and we agreed we had seldom spent pleasanter hours, for tho' a great Phylosopher, he is perfectly easy, and quite the gentleman, is much caress'd by the Dukes of Athol, Argyle, and Hamilton, as a man of great understanding, and sound judgement, he was perfectly

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acquainted with the late Doctor Johnson, who he acknowledges to have had a great genius, but agrees with every body else in saying he had the most unpleasant manner and disposition in the world. — he added, one part of Johnsons character surprized him much as he had always thought it incompatible with sound judgement, which was his amazing bigotism, he said he once ask'd him the Principle of the established Church of Scotland, and when he told him it differ'd only in form to that of the English, he exclaim'd enough, enough, your fate is inevitable, as is all those who in the smallest degree deviate from the only true religion. I need not tell you what will be your portion, ——— He told us a circumstance of the D^r breakfasting with one of the Professors, and according to the custom of this

country preserved sweetmeats were produced, the Doctor who was very near sighted ask'd what they were, and being inform'd Marmalade to spread upon his bread, and butter, he put his hand into the glass and brought it out ^full of sweetmeats, spread it with his fingers upon the bread, and noding significantly said (this will do)[31] — This D[r] Williamson alledged he saw, and told us many more stories similar to these about Johnson — he ask'd us to breakfast with him the next morning which we did, and were by him introduced to M[rs] Williamson, She does not seem above thirty, great inequality in age is in general disgusting, but when one recollects how agreeable the Doctor is, one ceases to wonder at it. — They both accompanied us to see the College — we were first shewn the apparatus for Electricity; Astronomy; the art of preserving in specific several valuable Fosils a magnet the power of which is equal

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to 151 lb — these apparatus's are carried into the lecturers hall, and explain'd by the professors of the several class's to the students; — From thence we were taken into a place in which are aranged several peices of roman architecture which have been found by digging the canal near this place, there are many Altars, the inscriptions still very legible one of ^the most superb has been dedicated to Jupiter Olympus, there is a place at the top on which the libation has been put, also several pieces of Roman wall, pavements &c. which have the appearance of great antiquity, — from this place we went to the library which is large and well furnish'd, and has a gallery intirely round it. They have a book which was sent by the King of Naples to this college, which is full of extraordinary fine copper plates which were copied from the admirable collection of paintings found in the Herculanium,[32] they are not historical, nor very interesting, but the plates uncommonly fine. —

— Another much more entertaining *book* was made a present of to this college by Sir William Hamilton, it is full of drawings taken by himself in Sicily, cheifly views of Etna, and Vesuvius, most incomparably finish'd by that gentleman the burning Lava streaming down the sides is well express'd and fills one with horror and consternation, there is an explanation to every drawing, the colouring is delicate and the subjects noble and striking: from this place we went to the large Hall where on any particular occasion such as chusing Professors &c. all the College assembles and entertainments are given. — In this place are some

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paintings, the best of which is (according to my humble opinion) the Athenian School, Plato, and Aristotle, are nearly in the center, the former in the attitude of speaking, the figures and countenances are good and expressive. — Pythogarus is writing. — Diogenes in a posture of study — and the rest teaching their different sciences. the countenances of the young students indicate extreme attention. — after seeing this place D[r] Williamson very politely conducted us into a small apartment at the end of it, where we sat down, and regaled ourselves with cake, wine, and almonds and raisins. — We then went to the High Church or Cathe ~~[illegible]~~ deral which is the only one remaining in Scotland, and is indeed very ancient. the structure is Gothic, but there are no monuments worth observation — fronting the reading desk is an elegant pew in which Oliver Cromwell once sat to hear Divine service. What is very remarkable the place under the Church which was intended for Vaults is converted into a place of worship where there is divine service every Sunday, it must be supposed it is dimly lighted and has a very dismal appearance. it is surely calculated to inforce gloomy ideas of religion, — there still remain several burial places, and if the deceased happen to die young the friends have a horrid custom of painting the walls ajoining the tomb black, with white spots, and observe the same only reverse it when they depart this life pretty far advanced in years. — these we were inform'd were to represent tears. — but — really every tear resembles both in size and shape a good large Gargonel Pear. and had it not been for

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D[r] Williamson who is a man of exquisite information we could not possibly have found out there meaning. — From the Cathedral we went to the Tontine Inn, in which is the assembly room, it is neat, but small, there are also several other comodius apartments and below them a spacious and elegant Coffee room, — at the entrance of this room is a lofty dome supported by pillars, at the top of this Dome is a Skylight, the other end of the room is made circular by a large bow window, — and there two lights seem fully sufficient. — from thence we went to the new Church it is neatly fitted up, and lofted on three sides the pews about are all mahogany, and those below a good imitation of it the

aisles are all carpeted, and except the Duke of Northumberlands chaple at Alnwick Castle, it is the most elegant place of worship we had seen — From thence we return'd to the Inn and dined, after which the Doctor conducted us to the Green, round which there is a gravel walk by the side of the river Clyde, which is extremely pleasant, — we then went back to tea and retir'd to bed pretty well fatigued, — rose early in the morning and after breakfast set out for Paisley which is seven miles west of Glasgow, — This is a large well built town and famous for the gauze manufactory which is brought to great perfection. — they also manufactor muslon and ribbands, and no town is in a more flourishing state — I Copied an account which was taken in the year 1781 of the population of this place it was as follows:

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- Number of Families in Paisley ——————— 3723 —
- Persons five to each Family ——————— 18615 —
- There were Weavers Looms ——————— 3800 —
- — And thread Mills ——————————— 132—
- Fronting Houses ——————————— 1441 —
- Houses Built in — 1777 ——————————— 83 —
- ---------- in — 1778 ——————————— 45 —
- ---------- in — 1779 ——————————— 43 —
- ---------- in — 1780 ——————————— 64 —
- ---------- in — 1781 ——————————— 103 —

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They are now much employ'd in building and consequently the population much increas'd since this account was taken Paisley is reckoned the fourth town in Scotland 1777 — Edinburgh Glasgow, and Aberdeen only excelling it. — we spent the day there very agreeably in seeing the curious process of weaving gauze &c, — and return'd in the evening by Renfrew which is the County Town of the Shire; is but a very trifling place — Doctor Williamson came and spent the evening with us, and after a short time took his leave. — We left Glasgow the morning after about eight o'clock, Dr Williamson informed us of Bothwell Castle which was the ancient seat of the Douglas Family but is now in ruins, it is not far from the road side, at the distance of about nine miles from Glasgow, — the situation of it is beautiful on the banks of the river Clyde, when intire, it seems to have been ^a prodigeous mass of building, and has the appearance of amazing strength, it is built on a rock and has been strongly fortified by a surrounding rampart;

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near this ruin is a neat modern built house in which Mr Douglas resides, from this house the pleasure grounds extend to the old Castle and down to the Clyde, they are laid out with exquisite taste, and for the size of it, this was one of the prettiest places we saw. — This is part of the estate, the property of which was so long contested by the Families of Douglas, and Hamilton and decided in favour of the former (who now enjoys it) by the house of Lords, in the year 1767,[34] — Dr Williamson who is a man of universal knowledge was well acquainted with all the parties, — with the Dutchess of Douglas he was particularly intimate, and also with the late Duke of Queensberry who was very strenuous for the Douglas side, tho' a relation of the Hamilton's. — he told us of a conversation he had with that nobleman (after the matter was decided), who told him he was fully convinced of Douglas being the rightful heir, not (added he) "from all
"the publick proofs that have been ^given for there perjury may
"have been pra^ctised, but in my youth, I had a strong
"attachment to Lady Jane Douglas, and would most —
"willingly have married her. — I know her to have been a
"woman of exemplary honour, and integrity, she declared
"on her death bed she was the mother of those young men,
"this to me is the strongest of all proofs. for Lady Jane
"Douglas would never have launch'd into Eternity with a

“Falshood in her mouth. — This Nobleman also told Dr Williamson a circumstance greatly to the credit of the present Duke of Hamilton, which was soon after the

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cause was decided, young Douglas was with the Duke of Queensberry at St James where they were met by the Duke of Hamilton, who went up to Mr Douglas, took him by the hand and said, — “ Douglas its long since we met, but now I’m happy to call
“you Cousin”. — This circumstance reflects great honour on the Duke of Hamilton, who must be possess’d of a soul above disappointment, and revenge, and must give every one a high opinion of the rectitude of his hear, and benevolence of his disposition, — The D^r^ gave us an odd account of the Dutchess of Douglas. — She was a woman of astonishing strong parts, — had a high Idea of honour, — and bore an unblemish’d character — but had none of those gentle, and insinuating graces, those mild and placid virtues, which ought to be the characteristic of the sex, — She was strong in her resentments, and had it not been for her unshaken fortitude, and enterprizing spirit, Douglas would never have possess’d the estate. — She lived to see him united to the Duke of Montrose’s daughter they were some years without having any family which gave the Dutchess great uneasiness, as she fear’d in spite of all her exertions, the Hamiltons would prove victorious, however in time she was made happy by seeing an heir to the Family of Douglas. —

— From Bothwell Castle we made the best of our way to — Hamilton, which place we reach’d by ten o’clock, there we breakfasted, it is a small neat built town. — we express’d a desire to see the Dukes house, upon which the waiter inform’d us, it was necessary to ask the Dutchess’s permission. My Uncle

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accordingly sat down and wrote to her Grace for that purpose. and soon after her assent came. — we proceeded to the house and the porter refused us admittance till we assured him we had leave, a servant conducted us into the gallery where all the most valuable pictures are put, it is an elegant apartment, on entering it we perceived a Gentleman sat writing, he immediately rose and approached us, — by this time our attentions were engaged with a beautiful painting which hung at the bottom of the room, — This the gentleman informed us was the parting of — Hector and Andromache, it was done by Gavin Hamilton and was a passage chosen by the Duke. — When Hector is casting his last glance on his wife and infant the former is leaning in an elegant attitude on his shoulder, while the Nurse is upon her knees at his feet holding the Child: — In the back ground stands a magnificent Carr, in which are two white coursers, around stand the Matrons with their infants in their arms, and with some grey headed old Men raise their hands and eyes to Heaven, imploring the protection of the Gods for the great chief of Troy, in whose countenance and figure, are blended glory, pity, anguish, and affection; — The manly figures of two young Warriors leaning on their spears is highly beautiful, their rough visages seem to have lost all the fierc^eness of war and their bosoms to: melt with compassion at the sad scene before them. The figures are all as large as life

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and exquisitely expressive, — we were much pleased with it, as also with a portrait of the Old Earl of Denbigh, and a negro boy, the former with a gun in his hand, this was done by Vandyke — over the fireplace is that inestimable and much esteem’d picture of Daniel in the Lyons den . I am utterly unable to give the least conception of this incomparable peformance, — but cannot pass over it without making a faint attempt, — Daniel is represented sitting amidst a group of Lyons with his hands and eyes uplifted in a posture of most ernest prayer, — in his countenance horror is strongly delineated but it is softened by resignation, and a humble hope in the goodness of the Supreme Being, — The animals are incomparably done, one fast asleep with his head upon the foot of Daniel another close by him howling for hunger; and several more in different attitudes all looking horridly savage and ter^rific, yet none seeming to have any intention to molest the Holy Prophet. at the bottom of the picture are several bones and a scull — the gentleman who still attended us desired us to observe how well they were picked, — and told us this inimitable peice was done by Reubans, — at the bottom of the room is a painting of a treaty of peace made in Queen Elizabeths time, between the English and Spanish this is held in great veneration as the gentleman informed us which amongst them was the Famous Cecil, they seem all in deep debate. but his countenance was particularly cunning and crafty, ——— On each side of this are scripture pieces one Our Saviour

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being taken from the cross, and the other his interment, the countenances here are finely expressed, and they were done by that inimitable artist Raphael, these were the only historical paintings in the gallery the rest were all portraits well finished by Vandyke — As much as we were pleased with the admirable collection of paintings we were not less so with our informer, — he seemed about fifty, a good size inclining to corpulency and a countenance penetrating and expressive, his manner uncommonly graceful, and elegant, accompanied with a frankness the most pleasing, — to have left his occupation and give himself so much trouble merely for the entertainment of perfect strangers was doubtless a great instance of affability, — out of the gallery we went into the billiard room, — facing the door is the portrait of three gentlemen in a group, one of which Our guide informed us was the present Duke of Hamilton, and that (said he) pointing to a figure on his Graces right hand) was taken for me, and that on the left for a son of mine, it was done by Hamilton at Rome, we happened to be standing one evening in that very place when he approached us and said he had been trying to group us, and would take us in the attitudes we were then in, The place in which we stood was formerly the Grand Forum at Rome, but is now converted into a low market, and we were returning from contemplating the ruins of that ancient ^City which you see

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there (added he) in the back ground — He had no sooner said that was taken for me — than it instantly struck me it might probably be that charming and most entertaining author Dr Moor, well known to have been the Duke of Hamiltons Tutor and companion of his travels, the same, the same Idea struck my Uncle and I took the first opportunity of asking the servant who attended us, and he informed me it was him. —

I was scarce able to contain the delight I felt in being with a man whose works I had so much admired, I communicated it to my Uncle, who I wished to partake of my pleasure, to have a proper idea of this man, it is only necessary to read his works, as they are an exact type of himself Easy entertaining, interesting, and eligant, — but I must withold my rapsody, and go on with an account of the paintings, — In the billiard room there is an excellent head of Rezzio [35] the unfortunate favorite, of a more unfortunate Queen, — a violin in his hand, his eyes lively and peircing and his countenance keen, and expressive, — In this room are some portraits and excellent Landscapes — and a small painting which, I think was done by Guido — It was Our Saviour taken from the cross, and two angels standing over him, the Vissage of one of those Beings is perfectly divine, it exceeds any thing earthy, and is totally undescribable. — through this we were shewn a bed room and dressing room which are ornamented chiefly with landscapes, from thence we returned again through the gallery and went through another range of rooms, in one of which, was a fine old head of S$^{t.}$ Catherine

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Bless me said Dr Moore, I've seen many a St Catherine, but they were all smart young Ladies, this seems very ancient — Here is also a portrait of Knox the Great Reformer and the Holy family in a group, which I think was done by Guido, an artist famous for expression of countenance, — There were many others the subjects of which I have forgot I was so attentive to our charming conductor, — he told us the Duke was in Ireland and ^the Dutchess not being well he came down about a fortnight ago to keep her company in the Dukes absence, — Ay! thought I, I envy her, her companion, more than any thing she possess,

— He staid sometime, conversing about our journey and all the beauties of Scotland, wished us much to see the Dukes pleasure grounds,[36] and after sometime took his leave —, we returned to the Inn and soon after set forward on our journey. — it rained and blew excessive hard, and our situation was te^rible the road laying across a bleak heath without a single tree to shelter us, and we really thought it dangerous to remain in the carriage, — One circumstance made it particularly similar to the Tempest on Cowdingham Moor July the 28th, the day before, had been past with Miss Grey, and now we had just left Dr Moor, and to have our pleasentest hours twice succeeded by tempests was very remarkable — However at five we arrived at Douglas Mill, where we met with comfortable accommodations, and took up our residence for the night — which was a very tempestuous one

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we rose early in the morning but if offered us no better a prospect that the preceeding day, being still extremely windy and likely for rain, and as we were preparing to set off (being obliged to encounter it) — the Landlord came with the Comp^{ts} *[Compliments]* of two Gentlemen who were going to the next stage, and offered me a place in their post Chaise, to this proposition we readily assented, and I got into the carriage with the two Beaux. Conversation soon turned to literary subjects, in which they both, especially the younger seemed well versed, repeated many striking passages from Shakespeare as well as from other Great authors, spoke french fluently, and seemed to have a knowledge of the dead languages, it rained te^rribly the whole way to Elvenfoot which is fifteen miles from Douglas Mill, here we breakfasted and parted with our agreeable fellow travellers whose names we did not learn, — from thence we persued our rout to Moffat which place we reached by two it is a neat small market town, and excellent accommodations at the Inn we dined, and left it about four, we had a pleasant ride of sixteen miles, fine road to Lockerby through the Vale of Annan we arrived at the last mentioned place by seven were we staid all night. — On Friday morning September the first — we rose at 9 breakfasted and left Lockerby about eleven, the road was very good and about a quarter of a mile on the right hand of it at the distance of sixteen miles from Lockerby, stands that celebrated Village called Gretna Green. — we understood it was in the direct road to Carlisle and intended dining at it, but passed it half a mile — however when we found out our mistake we returned, not willing to pass so near a spot so famous, without seeing it — accordingly []

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we asked for the best Inn, and were shewn a small thatched Cottage built of mud, at the end of which hung out the Kings arms, here we alighted and were shewn into a neat little apartment where we ordered diner, — I asked where people were married the girl looked significantly at me and pointed to a little thatched alehouse of still meaner appearance than that we were in. “Do you want to go there Ma’am said she because if you do, we must send for the Minister, he lives about a quarter of a mile off, — I assured her I had no desire to see that Gentleman, but expressed my surprize why they were not married in the Kirk, as there is a very neat one in the Village — She said She knew no reason, but Mr Paisley (the Minister) did not chuse it. — I asked her if we could see the room in which the ceremony is performed, and she immediately desired us to follow her, we did so, and were conducted to the little alehouse above mentioned, and turning to the right she opened the door of Hymens Temple, which we entered — it is a room of about four yards in bre^adth and five in length, very low, a coarse flag floor, and white walls, the furniture consisted of three white wood chairs, an old oak table, a corner cupboard, and two press beds. — The people told us a week never passed without a wedding and some times two of a day, — and the ceremony is two hours in performing

— We left Gretna Green about four and it rained very fast most of the way to Carlisle, in this stage we bade farewell to Scotland which is divided from England by a small river which we crossed at Longtown, ten miles from Carlisle — which place we reached about seven and took up our residence at the Kings arms, where we met with excellent beds and good accommodations, we rose about eight o’clock and after breakfast went to see the printing works

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which are very extensive at Carlisle but as I before took notice of them at Cromley, these being exactly the same, I shall pass over them in silence — From thence we went to the Cathedral, it appears to ^be an old strong building but there are no monuments worth looking at and it happening to be Service time we could not be admitted ^but into the prayerhouse, — From this place we went to the Castle where — the fortieth regiment ^of foot were garrisoned, they happened to be exercising and ^we were much pleased with the harmony of their music, — we had leave from the Officers to ascend the ramparts where several large cannon are placed, from thence we had a charming and extensive prospect and took a farewell glance of Scotland; a place we had every reason to like, not only from its beauties which are very numerous, but from the extreme kindness and hospitality we met with from its inhabitants, — We were informed there was nothing within the Castle worth observation and therefore did not enter it. but were told by the people of the Inn there was a clock which was very curious. accordingly we went and found it so. — It shewed us the Revolution of the heavens, and motion of the globe, and upon the whole was a capital peice of mechanism, — We were also informed there was a blind Man just by who had an organ and played upon it himself, and that he had been born blind, — this intelligence it was difficult to credit, however we were determined to be satisfied and followed our conducter down a straight lane, then ascended a pair of high stone stairs, at the top of which at the right hand he

opened a door, and telling our errand a woman desired us to enter, which we did, and this astonishing man approached us he seemed about sixty and rose from a table where he

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three women and two men were at dinner — it was a mean apartment, — in one corner stood a bed — a fire where dinner had been cooked close by it, — and at the bottom of the room was the organ the Old man drew near us and taking from the wall a small frame in which was Joseph Lenton wove on a piece of Cloth — you will doubtless think it remarkable said he, when I tell you this was my weaving, it is true, I was not born blind as some say, by lost my sight of the small pox when I was between three and four years old, you will ask how I knew the form of letters, why my mother with her finger end used to trace them on my hand and by this means I know the exact shape of every letter, — I have also made this organ both the bellows keys and wood part of it, and I play upon it — and blow the bellows with my foot, — He immediately began played Martino's minuet the Birks of Invermay — and many sprightly airs. ———

— Now said he I will give you one of my own composition it is an imitation of a Voluntary when the Judges come into the Church — he did play it — and most delightful it was — he touch'd the instrument with great taste and expression. — When he had done pray said my Uncle what first gave you an idea of making an organ. — he began a long na^rrative which was exactly as below, or as near as I can remember. —

You must know Sir when I was about twelve years old I went to the Cathedral were I was so struck with the music of the organ that it quite overpower'd me — I fainted away and was carried out — when I came to myself I enquired very earnestly

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what the organ was like — My friends who were poor illiterate people could inform me very little about it. they said there was a bellows and some pipes and that they played on keys. — I could then have played a little on the bagpipe I made a bellows and got some childrens trumpets, and blew into the bellows this I found would not answer, as I could not get it to make different sounds. — I was much distressed that this attempt failed, and my friends afraid such application and study would impair my understanding — insisted upon me giving up the scheme, this (added the Old man) duly obliged me to promise, but strong inclination forbade me to perform — there was a small dark place at the top of the house there I got my work tools unknown to every body. I was then about seventeen and had made some bagpipes and other little things, but ^my mind was still set upon an organ, — and I was determined to make a second attempt, I had made some enquiries about it, — and set to work to make the air Chest, bellows, —— pipes, — and keys, — which I compleated, the only thing that now remained was to pitch it, — sometimes I thought to go to the Organist and ask a little of his assistance — then again I considered perhaps he will think it impertinent in a poor blind boy. — as I was one day busied with these reflections, I went to the Cathedral which I then constantly attended, I had one of my pipes in my pocket and was ringing the bells after service was over, — when one of the Vergers told the Sexton he had left the organ pew door open,— he replied it was no matter nobody would go there — Now though I is the luck^ey moment if I have courage to embrace it, — Immediately went and hid myself, and sometime after they went out and locked the door. — I then groped my way up to the organ loft and after filling the organ chest with air, took my pipe out of my pocket, and counted the notes 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10 from the top, till it exactly came to the sounds of my pipe from thence I knew where to place this pipe and makes as many above and below as I liked.

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— I stayed in the Church all night practising in the above manner — I knew nothing then of the name of notes — my ear was my only instructor — in the morning various were the conjectures made upon finding me in the church, — some said he smiling thought it was the Old Organist risen again. — I told them what I had been about as I was no longer desirous of keeping it a secret. — it soon reached the ears of the Bishop and Dean, who sent for me and ordered I should have free access to the organ, whenever I wished it, from this indulgence I soon compleated my instrument and got ^to know the names of notes. This is not the Organ you now see, it was sent into the Isle of Man. this I have made since. I will play you another song added he and immediately began of singing and playing. (Says Plato why should man be Vain — when he had finished, this said he is my favorite song. for a great deal of morality is united to fine music, it shows most plainly the vanity of this world, — Our venerable friend delivered this narration with an ease, and frankness that astonished and delighted us, — and one could not help regarding him as one whom

Providence had bountifully compensated for the loss of eyesight — Nothing could be more affecting than to hear him sing that song. — it brought along with it a crowd of reflections. — Who indeed has occasion to be vain when they can see here an instance of a man destitute of every comfort that can arise from competence & dependant solely on the bounty of others, yet see that man by the peculiar grace of Providence endowed with a disposition of mind and soundness of understanding not often to be equalled. — My Uncle asked him if he knew Mr Stanley the ^late organist of the Temple

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who was very great tho like him deprived of eyesight. — He said he went up to London soon after he had made the organ and was introduced to Mr Stanley who he had the honour of playing too, that he was at his house and he was very kind to him. — He is dead lately said my Uncle — so I hear said the old Man and am sorry for it, ay Sir I labour under great disadvantages, if in the earlier part of my life I had, had a good education I might have done better. — I told him the merit was considerably greater on that account — because had that been the case much more would be expected and now ^we were all astonishment. — The old man (smiled and) said, you are very good Ma'am, and very true, My Uncle then gave him a small trifle, for which he was very thankful but we assured him the obligation was greatly on our sides — we then returned to the inn. dined and set off for Penrith. which is eighteen miles from Carlisle and the road not very good. but the prospects ^finely diversified, on one side a black heath and on the other a woody, cultivated, Valley, — Our old Friend whom we had just left furnished us with conversation, till about seven o'clock we reached Penrith, — Our hostess informed us her house was so full of company she feared we should not like our accommodations, which she assured us were the best that were unoccupied, for there was Lord Lonsdale and all the Gentlemen of distinction in the County assembled above stairs, and had been signing a congratulatory address to his Majesty (which she added with a smile) was just <u>then quite the fashion</u> — she spoke this with a tone of voice and sweetness of countenance that we could have put up with any inconvenience rather than have distressed her. We ordered tea and before it was

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over a great mob assembled before the window where they lit a prodigious bonfire and fired guns and crackers inumerable. Lord Lonsdale and ^the gentlemen ordered the populace thirteen barrels of ale, and the whole night, was one continued scene of drunkenness, riot, and confusion. — We breakfasted at Penrith in the morning and about ten o'clock set off for Appleby. the road on this stage is good, and the prospects delightful, it is fourteen miles and we arrived at Mr Wilkinsons about twelve, and were happy to find Miss W— well. she is a girl I esteem exceedingly from the goodness of her heart and sweetness of ^her disposition — Appleby is a most charmingly situated it is but small tho' the County town of Westmorland, the country about it is very rich and cultivated, and the prospects are terminated with Hills resembling those in the Highlands. — at this place there is a Castle which belongs to the earl of Thanet, it is finely situated upon a rising ground and overlooks the Town; the eminence on which it stands, is finely or^namented with trees, and the river Eden runs just below. It is inhabited by his Lordships Steward and family, the rooms are large wainscoted and boarded with oak, — there are some paintings but all wretchedly bad. the only entertainment in the Castle, is the figure of a man armed <u>cap à pee</u>, it is kept very clean and is iron inlaid with gold. — near the Castle there is an old square building very high with a turret on each corner, it has the appearance of great strength. no tradition is to be found concerning it but from the iron bars which remain it is supposed to have been a place of confinement. — We staid at Appleby till

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Wednesday morning when we left them notwithstanding their pressing invitations for a longer visit, we returned to Penrith and about four miles from the last mentioned place on the high road stands a pillar on which is a dial, it was erected 130 years ago by Lady Ann Pembroke, she parted with her daughter (who was going to live in Wales) upon this spot, and she ordered a donation of four pounds to be given a^nnually to the poor of the parish of Broom (where it stands —)[37] every second day of April, the same Charitable Lady also endowed an Hospital at Appleby and left land sufficient to allow twelve poor Widows two comfortables ^apartments each and ten pounds <u>per anum</u> — there is an elegant monument erected to her memory in Appleby Church — we dined at Penrith and left it about three, the road to Keswick is beautifully picturesque and about a mile from that place one of the most beautiful landscapes that

can be conceived presents itself, it is a most fertile Valley through which runs the river Derwent, also Keswick, and a part of the lake which is esteemed the finest in England — this Valley is encompassed by an astonishing Hill called Skiddaw and other Mountains of stupendous height — We arrived at Keswick by seven at which place we met with comfortable accomodations — When we arose, we wer te^rribly disappointed by a dreadful rainy morning, as we intended had it been fine to have gone upon the lake, and ascend'd the summit of Skiddaw — these hopes however were frusterated — after breakfast we walked to see a Museum which is kept by a man of this place — here we spent three very entertaining hours — The keeper of this Museum

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was formerly a Captain in the East India Service and is now Admiral at Mr Pocklingtons regattas. which happen a^nnually and generally in August, — he has really collected a number of curious things a minute description of them is utterly impossible but I will endeavour to recollect those that most pleased Among his Fosils (which are very numerous) there is an Egyptian aget, which is about the size of a crown piece, it is finely polished and nature has depicted on one side the semblance of a monsterous cavern, — and on the other a rugged bridge and water beneath it. there is another no less worthy observation and it was found in the neighbouring mountains it is a stone of blue colour, in which are thinly scattered several — garnets of rich hue, and different dimensions, — and upon examining those he took from the stone Crosthayte perceived some had twelve and others twenty four sides as exact as the most skillful artist could have formed them. — he has got six musical stones, which he found in the river Derwent, they are of flat oblong form, and so well in tune with each other by nature, that by striking them with mallets he can perform any piece of music that does not require a greater extent of notes. — this harmony is totally new and very pleasing. — There is also a remarkable branch of oak in this form [38] also the wen of an oak, in which there is the resemblance of a distorted countenance, the features are human, and in the mouth which is much extended, there is a face exactly like that of a monkey. — This was discovered by accident when the bark was stript off, and may deservedly be reckon'd a

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very great curiosity — there are many different kinds of wood, Coins, dried plants, birds, and beasts, all well preserved, in short it is out of my power to enumerate all the sports of nature that amuses us in this collection. Mr Crosthayte has also some knowledge of Astronomy on the walls are ^represented the Sun and planes in their correspondent — distances and magnitudes — after dwelling long upon these and many more things worthy our attention — we returned to the Inn, and took an early dinner (after which) as the day had cleared up, we embarked on board the royal oak yatch for an excurtion up the lake. — this boat is a very neat and large enough to accommodate fifty people — it is kept by our Landlord for the use of his company, and takes its name from his sign ———

— The afternoon was uncommonly pleasant and the excurtion delightful beyond conception, the first object that presented itself was Pocklington Island it is charmingly situated near the bottom of the lake and commands a fine prospect up it. — This Island is by much the largest being about six acres nearly circular and rising gradually from all sides, at the middle of it is an excellent Mansion belonging to Mr Pocklington in which he resides most of the summer — he has likewise ornamented this little Elysium with wood and some buildings, on one side of it there is an excellent imitation of a small Church, which adds greatly to the beauty of the landscape, — between the porters lodge and the lake, on a rampart, are planted a garrison of small cannons (six pounders) which are employed in defence of the Island when attacked by the gun boats at the time of the Regatta — There are several other Islands finely planted with wood

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one of which (before the rebellion 1715) belonged to Lord Derwent-water who had a house upon it. — and he being ingaged in the part of the rebels, that, as well as other lands, in the neighbourhood were forfeited, and are now appropriated for the benefit of Greenwhich Hospital, the house is intirely demolished — from thence we persued our course to the top of the lake, which is three miles and a half from the place we entered the boat. — we landed here and were conducted to a beautifull waterfall which far exceeded any we had seen except that at Kinmore,[39] we were informed it fell one hundred yards but not perpendicular, it rushes over a very rugged bed, and forces itself down between two stupendous rocks, which tho they have a very barren appearance, are finely ornamented with [illegible] shrubs, trees, and flowers, the rock on the right side of the Cateract is called Shepherds Hill, and that on

the left (which is considerably higher), is named Gowdring Crag. — after having gazed long upon this inchanting scene, we returned to the boat, and crossed the south end of the Lake. From whence we had a grand and sublime view of Borrowdale , and tho' it is usually known by that name, (— which implys a Valley) There seems not more than merely sufficient room for the river Derwent to force itself a passage. — which river together with the waterfall supply this Lake. — The evening grew more pleasant and scarce a breeze ruffled the smooth surface of the Lake, The Sun was just declining below the Western hills and his departing beams glimmering on the water occasioned a beautiful reflection of the adjacent rocks and Wood

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never was there more inchanting scene. I shall not attempt a description of it, but refer all those who have not been there to that lively and *just account given of it by Mr Brown* , in a *micellany compiled by Mr Scot of Edinburgh* , we were about three hours in making this delightful excurtion, and returned to the inn charmed with our days amusement — Friday September the twenty eight a dreadful rainy morning, we were again disappointed, as we intended mounting Skiddaw, — however we were obliged to be content without it, and left Keswick, soon after breakfast, intending to reach Kendall that evening, but got no farther than Ambleside on account of the tempestuous — weather. had it been more favourable we should have had a most delightful ride, the road good and uncommonly pleasant laying through a beautiful, cultivated valley, encompassed with rocks equal (if not superior) in height and grandeur, to any we saw in Scotland, in — this valley are three fine lakes, the first called Thornmere, the next Grasmere, and the one next Ambleside (which belongs to Sir Michael Fleming who has a seat by it) is called Rydale, — We left Ambleside the next morning and ^got to breakfast at Kendall by ten, it rained as usual most of the way which was a disappointment to us, as a great part of the road lies by the side of Windimere Lake, this is a beautiful piece of water, thirteen miles in length, of an irregular form and from half a mile, to two in breadth, — and tho' much larger than Keswick Lake, the latter by most people is prefered on account of the sublimity and grandeur of the adjacent rocks, whereas the lands adjoining Windimere, are all in high cultivation. — We staid to dine at Kendall it seems a good

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town and is pleasantly situated. in a fine fertile Valley, we left it about three, and after a pleasant ride reached Kirby Lonsdale by six, and took up our residence at the Royal Oak till — morning. This is a small pleasant town situated on the banks of the Lune. — On Sunday morning we persued our way to Lerawnest which is a quarter of a mile to the right of the road about four miles from Settle . — Mr Waddington and his family were much surprized at the sight of such unexpected visitors, and treated us with the most friendly hospitality. we left them on Monday afternoon in spite of all their intre^aties to the contrary. — We reached Skipton that evening, there is at this place another Castle belonging to Lord Thanet, which a good deal resembles that at Appleby, — We left this place early in the morning and breakfasted at Ilkley. where I was happy in seeing Miss Waud and Miss Brown, — from thence we went to Otley dined with Mrs Flesher. who kindly entertained us at her house till Friday, till which time we were storm–staid by a flood occasioned by the quantity of rain which had fallen just before. Notwithstanding the sublime and diversified prospects we had enjoyed, we were not blind to the justly celebrated beauties of Wharfdale . which appeared like an extensive policy through which the river (in its course resembling the Tay) unwinds itself. — We passed through Harwood but having no house did not stop. Thorparch appeared more beautiful even than usual . — and by six we reached Oxton. — I shall not write the meeting was a happy one — that surely is unnecessary — Thus closes the Journal — and if to any of my friends too

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it gives the smallest entertainment. I shall esteem myself particularly happy. I trust it will never be perused but by the candid eye of friendship which is ever ready to excuse every error, when it is not the error of the heart. —

Editorial Notes

[1] Prebend's Bridge further down the River Wear, built in the 1770s after an older bridge was destroyed by flooding.

[2] The manuscript Dawson alludes to may be Symeon of Durham's history of the church at Durham: *Libellus de exordio atque procursu istius hoc est Dunhelmensis ecclesie* . However the text of her account of the foundation of Durham closely matches that found in Peter Heylyn, *A Help to English History* (London: 1641), which went through several editions in the course of the eighteenth century. See for example the edition of 1773: 'The Bishop's see, now fixed in Durham, was first placed in Lindisfarne, a little island on the sea-coast of Northumberland and there placed by the first bishops of this Northern region, because of the privacy and solitude thereof, which made it thought more fit and proper for devotion. But, both the bishop and the monks being driven from thence by the merciless fury of the Danes (who raged here extremely) about the year of Christ 800, they wandered up and down from place to place for two hundred years, not finding any place where they might repose themselves in safety, till in the end they sate them down in Durham, *anno* 990, or thereabouts, where it has ever since continued', p.132

[3] Thomas Percy's ballad, *The Hermit of Warkworth* (London: 1771). The poem is mentioned again below in relation to Warkworth Hermitage.

[4] In Percy's ballad romance *The Hermit of Warkworth* (London: 1771), the eponymous hermit reveals himself to be Sir Bertram, a former knight and retainer of the Percy family, earls of Northumberland. The hermit relates that he has taken a voluntary penance having accidentally slain his bride to be, Isabel, whose sculptured image he now attends in a cell above the river Coquet.

[5] Laurence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey* , 2 vols. (London: 1768), ii, pp.179-80 . In the posthumously published *Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher* (Edinburgh: 1875), Eliza Fletcher (née Dawson) writes that her 1786 tour journal was, in keeping with the tastes of the time, 'a sort of "sentimental journey"', p.28.

[6] A song appearing in John Milton's pastoral masque, *Comus* (first performed 1634), ll.230-243.

[7] There is insufficient information to identify the individual to whom these remains might have belonged.

[8] The painting in question was made by Daniel Mytens, Anthony van Dyck's predecessor as court painter to Charles I.

[9] It is unclear which piece Dawson is describing here. The tapestries displayed in Holyrood Palace are predominantly seventeenth-century and thus could not have belonged to Mary.

[10] A reference to the central character in John Home's play *Douglas: A Tragedy* (first performed in 1756), who is introduced as a shepherd boy in the Grampians.

[11] Colossians 3:2

[12] The printing works described by Dawson were later mentioned in *The Statistical Account of Scotland* , 21 vols. (Edinburgh: 1791-1799), xv, p.530 : 'Mr William McAlpine, from the neighbourhood of Glasgow, a clergyman's son, who had been bred a callico printer, came to view this country, and having beheld with astonishment the great quantity of fresh water, made choice of this spot for erecting a cotton mill and print-field.'

[13] The Sunday School movement in Scotland originated in the 1780s as a response to the increasing number of children who worked full-time in factories and mills such as that at Stanley, and thus had no access to education during the week. It was not uncommon for progressively-minded mill owners (such as David Dale at New Lanark) to provide schools in this way. See R. D. Anderson, *Education and the Scottish People 1750-1918* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1995), p.13.

[14] Sterne, *Sentimental Journey* , ii, p.177.

[15] Dunsinane lay on the estate of James Stuart-Mackenzie of Belmont, keeper of the privy seal of Scotland. Thomas Pennant writes in his description of Dunsinane: 'At present there are not any remains of this celebrated fortress: its place is now a verdant area, of an oval form, fifty-four yards by thirty, and surrounded by two-deep ditches. On the north is a hollow road, cut through the rock, leading up to the entry, which lies on the north east, facing a deep narrow chasm, between this and the next hill. The hill has been dug into; but nothing was discovered, excepting some very black corn, which probably had undergone the operation of *Graddan*, or burning',

Tour in Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides 1772 Part II , (London: 1776), p.179 . The mineralogist John Williams mentions Dunsinane in his treatise on vitrified forts, *An account of some remarkable ancient ruins, lately discovered in the Highlands* (Edinburgh: 1777), pp.51-55 .

[16] A reference to the events of Shakespeare's *Tragedy of Macbeth* , V.iv-vi.

[17] Pennant notes in this area 'several tumuli composed of earth and stones of a pyramidical form, called, here Lawes. One of a considerable size, near a gentleman's seat, called Law-town, is supposed to have been that from which Macbeth administered justice to his people', *Tour in Scotland 1772 Part II* (1776) pp.179-180. See also *The Statistical Account of Scotland* 21 vols (Edinburgh: 1791-1799), xiii, p.537n.

[18] A reference to Rumbling Bridge over the River Braan

[19] Hannah More, *'Sir Eldred of the Bower', ii, ll.148-48, Sir Eldred of the Bower and the Bleeding Rock: Two Legendary Tales (London: 1776)* . More's poem is set on the banks of the Tay.

[20] A concatenation of the events of the Jaocbite rising of 1745 with the 1689 battle of Killiecrankie, which was fought between the Jacobite forces of John Graham of Claverhouse, viscount Dundee, and the supporters of William of Orange, led by General Hugh Mackay.

[21] An echo of Thomas Pennant's description of the earl of Breadalbane's grounds at Taymouth: 'His Lordship's policy surrounds the house'. Pennant notes: 'This word here signifies improvements, or demesne: when used by a merchant, or tradesman, signifies their warehouses, shops and the like.' The wording is identical in Pennant, *Tour in Scotland 1769* (Chester: 1771), p.77(n), and *Tour in Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides 1772 Part II* (London: 1776), p.34(n).

[22] In his description of Taymouth Pennant mentions two portraits by van Dyck, of the brothers Henry Rich, First Earl of Holland and Robert Rich, Second Earl of Warwick, *Tour in Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides 1772 Part II* (London: 1776), pp.31-33.

[23] Unusually, Dawson appears to use the name 'Kinmore' to refer to both the village and parish of Kenmore, and to Taymouth Castle.

[24] The Falls of Acharn.

[25] The Dochart and the Lochay.

[26] Eighteenth-century travellers to Scotland were wary of a skin disease known as the Sibbens, also rendered 'sivvens' or 'civvens', particularly associated with the poor of the Highlands. It was described by Pennant in an appendix to his *Tour in Scotland 1772 Part II (1776)* : 'A Loathsome and very infectious disease of the venereal kind, called the *Sivvens*, has long afflicted the inhabitants of the Highlands, and from thence some parts of the Lowlands in *Scotland*, even as far as the border of *England*. Tradition says that it was introduced by the soldiers of *Cromwell* garrisoned in the Highlands', p.447

[27] Glen Croe.

[28] Like those of many of her contemporaries, Dawson's response to the Highland landscape touches on a long-lived debate on the divine purpose of wilderness, often associated with Bishop Thomas Burnett, whose *Sacred Theory of the Earth* (1684) argued that mountains were the debris of the biblical flood and thus an instructive reminder that the imperfections of worldly creation were the product of human sin. See Marjorie Hope Nicolson, *Mountain Gloom and Mountain Glory: The Development of the Aesthetics of the Infinite* (Ithica: Cornell University Press, 1959) and Peter Womack, *Improvement and Romance: Constructing the Myth of the Highlands* (Houndmills: Macmillan, 1988).

[29] Loin Water

[30] Dawson attributes the below poem to 'S. Russel', however others name the author as one Thomas Russel.

[31] In his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson* (London: 1785), James Boswell writes that while at Glasgow on Friday 29 October 1773, 'The professors of the university having been informed of our arrival, Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Reid, and Mr. Anderson, breakfasted with us', p.462.

[32] Possibly Baiardi's *Le pitture antiche d'Ercolano e contorni incise con qualche spiegazione* (Naples: 1755). Dawson may be confusing the royal sponsorship and dedication of the work with its provenance.

[33] The source of this account has not been identified.

[34] The so-called 'Douglas Cause' of the 1760s was one of the most famous litigations of the day. The case saw the Paris-born Archibald James Edward Douglas attempt to prove his identity as the nephew of Archibald Douglas, duke of Douglas, and thus heir to the Douglas estates which had passed to the duke of Hamilton in the apparent absence of a Douglas claimant. Douglas was finally recognised as heir by the House of Lords in 1767, after a lengthy legal battle with the Hamiltons.

[35] Pennant notes that along with another portrait this was 'mistakenly called David Rizzo's, but I could not learn that there was any portrait of that unfortunate man.' *Tour in Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides 1772* (Chester: 1774), p.143. The work has since been identified as seventeenth century and thus not a portrait of Riccio (d.1566).

[36] The duke of Hamilton's deer park and ostentatious lodge at Chatelherault were frequently remarked upon by visitors: see Pennant, *Tour in Scotland 1769* (Chester: 1771), pp.206-07 and *Tour in Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides 1772* (Chester: 1774), p.143.

[37] The pillar bears the following inscription, probably the source of the slightly distorted account given by Dawson: THIS PILLAR WAS ERECTED ANNO 1656 BY YE HON'BLE ANNE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE AND DAUGHTER AND SOLE HEIRE OF YE RT HONO'BLE GEORGE EARL OF CUMBERLAND AND FOR A MEMORIAL OF HER LAST PARTING IN THIS PLACE WITH HER GOOD AND PIOUS MOTHER YE RT HONO'BLE MARGARET COUNTESS DOWAGER OF CUMBERLAND YE 3RD OF APRIL 1616. IN MEMORY WHEREOF SHE ALSO LEFT AN ANNUITY OF FOUR POUNDS TO BE DISTRIBUTED TO YE POOR WITHIN THIS PARISH OF BROUGHAM EVERY 2ND DAY OF APRIL FOR EVER UPON YE STONE TABLE HERE HARD BY

[38] At this point in the document there is a small sketch of a forked branch roughly Y shaped, but with the forks of the Y bridged by another transverse length of wood.

[39] The Falls of Acharn, which Dawson had seen from Lord Breadalbane's Hermitage near Taymouth.

Authorial Notes

[1] NB for the above account see *Robertsons History of Scotland* vol the second, and page the 90, ——