Charlotte Malkin, Journal of travels in Scotland 1814

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In July 1814, Charlotte Malkin (1772–1859), accompanied by her husband Benjamin, their son, and a friend, left Bury St Edmunds on a tour of Scotland. Over the following weeks they reached Skye, Mull, and Staffa, and completed extensive circuits of the central belt and southern Highlands, taking in Edinburgh and Glasgow, the Trossachs, parts of Perthshire and Strathearn. The daughter of a Glamorgan schoolmaster, Charlotte (née Williams) was an accomplished diarist and letter writer. In an article on Charlotte Malkin's manuscript journal of the family's 1816 tour to the battlefield of Waterloo, Susan Matthews draws on material from the 1814 Scottish tour to illustrate the complex politics and subjectivity underlying scenic tourism in a period of war and political uncertainty. Such concerns were amplified in the case of the Malkins, well-off bourgeois reformists who had moved in radical circles that included William Godwin, Anna Laetitia Barbauld and William Blake, and later pursued a more circumspect form of social change through involvement in educational projects. Charlotte married the lawyer and later schoolmaster Benjamin Heath Malkin in 1794. Benjamin was an abolitionist and supporter of Mary Wollstonecraft, whose own travel narrative, *The Scenery, Antiquities and Biography of South Wales,* was published in 1804. The death of the Malkins' son, Thomas, in 1802, was commemorated in Benjamin's 1806 *A Father's Memoir of his Child*, which bore a frontispiece engraved by Blake.

Charlotte's journal of the 1814 tour of Scotland is exemplary as both a private travel narrative, and as evidence of the published influences shaping the practice and experience of the Highland tour in the Romantic period. While the basic itinerary might be traced back to those of Thomas Pennant and Johnson and Boswell in the late 1760s-early 1770s, more prominent here is Sarah Murray's 1799 *Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland*. Murray's influence is clearly felt in the Malkins' excursions around Perthshire, the River Devon, and the Trossachs, as well as in Skye, where, following Pennant, Johnson and Murray, the party stay with the Mackinnons of Coirechatacan. Present alongside Murray's Guide, appear to be Alexander Campbell's *A Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain* (London: 1802), and Patrick Graham of Aberfoyle's *Sketches Descriptive of Picturesque Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire* (Edinburgh: 1806), demonstrating the increasing maturity of the scenic tour of Scotland as a thoroughly documented literary and leisure practice by this time. Elsewhere, Malkin offers descriptions of lower-class manners, dress, and dwellings, which were an ubiquitous element of the genre, as well as recording her own ambivalent response to the sublime landscape. These elements of the journal might be usefully read in light of an uncertain wartime political climate, refracted through Malkin's reformist views; these concerns are also latent in Malkin's approving account of Robert Owen and his socialist manufacturing village at New Lanark. Malkin's literary interests are reflected in a meeting with the author James Hogg at Edinburgh, and with Jean Armour, the widow of Robert Burns, in Dumfries. Charlotte Malkin's 1814 Scottish journal suggests the ways in which scenic tourism, which emphasised aesthetic appreciation over antiquarian research, had allowed the Romantic tour of Scotland to develop into a more personal and reflective form of prose than that practiced by earlier writers.

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On Saturday July 2nd. 1814 — Dr. Malkin, Benjamin, Miss Hall & myself left our houses at Bury St. Edmunds with an intention of making a Summer excursion to the Highlands of Scotland. We proceeded this day as far as Grantham where we slept. — We found nothing that much pleased or interested us in this day's journey, except the town of Stamford which we pressed through, which is an handsome country town, well situated, and near to which is Burleigh, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter. —

Sunday 3rd. July — We proceeded as far as York — we found nothing beautiful in the country through which we passed, except that the greater part of Yorkshire is finely wooded. — The Town of Doncaster is handsome. We slept at York.

Monday 4th. In the morning before breakfast we visited the Cathedral — We found nothing else in this city work devoting any time

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to — There is a pleasant walk by the side of the river — the Town is very shabby, having narrow streets & mean ^brick buildings, generally speaking. The Minster is a fine pile of building, in the Gothic style. The nave is extremely handsome. There is a great quantity of very fine painted glass in all the windows, & very exquisite carving in the ornaments of the Choir & Skreen. — We pursued our journey after breakfast, & reached Durham, about 6 o'clock

The situation of this City is very grand. The Cathedral & the Castle are built upon a high rock which overhangs the river Wear — The Cathedral is a fine pile of the Saxon order of Architecture.

There was formerly a fine Chapter House adjoining the Church, but the Prebendaries some years back determined on taking down this part of the Ancient structure & then erected a Modern room for the purpose of their meetings, which, however

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comfortable in itself, but ill accords with all that surrounds it, & remains a disgraceful monument to the wretched want of taste & feeling of those men, who could possibly consent to the destruction of so ancient & venerable a part of their Cathedral. Here is scarcely any painted Glass nor any monuments worth mentioning. The huge Saxon Pillars give a majesty & solemnity to the Nave of this Church beyond which I have observed in any other. The tomb of St. Cuthbert is seen in an adjoining chapel. —

5th. — We entered Scotland this evening at Coldstream, by a fine Stone bridge over the Tweed.[1] we slept at Kelso, where we saw the ruins of the Abbey — There are still considerable remains of the Tower of the Church, & other parts of the building — those parts partake of the Saxon & the Gothic orders.

At Kelso, just above the Bridge, the two rivers so often sung, the Tweed & the Teviot, unite their streams — On Wednesday the 6th. of July, we pursued the ^upward course of the

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Tweed to Melrose; fording it about two or three miles short of Melrose, to see Dryburgh Abbey, the Seat of Lord Buchan.

There are considerable remains of the Abbey still standing, close to which is a modern built house, where Lord Buchan resides a good deal — he has already prepared his tomb there. — After seeing this, we recrossed the Tweed, & soon found our selves at Melrose — in our way we saw the celebrated hill of Cowden-knows.[2]

Melrose is situated at the foot of the Eildon Hills — the Abbey is by far the finest remnant of antiquity I have ever seen — There is a very large portion still standing, & the ornamental parts of the architecture are in many places in perfect preservation. The stone with which it is built, is of a fine mellow grey, with a roseate tint; & the hardness of it is such, that the carving is as sharp & perfect as if it were Marble. The vanity

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of exquisite patterns of border work, round the cornices, pillars &c. is quite astonishing & all are so tasteful & elegant, that you can scarcely give a preference to either.

We lingered long, & knew not how to leave this enchanting scene, combining so much natural beauty, with such interesting remains of days long gone by — however we left it time enough to pursue our journey, & reached Edinburgh late in the evening. We sent out our letters of introduction, & on Thursday the 7th. we were called upon by Dr. & Mrs. Burt, & Mr. Charles Macdonald, who kindly enlisted themselves in our service, & walked with us to see many parts of this very fine Town. I was quite astonished, & delighted with the situation of the place, the grandeur of the surrounding hills, their summits crowned by the Castle, the Pillar erected to the memory of Nelson, & other superb buildings.

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We also made acquaintance with the family of Mr. Gray, & Mr. Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd. We had reason to be exceedingly pleased with all the people we saw in Edinburgh — Nothing could exceed the kindness of their deportment towards us, & they contrived to make us feel ourselves rather as brought among old friends, than introduced amongst strangers — On Sunday the 10th. we went, accompanied by Mr. Gray & Mr. Hogg to see Roslyn Castle & Hawthorndean. We passed the morning most delightfully in this sequestered & romantic spot; & wandered along the banks of the river ^(the North Esk,) amidst the finest rocks & most romantic Scenery — We also visited the Chapel at Roslyn, which is in better preservation than any remnant of antiquity I have ever seen — The roof, from within, is perfect, & all the pillars remain as

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they were first erected — It is a building of the Gothic order. There is very little of the Castle remaining, & what there is, does not give you an idea of its ever having been magnificent. After having finished our morning excursion to Roslyn, we returned to dinner at Mr. Grays at St. Leonard's Hill. On Monday we visited what remained to be seen at Edinburgh & Mr. Gray, Mr. Hogg & the two Mr. Mc. Donalds dined with us at the Royal Hotel.[3] Mrs Burt came in the evening, & we all walked to St. Bernards Well.

On Tuesday the 12th. We all left Edinburgh and pursued our journey Northwards. We crossed Queens Ferry & reached Kinross where we slept. ^We walked on the banks of Loch Leven in the evening. On Wednesday the 13th. we came to Stirling, where we slept. We visited in our way from Kinross to Stirling, the Rumbling Brig

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^(the Devil's Mill,) & the Cauldron Linn ^(on the River Devon.) The Grandeur of the fall at the Linn, and the sublimity of the Scenery which surrounds it, quite overcame my spirits; nor were these improved by our visiting afterwards the Castle of Gloom, now called Campbell's Castle, at Dollar

I rather wish I could visit scenes of this nature, without my sensibilities being so much awakened. Perhaps if I felt their sublime beauties less enthusiastically, I should behold them with ^a pleasure better adapted to the common course, & the useful purposes of society. But let me hope; that if feelings which excite an almost painful admiration of the Author of all these wonders, a little unfit me at the moment for the purposes of common life,

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the may at the same Time lead me to look beyond this present world; & teach ^me to aspire to that perfect happiness in a future state, which the changeable & imperfect nature of all things here forbids me ever to hope for on earth![4]

On Thursday the 14th. we walked before — breakfast to see the Castle of Stirling. On Mounting the heights we were greatly delighted to perceive Edinburgh, its hills, its Castle, in the distance. I thought we had before taken our last

view of this delightful palace & was greatly rejoiced to recognise it once more. The Pentland Hills over Edinburgh were also seen from this place, as well as the long & beautiful range of the Oichill Hills, which extend between Dollar & Stirling. — On looking Northward from the Castle, we perceived the superb heights of Ben-Lomond, & Ben-Ledi,

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with others of various magnitude & beauty. Between us & Edinburgh a fertile plain extended, through which the river Forth meandered beautifully. — After breakfast we quitted Stirling, & within a few miles of it, came close to the borders of the river Teith, the course of which we often caught a glimpse of, while we pursued our journey to Callander, a little Town at the foot of Ben-Ledi. Arriving here, the Mountain seems to shut out the world on almost every side — The river Teith is become a large & beautiful river, rapid in its course & its waters perfectly clear. We took a delightful walk after dinner to the Bracklin Brig [5] ^over the little river Kelty — Here the rocks the waterfall, & the whole of the surrounding scenery is wild & beautiful,

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but after the Caldron Linn, it should seem to me, that all other water-falls must seem comparitivly tame & uninteresting. — In that magnificent Scene, the body of water is so large, & the rocks which interrupt its progress are so stupendous, that the dash of waters is immense, & the foam that is cast upwards, becomes as if were embodied. It has not the usual appearance of Water in a foaming state, but looks rather like ice, or broken glass, tossed about in a most magnificent & beautiful confusion.

On Friday the 15. we set out early to visit the Trossacks & Loch Katrine ^(passing in our way thither, Loch Venachar & Loch Achray,) — The day was as fine as could be wished; it afforded the varieties of clouds & sunshine, & showed the stupendous Mountain, Ben Venue, in all its grandeur & beauty. The Loch was as calm as possible, & beautifully clear. The richly clothed hills, called the Trossacks, & the highest craggy point of Ben-An, contrasted

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very finely with the serene beauty of the Lake below. — We hired a Boat, & rowed to the creek just below the Goblin's cave, which we visited — We then crossed to the Northern side & climbed a high point of rock, from which we viewed the Lake & the surrounding hills, & commanded all their various beauties. — We took cold provisions with us, & landed on Ellen's Isle to eat out dinners there. The whole of this scene is so poetically, & at the same time so accurately described by Walter Scott, that when I read his poem of " *The Lady of the Lake* [6] I shall always be able I hope, to call to my recollection the very great pleasure I have enjoyed this day. — We returned to Callander in the evening, & slept there.

Saturday, July 16th. We came to Aberfoil to breakfast, & the day being very fine we were tempted to hire Ponies, & to send the carriage

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forward to Row-Ardennan — Our purpose was to see Loch Ard, which lies between Aberfoil & the Foot of Ben Lomond. (We had seen, & greatly admired the Lake of Menteith, in our road from Callander to Aberfoil.)

We proceeded, (Miss Hall & myself on our ponies, Dr. Malkin, Benjamin, Huff, & the guide ^on foot, all along the north side of Loch-Ard. Scarcely any thing can surpass in beauty the first view of this lovely lake; its scenery is very rich, rather pastoral & soft, than sublime. — We left the lake, & soon began to wind round the side of a hill, which having again descended by a narrow stoney track, we advanced to the foot of Ben-Lomond. The river Forth takes its rise in this mountain & we had to ford across it. — The poney upon which I rode, had shown a strong inclination to turn towards Water, wherever we had pass'd it; but now it felt the refreshing stream, all

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my efforts were ineffectual to prevent its having the full enjoyment of it, & when we were just in the deepest part of the fort, it determined upon lying down in the river. I was well aware that nothing was left for me, but to disengage my

foot from the stirrup, & my knee from the pummel of the saddle; in these points I succeeded to my wishes, & gently rolled backwards into the water; receiving no other injury than that of a complete — drenching. — This would have been a matter of no consequence whatever, had I been within reach of a change of habiliments — but out baggage had been sent forward with the carriage, so I could get nothing dry to put on, till we reached the other side of the mountain, & met the carriage at Row-Ardennan. It had been our intention to ascend to the Top, but the accident which had

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befallen me, put this quite out of the question, & we had reason afterwards to think it had been a very fortunate one, as we soon found that our guide was nearly as much in the dark as ourselves; & we were very thankful to obtain the guidance & assistance of a Highland youth who lived in a cabin on the mountain, to lead us safely over the southern shoulder of Ben-Lomond to Rowardennan. We went about a mile or two beyond the Forth, on our ponies; but we soon found that our only safety lay in trusting to our own feet, & the ponies were led for the rest of the way, while we walked it: a — distance of about six or seven miles. The people on the other side told us they would be quite astonished to see us with the ponies, & they believed it was the first time a horse had ever been brought over that part of the mountain.

In spite of all our fatigues, & the weight of my wet clothes, I greatly enjoyed the fine

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view we saw towards the East, from the highest point to which we ascended. The Lochs of Mentieth & of Ard, which we had passed, lay in the plains beneath us: In the distance to the East, we plainly perceived the ridges of the Pentland Hills by Edinburgh, & the Oichill Hills near Stirling, with Stirling Castle rising in full magnificence & crowning the whole. — The day was uncommonly fine, & by the time we descended the mountain, my clothes were nearly dry. I took no cold, nor did I feel any ill effects from this little accident, beyond what the fatigue of so laborious a walk must occasion me. On Sunday the 17$^{th.}$ D$^{r.}$ Malkin & Benjamin rose early, the morning being very clear, & ascended with a competent guide to the utmost top of Ben-Lomond. After their descent, we took Boat, & spent a couple of hours very delightfully

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on Loch Lomond — We landed at the Island which is called Bell-Island,[7] & from a very high rock upon it, we looked over a great portion of this beautiful Lake; our view took in all the numerous islands, & extended Southwards as far as Dumbarton — We dined at Luss, where we were quite astonished at seeing such multitudes of well dressed persons male & female, who we were told had come to take the Sacrament at the Kirk, in the morning, & had staid to dinner at the Inn. — The solemnities of the morning seemed to be all forgotten, & the assemblage of men & women, gave you rather the idea of a Wake than of a party assembled for the fulfilment of any religious rite — however we saw nothing riotous or improper; though the impression left upon our minds was not at all of a native correspondent with the idea of a large assemblage of persons met for any religious purpose.

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In this multitude of people, they were all generally well dress'd, & perfectly clean & nice — A few only of the men wore the genuine highland garb, which we regretted not to find more general.

Almost all the women, the young ones more particularly, were dress'd in white gowns; most of these also had hats or bonnets; but amongst the middle-aged, & elderly women, scarcely any wore a hat, but all had their large high mob caps, which are as clean & as white as snow. They all had shoes & stockings also; a circumstance which renders Sunday a very pleasant day in Scotland; for on all others, the large, dirty, naked feet of all the women of the lower orders, make a most disgusting & offensive appearance. There seems to be a great inconcistency between the clean

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Sunday garb of all these cottagers, & the miserable dirty hovels in which they live. These cabins look so wretched, that in England we should not think them fit places for our pigs to be fed in: & yet at the doors of these wretched huts, you see decent looking well dress'd men & women, with their linen as white as possible, & their complexions

blooming, & perfectly healthy. After dining at Luss, we proceeded to Tarbet Inn — We had a magnificent ride, close to the ^western side of the Lake the whole distance — Nothing could be more superb than the scenery here. Ben-Lomond stretching the whole length of our ride nineteen miles, on the eastern side; & our road winding along under the sides of wooded & craggy mountains, each rivalling the other in grandeur & beauty.

On Monday the 18th. We came after breakfast

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Aroquhar Inn, at the head of Loch-Long. The craggy heights of Ben-Arthur, or Cobler, over-hang the northern extremity of this Lake — We went in the carriage about eight-miles down its eastern side, till we came within sight of Loch-Goyle & Loch-Gair; the former falling into Loch-Long from the west; the latter stretching out towards the South, & falling, as Loch-Long also does, into the Firth of Clyde, which we ascended above the Lake. We had a delightful ride back to our Inn at Aroquhar, winding along the sides of the Lake; having the grand range of the Aroquhar Mountains, with their rude & rocky points, to the west & north of our view. — Notwithstanding the very rugged & barren appearance of these heights, there are many little spots cultivated at their bases, with little cottages, & patches of corn growing which give a variety & beauty to the scene:

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On the whole, the character of this Loch is that of extreme wildness; but it goes no further — there is nothing terrific, though the rocks & heights are stupendous. —

One of the very great beauties, which characterises, in a greater or lesser degree the scenery near all the Lochs which we here witness'd, is the profusion, & endless variety ^with which some of the neighbouring hills are covered. Birches, Alders, Mountain-Ash, Oaks, Firs; & Brush-wood of every description, grow on their steep sides in rich profusion; and near to the road-side there is the greatest display of wild flowers I have ever seen in any country. The wild-roses are particularly beautiful, & are of a deep rose coulour, almost crimson. The white roses are luxuriant & delicate; honeysuckles, heaths of every coulour & description, & various other smaller plants, seem to grow out of the bare rock, & give fragrance as well as beauty to its sides & tops. I have never seen any which could vie with them in England.

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Tuesday the 19th. We proceeded on our way to Inverary. Our road from Aroquhar to Cairndow led through the wild & sequestered passes of Glencroe & Glenkinglass, the hill, called "Rest & be thankful", being between these two passes — The scenery in these Glens is extremely dreary, and the very high hills which shut in the traveller on both sides, are surmounted by tremendous rocks — their sides have some verdure, mixed with large masses of rock; & perpetually broken by mountain torrents which force their way into the river below — In general the hollow of the Glen is so narrow, as to leave room for little more than the road which is carried through it — but here & there, where there is a little breadth of valley, there is a cottage erected & a little patch of cultivated ground enlivens the dreary scene. — What I have

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said above, relates principally to Glencroe; Glenkinglass is of rather a different character — here the mountain sides to the right & left, are more gentle in their acclivities: they are covered with verdure, & grazed by the beautiful sheep of this Highland country. Their wool is much longer & finer than that of the sheep we see in England; & their faces have the eager & lively expression of the goat: they all have horns, which grow in the same manner as those of the goat. At the end of this glen, we begin to see trees again, & were glad to return to something which indicated that we were not very distant from a more inhabited country. We baited our horses, & refreshed ourselves at Cairn-dow, a nice comfortable little Inn at the Northern end of Loch Fine. We then proceeded to — Inverary, going all the way by the borders of the Lake, on the Western-side

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Nothing could be more delightful than the whole of our ride. The first view of the Castle & Town of Inverary, standing at the border of a fine bay in the Loch, is wonderfully striking. — Nothing can be imagined more beautiful — the great expanse of Water, the pretty little Town, the hills on all sides, some soft & green, others finely wooded to their summits, & others barren & rocky; form altogether an assemblage of all that is pleasing to the eye, and delightful to the heart. — At the Inn, on our arrival, we were met by the two M$^{r.}$ Macdonalds, who had left Edinburgh to accompany us in some part of our tour, & who had arrived at Inverary for this purpose, the day before. — Wednesday the 20$^{th.}$ We all set out together, four of us in the Carriage, & two on the Barouche, to take a drive through the beautiful

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grounds of the Duke of Argyll. There is a great deal of natural beauty in this place, & all that can be added by — planting &c. is done. We enjoyed our ride exceedingly — After we had been round the park, we proceeded a few miles down the border of this fine Lake — greatly as we had been pleased in our more confined drive through the park, we were infinitely more delighted with the open, & grand scenery of the Lake. There was a delightful breeze, which filled the sails of the numerous little vessels which glided on its surface. It was bounded on all sides, to our view at least, by lofty mountains — close to our road on the other hand, were the finest trees, both beech and limes, as well as most others sorts of forest trees; but the two first mentioned grow in peculiar luxuriance here. We returned

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to our Inn to dinner, sorry to find our delightful morning come to its close. In the evening we took a long walk, & finished the day as agreeably as we had commenced it. —

Thursday July 21$^{st.}$ The weather which had hitherto been fine, but for the last two or three days, had threatened rain, proved very wet this morning, & continued so the — whole of the day. We had settled our plan for leaving Inverary after breakfast, which we did — We had a very dreary ride for the first seven or eight miles, on the road towards Dalmally — Our road lay between large barren hills, with no pleasing feature except the river Ary, which flowed through the valley; & continually received and increase to its waters from the torrents which fell foaming from the sides of the Mountains. After this we began to ascend gradually, till we attained a view of Loch-Awe: it was a delightful reverse from the

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barren & uninteresting road we had been travelling. The Loch has several beautiful small islands, and the immediate banks are soft an pleasing — There is a handsome Gentleman's seat, the grounds low & well planted, on the Western side of the Lake — beyond this, the mountain rises, and as we proceeded on our road on the opposite side of the Lake, we soon attained so great a height, as to afford us the finest range of — Alpine Scenery which we had yest witness'd. — Below us lay Dalmally; a small village with a beautiful small church, and, what is seldom met with in this country, it has a high & handsome tower. We took up our quarters here for the day & night, & were confined entirely to the house by the heavy rains which fell the whole of the evening. We left the two M$^{r.}$ Macdonalds at Inverary, but it was their intention to proceed today to Oban. —

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Friday July 22$^{nd.}$ After breakfast this morning we went to see the Church, which was built some years back by Lord Breadalbane, and is a very pretty & convenient structure, well calculated to accommodate a great number of people — We should have been much pleased with it, had the — neatness with which it was preserved, borne any proportion to the convenience & judicious arrangement of the interior: but this was far from being the case. The dirt & dust lay on the floors in the pews & in the aisle, in such quantities as to lead us to suppose the church could not have been swept for months. — The windows were covered with splashes of white-wash, which upon enquiring we found had disfigured them for a year past, as we were told it was full as long as that since the

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Church had been whitewash'd. But the inhabitants of this country do not seem to be still sensible of the comfort of cleanliness in their dwellings, or neatness in any thing. — After visiting the Church we went a few miles, following

the course of the fine river Orchy, in Glen-orchy, to see a salmon-leap; the river was uncommonly full of water, owing to the heavy rains which had fallen the preceeding night, & it fell foaming over the huge rocks at the salmon-leap, in great fury & magnificence. There was a fisherman, taking the fish at the time we went there, & during about an hour that we looked on, we saw him catch seven fine Salmon in the pool immediately below the fall: this he effected by use of a long pole, with a large strong & sharp hook at its

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end. He had no other apparatus, except an open railed fence at the edge of the deep pool, which is placed there to prevent the fish from escaping down the river. — After walking a little further into the Glen, we returned to the carriage, & came back to Dalmally to dinner. —

Saturday July 23rd We left Dalmally after breakfast, & pursued our journey towards Oban, on the banks of Loch Awe. The first part of our ride was very beautiful: the ruins of ^ Kilchurn Castle, formerly the abode of the Breadalbane family, occupy a point of land stretching out into the Lake, at ^the northern extremity of it — this is a most picturesque object. — as you proceed farther, & look back on the lovely vale you have quitted, & the river Orchy rolling majestically through it, the Castle, which is built on very low ground, appears actually to stand in the Lake, & has a very grand & commanding appearance. — two or three

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miles below this, the Loch separates into two distinct branches: that which we followed pointing westward towards Bunawe. It is impossible to describe the sublimity of the scenery which now gradually broke upon us: the Lake narrowed considerably, but the sides became so high & precipitous, that it seemed like a stupendous mountain pass; the whole of its bottom occupied by the deep waters of the Lake. Our road was cut through the over-hanging rocks ^(at the base of the superb Mountain, Ben-Cruachan) generally low, near the edge of the Lake; but sometimes necessarily carried upwards, to turn a point in the mountain: for the space of about half a mile we had been gradually rising, till we found ourselves at a height of three or four hundred feet from the base — the rock below us was so precipitous, that when we sat down in the Carriage, we could not see anything but the water in the abyss below us: except that some branches of trees which grow out of the rock, jutted

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forward & took off something from the sublime horror which one might suppose such a scene must inspire — We however were more sensible of its magnificence, than scared by its terrors; & I stood up in the carriage the whole of the way; that I might lose nothing, amongst all the objects which excited my admiration, & raised my soul to the great source of all these wonders of creation. — The Mountains under which our road lay, were of the grandest kind, very lofty; in many parts well wooded, & their summits covered with rude craggs, & broken continually by immense torrents of water, which crossed our road at very frequent intervals, & poured their foaming streams into the Lake below. On the eastern side of the Loch the character of the hills was totally different — There was neither rock, nor wood, to grace their sides; but a barren surface of earths of various tints, with some loose stones which seemed to have been washed down by mountain —

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torrents, and served to vary the wild & severe uniformity of this desart sweep: here & there indeed a little patch of verdure — seemed like a spot on the surface; but not a tree or a bush, or even a little heath or fern, presumed to offer a softening feature on these dreary elevations. As we proceeded towards the extremity of the Lake, we quitted with regret the ruder beauties we had so much enjoyed, & followed the course of the beautiful river Awe, till we arrived at ~~Bunawe~~ ^ Taynelt , a village situated at the northern end of Loch-Etive. —

This stage, from Dalmally to ~~Bunawe~~ ^ Taynelt was certainly much the grandest we have travelled — it combined every charm which can affect the imagination, or elevate the soul. — I know not how to take my eyes from the point that shut out this magnificent combination of all that is sublime & beautiful, from my view. I hope I shall ever retain it in my memory, & think of it with renewed pleasure & admiration. —

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The early part of our next stage, from Bunawe to Oban, was extremely fine. We enjoyed as grand a Mountain view as can be imagined; but loch Etive which lay below was not distinguished by any peculiar or picturesque appearance — the shores are flat & uninteresting. —

The last few miles our road lay over a wild & hilly waste, where immense mounds of soil seemed scattered about in strange confusion, & offered a very unusual scene to our eyes — but there was neither ^beauty nor grandeur here; & we were very glad to finish our day's journey by — arriving at Oban, where the M$^{r.}$ Macdonalds were expecting us. The weather improved much in the course of the day, & we had good hopes held out to us that we might have a favorable voyage to Aross the next morning. Oban is a paltry little fishing town, with nothing to recommend it, except its situation on the sea-coast.

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Sunday July 24$^{th.}$ At seven this morning we all set sail from Oban — for the first hour or two we were obliged to trust to our Oars; but soon a nice breeze sprung up, which wafted us smoothly along, & we sailed very pleasantly through the Sound of Mull*[1] to Aross, where we arrived in about six hours. We procured a horse to convey the little luggage we took with us, and all our party walked across a part of the island of Mull, to a ferry at Loch-na-gael head; where we again took boat, & proceeded to Ulva. We arrived at this place, at about four in the afternoon — after having dined we sauntered about, & went to see the House & garden of M$^{r.}$ Macdonald of Staffa; who had kindly sent letters from Edinburgh, desiring that every accommodation might be afforded to us by his dependants at Ulva.

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Monday 25$^{th.}$ We all set forward in Boats this morning in the hope of being able to see Staffa — We were fearful it might prove too boisterous a day, but the Boatmen encouraged us to go on to the distance of three or four miles from the sound of Ulva; here the breeze became so strong, & the sea so very high, that our pilot as well as ourselves saw the necessity of returning to Ulva without completing our purpose — We therefore turned about, & were landed upon the first point we could make, walking afterwards home to our Inn. — In the evening we took a long & pleasant walk in the Isle of Mull, crossing the ferry to get there.

Tuesday July 26$^{th.}$ The morning promising very fair, we made a second attempt to attain the object for which we had come

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hither, and succeeded quite to our wishes. We had engaged a large vessel than is commonly used on these occasions, that we might be rather less dependant on the weather; but nothing could prove finer than the day turned out, & we were — gratified by seeing Staffa with every possible advantage. We first sailed nearly round it to see the various caves on its bluff & lofty coast. We then landed & walked, or rather climed round its rugged base, till we entered the Cave of Fingal. If our wonder had been raised by the outward appearance of this stupendous Mass of congregated columns, for such it is; how was our admiration excited on entering the Cave, the Aweful & solemn "temple of the Western Main:"[8] It is impossible for the imagination to paint to itself any

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thing so grand & so sublime as this cave; it is entered under a lofty Arch, of nearly perfect Gothic form — the whole of the — interior is line ^as the outside is also covered with basaltic pillars, of which great numbers have from time to time fallen away, and left their bases as a footing, by which we climed to nearly the innermost part of the cave; a distance of about 250 feet from its mouth. We found many names inscribed on the pillars, & the M$^{r.}$ Macdonalds & Benjamin — added to the number, those of all our party. Should any of us ever visit the Cave again, we shall look for those names with interest. After we had given all the time we could afford to this wonder of Creation, & pay'd the tribute of devout admiration, (as I hope we all did in our hearts) to the great

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Framer of its majestic structure; we had the small Boat by which we were conveyed from the Vessel, rowed into the Cave; & we embarked again from its interior; rowing out under its lofty portal with feelings which I believe are never excited, without the heart's being improved. We quitted it very reluctantly; but the day was wearing away, & we had yet to visit I-Ona, which we also effected. Here also we were much gratified.

There are still large remains of the Monastery which formerly existed there; & it has been the burying place of many of the Kings of Scotland ^& Ireland & many Highland Chiefs; whose tombs are still remaining, & many of their inscriptions still legible: these circumstances will always give a strong interest to the place, and reward the curious traveller for the trouble it

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must necessarily give him to obtain a view of this interesting ruin. The building also is curious as a good specimen of very ancient architecture. We took to our Boat again about half past six in the evening, & in four hours more we were safely landed again at Ulva; very much gratified at having been so fortunate as to perform all we wished in the most comfortable manner, & to have accomplished both these objects in one day. —

Wednesday July 27th. We all left Ulva this morning, & returned to Aross in the same manner that we had gone to Ulva. We found our little Boat which we had brought from Oban, ready to convey us back again — at Aross, we parted with our friends the Macdonalds, as it was their intention to proceed by Water to the Isle of Skye, & it was necessary

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we should return to Oban to meet the carriage again, & go by land to Arisaig. — We took to our Boat about half past twelve o'Clock, & found ourselves safe at Oban in about eight hours.

Thursday July 28th. We proceeded on our journey; crossing the ferries of Connel & Sheean, & baiting our horses at Appin — We were very much delighted with our ride, which lay through a fertile & pleasing valley. We came now in the district of Fingal, & found much to admire in the softer features of this part of the Country. We took a nice walk while the horses were feeding, and had a beautiful view of Appin House, & of Loch Linnhe, from a planted Hill which looks immediately down upon the Lake. We afterwards pursued our journey to Ballychulish, & crossing the ferry there, we took our abode till the next day

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at the Inn on the Northern side of the ferry. From Appin to this place, we had a most beautiful ride, all along the side of Loch Linnhe, which was bounded on the opposite side by a very fine range of Mountains, which lie in the district called Morven

As we approached Ballychulish, we wound round the base of a very fine Mountain called Ben-a-vear. This hill is exactly in front of the ferry house, & is a most grand & beautiful object. We were all so pleased with the place that we determined on staying to go up Loch Leven in the morning, though it had been our intention to go on to Fort William the same night. —

Friday 29th. We took a Boat & were rowed to the head of Loch Leven, where we got out, & walked to see

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two very beautiful Water falls. One of these is the highest I have ever seen; it is said to be 160 feet from the beginning of the fall to the bottom; there was no great body of water, but quite enough to let us see its beauty. From the manner in which it falls, it spreads itself over a very wide surface of rock in a thin sheet, which is white with foam, & dashes its spray to a very considerable distance. The scenery immediately around this fall is particularly fine. Rocks of a stupendous height enclose it on three sides, & these are beautifully ornamented with birch & other trees, which grow

out of their sides at frequent intervals. The head of the Loch is nine or ten miles from the ferry, about half way up, is the entrance to Glencoe, which we propose to travel through after our return from the Isle of Skye.

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Both sides of Loch Leven are bounded by magnificent ranges of Mountains, each differing from the other in figure & size, but the same general character is observable in all — There is more verdure & softness than we had lately seen, with a mixture of rock, & now & then fine tufted woody sides, which added very much to the beauty of the whole. There cannot be a grander scene, or a finer confusion of Mountains, than is presented to the view on the — borders of this beautiful Lake.

We returned to Ballychulish to dinner, & afterwards pursued our journey to Fort William, by the side of Loch Eil.

Saturday July 30th. We left Fort William after breakfast, & pursued our journey to Arisaig through a wilder & bolder country than any we had yet seen. The distance between Fort William and

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Arisaig is about forty miles — there was but one place which lay between them, where we could bait our horses, & the house was so wretched & so dirty, that we could not remain in it — I preferred sitting in the Carriage while the rest of the party walked on, till we should over-take them — For several miles after leaving Fort William, our road lay through a barren & wretched country: it was on both sides of the road a black boggy soil, & the only pleasing features were two or three rapid torrents from the mountains sides which flowed into the Lake below us. But as we proceeded to the distance of about eight or nine miles, we found ourselves surrounded by the greatest scenery possible. The hills on either hand were of stupendous height & their forms & surfaces beautifully varied by projecting rocks; large Scotch firs (by far the finest we have seen any where

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of natural growth) and a variety of — smaller trees, birches, alders &c, the natural growth of the soil; all contributed to render this part of our journey as picturesque & as magnificent as can be imagined. — We now soon opened upon Loch Shiel, which we followed the bends of, for some miles — All this part of our journey was exceedingly interesting; there was — nearly as much beauty as in most places we have seen, & more of sublime & terrific than in any district we had before visited — The road is very excellent, & carried as much as was possible, at the bases of the hills; but in some parts of it, this was not practicable, & we now & then found — ourselves at an aweful height above the Lake, looking perpendicularly down upon it. — We arrived at Arisaig to dinner, where we found our young friend

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Mr. Mathew Macdonald waiting to receive us. Mr. Charles Macdonald had — proceeded homewards, to prepare for our arrival at Scalpa.

Sunday July the 31st. We all set sail this morning for the Isle of Skye, and were landed at the the Isle of Oransay, at the house of Mr. Elder, who kindly furnished us with the means of proceeding by land to Corry-chatachan, where we were welcomed by Mr. & Mrs. Mc.Kinnon, & afterwards conveyed in one of Corry's boats across the Ferry (about two or three miles) to Scalpa. We arrived about nine in the evening & were most kindly welcomed by Scalpa & Mrs. Macdonald. There was no other part of the family at Scalpa, except our kind friend Charles Macdonald, & one of the daughters Miss Francis Macdonald. —

Monday August 1st. We enjoyed the refreshment of rest, in a comfortable house after our long continued wanderings; & only

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quitted it to walk a little about: after the frequent rains that had recently fallen the country was too wet for much walking if we had been so disposed. I had the very great pleasure of finding letters from all I love (all of whom I was then so distant from,) at Scalpa; to which place I had desired letters to be address'd to me: this satisfaction, added to that of being greatly pleased with the kind reception we met with from all the Macdonalds, rendered this a very agreeable day. Scalpa himself is a man of more than seventy: he is lively, & very intelligent: exceedingly kind & hospitable to his guests, & full of conversation: he has travelled much in early life, in foreign countries; & is full of anecdote & information on most subjects. M^rs.^ Macdonald is perhaps a few years younger than Scalpa. She has

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been a very beautiful woman, & still retains an uncommon portion ^of beauty for a woman at her years; She is very gentle & affectionate in her manner & appears to be a most kind hearted excellent woman — She is not lively & she talks but little — but she carries an ease & serenity in her appearance that are very attractive. — In her youth she was thought so beautiful, that she was called the Malvina of the Isles.[9] She was niece to the celebrated Flora Macdonald. We saw at Corry's M^rs.^ Macleod, daughter to Flora Macdonald, who has also the remains of much beauty. —

Tuesday Aug. 2^nd.^ We proposed on this day to visit the Cave of Strath-Aird;[10] but the day proving very rainy, we were obliged to abandon our project, & find our amusement within doors. —

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Wednesday August 3^rd.^ This morning, our own party, & the two young Macdonalds resolved, as the day was tolerable, to go to the Cave, in spite of all difficulty, if it could possibly be accomplished. We set out from Corry's, (after crossing to his house in a Boat,) some of the party on horseback, others on foot, to cross that part of the Island of Skye, which lay between us & Loch Slappin; on the South-Western side of which, the Cave of Strath-aird is situated. — The wind was contrary, & the water very rough; but there seemed to be no danger in attempting it, so we were all of us anxious to try it. We crossed Loch-Slappin, & intended to have proceeded to the Cave by water, keeping near the shore. — but, we found it so very unpleasant, that we determined on landing, & walking the three or four miles which lay between us

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and it. We ordered the Boat to meet us at the spot nearest to the Cave, where we might again enter it; & then proceeded on our walk. This we accomplished exceedingly well, & on our arrival just met the Boat at the spot. We then got into it, and were rowed into the aweful chasm which forms the entrance to the Cave of Strath Aird. Our Boatmen were reluctant & timid, & said they had never attempted to land a party there in such rough weather, or with so high a Sea. In truth the swell was immense; but the M^r.^ Macdonalds are so well acquainted with all that relates to the Sea, & so active in overcoming every difficulty, that we felt quite safe while they — thought us so; & they enabled us to effect our purpose most satisfactorily. The roughness of the weather, which seemed to be so great an impediment, proved on the whole an advantage, as it added

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much to the grandeur of the scene at the entrance of the Cave. The approach to it is through a chasm in the cleft, of solid rock — the sides on either hand are perpendicular 100 feet in height: the depth, from the entrance to the opening of the cave, is 500 feet; the breadth is 30 feet. We landed a few yards from the mouth of the cave, which forms, at the entrance, a pointed arch. As soon as we had advanced a very little way beyond the entrance, we lost the light of day, and had about a dozen large lights carried with us, to show us the wonders & beauties of the interior. We soon began to ascend, which was only to be accomplished with labour & difficulty — the continued dripping making every place wet & slippery. — The whole surface upon which we walked, or rather climbed, is a white spar, & has been compared, & that not

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unaptly, to a frozen cascade; the roof above our heads was hung with stalactites of the purest white, of various length & sizes, but all having the form of icicles. when we got to the top of the steep ascent, we were at once surprized &

delighted to see the various & fanciful forms which were presented to our view. We could have imagined that the finest ornamental carving met our eyes — resemblances to human figures, pieces of architecture, lofty pillars, & an endless variety of forms, lined the sides of this superb cavern, while the roof from beginning to end was enriched by the same sort of pendant stalactites we had observed below. The whole of the inside of the cave, with all its beauteous ornaments, are of the purest white — At the further end there is a pool of considerable depth, over which ^once hung, suspended from the roof above, what had the

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regular form & semblance of a chandelier. It can scarcely be believed that any person could be so savage & insensible as to dare to injure this most delicate & beautiful ornament, placed there as it had been by the hand of nature. But unfortunately, a very few years back a traveller of this unfeeling description struck at the chandelier, which soon yielded to the rude shock, & sunk into the pool below. It was afterwards recovered from the water, & is still preserved as a great natural curiosity: but it must lose greatly by not being seen where nature first placed it — We were sorry to observe, that much injury had been done to many parts of the Cave by persons, who, wishing to carry away specimens, had broken the sides in many places, & defaced

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the surface most barbarously. After having accomplished our wishes, in examining the magnificent cavern, we returned to our boat, which the high surge, & the rugged shore made it exceedingly difficult for us to re-enter — We however effected it safely, & returned to Scalpa, arriving there at about a quarter before twelve at night.

Thursday Aug. 4th. A rainy day confined us all to the house — We could not even get half an hours walk on the sea shore close to the house.

Friday 5th. We had fixed on this day for leaving Scalpa, but the morning proving wet, & the wind contrary, we were obliged to accept of our kind friends' hospitality for another day.

Saturday August 6th. The morning proving tolerable, & the wind favourable, we took leave of Scalpa & Mrs. Macdonald, & set

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sail once more for the Main Land: our two kind & indefatigable friends, Charles & Mathew Macdonald, accompanying us, being resolved they said not to quit their charge, till they saw us safely seated in the carriage, to pursue our journey by land. — We hired a boat which Corry procured for us, to take us through the Kyles to Arisaig. —

We were much gratified as we were approaching the Kyles, to see water thrown up in such a manner, as to convince us there were Whales near us in the sea; & still were so when shortly after, two or three rose so high, as to shew us their back-fin, & a considerable portion of their immense bulk above the sea. We watched them for several minutes, & saw them spout water, & show themselves at frequent intervals. — We had also

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the gratification of seeing large flocks of the Soland geese flying immediately above our heads, & continuously darting down upon the fish in the water; this being the season of the herring fishery the sounds in these seas abound with Herrings at this time. — During the course of our voyage from Scalpa to Arisaig, we passed the mouths of several fine Sea Lochs; Loch-Dowie, Loch Hourn, & Loch-Nevis. — When we arrived about the point of the Isle of Oransay, we looked back to take a parting view of the highest Hills in Skye — The Cullin range appeared particularly bold, & their broken rocky tips looked very magnificent. Ben-a-Caillish also, with its conical summit, demanded a farewell look; & Scalpa, just fading to our view, called forth the tribute of a sigh, in grateful remembrance of its

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most kind & hospitable inhabitants!

We had on the whole a favourable voyage and arrived safe at Arisaig at about seven o'clock. —

Sunday August 7th. at eight o'clock this morning we parted with our two kind friends, Charles & Mathew Macdonald; leaving them to return to Scalpa, while we pursued our journey by land to Fort William, where we staid the night.

Monday August 8th. We retraced our road from Fort William to Ballychulish. — a great part of our ride was dull & uninteresting, but it improved as we proceeded, & became very beautiful when we gained a view of the fine Mountain Ben-a-vear, with Loch Leven at its foot. — After breakfasting at Ballychulish we proceeded through Glen-Coe to an Inn on the Black Mount, called The King's House. The entrance to Glen-Coe is very beautiful, & is a plain of perhaps a third part of a mile in breadth, the river Coe —

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winding along it, & falling at its extremity into Loch-Leven. So much has been said about the wonders & horrors of Glen-Coe, that we were prepared for seeing something surpassing all that had yet fallen under our observation; and as far as the terrific is capable of exciting admiration, we certainly were not disappointed. As the Glen narrows, the Mountains on either side rise to a gigantic height, & their rude rocky sides present a picture of horror & desolation which can perhaps scarcely be equalled. The coulour of the rock is so black, & its consistence so solid, that is seems as if the whole substance of the mountain was comprised of it — the bed of the river in this part of the glen is also very rocky; & as there is a considerable descent, the noise of the water is excessive, & adds greatly to the wild horror of the scene. Many large streams are also seen falling from the sides

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of the Mountains, adding their noise & their Waters, to the foaming torrent below; which is here & there seen to fall over so deep a descent, as to afford many very grand waterfalls in its progress through the Glen. — When we were nearly escaped from the awful horrors which the scene presented, we turned again to take a parting survey, & were more than ever struck with the majestic grandeur of the scene we were quitting — The sides of some, & the tops of ^almost all the mountains which we had been passing, presented themselves at once to our view — We scarcely knew how to quit a spot — which so completely arrested our attention, & raised our hearts to the Great Author of all this Magnificence — but it was necessary to proceed, & we made our way thoughtfully & slowly over a

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wretched black & boggy moor ^called Rannoch Moor, till we arrived at the King's House, where we were obliged to take up our abode for the night, as the next stage to Tyndrum, was more than our horses could well have performed; & besides this, it was too late in the day to undertake it. —

Tuesday August 9th. After breakfasting at King's House, we proceeded by Inverouran & the braes of Glen Orchy, to Tyndrum, to dinner. — For the first few miles our road was still over the ^same boggy moor, near the Black mount; but as we approached Inverouran the scenery became far more pleasing, & a pretty little Lake, called Loch Tollie, gave a beauty & softness to the scene, which we observed with no small pleasure after the gloomy & desolate track of country we had been travelling.

A fine Mountain, Ben Doran, rises

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very high, with a sharp pointed top at a small distance north of Tyndrum and Ben More to the South East. — Ben Lawers is also seen towards the East.— After dinner we proceeded to Killin. (Tyndrum is said to the be highest inhabited spot in Scotland.) The principal branch of the river Tay, rises in Ben-Doran near to Tyndrum; it is here called the Fillan water — We were desired to look at St. Fillan's pool, at the distance of two or three miles from Tyndrum on the road to Killin — it is rather a deep pool, but has nothing worthy of notice about it, except that the Highlanders have a superstitious notion, that maniacs will have their senses restored to them, if they are dipped in St. Fillan's Pool: but this, like most other traditions of this sort is now little thought of, & never I believe acted upon.

The road winds along the base of Ben-More, under which is a small Lake called Loch Dochart. There is in

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this Lake a beautifully wooded little — island, on which are seen the ruins of S$^{t.}$ Fillan's Chapel. Below the Lake, the river which we had seen under the name of S$^{t.}$ Fillan's water, is called by the name of Dochart — it now acquires considerable size, & flows through a wider & better cultivated valley, than any we had seen for some time past. We stopped to bait our horses at Luib, a tolerable Highland Inn about seven miles from Killin.

The latter part of this day's ride improved greatly upon us — the scenery became softer, & much more pleasing; and as we approached Killin, we were delighted to observe hills richly wooded, plains finely cultivated, and a large collection of houses and cottages, of a far more comfortable appearance than the wretched huts we had seen in the more remote parts of the Highlands & Islands.

As we drove up to Cameron's Inn, situated just above the bank of the lovely river Lochy ^(which falls into the Dochart a little way below), we passed a

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large church, which added not a little to the satisfaction we felt, and seemed to — give conviction to the cheering idea, that we were once more returned to the busy haunts of Men. — For the last two or three days we had sustained a good deal of inconvenience from the very — wretched accommodation the Inns we had been lodged at, had afforded us. At Killin we were exceedingly comfortable in this respect — this happened very fortunately for me; for I had undergone so much fatigue, that it was — becoming too much for me, and I was so exhausted & unwell in the evening as to feel very thankful that we were arrived at such comfortable quarters.

Wednesday August 10$^{th.}$ My langour & fatigue continuing; I kept my bed till late in the day, and missed the opportunity of enjoying as I otherwise should have done, the beautiful walks, & the enchanting views which render the

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neighbourhood of Killin so very delightful. The village stands at the Western head of Loch Tay, and commands very fine views of the Lake — It is remarkable for having two private burying grounds near it, one belonging to Lord Breadalbane, the great proprietor of almost the whole of this district; & the other to M$^{r.}$ MacNab,[11] who also has a house near Killin. — These burying grounds are both of them romantic & beautiful; that belonging to Lord Breadalbane, is the most so. The Mausoleum is situated in a large Area, within which a Castle formerly stood, ruins of which still grace the solemn scene — The ground within the bounds of it, is beautifully kept; and besides the grand ornament of some of the finest sycamore trees I ever beheld, it is burdened & planted with shrubs & flowers. It commands a very

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fine view of Loch Tay, and is in full front of a very pretty Cottage, which is often visited by Lord Breadalbane, & of which his Lady is particularly fond. — On Thursday Aug. 11$^{th.}$ after visiting the spot I have been describing, and dining at Killin, we proceeded by the south side of Loch Tay to Kenmore. The Lake runs so nearly straight, from the East to West, that we saw almost the whole reach of it, during the greater part of our ride, a stage of 16 miles. We were very glad indeed not to lose sight of the lovely hills & fertile valley of Killin, till we had nearly arrived at the eastern extremity of the Lake, & entered the neat comfortable looking village of Kenmore — We found here a very good Inn, where we were soon provided

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with comfortable beds, one of which I was very glad to retire to, being quite fatigued, but much gratified by the exertions of the day. I must not omit to mention the beautiful & singular appearance Ben-Lawers had, during a part of our ride — This Mountain is situated on the north side of the Lake — It was almost covered by thick clouds the whole of the day; but now & then the mist vanished from the highest point of the mountain & shewed a dark, &

nearly conical ridge, at so great a height above every other terrestrial object, that it seemed like something fixed in the firmament, & it was difficult to persuade ourselves that its foundation was on earth. —

Friday Aug. 12th. The morning being fine, Dr. Malkin, Miss Hall & Benjamin determined

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on ascending to the summit of Ben-Lawers, which they effected much to their satisfaction; though they had occasional mists and showers to encounter. I did not attempt a task of so much labour; but was glad of an opportunity of lying by for a day, in hopes that the rest it might afford me, would a little recover my fatigue, & recruit my strength.

Saturday Aug. 13th. Immediately after breakfast this morning, we visited Taymouth Castle, the seat of Lord Breadalbane. The grounds which lead to the Castle are as beautiful as the imagination can conceive: they possess in themselves every various charm which Nature can give them; the noble river Tay, rolls majestically through the park, which is ornamented by fine timber in vast profusion — the ground itself is full of variety, here swelling into easy slopes, & there sinking into lovely plains — every high point which commands a view of Loch Tay to the

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West, & of the superb Mountains which surround this delightful scene, is made accessible by walks which are kept in the nicest order. From one of these little eminences, you command a view of a very beautiful Water fall, which falls a great depth on a rocky-steep, & is surrounded on all sides by richly wooded rocky scenery. This Cascade has a good deal the same character, both in itself, & its accompaniments, as the Hermitage Fall; which we had gone out of our road to see, about two miles short of Kenmore, on our drive from Killin: but it is not equal to it in grandeur. The park is well stocked with Deer; & we were gratified by seeing two or three of the genuine Red Deer, which is now become so very scarce, & is very rarely to be met with any where. After wandering with delight in this sylvan scene, we approached the Castle, which is not yet quite compleated — It is a very beautiful pile of building, of a dark granite, which

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the same greenish hue, we so much admired at Inverary Castle — but Taymouth Castle is very superior. The principal part of the building is very nearly finished, but it is intended to add two wings to it before the whole is compleated. The inside of the house is extremely handsome; it is ornamented with very fine carving, in the entrance, the staircase &c: every thing within is in excellent taste, except perhaps the staircase, which has many beautifully ornamented niches in the walls, which do not appear to have any use; & unless they are to be occupied by statues, they must appear to be unmeaning & superfluous. — The floors are all of the finest oak, beautifully laid in the forms of a lozenge, & filled up like mosaic, with small pieces — The ceiling ^& cornices are also exceedingly handsome, many of them of oak, & finely wrought. The

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chimney pieces are of fine marble, mostly black, or dun-colour, & all the fitting up of the apartments, as far as the architectural part may be called so, is in the gothic stile. — There are some good pictures, but these are not very numerous. After having seen the Castle, we took a drive through the beautiful glen of Fortingale ^wound round the hill called Drummond hill & followed for several miles the course of the fine river Lyon, leaving glen-lyon to our right; when we wound round ^to the side of Loch-Tay, to return to Kenmore. We then dined at our Inn, & afterwards pursued our journey to Aberfeldi; where we turned out of the high road, & walked about a mile & a half to see the magnificent waterfall at Moness. We were well rewarded for our labour: this fall is altogether the longest, & the finest of any we had seen — the descent is not so precipitous, but it is of greater length, and the rocks, & the wood in the surrounding

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scenery are particularly grand. This fall is also in Lord Breadalbanes grounds, & the paths to it are made as easy & convenient as possible. — There was a very considerable body of water, after the rains which had recently fallen; so that we had the pleasure of seeing this — majestic torrent with every advantage, & returned to the carriage much

delighted with what I had beheld. We went across the Tay, over Wade's Bridge [12] to Weem, where we were very comfortably accommodated for the night. —

Sunday, August 14th. After having — breakfasted at Weem, we went to the little village of Balnaguard, where we stopt, & walked about a mile to see a very romantic & picturesque, (though very little known) waterfall — after this we crossed two ferries, one over the Tay, the other over the Tummel; & continued

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our journey as far as Blair-Athol, where we took up our abode for the night. Our road ^(after crossing the second ferry) lay briefly through a beautiful valley, through which the fine river we had last crossed, the Tummel, flowed. After following its course for some miles we left it, after passing Fascally; & just at the point where the Garry falls into it. — We then pursued the course of this latter stream, which rolls over a very deep bottom, through the pass of Killycrankie — This part of our ride was uncommonly striking — We were surrounded on all sided by majestic Mountains, some parts cover'd with the finest wood, others offering a rocky & barren surface to the view; others again looking verdant & fertile, & appearing cultivated to a very great height. — We seemed once more to have quitted the inhabited part of the world, & to be shut out by

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lofty barriers, from the haunts of men, but as we entered the village of Blair we saw little groups of people, and the happy smiling faces ^of children: this gave an air of cheerfulness to the scene, and we arrived at our Inn well pleased with our day's journey; but I myself heartily glad to be advanced to the end of it, having felt for the last two hours much fatigued & exhausted. — (I should not omit to mention the rich and fertile valley through which our road lay, the whole of the way from Weem, to the place where we were ferried across the Tay; on the eastern side of which, lay the pretty little village of Logierait. The whole of this low district is called Strath-Tay. It is ornamented by a great many pretty houses & presents a picture of cheerfulness & comfort which we contemplated with great pleasure. The river Tay which winds the

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whole length of this valley, is in full view from the road, & is become a very — large & majestic river — A little way below Logierait, it receives the Tummel also, & they then flow in one united current towards Dunkeld. —) Monday Aug. 15th. It was our intention this morning, after seeing all we wished to see at Blair Athol, to set out early on our way to Dunkeld — but at the time we were preparing for it, a fire broke out at Blair Castle, one of the Seats of the Duke of Athol. — This was so serious and alarming a circumstance, in a place so much out of the way of all ready aid in such an event, that we could not think of leaving the place, till we should see what was likely to be the consequence, & whether the fire could, by the assistance of the country-people be got under. —

The Duke himself was absent, being with a shooting party on Ben-Gloe. The Dutchess, with some of the family were at the Castle

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We all repaired to the place, to see if in any way we could be of service, & our three Man Servants were amongst the most active & useful in carrying water and pulling down parts of the building to prevent the spreading of the flames to the Main body of the Castle, the fire having begun in the Wing. — We had the pleasure of seeing that the efforts of the people, which though not very meticulously directed, were very active, soon succeeded in getting under the fire, and by four o'clock in the afternoon we felt assured that all further danger to the building was over. This being the case, we determined on prosecuting our original intention of leaving Blair Athol — Our journey lay back again ^by the road we had travelled the day before, through the rich & beautiful vale of Tummel.

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Near Fascally, we quitted the Carriage & walked a mile out of the road, to see the very fine falls of the Tummel: the quantity of water in these falls, is said to be greater than in any other waterfall in Scotland. We were exceedingly

delighted with this magnificent spectacle. All the surrounding scenery, the rocks, the hills, the woods, harmonized with each other; & the loud noise of the foaming torrent produced the grandest effect. — Our way to this fall, lay through the grounds of M^r. Butter, of Fascally, a most beautiful & romantic place within a short distance from our road.[13]

We quitted the banks of the Tummel at the place where we had ferried over, & then pursued the course of the Tay, to the town of Dunkeld; where we arrived after nine o'clock in the evening. —

We found a very comfortable Inn, & took up our lodgings in it for the night. —

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Tuesday Aug. 16^th We spent the morning in seeing the grounds of the Duke of Athol who has also a seat at Dunkeld. The principal object is a fall on the River Brand, which is called the Hermitage Fall, in front of which a building has been erected, which is whimsically called the Hall of Ossian; where the family sometimes make parties & go to dine. There is a very nice room, prettily fitted up, & ornamented with glasses, & mirrors, which show the fall in various directions. Here is a very considerable body of water, & the rocks over which it tumbles are very rude, & very wide — the effect of the whole is very fine — We quitted this, & pursued the upper course of the stream to the rumbling brig, where there is also another grand fall. The Town of Dunkeld is beautifully situated: the Tay is here become a very large river,

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having a very handsome stone Bridge over it, built withing a few years. —

There are very considerable remains of the Cathedral still standing, but they do not offer any thing particularly curious to the observation — A part of the Cathedral is still resorted to, as the parish Church; this is in a wretched dilapidated state, & the Ailes & Pews are so ill kept, & so charged with dirt & dust, as to look very forlorn & uncomfortable. It must appear to all english travellers, that it is a great disgrace to the inhabitants of such a Town as Dunkeld, to suffer their Church to ^be so shamefully neglected.

Wednesday Aug. 17^th. After breakfast we quitted Dunkeld, & pursued the course of the Tay for some distance; winding along under Birnam Hill, which is a fine craggy & picturesque Mountain, but no longer boasts the wood attributed to it

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by Shakespear. We looked back towards Dunkeld, & were more than ever charmed with the beauty of its situation, & the grandeur & richness of the surrounding Scenery — after we had advanced three or four miles, the face of the country became less interesting, & acquired quite a different character. There is a great deal in the road between Dunkeld & Perth, which strongly reminded us of England. The plains are wider than any we had long seen, & the enclosures here, were principally hedges — the distant views also in this district were less marked by bold mountain ridges, & partook greatly of the tamer features of English landscape. We had a pleasant ride to Perth, where we arrived about one o'clock; & we passed two or three hours before dinner in walking to see the beauties of this place. The town is considerable but not of great extent — It has some

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handsome buildings, particularly those which are upon the North-Inch. Its situation is very beautiful, and the noble river, the Tay, forms one of its finest ornaments. There is a handsome stone bridge over the river, which is a fine object wherever it is seen; but in going over it, a person is surprized to find it narrow, and shabby — having a foot pavement only on one side of the bridge. The views up and down the river, as you stand upon the bridge, are exceedingly rich; and the whole appearance of the Town & neighbourhood gives the idea of ease & comfort. —

At Perth I had the great satisfaction of receiving a large packet of letters, from my children, from Wales, & from my Brother.

Thursday August 18th. Having seen all we wished of Perth yesterday, we left it this morning, and visited Lyndock the very pretty cottage of ^General Sir Thomas Grahame, now Lord Lyndock. There is little in this place to render it worthy of going much

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out of the road for; but the house is a low thatched building, containing only two Good rooms, and several bed-rooms — It has however the merit of being exactly what it is said to be, a perfect cottage; which is rendered a very lovely little abode by the grounds in which it is situated — It has a conservatory, into which the dining room opens, which had some of the finest green-house plants I ever saw; & they all bore a rich profusion of blossom, which rendered it very beautiful. There were no curious plants in it, but those which grow there, are the finest of their kind. — It was trained up with Passion-flowers, & other creepers, to the top of the conservatory, & the woody stalks were as thick as my arm. — The garden also was well stored with flowers, & there was

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very fine fruit in hot-houses. The graves of Bessy Bell & Mary Gray, are shown in these grounds.[14] The river Almon flows through them, & adds greatly to their beauty. — On quitting Lyndock, it was our intention to have proceeded by a new road through Glen-Almon, to Crief: but our postilions were misinformed respecting their way & took us over a wretched barren moor for many long miles, till at the end of four hours we found ourselves at Amulree, where we baited our horses, & took some refreshment ourselves — We afterwards proceeded to Crief, going through a part of Glen-Almon, with which we were much pleased — this part of the Glen was at the other extremity from that we had intended taking in the morning. We all found ourselves much fatigued by this days journey, as our road for the grater part was wholly uninteresting, & the

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most laborious & stony of any we had travelled over in Scotland. The Country became pretty again, as we approached the Town of Crief, & we were very glad to find ourselves safely arrived & lodged at a pretty good Inn; for we had been apprehensive, lest from the extreme badness of the road, the Carriage might ~~not~~ have met with some serious injury: this however did not prove to have been the case.

Friday August 19th. This morning we pursued our journey towards Loch-Earn head. At the distance of about two or three miles from Crief, we entered the grounds of Ochtertire, the seat of Sir Patrick Murray — Our first object was to see a fine water fall here, which we visited, and were greatly pleased with: it is on the Turret, a river of no great size, but the bed is rocky, the sides all wooded, & the general character, particularly at the fall, is very pleasing. The grounds are very beautiful; the house, a good comfortable

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modern building, of a dark grey stone. It is exceedingly well situated, about mid way up the side of a hill — high enough to command a fine view of all the neighbouring country, & yet sufficiently below the summit, to be well skreened by the Mountain behind from the North winds. There can scarcely be found a happier combination of the grandeur of Highland scenery, with the softer beauties of more southern landscape, than at Ochtertyre. — Quitting this lovely place, we proceeded to the pretty little town of Comrie; which we quitted to visit the Pillar which is erected to the memory of the late Lord Melville, on a very high & picturesque rocky hill, above the town. We were much gratified on ascending this height, with the fine views which we beheld from it. On our descent from it we visited the fine falls of the Comrie, which lie at a great depth in the glen, almost immediately below the pillar. The effect of all these

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objects is very striking: & the eye is carried over a very richly wooded narrow Glen, through which the river murmurs hoarsely, to the town of Comrie, the pretty Church appearing to close the scene — the river Comrie[15] is not a large stream, but very impetuous; falling over a rocky bottom, with frequent interruptions, into the river Earn, a little below the town of Comrie. —

A little way beyond this place, we came to Dunira, formerly the favorite seat of Lord Melville, but now let to a gentleman of the name of Drummond. The grounds here are very pretty, but are less attended to than they used to be in the time of the late Lord Melville. —

In the afternoon we proceeded by the North side of Loch-Earn to the Inn at the head of the Lake; where we took up our abode, & found ourselves very comfortably accommodated. — Our ride by the side

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of the Lake was very beautiful: the hills on either side being very lofty, & finely varied by wood & rock — those on the north side being the commencement of the Grampians in this district, & those on the south of the Balquihidder. Above the highest top of those under which we were passing (the Grampians) we saw a very large bird soaring, which we were told, (& from the height at which we observed it, we thought very probable) was an Eagle. We were fortunate in having a very fine day, which admitted of our seeing the numerous objects we visited to-day to the greatest advantage. — —

Saturday Aug. 20th. This morning Dr Malkin, Benjamin & Miss Hall ascended to the top of Ben Voirlack: the day was clear, & they had a fine view of most of the objects which are to be seen from that Mountain. They returned to dinner at four o' Clock, after which we all took a drive as far

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as the little Lake in Glen-Ogle.[16] On — arriving at this place, we were again — withing the distance of about four miles from Killin — We looked down upon the vale of Dochart, & saw the tops of the hills above Killin; but we could not see far enough to the East, to catch another view of Loch-Tay. — On our road back to our Inn, we had a very fine view of Ben-Voirlack whose lofty summit rose majestically above all the surrounding hills — I could not help regretting that I had not felt equal to the task of ascending it in the morning. — The scenery of Glen-Ogle is very wild; the hills on either side are high, and rocky; & large — masses of stone have fallen from their ^tops, which lie in the Glen, & obstruct the course of the stream below. The little Lake is a pretty softening feature in this wild & sequestered scene.

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Sunday Aug. 21st We left Loch-Ernehead after breakfast — At the distance of three miles, we turned out of our road, to drive up to Loch-Noil, or Loch Voil, for we could not exactly learn which was the proper name. This is a small Lake, in a very pretty valley, West of our road from loch Erne-head to Callendar. — After having seen it, we returned to the high road, & soon came by the lovely vale of Strath-Ire, to the north end of Loch Lubnaig, our way lying on the eastern side of the Lake. This loch is also small but the scenery on both sides of it is very beautiful, & the hills rise in some parts immediately from the Lake, to a very great height: they are partly rocky, & a good deal covered with wood. Soon after quitting the South End of the Lake, we entered the pass of Lennie, a fine romantic Glen — the river Tieth flowing out of the loch, through this Glen, & giving a great deal of beauty to the scene. We followed the course of this fine river to

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Callander, where we once more took up our abode for the rest of the day & night. It was here we first entered the Highlands, here also we bid them adieu!

Tomorrow we shall pursue our journey homewards through the Lowland districts of Scotland. We shall I hope carry with us a grateful remembrance of the kindness we have experienced, & the pleasures we have enjoyed, in the course of our very agreeable tour! —

Monday Aug. 22nd. I was much pleased to find this morning that the greater part of our road to Dumbarton still lay on the Highland border — We took the same route by which we before left Callander, nearly as far as Aberfoil — about a mile short of this place we turned off into the Dumbarton road. — We had the pleasure of again passing the lovely Lake of Monteith, which lost nothing in our estimation from being compared with many other we

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had visited since last we passed its borders — We kept it in view for some time after we had quitted the Aberfoil road — We were gratified by a very fine mountain on the height above the Lake, & enjoyed it the more from being now able to recognise the different points of it. — After ascending to a considerable height, over a heathy moor, south of Aberfoil, we commanded a fine view of the Southern end of Loch Lomond; and had the high gratification of seeing the superb Mountain Ben-Lomond, free from any cloud, rising majestically from the Lake below. — The day was at this hour of it, particularly favorable to mountain scenery. The grand ridge of the Aroqhuar Mountains looked particularly fine, & were seen in full majesty above the tops of those immediately rising from the western side of Loch-Lomond. All the scenery we now beheld, seemed to be familiar to us,

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and this added greatly to the satisfaction with which we contemplated it. We continued to enjoy the same prospect for a great part of our road towards Dumbarton — The view of Ben-Lomond is finer, & grander, from this side of it, than from any other. — We regretted much in the morning, that the heavy clouds which hung over the summits of Ben-Ledi, & Ben-Venue, prevented our seeing them in full beauty — but our parting view of Ben-Lomond, Loch-Lomond, & all the majestic features which grace this most attractive & interesting district, made us rich amends for the disappointment; and I felt particularly gratified that the last Highland scene I was likely to contemplate, was amongst the finest I had enjoyed. I knew not how to turn away from it; but it was necessary we should pursue our journey, & I

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was well pleased on arriving at Dumbarton, to find that Ben-Lomond still reared his head above all other objects, & formed a grand feature in the view from the Town & Castle.

Dumbarton is a shabby Town, & does not appear to be well inhabited. It has a handsome Bridge over the river Leven, which falls just below it into the Firth of Clyde. We walked to the — singular Rock on which the Castle — formerly stood, and on which there is now a small Garrison, but no vestige of the Castle now remains.[17] We ascended to the summit of the Rock, & commanded a very fine view of the Firth, and of all the surrounding country. The rich vale between this place & Loch-Lomond, & Ben-Lomond beyond it to the North, formed the most enchanting features of this lovely scene. The Firth formed a fine expanse of Water under the rock on which ^we stood.

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Tuesday Aug. 23rd. We left Dumbarton, and had a pleasant walk by the banks of the Clyde to Glasgow — but there was nothing particularly interesting in our road. — Glasgow appears to be a handsome well built Town, & very full of business & bustle; but the afternoon proved so very rainy, that we had very little opportunity of walking out — We saw from our Inn, that Argyll Street, in which it stands, is a fine handsome street, well built with stone, as the whole of the Town is; & having many very fine shops in it. —

Wednesday Aug. 24th. We went this morning to see the Hunterian Museum at the College, & afterwards visited most parts of the Town — There are many handsome Streets, & a great deal of

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fine building in Glasgow. — It possesses also an advantage which we rather regretted the want of in Edinburgh; the having many fine Church spires. These are in themselves very beautiful, and when many buildings area clustered together, as in a large town; they tend perhaps more than any other objects to give dignity & effect to the whole. In situation, and indeed in every other respect, Edinburgh appears to me to have a most decided superiority; & as a place to reside in, I should think Glasgow would bear no comparison with it. Argyll St. in Glasgow ^& the Trongate which is a continuation of it is one of the handsomest I have seen any where. There are two Stone Bridges across the Clyde here, but these are not handsome — the arches being low,

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and the whole of the architecture very heavy & inelegant — We were sorry to see, that the top of a pillar which was erected a few years since to the memory of Lord Nelson, has been struck by lightning, and appears to be in so disjointed a state, as to render it probable that a part of it may fall. Near to this spot, there is a most magnificent new Goal erecting. — At the other side of the Town there is also building at this time, an Asylum for Lunatics. The Infirmary is also a handsome modern building on the North side of the Town. — We went to see the Cathedral, which is rather handsome, but very negligently kept, like every other Church which we had yet seen in Scotland. —

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Thursday Aug. 25th.

We left Glasgow this morning, and came by Hamilton to Lanark — We followed the course of the Clyde a good part of our road, and were gratified by seeing so much of this fine river. — at the same time, I felt rather disappointed. I had heard the Clyde so often mentioned with admiration, that I expected to see more beauty than we found on its banks. There are however many parts of it, where its borders are richly fringed with wood — but on the whole its shores are flat, & much less interesting than many of the rivers we have so much admired in the Highlands. There is a fine fall of this river ^called Stone-Biers fall about two miles short of Lanark, which we went to see, and were very much pleased with. After dining at our Inn, we procured a

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guide to direct us on our way to see the Cartland Craggs — these are fine romantic rocks, that rise to a great height above a small river, the Mouse, which falls into the Clyde a little way below — We had a very delightful walk — the scenery on both sides the stream was very grand, as well as beautiful. — the rocks are richly — wooded, down to the edge of the water, and the whole character of the place a good deal reminded ^us of Hawthorn Dean, with which we had been so — much delighted when we visited it from Edinburgh. —

Friday August 26th. We went this morning to breakfast at Mr. Owen's at Braxfield; who afterwards conducted us through the several departments of the cotton yarn manufactory which he conducts at the

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Village of New Lanark. He also took us to the Schools, the Store Warehouses &c, and gratified us very much by informing us of the principle upon which every thing here is conducted. There is at present in the village a population of 2400 — persons, all of whom are more decent in their appearance than I have ever seen the labouring classes in other manufacturing places — Every thing possible is done, under Mr. Owen's benevolent super-intendance, which may tend to improve ^the situation, and increase the comforts of the industrious poor — the happy effects of his liberal system, are very observable in the civil deportment; & happy countenances of his dependants of all ages. The artisans & their children look healthy & contented — the buildings in which the manufactory is conducted are very airy & spacious — the food which

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is brought to the store-houses, for them to purchase, is of the best quality, the situation of the village is exceedingly salubrious as well as beautiful; and every circumstance appears to tend to the perfection of an admirable & liberal theory, which is here actually carried into practise with the best & happiest effects. — Mr. Owen has been settled here but fifteen years: he looks upon his grand scheme as only yet in its commencement; & hopes if life & health are granted him, to see a very great improvement in the space of a few more years. every person who is so happy as to see this establish^ment will feel a strong interest in the further perfecting of it, and wish most devoutly that it may be consistent

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with the plan of an All Wise Providence to continue the life, & assist the exertions of this most excellent & judicious Man. —

After having been gratified by seeing as far as we were able, into the nature & effects of his institutions, we went accompanied by M^r. Owen, to see the falls of the Clyde at Boniton. Here we enjoyed the sublime & the beautiful, in Nature's richest profusion. These falls surpassed in grandeur any we had before visited — the great body of water, the height & grandeur of the neighbouring cliffs, the fine wood which ornaments their sides and tops, and the great depth as well as breadth of the rocks over which the torrent tumbles & rages; all these circumstances, combined with the immense foam & spray, & the thundering noise of the dashing waters,

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^unite in forming a scene the most affecting & impressive that can be imagined. Cold and insensible must be the heart of that being, who could contemplate it without emotion; or admire it, without paying the tribute of gratitude and devotion to the Great Author of all beauty, the Divine Source of every good!

Having been a little disappointed, in what we had before seen of the Clyde, I was much pleased to find that by pursuing its upward course to this place, ~~we found~~ our expectations ^were more than answered. This was the last grand object, which we had to visit in Scotland, nor could we finish better. I hardly knew how to quit this delightful spot, & most reluctantly turned my steps from the

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river's brink. — I had been a great many hours on foot, but my mind & heart had been so much interested, that I scarcely felt any fatigue. We all returned to Braxfield to dinner, & spent the rest of the day in the most agreeable manner with M^r. Owen & his family; M^r. William Aston of London, & M^r. Grahame of Glasgow making a very delightful addition to the party. Thus have we passed our last day in Scotland, as satisfactorily as we begun our season of enjoyment in this country. Our journey has been safe and agreable in all its circumstances; we have met with the utmost kindness & hospitality from all the inhabitants to whom we have had the

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pleasure of being introduced. We leave them with regret, and shall always remember them with gratitude & esteem. — To-morrow we set forward on our actual journey home, which we shall perform in as short a time as possible — We shall hardly quit the borders of Scotland to-morrow; but travelling post, & making no further delays any where, we feel that we have already taken our leave of the Scotch people; and can only soften our regrets by indulging the hope, that we may have the great pleasure & satisfaction of welcoming in England, some of the friends we most value in this delightful country! — Old Lanark, 12 at night
Friday Aug. 26^th. 1814. —}

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Saturday Aug. 27^th. We quitted Lanark, & came by Douglass Mill, Elvan Foot & Moffat, to Dumfries.

Here we had the great pleasure of meeting again our kind Edinburgh friend, M^r. Gray. We did not arrive till eight at night, but he found us out almost immediately; & went with us to call upon M^rs. Burns; afterwards we went to the Churchyard, to visit the tomb of him, who had read the book of Nature with so much attention, and described its beauties with so much tenderness: who had tasted the pleasures of life, and enjoyed them with a poet's ardour; but who had also endured its miseries, & sunk under the bitterness of ^its disappointments! We did not survey the grave of Burns without considerable emotion — it is situated at the south

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east corner of the Churchyard. Every thing around us was in harmony with the object we were contemplating, silent & still as the ashes of the dead: while a pale, but brilliant Moon, nearly at its full, gilded the solemn scene, & rendered legible the simple inscription which records the early death of Robert Burns! —

In thoughtful, pensive mood, we quitted the burying ground, & turned our steps to the banks of the lovely river which ornaments this town, the Nith. The trees — its birches, & the glorious orb in the heavens, were finely reflected in

^the broad stream, over which we hung delighted; & we continued wandering near it, till a late hour reminded us that it was necessary

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to return to our Inn. — Here we parted with M^r. Gray, much regretting that we were under a necessity to proceed on our journey home early on the following morning; but highly pleased with having had the pleasure of seeing him once more, though for so short a time, before our final departure from Scotland. —

Sunday Aug. 28^th. We came to Annan to breakfast; afterwards, passing by Gretna Green, through Longtown, Carlisle, Penrith & Appleby, to Brough; where we slept. The regret we felt on quitting the Scottish Border, was soon softened by the cheering reflection that we were once again in England, & hastening to rejoin our dear children, & to enjoy the comforts of our much loved house. It was also a very gratifying circumstance to us,

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after leaving the grand scenery of the Highlands of Scotland, to open upon those of Cumberland. A fine ridge of those mountains claimed our admiration, & we kept Skiddaw in full view during almost the whole of our long days journey. This magnificent Mountain is a fine object from whatever point it is seen — it is a noble feature n the views from the elevations round Penrith, which is a nice airy Town very agreably situated — We passed through a very rich & beautiful vale from this place to Appleby. —

Monday Aug. 29^th. We left Brough, and came by Greta Bridge, Catterick Bridge, Leeming Lane, Burrough Bridge and Wetherby, to Ferry Bridge; where we slept.

Tuesday Aug. 30^th. From Ferry Bridge by Doncaster, Newark, Grantham and

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Witham Common, to Stamford, where we slept. —

Wednesday Aug. 31^st. We terminated our long journey, and arrived at home about seven in the evening; returning as we went, by Stilton, Huntingdon, and Cambridge. —

Editorial Notes

[1] Malkin's route of entry into Scotland is relatively unusual, with most tourists tending to cross the border further east, at Berwick, or to the west, near Gretna.

[2] A reference to the Scottish ballad, 'Broom of the Cowdenknowes' (Child 217). The reason for Malkin's association of the work with a particular hill near Melrose is unclear.

[3] Throughout her journal, Malkin makes frequent reference to the two young Mr Macdonalds. These are the aforementioned Charles and Matthew Macdonald, sons of Norman Macdonald, who held the tack of the island of Scalpay, near Skye.

[4] Malkin's self-chastisement at her powerful response to sublime scenery reflects the complex and often gendered politics of the aesthetics of landscape appreciation in the Romantic period. For Susan Matthews, the passage suggests the disjunction between the impersonal, touristic voice of the journal, Malkin's grief at the loss of her son, and her anxieties about the ongoing war with Napoleon. See Matthews, 'Charlotte Malkin’s Waterloo Diary and the Politics of Waterloo Tourism', *Literature Compass*, 11/3 (2014), 218–231, 222.

[5] The Bracklinn Falls and their locale were recommended to tourists by the minister of Aberfoyle, Patrick Graham, in his *Sketches Descriptive of Picturesque Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire, including the Trossachs, Lochard, etc.* (Edinburgh: 1806).

[6] Walter Scott's poem, *The Lady of the Lake* (Edinburgh: 1810), contributed to the development of Loch Katrine and the Trossachs as a major tourist site, although the area had previously been brought to the attention of travellers in Sarah Murray's *A Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland* (London: 1799).

[7] An alternative name for Inchatavannach, derived from the historical presence of a bell known as St Kessog's Bell on the eminence of Tom na Clog (The Hill of the Bell).

[8] The description of Staffa quoted here by Malkin has been attributed to James Hogg, whom the Malkins had met while at Edinburgh earlier in their tour. However, the poem in which it appeared was not published until 1833, in an appendix to Lachlan Maclean's *A Historical Account of Iona, from the Earliest Period* (Edinburgh: 1833). Given the title 'Lines written in the Cave of Fingal, by James Hogg, Esq. the Ettrick Shepherd', the piece was reported to have appeared in a visitor's book at the Sound of Ulva Inn, alongside a poem by Scott, some further, derogatory lines on the Mull natives by Hogg, and a retort by a local. Hogg's breakthrough 1813 poem *The Queen's Wake* included an account of Staffa, but as H.B. de Groot notes in his edition of Hogg's *Highland Journeys*, it has never been established when and if Hogg himself actually visited the island. Malkin's apparent reference to the line 'Great temple of the Western Main', predates the publication of Macleod's *History* by nearly two decades, providing tantalising evidence of an otherwise unrecorded visit to Staffa by Hogg before 1814. See James Hogg, *Highland Journeys*, ed. by H.B. de Groot (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2010), pp.250-53.

[9] Malvina is the name given to the lover of the ill-fated warrior Oscar in James Macpherson's *Poems of Ossian*.

[10] The Spar Cave of Strathaird, also known as Macalister's Cave after its proprietor, became a popular tourist destination in the early nineteenth century due to its striking mineral formations. The cave came to widespread notice after an account of it was written by Dr Kenneth MacLeay of Oban, who is mentioned by the author of an 1810 'Journal of a Voyage to the Western islands of Scotland'. The cave was later visited by Walter Scott, and it forms the basis for one of the settings of his 1815 poem The Lord of the Isles. Scott noted that the entrance to the cave had been walled and gated by its proprietor to reduce further damage by tourists. See Scott, The Lord of the Isles, 2nd ed.(Edinburgh: 1815), pp.362-64.

[11] A reference to the historical burial site of Clan MacNab at Innes Bhuidhe on the River Dochart.

[12] The bridge over the River Tay at Aberfeldy was completed under the supervision of General George Wade in 1733, as part of a military road network commissioned by George I to exert greater control over the Highlands. An inscription on the bridge compares Wade's achievement to the Roman conquest of Caledonia. See Nigel Leask, *Stepping Westward: Writing the Highland Tour c.1720-1830* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2020), pp.61-62.

[13] The house and grounds at Faskally are praised by Thomas Pennant in his *Tour in Scotland 1769*, 3rd edn. (Warrington: 1774), p.119. At the time of Pennant's visit, the inhabitant was a Mr Robertson.

[14] According to tradition, Bessie Bell and Mary Gray were two women who, in 1666, attempted to escape the plague by isolating themselves in a small dwelling next to a tributary of the River Almond. They were said to have died after contracting the plague from a young male visitor with whom they were both enamored. The story is recounted in a popular song, and in Alexander Campbell, *A Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain* (London: 1802), 2 Vols., i, p.358.

[15] No river with the name Comrie exists; Malkin may be referring to the nearby Water of Ruchill

[16] Lochan Lairig Cheile.

[17] Although largely subsumed by the eighteenth and nineteenth-century military buildings, Historic Environment Scotland notes that some of elements of older structures are extant.

Authorial Notes

[1] *As we sailed up the sound of Mull, I looked back to the Mainland, we were gratified by a particularly fine view of the Mountain ridges: on every side of us indeed they seemed to rear their heads to heaven — but those which looked the most grand, were the rude & craggy tops of Ben-Cruachan. Their height appeared to be immense, and their broken varied forms rendered them the most striking of any which we now beheld. —