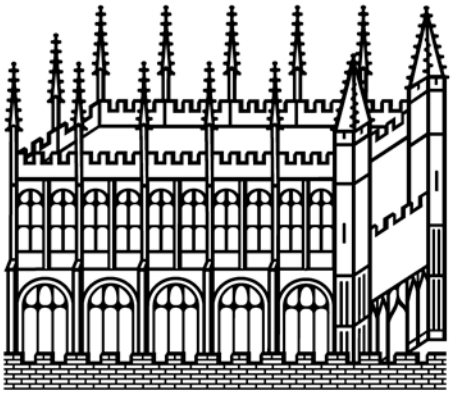

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# TOURS

TO THE

# BRITISH MOUNTAINS,

WITH THE

DESCRIPTIVE POEMS

OF

## LOWTHER, AND EMONT VALE.

By THOMAS WILKINSON.

The Power that spread the seas, the heavens sublime,
Bade round our vales majestic mountains rise!
With interest high the fearful steeps we climb,
Whose tow'ring summits seem to reach the skies.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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From the difficulty of communicating with the Author at a distance of nearly 300 miles, a slight mistake has arisen in the printing of the English Tours: from p. 118 to p. 137, from p. 138 to p. 159, from p. 160 to p. 167, and from p. 197 to p. 207, they have been divided into small chapters or sections, under separate heads, instead of being continued through an uninterrupted succession of mere paragraphs from the beginning to the end of each Tour respectively. As this is a mistake which would perhaps be noticed by the Reader, the Publishers take this opportunity of stating its extent, and the cause to which it is to be attributed.

*London,* 18*th May*, 1824.

# PREFACE.

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From early life I have been an admirer of the sublime in Nature. Mountains and their accompaniments are amongst the finest specimens of the sublime. Hence, when circumstances allowed, I availed myself of the opportunity of exploring their recesses and ascending their summits. This at the time afforded me enjoyment. I made memorandums of my excursions, which have accumulated on my hands. They have now undergone an arrangement; and their perusal may afford entertainment to those with inclinations like my own.

Besides their ordinary avocations, mankind have their favourite pursuits. Some collect spars and plants; others are in their element amid a flower-

garden, or in the fields of antiquity. *Mountains* are my flower-garden, or my museum; and they exhibit the oldest and most magnificent specimens of pristine grandeur.

It would be unbecoming a highly gifted being like man to look with an eye of indifference on the wonderful works of creation, their variety, and their beauty. Now, Mountains may be said to be among the most conspicuous and imperishable monuments of the Creator's power that we behold. Piety, perhaps, will not be hurt at the delineations of Nature.—Mountains, rocks, woods, and waters, are innocent objects in themselves, and are the productions of a Divine hand: they impress us with awe, as the works of Almighty Power. It will, then, heighten our enjoyment in surveying them, to reflect that these great designs were conceived in Heaven.

Though Mountains are the prominent features of this Work, yet perhaps the reader will not think its title censurably defective, though he may find journeys through the valleys and over the plains of his country. These he will see are

at times the connecting links between mountain and mountain. The contrast of plains and valleys is also necessary to the altitude of Mountains; and it may relieve attention occasionally to repose on their surface; to behold their woods, their lakes, and their rivers; to see a few of their cities, their castles, and their cottages, and to talk a little with their inhabitants.

# TOURS

TO THE

# BRITISH MOUNTAINS.

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LIVING in the midst of an extensive valley, with lofty mountains rising in the distance, I have sometimes treated myself with a tour to their summits; and as in the pursuit of pleasure, or the acquisition of what we wish for, one enjoyment leads to the desire of obtaining another, thus from time to time, as occasions offered, I extended my excursions into other mountainous districts. But as in our favourite pursuits we raise in our minds an imaginary point of excellence, though we may never come there; so that point, in my mind, was in the Highlands of Scotland: indeed, I had long felt something of a fascination in the sound of THE HIGHLANDS.

Thus for several years the Highlands with me had been present in imagination; but an unexpected and agreeable circumstance occurred that brought us together, and they became an interesting reality. The reader will therefore forgive me, if I first solicit (as I was solicited) his company to Scotland; and I shall be glad of the continuance of his society, when returned to England.

A citizen of the United States, eminent for his piety, his benevolence, and disinterestedness, requested my company through the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. The proposal, backed by his worth and my own inclination, was irresistible. Ought I to withhold the name of John Pemberton? —a name widely known through America, and one which will be long remembered in Philadelphia. I was not able to join my friend immediately, therefore was left in the rear. I had travelled little. We are weak without the aid of habit, and apt to be dismayed by inexperience. Perhaps the reader will smile when I tell him, that, being alone, I sometimes travelled with my handkerchief in my hand, which I lifted to my eyes on looking back and beholding the lessening mountains of Cumberland.

I begin my remarks on Scotland at Gretna Green, perhaps the most famous village in Scotland. When we hear how people hurry to it from the uttermost parts of England, we are apt to think

they believe it the point at which felicity is to commence. Love is the ostensible object in their flight. Innocent, honourable, and mutual affection is the foundation of virtuous society; but if inexperience get ensnared by artifice, and it end in a Scotch wedding, the road to happiness is often lost at Gretna; and the parties get entangled in a labyrinth of perplexities, in which they may moil on to the end of their journey.

An attachment to country is a general feeling. I have that feeling in no slight degree for Old England; yet novelty has a powerful influence. Being now on the *Borders of Scotland*, it is like treading in a new region: if my attention is more on the alert, and my remarks are more numerous than they would have been in my own country, perhaps I may be forgiven.

Passed the quiet little town of Annan; also a seat of the Douglases, once the most powerful family (except that of royalty) in Scotland. I have been told of an earl of Douglas riding to parliament with eight thousand men in his train.

Here I deviated a little from the Port-Patrick road, and visited Caerlaverock Castle, a singular ruin, once the residence of the chief of the clan of Maxwell, and where James the Fifth went melancholy and died soon after. The track of my friends was not difficult to unravel. I overtook them at

Kirkpatrick's, of Conheath: our meeting was mutually gratifying, and heightened by the hospitality of our host.

I admired the easy motion and fine countenances of many of the people in these parts; but it was amusing to observe the different habits of different places, not very remote from one another. It would appear singular in England for those who had their floors spread with carpets, and kept their carriages, to have their genteel daughters going bare-foot and bare-leg through the mud: yet when they sat with their friends in an evening, their dress was becoming and elegant. The voices of the females here appeared to me powerful and sonorous, yet not destitute of feminine sweetness. During our stay in this neighbourhood, I took my walk alone by the sea-shore, and lay down on the banks of Nithsdale. I saw the dim heads of mountains in England, and a gush of tenderness passed over my bosom.

We now passed Dumfries, a pretty considerable town, situate in rather a beautiful country, with an uneven but cultivated surface. As we rode along I observed in various places the roots of large oak-trees, given to daylight by the removal of peat-moss.

Passed Thornhill, towards which the country-people were advancing to a fair. In our progress we saw rising on our left Drumlanrig Castle, the

ancient and noble residence of the Dukes of Queensbury. I have not seen many ducal palaces. this is situate in a mountainous and solitary region. The fabric is large and massy, ornamented with turrets, and standing at the summit of an extensive lawn, shaded with trees of great magnitude and beauty. The present owner might be invited, by this venerable seat of his ancestors, to hospitality and the homage of his country. From his absence, the country is thinly peopled and poorly cultivated: his presence and his bounty might scatter cottages along his sloping mountains, and cheer his lonely valleys with the voice of increasing population. In the centre of his estate, which is twenty miles square, is situate the little borough of Sanquhar: it is going to decay, and its castle is in ruins.

The females in this part of Scotland dress very lightly: their clothing consists of a jacket, a petticoat, and a handkerchief; in common they wear nothing on their heads or feet: the hair on their foreheads is turned over to behind, and, fastened with a comb or clasp of metal, flows round their shoulders. Perhaps their appearance brought the Indians to the recollection of John Pemberton, who now entertained me with many interesting anecdotes of that people, whom he represented as a sincere and noble-minded race of men, excelling in their sense of justice, courage, generosity, and eloquence.

He had assisted at different treaties, and represented *Tedyuskin*, who used to manage on the part of the Indians, as a remarkably active, clear-sighted man. When business was ended, and the different parties were dining together, Tedyuskin took the lead even in wit, and in saying shrewd things: yet he used to go very shabby; and if any person had given him a fine cloak or mantle, and he saw any one that wanted it more than himself, he would give it away. But of all men for universal benevolence and giving away, his friend *Antony Benizet*, the powerful advocate of the negroes, excelled. When he had got a little money, it would not stay with him, so he used to place it in the hands of John Pemberton; and when he had occasion for a small sum, he used to come in an humble manner and ask for five shillings of his own money. When he saw an object of charity, he could not withhold, or even stop to consider of the likeliest manner to afford relief. A poor woman coming one day into his house, and her clothes being insufficient to keep out the cold, the first thing he saw was his wife's best broad-cloth cloak, so he took it down and gave it her. Yet, after all his giving away, to the utter surprise of his friends, he died worth a thousand pounds, half of which he left to the school for educating black children. When he died, the streets of Philadelphia were filled with people at his funeral:

a general officer arriving in the city at the juncture, inquired the cause of such a crowd; and when he was told that it was Antony Benizet's burial, he replied "Well, I had rather be Antony Benizet in his coffin, than the greatest general upon earth."

We now entered into the shire of Ayr, passed New and Old Cumnock, and rode by a small lake that sends out streams which run in contrary directions—one North, the other South. On halting after dinner, I took a walk to the Earl of Dumfries's, a handsome modern building, and rambled through his well-wooded park till I almost lost myself: when in the thickest part of the wood, I was surprised by the striking of a loud clock.

The weather was now remarkably wet and cold, the roads very miry, and the poor women in general without shoes and stockings. Remarking on these hardships, I was told it is no uncommon thing in the severe frosts of winter to see the roads tinged with drops of blood from the naked feet of the inhabitants. Perhaps these sufferings are gone past in the course of above twenty years; but it may not be amiss for us to remember to what hardships our fellow-creatures have been exposed.

Passed Auchinleck, the seat of J. Boswell, eminent for his intimacy with Dr. Johnson, for whom he was a passport to society in the Highlands and Hebrides. Crossed the river Ayr, on whose bor-

ders are some very singular and romantic rocks. Passed Mauchline: we inquired for the abode of *Burns*, and were shown Mossgill, where he lived, a simple thatched cottage, commanding an extensive prospect. He was the favourite poet of Scotland, and his neighbours praised his generosity, independence, and kindness; but were fearful of his falling a sacrifice to the temptations laid for his company.

Passed the Irvine, and rode through Kilmarnock, a fine town in a fine cultivated country. Rode on to Kilmaurs; where, after dinner, we were visited by Major Monro, who was acquainted with John Pemberton, having served in America under Colonel Montgomery (Earl of Eglinton). We accompanied the Major to tea at Kilmaurs Place, where once dwelt the beautiful Countess of Eglinton, who, at upwards of eighty, presided at her table with such elegance of manners and mental accomplishments, that she was the delight of her admiring company. We passed two days at Kilmaurs; during which the Major took us to see an old neighbour of his, J. Cameron, who had been left among the dead on the plains of Minden: a ball had passed through his body, and another through a part of his head, which entirely deprived him of sight; yet he has survived all, and lived to a good old age. The morning we left Kilmaurs, the Major

attended us to the inn; and as we were riding on the opposite side of a valley from the house, his wife and daughter came out and beckoned to us as we passed. Such kindness from strangers cheered me in an unknown land.

Saw in this day's ride, to the left, a remarkable cluster of mountains called the Hills of Arran, which I was told are on the Duke of Hamilton's estate in the Isle of Arran. Passed Stewarton, remarkable for the manufactory of Scotch bonnets.

We now entered Glasgow, the second city of Scotland. Our stay was but for a few hours: I therefore availed myself of a hurried view for the present. It is always pleasant to contemplate a flourishing population: the spacious streets and handsome houses of Glasgow indicate opulence and comfort. I glanced at the exterior, but did not enter its noble buildings; therefore am not able to give even a slight sketch of this celebrated city. After dinner we proceeded towards Dumbarton. But I cannot part with Glasgow without remarking its delightful environs:—its hills are laid out in gardens, and country-seats crown their summits. Donalds of Dunmoor particularly attracted my attention.

In the ride to Dumbarton, on our right flowed the Clyde; while, on our left, streams, running down deep glens, gave motion to a variety of

manufactories. These works give employment and bread to thousands of our fellow-creatures; they are, therefore, if well regulated, worthy of our commendation: but I conceive employment in the field is full as much on the side of contentment and health; therefore it should stand as high in our approbation.

Visited Dumbarton Castle, the most singular fortress I have ever seen. This fortress is on a rock, which may be compared to two large sugar-loaves united; or rather, to a bishop's mitre. It is of great height, considering its standing distinct on a plain. In many places it appears perpendicular, and in some it overhangs. A winding staircase is cut out of the solid rock, and it affords water, which is essential in a fortification: a never-failing spring issues out pretty high in the rock, and is conveyed in pipes to different parts of the garrison. Dumbarton Castle commands the passage of the Clyde. The names of the visitors are taken to the deputy-governor, and entered in a book. They shew in the guard-room a large sword of the famous Sir William Wallace: whatever it might be to him, it seemed to me a two-handed weapon. Part of this rock is covered with grass, and a few sheep and several white rabbits pasture thereon. From its summit may be seen Glasgow, Greenock, Port-Glasgow,

Renfrew, Dunglass, Dumbarton, Lord Glencairn's, Lord Semple's, Lord Erskine's, Lord Stonefield's, Campbell's Place, Smollett's Monument, Leven-Water, Loch-Lomond, Ben-Lomond, &c., with the beautiful windings of the Clyde. I talked a little with the old soldiers of the garrison, whose conversation, as usual, partook of the air of their profession: it was nevertheless manly, and often interesting.

Having become pretty familiar with the side of Scotland next England, I am now on the point of entering the part that is more remote. He who is about to change his life is full of glowing hopes and lively expectations: with feelings something similar to these I enter the Highlands of Scotland. I rode through Dumbarton (the key of the Highlands), a pretty, agreeable little town; and then proceeded on the banks of the Leven, a stream celebrated in verse. Many beautiful seats ornament its banks, and a tall plain monument to the memory of Smollett (perhaps forty feet high) is erected on the spot where he is said to have first drawn breath. Many of the family of Smollett still inhabit this neighbourhood.

Rode on to Loch Lomond. I was surprised that I should so soon arrive at the glory of the Highland lakes! What less can I denominate an expansion of water thirty miles long, and from one

to seven miles broad? Thirty islands rise above its surface, some of them large—the Duke of Montrose's and Sir James Colquhoun's two miles long: one of them, I was told, contains three hundred deer. On one of the islands was ripe corn: last week, in the shire of Ayr, we saw oats that had not arrived in the ear. Passed a female who was reaping alone: she sung in Erse as she bended over her sickle; the sweetest human voice I ever heard: her strains were tenderly melancholy, and felt delicious, long after they were heard no more.

Took a boat and sailed into the shire of Stirling: a great swell on Loch Lomond: four Highlanders attended me; they spoke better English than most I had heard in Scotland, yet conversed in Gaelic among themselves, and seemed deeply engaged: but this gave me no concern, for I had a confidence in them as if they had been my acquaintance. Landed, and, lest I should not be there again, went a little up the side of the gloomy and aspiring Ben Lomond. Re-crossed the lake, and found at the Boat-house a medical man, sociable and intelligent. We entered freely into conversation. He was waiting to cross the lake for Drymen; but we became so engaged in discourse, that he mounted his horse and rode twenty miles with me another way, for my permanent companion had not yet advanced

much beyond Glasgow. I derived agreeable information from the company of my new acquaintance, both as to persons and places. He gave me the names of the islands on Loch Lomond, on some of which are forts and castles: he also interested me with some anecdotes of Edmund Burke's visit to the Highlands: they fell in together at Luss; our dignified senator was quite familiar, and talked as broad Scotch as any of them. In this day's excursion I was too much limited for time, having but eight hours to make my observations and ride above forty miles.

The second time I rode up the side of Loch Lomond it was a delightful day: the roads were excellent, and afforded peculiar variety, not only in the wonderful survey of Nature, but also among my own species. The nobility and gentry of Great Britain were rolling along in their carriages, or sailing from island to island: little boys would frequently run by our sides and hold converse with us a long way: 'tis the manner of the country. Many groups of the poor but happy Highlanders were sitting eating their humble messes by the road-side: troops of them were coming to the Low Countries against harvest: in one place was a number of that gentle race resting themselves by the way. These poor inhabitants of the northern mountains had brought their wives with them to

partake their labours; and though their naked limbs were exposed, yet their chaste and modest countenances gave an innocence to their appearance that would hardly have been known in the southern parts of the island.

At Luss, took a young Highlander up with me on an eminence; and there I saw one of the most interesting scenes I ever remember to have beheld. Twenty-one islands rising from the lake in a variety of forms, and beautifully shaded with trees. The points of the islands run past one another in the most picturesque manner. *Inchmarion*, two miles long: *Inchtavanoch*, covered with oak and rising in three cones like Dunmorlet: *Inchevanacan*, a fir island: *Inchmone*, a peat island: *Inchcalig*; in this Island is an ancient burying-place, which is still used by the inhabitants of these romantic regions: *Inchfad*, a corn island: *Inchtonick* and *Inchgalbreath*, small islands, with old castles upon them. Near Luss is *Inchfrochland*, the prison of Luss, where delinquents in remote times were conveyed, and left, it is said, to shift for themselves as well as they could.

When I came opposite Ben Lomond, I took a boat and sailed over the lake, but could not meet with a guide: the day being fine, the people were engaged in their hay-harvest. From the shore we beheld, far up the mountain, something white, in

motion, and concluded it to be a party. I now conceived the idea of making my way directly up the breast of the mountain, and not winding round, as is usually the case. I left the shore alone: I lightened myself of a portion of my clothes, which I hid in the heath, and thus became a light-robed mountaineer. Fearing neither spoliation below, nor starvation on high, I set off. Two hours and a half, or two hours and twenty minutes, I was told, was a usual time for the ascent. I could not learn that it had been climbed in a less time than two hours. However, having much before me to do to-day, I made the most of my time, and reached the summit in an hour and thirty-eight minutes. When I arrived, a light cloud encircled the brow of Ben Lomond: several clouds were passing below me over the deep valleys, but so thin, that the lakes, the rivers, and sunshine, were discernible through them, which gave things in the lower regions a magical, mysterious appearance. At length the mountain cleared, and the clouds passed away, save from the points of two or three of the loftiest surrounding peaks, which gave a grandeur to the scene and suggested the idea of the smoke from volcanoes. How interesting, even though alone, was it to stand in the midst of such a sublime scene! Perhaps the reader may be somewhat surprised, when informed, that on the top of Ben Lomond

I received a few lines addressed to me, though I saw no man. The fact was, I found on the summit of the mountain a paper fastened to the ground, addressed to the finder, importing that two gentlemen, one from Edinburgh, the other from Glasgow, had visited it the day before: they requested to have it returned, specifying by whom and when found: the request was borne in mind and the paper in my pocket-book, till I fell in with a friend of one of my brother mountaineers. In about half an hour, the party seen from the shore arrived; a genteel company, consisting of twelve persons, (six of either sex,) two guides, a black servant, and a pony with provisions. Their arrival in the upper regions was truly welcome to a stranger, for from them I obtained the names of lakes, mountains, and distant objects. The sky became perfectly clear, and it was to me a scene of astonishment. Five considerable lakes winded through different valleys, — *Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Loch Chon, Loch Ard,* and *Loch Foert.* Visible, parts of the counties of Ayr, Lanark, Stirling, Dumbarton, Perth, Renfrew, Lothian, Inverness, and Argyle. Might be seen, the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, Dumbarton, and Monteith. But, above all, the tremendous assemblage of mountains! To compare them to any thing below, would diminish their magnificence: but we are in-

clined not to forget our own species, when it may be brought forward to advantage. Shall I not say, they seemed like mighty giants, emulously vying with each other in pressing forward to approach Ben Lomond? Their looks indeed were terrible, and their strongly-marked and prominent features designated the family to which they belonged. Descended in an hour and two minutes. Total of the time employed in the expedition, three hours and seventeen minutes: after which, six little fellows rowed me merrily over Loch Lomond.

The sun was set, and I had yet nineteen miles to ride—five by Loch Lomond, which became much narrowed, but was still bordered by majestic mountains: this gave it the appearance of a solitary river. The day was gone, and I saw the moon rise as I turned my back on Loch Lomond; but saw it no more for ten miles, owing to the narrow passage between high mountains. Passed Arroquhar, finely situated amid woods and mountains at the head of Loch Long, and once the seat of MacFarlane, chief of the clan of MacFarlane.

It now became the most solemn night-scene I ever beheld. The stripe of sky over my head was perfectly clear. The night was without noise, save falls of water from the mountains. The tops of the mountains were illuminated by the moon, their

sides dark and shadowy: I often saw awful rocks hanging between me and the light. I was a stranger in *Glencroe*, but every apprehension of danger was lost in admiration and astonishment:—in short, I was wrapt in a sort of solemn enthusiasm, and felt something of an awful tranquillity in exploring by moonlight the majestic wonders of Nature.—Came up with my companions at *Cairndow*, where I lodged. I had travelled this day, in one direction or another, about fifty miles.

Next morning we turned the head of Loch Fyne, a salt-water lake seventy miles long. I observed, on the side of a mountain, a burying-ground uninclosed, without any place of worship near it: it reminded me of a sepulchre in the wilderness. A grave-yard continually open in the heart of a city, and one unfenced and unprotected on the side of a solitary waste, are neither of them scenes that pay sufficient respect to the dead.

As we journeyed forward, we saw a number of fishing-boats along Loch Fyne: I think they told us three hundred had rendezvoused the night before near Cairndow. The morning was fine, and it was agreeable to move slowly along, sometimes looking up to the hills on our right, where the sheep were quietly feeding, and sometimes to the useful labours of the fishermen on our left, who

were drying their nets in the sun, or rowing down Loch Fyne. Meditating on these humble scenes, we kept journeying slowly forward, when, lo! at three steps opened out Inverary, the princely residence of the Duke of Argyle. Inverary is situate by Loch Fyne, at the foot of majestic mountains, whose sides are clothed with the dark verdure of oaks and pines, or the lighter shade of the elm, the ash, and the beech, while the grey foreheads of rocks overtop the groves.

*Inver* in Gaelic signifies the foot of a river. The town, at an agreeable distance from the castle, stands at the foot of the *Aray*: hence Inverary. From its peculiar situation, the castle of Inverary bids defiance to imitation. It stands low; a charming expansion of water lies before it; behind and on either side, for many miles, extend the boldest prominences, and these are finely shaded with wood. The firs, elms, and beeches of Inverary, I have not seen excelled. The beeches round the burying-ground and the elms in the park cannot fail of being admired for their magnitude and beauty; and I was told the Duke of Argyle has oak-wood on his estate sufficient to build the royal navy of Great Britain, but it grows in such inaccessible glens, that it is thought impracticable to bring it to the sea.

The Castle is a square building five stories high,

built of pale blue stone, which gives it an appearance of antiquity: it has a round tower at each corner: above the third story is a battlement, and above the fourth another. A square tower rises in the middle, with twelve windows, which light the centre of the building to the first-floor. There is one story below the level of the park, with a spacious sunk court all round: I wished this story had also been above the surface, as the extent of the building and high surrounding mountains make it appear rather low; but I know not whether the height of the mountains would not always diminish the apparent height of the building, even if it was raised a good deal higher. I was told the Duke had some thoughts of raising it another story, and had it surveyed, when the cost was estimated at thirty thousand pounds. I was shewn the *inside* of the Castle of Inverary, and thought the rooms and furniture truly magnificent. There is a plain elegance in the dining-room which I admired: two large arched mirrors face each other from opposite ends of the room, which by the laws of reflection multiply the arches to a great number. The drawing-room is ornamented with beautiful French tapestry: all the subjects rural scenes: shepherds and shepherdesses, country pastimes, sheep, goats, dogs, lambs, poultry, boys and girls playing with one another, hiding themselves among

corn, &c. &c. The staircase winds round the dome from the first-floor to the top, and is as light as day. Round the great hall is a large quantity of armour, characteristic of a Highland chief. One room is finished with the needle-work of the Duchess and Lady Augusta: in other rooms were pictures of most of the Argyle family; and one of the King, another of the Queen, for which they had themselves sat, were presented by the King and Queen to the Duke and Duchess of Argyle. The chamberlain told me the Castle of Inverary had been above twenty years in hand; and, though not yet finished, had cost above two hundred thousand pounds.

Through the Park, grazed with sheep, flows the *Aray*, whose borders are shaded with beautiful trees; a number of cascades are formed on the river, that yield a soothing murmur. Many fine bridges are lately built over different streams, that have a good effect. The gardens, offices, &c. are all hidden in the recesses of the park. A curious building covers a natural bason of water in one of the thickest woods;—the water supplies the town of Inverary. The chief amusement of the Duke seems the improvement of his castle and its environs: nothing fanciful appears in his plan; all is natural and judicious, and therefore will last.

An amiable, intelligent young Highlander ac-

companied me to a building on one of the highest eminences, from whence we saw many of the beauties of this romantic spot. We also extended our view to several high mountains, and saw *Benemm*, *Ben-burg*, *Cruachan*, and the Peaks of *Benlavy*, preside over distant valleys. They call the hill we ascended *Danqueach:* and what will not human industry effect?—a coach-way has been made to wind to its summit.

Saw the Duke and Duchess of Argyle several times. The present Duke was son to General Campbell, who distinguished himself in the Rebellion in 1745: he appears a manly but unostentatious character. The Duchess makes a grave and majestic appearance: she was first the Duchess of Hamilton, and then married John Duke of Argyle; so that she has been wife to two dukes, and is likely to be mother to two dukes also. The Duke and Duchess have two sons and two daughters: the Marquess of Lorn was on his travels; the others, engaging in their persons and filled with youthful vivacity, we saw. One evening the Duke and Duchess, their family and friends, came a-walking to our quarters. They entered into conversation with John Pemberton, who opened the subject of the Slave Trade to the Duke, and desired him to use his influence in Parliament for its abolition. Among other respect-

ful attentions, the Duke bid his daughter Lady Augusta pack us up some wheat-bread, for we were going into a poor country, where we should hardly find any. In another of their walks, after passing our quarters, the Duchess sat down on a camp-stool in the middle of the road, when the younger part of the company danced round her, literally kicking up a dust. John Pemberton smiled at what was going on, saying it made him think of their Indians, for it was usual for them to skip about on the ground in such a manner.

We passed the Sabbath-day at Inverary. Many hundred Highlanders were collected in their holiday trim: their appearance was noble, but becoming the occasion. The minister preached to two congregations, the English and the Gaelic. While he addressed the former, the latter preserved a reverent silence in the yard. When the family of Argyle passed their ranks, the Duke's chamberlain preceded the Duchess, with his hat in his hand; which waving to the crowd, they immediately made an opening, (perhaps five yards wide,) through which moved the venerable Duchess, her family and friends.

The ancestors of the family of Argyle were formerly the Knights of Loch Awe, and came over with William the Conqueror. The Campbells are now the most numerous and powerful

clan in the Highlands. The present Duke is a benefactor to his country, and a good example to the rest of the Scotch nobility. I was told he employs no less than five hundred labourers daily on his estate. The Duke had lately a trial for a considerable tract of land, and produced a witness 123 years old, who was perfect in his faculties, and intelligent. The Duke won the trial.

It is remarkable that the last winter was so open in these parts, that the Duke could get no ice for his ice-house; it was of course exhausted of that ingredient in modern cookery. However, this year, within two weeks of Midsummer, there was so strong a frost in the Highlands, that the ice-house was completely filled.

John Pemberton and I visited the gaol of Inverary, which is the prison for the county of Argyle. Though the assizes were to be held the week following, there were no persons to take their trials for any offence. It is very remarkable, and much to the credit of Argyleshire, (the largest county in Scotland,) that there has not been one person executed for more than forty years.

After staying three days, we left Inverary, and rode to Lochgilp-head. We had a man of the law and Captain MacLauchlane, whom we had seen at Inverary, for our companions. Both were sociable and intelligent men. The Captain pressed us much

to go and stay a few days at his house. As we jogged along we were shewn a farm, where the land was so barren, that, though fifteen miles long, it only lets for twenty pounds a-year: the surface appeared to be composed of rock and mountain. Not far distant, we were also shewn the place of Lauchlane MacLauchlane of Strath Lauchlane, at Castle Lauchlane, in Strath Lauchlane.

Dined at Lochgilp-head, and set forward on an excursion of discoveries. Arrived at the little town of Drum, where I counted nineteen dwellings, which I suppose would not cost much above twenty pounds building. No inclosures like gardens, no chimneys, in the whole village; and but six panes of glass; one light-hole to a hut: their roofs were composed of turf or heath, or a very poor thin cover of straw, tied down with ropes of the same. I have now, at a very short distance, seen the two extremities of human habitations—the palace and the hovel; at least, the castle and the hut: both have attracted my serious attention, and I cannot look with contempt on the one, any more than with envy on the other. If antiquity is to decide the claim of preference, the hut first lent its shelter from the storm; therefore I am now inclined to cultivate an acquaintance with its inmates; they are my brethren and my sisters; and I already know, that those who inhabit the most

princely mansions, feel for the poverty and cheerfully relieve the suffering of the cot, the hut, and the hovel.—But to return. The people in the simple village of Drum seemed shy and fearful: few of them could speak English; and as I could not get acquainted with them by my words, I was inclined to try to do it with my actions; so I sat myself down on a stone among them, and took an old woman's stocking and began to knit: they then smiled and drew about me. I now spoke to an agreeable young woman, who answered me; but with such a confusion of modesty, that I repented I had so embarrassed her. At length I met with an old man, who seemed bolder than the rest: on telling him I had a companion who came from America, he inquired what news from the wars: I told him they were over several years ago, and he seemed glad at the information.

The interior of the Highland huts is oftentimes more comfortless than their exterior. I want not to libel or lower them, but to excite a sympathy for their fellow-creatures in those who are better lodged, and to caution them against a spirit of repining, if they have not every thing that they wish. The smoke arising from a small fire of peats, in the middle of the apartment, makes it difficult at first to distinguish what it contains: it is indeed some time before one's eyes are accommodated to

the medium. I have been in several huts where I neither saw bed, table, nor chair: sometimes, indeed, lay a little straw or a few rushes by the side of the hut, by way of a bed:—sometimes in a morning I found three or four children standing naked round a dim fire, and they would come around me, gazing with looks of surprise;—dear children! our surprise was mutual. I now walked about till they kindled up their evening fires. A small spire of smoke rose from each joint in the wall, and each crevice in the roof. Such a sight, to one unacquainted with the circumstances, might have excited painful ideas: had a stranger to their habits been told of a family within, he might naturally enough have supposed they had been cooped up there to be stifled to death. I was sorry to find the inhabitants of any part of Great Britain thus poorly accommodated:—after all, these simple cottagers are in some degree contented, and in a great degree innocent. I cannot leave this solitary race without thoughtful apprehensions for their safety, in the deep snows and severe frosts of winter: will not their low abodes be sometimes almost overwhelmed with snow? will not their naked limbs be sometimes almost frozen to the ground? —But may my fears prove unfounded!—may the hope of future protection never forsake them, and may the hope of happiness in futurity be realized! With these wishes for their wel-

fare, I take leave of the citizens of Drum: but this description, and these sentiments, do not belong *exclusively* to that poor village.

That novelty has a powerful effect on the mind, is apparent from the observations just made on Highland cottages. If I now look at their roads and rural economy, the influence of novelty will still further appear. But though what I see has the air of novelty to myself, it is the novelty of *ancient* habits and accommodations, which sounds a little uncouth. In setting forward again on our journey, we left the main road, in consequence of the pressing invitation of Captain MacLauchlane; and had now a specimen, for perhaps ten miles, of ancient Highland road, which was rugged indeed: much of it was rock sticking through the soil, and sometimes rocks standing on edge. We were obliged to travel one before another, which my companion said was the practice of Indians; adding, if twenty of them should be together, they would all be silent in their march. We were received with genuine Highland hospitality at Captain MacLauchlane's. Having imbibed a prying disposition in this journey, I got into a Highland hay-field; and off went my coat, and to work I fell. The hay-makers stood wondering at my motions, but none of them could speak English. Captain MacLauchlane said they were pleased

with my exhibition; but I found they knew nothing of either foot-cock or great-cock with the rake, so I shewed them that method, and found myself rising into consequence in coming to the Highlands of Scotland and teaching them to make hay. Their rake is unhandy: its head is about fourteen inches long, with nine teeth thicker than my finger. The Highland scythe is about two feet and a half long, turned up at the point; and has a prodigious long shaft, which they hold in the crook of their left arm, and use it without bending the body:—when it wants sharpening, they take up a stone and whet it as we do a spade. The Highland spade is about four inches broad; a heavy, straight, flat piece of iron, with a socket, into which they drive a strong wooden handle; with a piece of wood on one side, by which they force it into the ground with their foot. The Highland cart is of a very simple construction; no wheels, or iron, or leather about it or its harness: even what supports it on the horse's back is often twisted rods. The cart consists of two poles for the sides, with half-a-dozen or eight small cross-bars for a bottom, and four or five of the same standing up behind. I suppose it might be made for a couple of shillings. It is dragged along the ground, and they heap the hay upon it: when they want to bring home their peats, they add a hurdle. I here met a

procession of eight or ten Highland carters, which was more interesting to me than as many cavalry.

The family of our generous host consisted of three brothers, all military men, and four amiable sisters. The youngest officer and myself went upon an eminence, and saw over *Locheulesport*, one of the dreariest prospects I ever beheld: it was so barren, black, and gloomy, that I know not how to convey an idea of it, unless by comparing it to the distant appearances of a consumed wilderness. We saw also, along the rocky shores of Argyleshire, "the stormy Hebrides." From one station, eleven of the Western Isles arose to our view: *Mull, Jura, Isla, Scarba, Cara, Gigha*, &c. He also pointed out where roared the fearful gulf of *Corryvichan*; where five tides meet, making a dangerous whirlpool and a dreadful navigation. He also obligingly offered to procure a boat, and accompany me to the celebrated Iona or Icolmkill.

Though we were quite strangers to Captain Mac-Lauchlane when we met, before we took our leave he told us we had been long from home; that we were out of the way of procuring money; that travelling was expensive; that if we wanted any, we were quite welcome to have what sum we pleased. We acknowledged the extraordinary confidence and kindness of this generous stranger, but were sufficiently furnished with the means of travelling.

The youngest Captain now called out his three dogs, and tripped alongside of us in his Highland dress to Lauchlane MacNeil's, where we met with a continuation of Highland hospitality.

Came to the small town of Tarbet. Nature here has formed a complete little harbour; a circular bason of water entirely surrounded with rock, save a narrow entrance. Indeed, this is the region of rocks; yet it is admirable how cultivation spreads among them. Wherever a little soil has covered the rocks, it is turned up by the spade or the plough: narrow stripes of corn turn up among them in every direction; many of these stripes, not above two or three yards broad, twining round rocks and turning among the woods. I know not whether I can convey the appearance better than by mentioning the branches of a tree.

Rode from Tarbet to Tynelane. Had a full prospect of several of the Western Isles. Vessels sailing by the points of several of them, appearing and disappearing, had a singular effect. The season was remarkably fine; but it must be a very dangerous navigation in rough weather. A little beyond Tynelane, by the sea-shore, I observed some remarkable rocks: many of them had more the appearance of the ruins of art than the works of nature. In one place they took the appearance of a thick wall, running far into the sea. Near it is

a high green rock called Dun Donald, where, it is said, MacDonald, King of the Isles, in remote times used to receive his rents. Beside it is Stackicager, or the Whispering Rock. I did not stop to discover the propriety of its name.

Reached Campbelton, the most populous town in Argyleshire. It stands in a fine country. We have now left rocks, mountains, and barren wastes behind us; and it is refreshing to sojourn once more among green meadows and yellow harvests. But we must also remember, we are now amongst sailors, a race of men that encompass Great Britain with strength, and furnish it with many comforts. Campbelton sends out a number of vessels in the fishing-trade: perhaps a sailor would say it has a good harbour; it is a circular bason of water, I should think two or three miles round. A round island rises in the middle of the entrance, but leaves room enough for ships to go in and out. The Cross is a tall blue stone, of curious workmanship, brought from Icolmkill. I should like to have gone and examined what is left of the works of man in that celebrated island.

Though quite a stranger, I soon became acquainted at Campbelton: by their minister Robertson and his family I was kindly received; perhaps, being cousins to Major Munro, we became more readily acquainted. But Campbelton may be said to

be the town of Campbells. When absent on my rambles, my companion had engaged us to breakfast with Major Campbell. From our quarters we were wrongly directed, and shewn to the Duke of Argyle's factor's of the name of Campbell. A rather large and genteel company assembled at breakfast: we were respectfully and hospitably received, but I did not observe that engaging urbanity and freedom of manners which had hitherto prevailed through the Highlands. After we had taken leave, John Pemberton observed, "The Major never appeared; I wish we may not have made a mistake:" and truly a mistake we had made indeed, setting ourselves down to breakfast among genteel strangers, and going there uninvited! In our absence the real Major Campbell had kindly come to conduct us to his house. I now went in the first place to him, to apologise for our omission; but was shewn to a Captain Campbell's, who received me in a manner that I did not understand. It now became us to make an apology to the family where we did breakfast; but succeeding so ill in the business of apology-making, I gave it up; and some one else, I believe, did that business.

We stayed some days at Campbelton, and I prosecuted my excursions in its environs. I called at Rose-Hill on the minister Thomson, venerable with years, but open, affable, and intelligent. He

led me into his parlour, and introduced me to his wife and daughter. During our conversation he told me he had preached the day before, in Gaelic, to seven hundred people.

When we left Campbelton, and were proceeding to the point of Scotland next to Ireland, we met Major Campbell and his wife in their carriage, who turned round and introduced us to their father, David Campbell, minister at Southend. Though blind and advanced in years, he was liberal, hospitable, and communicative. His unmarried daughter Margaret presided at his table,—easy, open, courteous, and intelligent. There is an interesting sweetness in their manner of speaking, in these parts, especially in their asking questions. They are inquisitive, but their questions are pertinent. An agreeable intercourse subsists among them; an elegant familiarity, which takes away restraint, but leaves respect. Their meeting is without ceremony, and their parting affectionate. The worthy old minister related to me many circumstances in the history of his country, anecdotes of the nobility, &c. In the times of persecution, many of the Lowlanders fled for protection under the wings of the Argyle family: they settled in these parts; and, he was sorry to say, there still subsists a distinction and spirit of jealousy between the original inhabitants and these people: though they meet at

the same place of worship, they are not unanimous, and scarcely ever intermarry. He related of the Earl of Bute, that, when young, he was wild and dissipated, with not very strict principles as to Christianity; but that an instantaneous turn of mind took place from an affecting circumstance in his family. His valet, one night lighting him to bed, dropped down at his feet, and instantly expired. The Earl exclaimed, "Oh! Lord, why not I?" and from that time became more sober and pious.

I visited Dunaverty Castle, memorable for a siege and massacre in Oliver's days. The minister told me, the white bones of the poor sufferers are sometimes washed bare by the sea: he has himself found them in the sand. I was told Dunaverty Castle was once a Danish fortress. The Marquis of Argyle was at the siege above mentioned, and saved the young chief of the clan of MacDowel, under his cloak, from the sword. Happy change of times! I now sit unmolested on the top of this green rock, while the ocean roars below, and harmless sheep are feeding around me, with a poor fisherman angling from a cliff at a little distance. The Castle of Dunaverty is on a high rock that projects into, or rather overhangs the sea: its black visage frowns on the ocean, and is one of the ugliest places I ever beheld.

Being within two hours' sail of Ireland, I was told, if that little voyage had been accomplished, I should have been not far from that wonder of Ireland, the Giant's Causeway. Seeing the fields of Ireland and receiving this information, a temptation was before me; but I was obliged to turn from it, and retrace the scenes of Cantyre.

The ancient Highlanders are said to be very tenacious of the customs of their ancestors; so much so, as almost to exclude all modern improvements, which they consider as innovations. Some years ago the country gentlemen, with the Duke of Argyle at their head, subscribed a considerable sum of money for making the public roads. Between Tarbet and Inverneil, at a great expense, they cut the road through a rock by the shore, to avoid a very rugged and mountainous passage. When the road was completed, two Highlanders from the same village were travelling together: when they came to the place where the roads separated, one of them proposed going the new road; the other replied smartly, "He would have none of their new roads; he would go the way his fathers had gone before him;" and so ascended the mountain.

During our stay in these parts, we lodged one night at Tynelane. The landlord had not a sufficient supply of candles; nor was it supposed any

could be had in the neighbourhood except of an old woman, who, it was feared, could not be prevailed on to part with any. I was inclined to go and try my success. I found her sitting on the ground, near the entrance of her dwelling, lighted by the setting sun, doing something with flax. She was bent with age, and cast at me a piercing look. Had imagination been disposed to fancy the idea of a witch, this was the place and this was the person; but I have no doubt all was innocence here. I preferred my suit in the mildest manner I could; and, after some preliminary treaty, she agreed to let me have some candles, with the air of conferring an obligation on necessity. I now entered her habitation, which occupied a more than usual space of ground, and consisted of various apartments, or rather one long continued apartment, with many windings and turnings, which could not be seen all at once from any one point of view. She now proceeded with me along her habitation: we kept in the middle; the sides could not receive us erect, being crowded with various furniture (for she was a woman of property and distinction),—wheels, stools, sable chests, &c. But I most frequently cast my eyes to the roof: it was supported by the branches of trees in various directions, all glossy jet, rendered so by the smoke of half a century. We now came to the further

end of the habitation, where was a large peat fire, which, sending forth a thick smoke, gave every thing a mysterious appearance. She now unlocked her treasures, and drew forth the precious tapers; and, after some conversation, she reconducted me into daylight, when we looked a friendly farewell.

On our return towards Inverary, we intended to have lodged one night at White House. It was dark when we arrived; and Colonel Campbell, (whom we had visited at Barr), with other officers, was going to Inverary to celebrate the Marquis of Lorn's coming of age, and they occupied the whole inn. The Colonel came to the door, and handsomely offered John Pemberton his bed; but would not answer for his comfort, fearing the rest would sit drinking all night, and then there would be a noisy time of it; so we proceeded in the dark to Tarbet.

The road from Tarbet to Inverneil is very remarkable; much of it cut through solid stone, and along the shore; and at a vast expense, as in many places the passage of the rocks has been opened with gunpowder. The rocks are in some places eight or ten yards high. It was a romantic ride: a high stony mountain, covered with shrubs, arose on our right. It was a tempestuous day; little white torrents were leaping from the rocks, among the bushes, above our heads; the foaming

surges of Loch Fyne thundered on our left. I rode forward to Lochgilp-head, to secure accommodations and beds, knowing we were pursued by Colonel Campbell and his train. The Colonel and his retinue filled the White House last night. We first took possession of Lochgilp-head to-day.

In the afternoon it blew a violent storm. An affecting scene ensued. Boats and tackle came on shore: two vessels were riding at anchor within sight; one of them broke loose, but struck on a sandbank and filled. The seamen belonging to the other were all on shore, but a little boy: they had come to look after some rum casks that had been washed overboard; to go to their own vessel seemed impracticable. They often attempted to fetch the hands from the other, but the waves as often heaved the boat on shore again. Many people were on the beach. The lamentations of the women were pitiable. We all did what we could; and, after dragging the boat along the shore to another point, the seamen were able to bring off the hands from the nearest vessel. All our concern was now for, in the pathetic language of the people, "*the wee, wee boy!*" I proposed that we should drag the boat along the shore—perhaps a mile—till they could come in with the waves to their vessel. A gentleman also offered to risk his person with me in going to the ship; but the sea-

men did not seem inclined to adopt our plan, and we, not knowing much of sea matters, did not press it: so the dark shades of the tempestuous night closed on the poor boy and his vessel. I rose early in the morning, but she was gone down! The boy perished, and a dog swam on shore.

As we rode towards Inverary, the wrecks of last night's tempest were scattered along the shore. We called on Joseph Latham (superintendant of Argyle furnace), who pressed our stay. His wife and he were from England. I do not know whether I ever saw more beautiful or better-ordered children than his four little daughters; or whether I ever wished more for children of my own, than while playing with these lovely innocents, who sometimes instructed me in the rules of propriety. My companion here entertained us with some pleasant anecdotes of Doctor Franklin, his brother Israel, and others. About thirty years ago, Benjamin Franklin and Israel Pemberton projected the founding of a hospital for sick and aged seamen. They went round the city of Philadelphia to procure subscriptions: many were for waving the subject by different excuses. Benjamin, seeing they were not likely to get very well forward, provided a book, and for some time wrote down each particular person's excuse. They then proceeded; and when others were beginning to

make excuses, he pleasantly produced his book, telling them he had already a sufficient quantity, and could furnish any of them with plenty, reading some of them as specimens. This piece of raillery succeeded: the inhabitants began to subscribe freely, and they got the hospital built and established; which is now maintained on a large scale, to the great advantage of those who are its objects.

As we passed Inverary, I alighted to bid farewell to those whose kindness we had experienced. On our retreat we passed the head of Loch Fyne, having twice measured its length, which is above sixty miles. In the afternoon I had a view of those mountains which composed my night-scene after climbing Ben Lomond. The features of nature were delineated here in dark sublimity, and great variety. From the foot to the summit of one mountain is a continued scene of gloomy precipices, whose heads, all the way up the mountain, are covered with beautiful verdure. In one place we were so completely surrounded with awful mountains, and the prospect around us was so black and silent, that the man who had been in quest of a situation for an appropriate abode for Melancholy, might here have been accommodated. On the top of one mountain was a rock, perhaps from fifty to a hundred yards high, that formed to our imagina-

tions an excellent profile of an old man, even to the eye-lash. As we passed along, many little cascades came tumbling down the mountains: their noise and fretful foam amused us. After several windings, we came to a seat, on the back of which is this characteristic inscription,—*Rest and be thankful.* From this seat we look down the dark and solitary valley of Glencroe, made to us still more gloomy by a very heavy rain.

We now took up our abode at Arroquhar; from whence we have a view of a high mountain, whose remarkable summit gives the mountain its name of The Cobbler. Some people imagine the figure of an old man mending shoes: I could imagine no such thing. Had I been for creating, I should have fancied the gigantic figure of a hooded nun: but, altogether, it has most the appearance of the ruins of some ancient castle. I felt a wish to visit the reputed Cobbler: I inquired of the people about Arroquhar, but found none that had been there, except an old man now almost blind. It rained, and a cloud covered the object of my wishes: but remembering that sunshine and clouds supplant each other in quick succession, I set off, and reached the top of the mountain in about two hours. I rested, and the mists went and came, till they finally departed. It was now an entertaining but awful scene. At the two corners of the mountain rise two perpendi-

cular rocks, perhaps between fifty and a hundred yards high; several lesser rocks appear along the heights between, among which rises something of a connecting wall, made by art; and, if with no military intent, it might be for hindering sheep, when they stray so high, from going down the front of the steep. Down that steep, however, for a little I unwisely descended; but, with much difficulty and some danger, I got back quietly again on my hands and knees. I had now spirits, and experienced feelings that I do not remember to have known before: perhaps the summits of mountains, with such an atmosphere as the present, gave birth to what I felt. I do not wonder that hermits sometimes choose the tops of mountains for their solitary habitations. If I could have been supplied with provisions and fine weather, I should have liked to tarry a month in my exalted situation.

I seemed now arrived at the highest points of the earth, which appeared to support the foundation of the sky. A solid grey cloud, of even elevation, seemed but a few yards above my head. From where I now stood, I beheld a remarkable scene. The sky was covered with a cloud, which rested on the tops of the highest mountains; the valleys below were distinctly seen to an immense distance, which gave me the idea of an astonishing pavilion with innumerable apartments,—the cloud the roof,

and the mountains the supporters; woods, fields, roads, hedges, plains, villages, men, beasts, the ocean and the sky—all that I had been accustomed to—made no part of this scene.

I changed my position, and beheld the waving course of Loch Long, like a beautiful river winding to the sea; while a conical rock of great height arose at its mouth. A calm sea, like an expanse of silver, stretched as far as the eye could follow it. Valleys in different directions sloped down into narrow nothings; sometimes their sides were studded with rocks, sometimes spread with verdure, and sometimes covered with purple heath.

I wandered to a little distance, and beheld Loch Sloy. The MacFarlanes were knights of Loch Sloy; their motto, *We will guard this Loch.* In the progress of time, human institutions arise, surrounded by distinctions and power, but the hand of Time throws them down: they disappear and are forgotten. I can imagine the knights of Loch Sloy marching in armour on the summits of these mountains; or standing by Loch Sloy, their martial figures reflected in their lake: but the pageantry is passed like the breeze that sighs on the mountains, and other habits and other men have succeeded:—all things change, but that Being which is unchangeable and eternal!

We lodged one night at Tarbet by Loch Lo-

mond. As we rode along its banks in the morning, the trees in many places met over our heads, and formed a covered way. We crossed the water of Uglass; we heard its roar, but saw little of its waters, for woods and rocks. In our progress we saw several beautifully shaded islands on Loch Lomond: on one of them, near Inveruglass, stands the Castle of Inveruglass; a fine ruin, that almost covers the whole island, which is indeed but small. Large yews and other trees grow now among the ruins: it is a most picturesque and pleasing spot. Perhaps the chief of these hills, when invaded, might there defend himself a few days, for seldom sieges lasted longer; but while they lasted, they were indeed violent. What a change now! May I not say, what an improvement? We can now, undisturbed by martial alarms, examine the interesting features of Nature, while these vestiges of other times bring with them the ideas of terrible men and terrible manners. But the bitterness that subsisted between rival chiefs and rival clans is now on public occasions happily softened down into modes of courtesy; yet in confidential circles the heart-burnings of individuals will be more apparent. It is becoming us all to lend our help to the removal of animosity from the earth; and if every one did all in his power to accomplish that great object, I believe we should not find it a *hopeless case*. I am willing

to furnish my quota; which I shall bring forward as a general prescription, as follows:

*A warranted, safe, and efficacious Remedy for Animosity.*

The Inventor believes it will be universally allowed, that there is nothing which undermines the *health* of society and *constitution* of happiness like the gnawing bitterness of fostered Ill-will. It hence follows, that the discoverer of a prescription that would remove this baneful malady from the earth, would deserve well of his country, and ought to be classed among the benefactors of mankind. The writer has thought much on this malignant evil, has seen its lamentable effects in society, has had experience in many cases, and a cure for the complaint has occupied his meditations by night and by day; he has now the satisfaction to announce to the public his grand discovery, the effect of much deep reflection and patient investigation; and he entertains no doubt, if his directions are strictly adhered to, that the application in seven times using will work an effectual cure. However, as we are all sensible that, in some stubborn disorders which have great hold of the system, more than usual time is necessary for a radical effect, thus the disease in question, in some inveterate

cases, may require application for the length of seven weeks. The writer is no disciple of the cabalistical school, neither has he much faith in odd numbers; yet, to come to the point, he must at once frankly own, that the grand specific consists in pronouncing, with a sincere heart and solemn voice, three times three words, always as a part using the name of his antagonist. The writer does not mean to charge three guineas for his fee; but, in some cases, the ease to be obtained will be worth three times that sum. It must be observed, that the right time for performing the process is when the person to be cured hears the character of his adversary traduced. The words are, "Hush! I will hear no evil of Simon Frazer," if that is his name. This will act like a charm; and if repeated on all occasions under the above-named circumstances, the writer will undertake that the cure shall be as certain as the repetition of the words. And might not this mode of treatment be applied to the evil-mindedness of countries as well as individuals?—To be a little more serious, though I do not expect to see any thing like what has been proposed introduced into general practice, yet I believe it would have its use, and bespeak a generous and forgiving mind, if the party, on hearing the person with whom he has been at variance evil-

spoken of, should observe in something like the following manner: "I have been long enough accustomed to look at the shades in the character just mentioned; I now feel inclined to look on its brighter parts; and if he and I are ever to participate in the happiness of Heaven together, it is necessary we should not continue so estranged on earth."

We must now pursue our journey. As we rode along, the road in one place was cut through a very high rock, rising perhaps some hundred yards above our heads, and descending almost as much beneath our feet. In a valley a little beyond stood the largest stone I remember to have seen: I found it sixty paces round, and suppose it was ten yards high. I called at Campbell's, the laird of Glenfallack; opposite to which I saw waterfalls so high and so small, that they seemed like ropes of silver dangling from the mountains. Over rugged channels many streams were here carrying their stores to Loch Lomond. As we proceeded, high mountains rose on either hand, up several of which climbs to a great height the solitary, (I suppose) self-planted pine.

After riding about sixteen miles, and looking upward to the mountains till my neck ached, I was surprised by the opening of a sweet, narrow vale, with many cottages, several lots of corn, and green meadows, bordering the beautifully-winding

water of Strathfillan. After faring along for many days amid the rugged turbulence of Nature, this scene of pastoral repose was delectable and refreshing.

We had now entered Perthshire, and the estate of the Earl of Breadalbane. We dined at Tynedrum, where I met with the melancholy physiognomy of poor Captain Colin Campbell. He was sitting in a corner, and hung down his head. He seldom looked up; but when he did, his countenance was sad and disturbed; and, I was told, his nights are more distressful than his days. If we had it in our power to choose the most delectable society, would it not be that of amiable, innocent, and intelligent females? These his distorted imagination has converted into squalling ghosts in the night. Alas! the wreck of reason, after all, is the most humiliating spectacle we meet with in our journey through life.*

I now sallied forth alone to explore new scenes

* We met with another instance of derangement on this journey. Sleeping one night in a two-bedded room, about two o'clock we heard a rumbling at our door; when presently a short, thick, quick man, with a cocked hat and a pigtail, bolted in, and placed a candle on the table. We remonstrated at his proceedings, and he withdrew. On inquiring in the morning concerning the intrusion, we were told it was only Sir John G——.

in the Highlands. The scenes I explored were of a softer character than those to which I had lately been accustomed; but wherever I turned my steps, solitude predominated. I visited the minister of Strathfillan: he received me with courtesy, and offered me refreshment. We conversed together not like strangers, yet had to inquire each other's name: his was *David Mac Ullock.* He took me to see his place of worship, built among the ruins of a cathedral, dedicated to *St. Fillan:* hence this pastoral district is denominated *Strath-Fillan.* We parted, and I wandered out of the sight of human habitations. I was affected with the loneliness around me: I thought on those that I had left behind; and perhaps I may be excused for essaying something like the following lines, in one of the most solitary spots of this journey.

TO EMMA, FROM STRATH-FILLAN.

Where all is lonely, desolate, and drear,
I look around, no human being near:
What wonder, then, I stretch the wings of mind,
And fly to her whom I have left behind,—
Salute thee, Emma, with a simple lay—
Welcome, I trust, from him that's far away?

How shall I tell thee of the cataract's roar,
The gloom of Lomond, and the rough rock hoar;
The mountains of Breadalbane and Argyle—
Where, but the sun, no works of nature smile?

How shall I tell thee of these regions drear,
Where harvest never waves the golden ear?
No stately herds o'er verdant pastures stray,
No thrush to warble, and no lamb to play;
No road, no clustering cottages I see,
No hedge for shelter, and for shade no tree:
Yet here, ev'n here, has man a dwelling found,
In narrow glens with mountains piled around;
Ev'n here the streams of sweet affection spring,
Love lights his torches, and the Muses sing.
Alone, unknown, 'mong Campbell's hills I wind,
But I have left my happiness behind;
And I could ask these hills, if they could tell,
Where strays my Emma, and if she is well.—
O! would'st thou act, dear maid, so kind a part
As use thy pen to raise a sinking heart,
Then I would sit upon a Highland stone,
And read aloud, unlisten'd and alone!—
Emma! thou see'st what weakness is in me,
Nor while below canst thou an angel be.
I cannot flatter,—no; but I can love:
Ev'n now its sweet solicitude I prove.
Let's not repine that we are human here;
Our wants unite us—weaknesses endear.
Confiding Love! thine is the secret power
To soothe our woes—to sweeten every hour!
Love is respectful, tender, generous, true—
Professed by many, but possessed by few.
Dear, distant maid! what joy it would convey,
To grasp thy hand as down these steeps I stray!

To feel thee, Emma, leaning on my arm,
Would give to Highland hills a tender charm:
To see thee, hear thy voice—to have thee near—
Would these wild wastes of desolation cheer!
Thus in Strath-Fillan, Emma is my theme,
While wanderer wrapt in Highland clouds I seem.
Involved in Highland clouds and mists awhile,
The sun breaks forth—I think on Emma's smile!

It was a drizzly morning when we went from Tynedrum to Dalmally. Of the scenery bounding the ride I can say little, for I saw little: all was enveloped in mist and fog, save when the passing cloud for a moment uncurtained the sunny summits of the mountains. Glimpses of sunshine on the summits of mountains, seen through the waving drapery of rolling mists, have a novel and magical appearance. Dalmally is pleasantly situate in the fine vale of Glenorchy, which gives title of Lord to the eldest son of the Earl of Breadalbane, who is next, in the family of Campbell, to the Duke of Argyle. I visited the fine ruin of Killchurn Castle, the ancient seat of the Breadalbanes, situate on an island at the head of Loch Awe, and at the foot of the sublime Ben Cruachan. These scenes are celebrated in the poems of Ossian: such scenes might well inspire such poems.

In my walks I became acquainted with the re-

spectable minister of Glenorchy, J. MacIntire, who was polite, sensible, and friendly. A stranger is desirous of information, and this engaging and accomplished man gave it cheerfully. When people meet with those they do not know, there is something of a hedge between them; but this bar between us was instantly removed: we had a long walk together, and our conversation turned on different subjects, each asking the questions that occurred, and the replies were as spontaneous as the inquiries. He had in the morning received a letter from the tourist Pennant, and appeared to be his intimate friend. During our walk the subject turned on religion; and I do not remember to have met with one in Scotland, out of my own profession, whose sentiments more accorded with my own. He told me he had been in England, and had frequently gone to their places of worship there; that he had been shocked at the levity of their congregations; but that the greatest solemnity prevailed in a Highland assembly, when met to worship the Almighty. He engaged us to tea, where the conversation was pleasantly renewed, and in which his wife agreeably bore a part. I afterwards went, with the eldest son, among their reapers: it was, indeed, customary with me to go into the harvest field and hold conversation with the amiable Highlanders; I generally found one at least that under-

stood English, and he was my interpreter. I would often try their sickles, and reap and talk with them. By means of the interpreter we became familiar, and often laughed together; and I did not see much difference between laughing in Gaelic and in English. I may add, that a band of young Highland reapers is a graceful exhibition: erect, tall, and athletic,—their yellow hair shining in the sun, and their countenances sparkling with animation.

We now left Dalmally, and rode along Loch-Awe to Bunaw. This loch is about twenty miles long, and very beautiful; rising above its surface are several islands: many of them are covered with wood, and some of them contain the interesting ruins of ancient castles; on one of them is the scene of a poem in Ossian. As we rode forward, Cruachan arose on our left; its side was covered with wood to a height I do not remember to have seen before. Cruachan abounds with variety; the soft, the sublime, and the terrible, are alternately exhibited. Here the visages of rocks are softened by trees; there yawns a dark and gloomy glen, down which foams a remarkable cascade. Opposite and across the river stretches a high, terrible, and almost perpendicular wall of rocks: their foundations are in the water; many a dark cavern is lurking in their sides, and many a little stream is

gushing from their foreheads; while many a massy fragment breaks from their frowning summits, and is heard plunging into the sable waters of Bunaw.

Cruachan deserves most particular notice: it is, I should think, the second in height of all the mountains of Scotland; its base is ten or twelve miles in diameter. On the side towards Glenorchy it is concave; on that towards Lorn, it rises with a bold convexity to a great height. By its appearance from beneath, there is something of a plain up two-thirds of its ascent; it then rises with another high hill that terminates in a peak, so that it seems a mountain placed upon a mountain; but I found, on further inspection, that it has two lofty pyramids, so that its crown is forked. I projected its ascent, but was drawn off from my purpose, so that I made but little progress towards its summit. From its colour it seems to have little grass upon it, and in some of its deep cavities are lodged the snows of former years. The day was fine when I surveyed it; light clouds often passed far above the heads of attendant mountains, but the summit of Cruachan arrested their march. For elevation, magnitude, and magnificence, I do not any where recollect a mountain superior to Cruachan.

We lodged two nights in Lorn. Lorn gives the title of Marquis to the Duke of Argyle's eldest son. They here generally speak Gaelic. A person

came to our quarters, and something like the following dialogue ensued:—I said he talked like an Englishman: he said he was an Englishman. I replied, I was an Englishman too: he inquired, from what part? I said, from Westmorland: he answered, he was a Westmorlandman too. I asked, from what part of Westmorland?—he replied, from the parish of Barton. I said, I was a Bartonman too. So we shook hands, he invited me to his house, and I went to see him.

We passed the Sabbath-day in Lorn. Here lakes and arms of the sea run up among the mountains in various directions: these the people were seen crossing in boats from different quarters, which to me was a novel and interesting sight; and the interest was heightened by the white foam of descending waters, flashing beneath dark and sullen rocks and projecting precipices. Their gaiety amid these dangers reconciled me to what I saw; and it was another confirmation how much we poor mortals are the creatures of habit, both in perils and in indulgences.

We now crossed Loch Etive, twenty miles long; and we and our horses were rowed over by a woman. She plunged into the water to push off the boat, and then sprang on board, seized her oars, and raised her song. I applied for one of her oars, and my request was not refused; nor was I dis-

placed from my post till we touched the further shore. We made a considerable circuit this day, and in the evening found ourselves in a part of the country not likely to afford us accommodation, save at Loch Nell, the beautiful seat of the late Sir Duncan Campbell. We had no introduction there: however, there we lodged; and our access deserves to be mentioned, both as another testimony to Highland hospitality, and as shewing the easy courage of John Pemberton:—I say courage, because I would rather have slept out all night under a hedge, wrapt in my great coat, than have made such an application, and in such a manner. We rode up to the place and gave our horses to the groom, by whom we understood his mistress was at home; the footman then shewed us, through several windings in a wood, to where she was overlooking her work-people. John Pemberton accosted her, and said, "We have a favour to ask." She courteously inquired, "What favour?" He replied, "Only a night's lodging." She answered, smiling, "You are very welcome to that;" and ordered us to be shewn into the drawing-room, where she soon followed us. There was in this venerable gentlewoman a happy union of majesty and kindness. She told us she was niece to Lord-Provost Drummond of Edinburgh, and had often stayed with her aunt, the noted May Drummond.

Her son was on his travels, and now at the Court of Spain. John Pemberton requested, if ever he came to Philadelphia, that he would make a home of his house.

Our kind hostess directed me for prospects to a high tower, built on a lofty shaded rock, to which there was a walk from the house. From hence I counted seventeen of *The Western Islands*, among which were Lismore and Mull, both very near: by the corner of the latter is Icolmkill or Iona, that ancient seminary of learning and royal sepulchres. Full in view also lay Morvern,—rocky, mountainous, memorable Morvern! The prospect from this station is full of variety. The sea, several lakes, innumerable bays, mountains and rocks, many of them crowned with castles, opened an interesting scene on every side. The most distinguished castles were Dunstaffnage and Brycaldin; at the former of which, tradition says, sixteen kings reigned and are buried.

Having found in the map the ruins of *Beregonium*, the first city in Scotland, built by Fergus, the first king in Scotland, I sought it along the shore, but could find no traces of its remains. I applied to our intelligent hostess, and she directed me to the spot, which is on their estate. Having found what I sought, the peasants told me Beregonium once consisted of seven castles, that rose on as many small

rocks; and they shewed me where they stood: but it seems as if they had been reduced by fire, for, on tearing up the surface, I found in different places the effect of that element. Having rambled for fourteen or fifteen hours without breaking bread, I returned; when our generous hostess said she had often been thinking of me, for I had been wandering in a poor country, where I should hardly find any refreshment, so that I must indeed have been in want. But this was not the first time with me, when a strongly-excited attention has superseded the desire of food.

Crossed Loch Cranan with four horses; and, though a mile broad, were rowed over by a woman and a boy. Passed Castle Ards, once the seat of a rebel chief. After dinner I got a boat and two rowers, and went on several islands, the chief of which was Lismore: it is reckoned the most fruitful of all the Hebrides; its foundation is a limestone rock, which is covered with a fine soil; much of it is ploughed, or in pasturage for sheep and cattle. It is twelve miles long, and seldom above a mile broad, and without mountains. It contains about five hundred inhabitants; among whom, I was told, there were five persons each a hundred years old. I talked with those I met, and they seemed a hearty, cheerful race. I remarked, what I thought extraordinary, that in several places there runs

across the island a kind of pavement of large, square, white stones, which rise perhaps a foot above the surface, as if placed there by art; but I rather think the hand of Nature has fixed them where they are. However, many castles crown the tops of rocks in these parts; I saw five from Lismore. We are certain who has placed these. I was told they used to kindle up a fire in them on the approach of an enemy, by which means they spread intelligence very quickly, and for a long way. I landed on one island almost totally covered by a castle; it was entire, and perhaps fifteen yards high. Lismore was formerly the residence of the Bishop of the Isles.

In these parts I found a number of monuments, as I supposed,—a single, tall, plain stone: also many cairns, being prodigious heaps of small stones with cavities in them, in which are sometimes found urns, filled with ashes, &c. The largest, I remember, was called Cairn Bann: on viewing it I observed a cavity, and put off my coat and hat for the purpose of penetrating;—I did indeed crawl into it, but was still more glad to crawl out again.

Passed Appin, formerly the seat of the chief of the Stewarts. We now proceeded forward for Fort William; and as we travelled by the side of Loch Lhynne, ten miles broad, we had many fine views of Morvern. Crossed Loch Leven: the mountain

scenery that surrounds it is truly noble. Here I went a little out of my way, and looked into the sad and solitary valley of Glencoe, made pitiably memorable by the massacre of the MacDonalds in King William's days. The mournful transaction is recorded, and would be affecting to repeat. The planners, perpetrators, and victims of this fearful scene all lie now alike low. On rewards and punishments, and the justice of the Eternal, I presume not now to write; but I felt interested at Fort William in conversing with the great granddaughter of the aged MacDonald, who fell on the bloody night: her father, then two years old, was on another part of the estate, and was the means of preserving the line. The MacDonalds now again enjoy the estate, and I rejoiced to see the young and beautiful wife of the present chief of Glencoe: looking on her, I forgot the stupendous scenery of her solitary valley. One feels something like an attachment to the descendants of the injured, and in proportion to the magnitude of the injury: though perfect strangers, we seem to take them into our affections.

Fort William stands in the centre of Lochaber, which we entered when we crossed Loch Leven. But of all the objects around me, Ben Nevis most attracted my attention. There are three passions or propensities with which mankind are assailed,

which are more or less injurious to society; to wit, pride, vanity, and ambition. Pride is the most disgusting, vanity is the most despicable, and ambition the most dangerous to mankind. I wish to judge impartially, even in my own cause; therefore, to ambition I must plead guilty. I have an ambition to trample on the heads of the highest mountains in Great Britain; and Ben Nevis is the highest. My desire was strong to ascend it. I sought for a guide, but found none fond of the expedition: I therefore set off alone. Necessary precaution seldom accompanies rashness, and I was soon humbled by the discovery that I was on the wrong side of the river Nevis. But what are rivers in the way of great achievements? However, having once made an erroneous advance, I began carefully to reconnoitre the difficulties I had to encounter. The Nevis, though no inconsiderable stream, did not appear deep, and had a fine pebbly bottom; so I put off my shoes and stockings, and in I plunged. But the stream was so excessively cold, it damped my ardour, and I looked to the shore from whence I came: but remembering, when Cæsar invaded Britain, that his troops might not turn home again he burned his ships, so I threw my shoes to the further shore, and on I rushed through the waters of starvation.

Ben Nevis is a vast heap of rock, not appearing

from below to terminate in a pyramid, but broad, bold, and majestic. Its summit commands a prospect of wondrous extent: a considerable part of the Highlands, the Orkney Isles, with those of the Hebrides, and some of the mountains of Ireland, are within the compass of observation. The base of Ben Nevis is covered with soil; grass, shrubs, and trees climb up its sides to a considerable height: but its lofty summit is composed of grey rocks that seem to leave vegetation below. The north side of the mountain may be said to be hung with terrors. Perpendicular and projecting rocks, gulphy glens and awful precipices, gloomy and tremendous caverns, the vast repositories of snow from age to age; these, with blue mists gauzing the grey rocks of the mountain, and terrible cataracts thundering from Ben Nevis, made altogether a scene sublimely dreadful. This stupendous mountain belongs to Captain Cameron, after the manner of the country called Glen Nevis. He is a descendant of the Barclays of Urie, by the female side, and invited us kindly to his house. I congratulated him on being the possessor of the highest ground in Great Britain. How interesting to stand on the highest mountain, in the most celebrated island in the world, beholding above a vast extent of sky; and below, the earth and a multitude of mountains, extending far and wide; the sky

stretching and descending till it meets the boundaries of the earth and the ocean, while the earth and the ocean appear to rise in the remotest distance to receive it! How awful to behold the vast objects that compose this stupendous scene, all surrounding a solitary individual in impressive silence! I think the silence still adds to the solemnity. If clouds should gather from below, and thunder burst from the sides of the mountain, the scene, I believe, would hardly be more sublime. I walk backwards and forwards, and again exclaim, "How glorious it is to look upwards, and to see nothing above us but the sun—to behold nothing between us and the sky!" Then, with what self-complacency we look down on the august figures of sublime mountains, standing around us with their naked foreheads and noble countenances, like the great officers of state in the courts of the most illustrious monarchs; while, far beneath these elevated personages, the waving forests, the lowly valleys, and the humble dwellings of men, sink into insignificance!

Comparing afterwards my ascent to Ben Nevis with that of an accomplished friend, (William Smith, Member for Norwich,) I found his arrival on its summit attended with very peculiar circumstances, far more extraordinary than those of mine. On the crown of the mountain there is a hollow, from whence issued something of a vapour; in the

midst of which appeared dimly *a human figure* in motion. My friend held up his hands (I suppose in something of astonishment); and the figure replied, in holding up its hands also. The reader will perceive, that *the man in the mist* was the shadow of the real man, created by *his* coming between the vapour and the sun. Perhaps the aërial beings, that have been said to people the Highland mountains, may be traced to some such origin.

On leaving Fort William, we passed Inverlochy Castle, a ruin of great antiquity: it appears to have been a square building, with a round tower at each of the four corners. It is said that a considerable town stood here many centuries ago.

As we rode forward, we saw large quantities of snow in the cliffs of Ben Nevis. We also saw fine flocks of the large grey goat of the mountain. I rode towards a numerous group, which I saw lying among the heath; when I believe fifty got up and set forward towards the hills; but about half-a-dozen seemed to maintain their ground with an air of defiance, so I retreated in safety, and began ruminating on other times.

Accommodations are mightily improved since man first set his foot on this island; and man's pursuits are multiplied in proportion to his numbers: some keep cows, and some keep shops; some build

castles, and some build cottages; some go to sea, and some go to the mountains; some make hay, and some make speeches; some hold the plough, and some hold the reins of government: so each may be in a situation that may benefit his neighbour, and may benefit himself. And the cow-keeper looks with as much complacency on his domestic animals, as the shopkeeper on his new oranges and jars of raisins; the cottage-builder contemplates a mansion of his own, for himself and friends, with as much consequence as he that builds castles; and the former stays more at his homely residence than the latter at his noble retirement. The shepherd drives his bleating flock down the mountain, and the sailor brings his gallant ship into port with equal exultation. The hay-maker and public speaker are both warmed with their vocations: the hay-maker, perhaps, does more uniform good; but the other, perhaps, greater good or ill. The ploughman and the statesman, if masters of their work, are both graceful in their employment; but the ploughman is often put to it in stony ground, to keep the furrows in their places; and the governor has often enough to do in governing a turbulent population. Now all this leads to the consideration of general exchange, which tends to general comfort; for each may exchange with the

other what he has got to spare of his own: hence one gives money, and another gives labour; one gives food, and another gives raiment. I cannot here go into the vast system of mutual exchange and mutual accommodation, where there is something to suit every body; but will just say, that hence the matron of Caledonia has her camlet, and the maiden her dimity, and the good wife has her nutmeg, and her chip of cinnamon to put into her frumety.

But to return to our journey. In this day's ride, I saw many of as poor huts as surely ever covered human beings: they seemed entirely built of earth, and covered with the same. If ever I have looked with a sigh to the ranks above me, what I now saw might surely cure me: indeed, to make a true estimate of our situations, we ought to look both ways—above and below. Yet I met with elegant forms and cheerful countenances among the humble habitations of poverty: and in a harvest-field to-day I saw seventeen reapers, and finer human figures, so employed, I do not remember to have seen together. The mothers, in the Highlands, yet speak with some exultation of having "sons to grace a clan."

Rode by the side of Loch Lochy, fourteen miles long: the day was cloudy, and the deep shadows

of high mountains gave the waters a dark appearance. Baited at Letter Findlay. Rode afterwards through a long, open, pleasant, and fruitful valley; in the centre of which, by a beautiful little lake, two miles long, stands Glengary, the seat of a chieftain of the MacDonalds. This lovely spot is a modern building, rising with much simplicity among trees: the lake, with two sweet little islands covered with wood, lies in its front; and a high, old tower, at a small distance, on a perpendicular rock, suggests antiquity, and gives the whole a venerable air. This scene, surrounded with dark rugged mountains, is a peculiar spot: it extorted a sigh, as I rode along, to think that its former owner should leave such tranquillity to march for dethroning kings: and who but would have afterwards lamented to see fire, sword, and desolation, carried through these lovely solitudes? But these days are gone past, I hope, never to return.

We arrived at Fort Augustus in the dark. I waited on the Governor in the morning, a friendly officer, who engaged us to drink tea with him in the afternoon. The fort stands at the head of Loch Ness, and is an agreeable residence: the Governor took me through the different apartments, and shewed us particular respect.

After staying two nights at Fort Augustus, we set off for Inverness. There was some appearance

of rain, and the Highlanders were busy in collecting their corn: the men with their ponies dragged it along the ground, but the poor women bore it on their backs. On the top of a barren mountain we met with Loch Tarro, a considerable lake, with four islands beautifully covered with wood. As we rode along we saw a vast number of little huts: in one place I counted fifty, and but one chimney in the whole that rose above the roof. They stood near together in a bottom, and their apparent equality seemed to exclude envy. I was inclined to suppose, that perhaps few places exhibit fifty families living together in greater harmony: if such is the reality, it more than makes up for their humble appearance.

We had now entered Strath-Errick, the Frazer country, that belonged to Lord Lovat, chief of the clan of Frazer. It is a tolerably cultivated district, more so than most we met with in the Highlands. From the higher grounds we winded down towards Loch Ness, among romantic woods, overtopped with white rocks. There was here an uncommon variety of prospect. The road twisted down the shaded mountain in all directions, presenting at every turn some bold rock or awful precipice, its bottom covered with beautiful verdure, and its top like some light grey tower glittering in the sun. Frequently a rapid river tumbled over a rugged

channel by our side, and frequently Loch Ness was seen through an opening in the wood. But a strange rumbling was now heard on our left, and I was desirous of ascertaining the cause; so I alighted from my horse, and pursuing the increasing sound, presently found it to be the Falls of Fyers. Of these I had heard, but read no description, and had no one to lead me to the scene and point out the best stations: but I beheld a furious stream, and followed it with my eye and my ear through ragged rocks, and woods inaccessible to the axe, till at last I came to a place where I beheld it burst, as from the mouth of a vast oven, and fall headlong many a fathom: then another rock received it, and gave it another course. Thus, between a quarter and half a mile, are these gloomy waters thundered among these as gloomy rocks, and hardly seen for twenty yards together in any one direction. I could never encompass any thing like the whole at a time; and every part is so terrible, that the mind in combining is almost overwhelmed:—and, indeed, who could calculate the different descents, and the descent of the whole, and reduce them with any degree of accuracy into yards and fathoms, under the impressions of terror and amazement? Therefore, it is easier with me to describe the effect than the cause. But, though I could not take dimensions, I could enjoy the

hideous wonders; and must own, that rocks, trees, foam, spray, the deafening rumble of falling cataracts, and the terrible confusion of the scene—all added to its sublimity.

I crept to the brink of these zigzag precipices, and peeping down, saw the dismal waters boiling below. One creeps to scenes of this kind with a sort of dreadful pleasure, hard to be described—with something of a fascination that would lead one to one's ruin. I crawled on my hands and knees with more curiosity than courage; and when I looked down, I felt something of a horror, as if somebody had been pushing me in. I know not, but on closing my eyes the feelings would have been still more terrible. The noise would have been like the continual grinding of a hundred mills, or the loud sounds of everlasting thunder.

But I am not competent to accumulate the energy of language adequate to describe this tremendous scene. To ruminate on the motion of waters in, on, and round this world of ours, is an amusing and interesting theme. These terrifying waters have, no doubt, continued their fearful fray, night and day, for several thousand years; and, in that space of time, to have had the grand exhibition for half an hour all to myself, might furnish the mind of a poor pilgrim like me with a little self-complacency.

Such to me seemed the Falls of Fyers; from which, after the river has escaped, it glides smoothly into Loch Ness, as if nought had happened. I turned away, confirmed in the conclusion, that turbulence and tranquillity give an interesting variety to the journey of life. I was not put past my breakfast by my morning entertainment, but took it at General's Hut, erected for Wade when he superintended the making these roads, after the Rebellion.

We now proceeded along the banks of Loch Ness, and had many excellent views. It is indeed, except Loch Lomond, the finest lake in Scotland. It is twenty-four miles long; and so straight, that I expect one may see from one end to the other. It is almost always agitated, so that it has the appearance of a very noble river. I was told it has been sounded in some places with a line of six hundred yards, without finding the bottom:—then, if its bason were a dry valley, how high must be some of the adjoining mountains? Though a fresh-water lake, and so far north, I was told it never freezes; neither doth snow lie on its banks.

As we passed along, saw the ruins of Urquhart Castle: a large square tower is still pretty entire. It belongs to the chief of the clan of Grant, and is built on a bleak rock projecting into Loch Ness. Many of the old castles in the Highlands stand on

formidable rocks, which shew they were places of defence against powerful enemies. It does not cause an uncomfortable reflection to see them demolished, for they are no longer wanted.

The mountains by Loch Ness were not now very high, were often skirted with wood down to the water, and their tops either rocky or covered with plantations. In some places we saw villages above the rocks and woods, scattered along the summits of the mountains: being covered with earth or heath, they might by strangers have been mistaken for small ricks of peats. Yesterday I had been much among these sort of habitations. In the afternoon I made a circuit of several miles through a pretty populous district around Fort Augustus; and the people all inhabited such like huts. In one place, indeed, I observed a new house with five windows in front; and was told it had been built by an officer, who had taken a large tract of ground, comprehending a number of these huts, which, perhaps, next year might be removed; and what would become of the families was not known. Perhaps they may take their few implements on their backs, and remove to the side of another hill, or to the border of another lake. This is one of the trials of the Highlanders.

It was Sabbath-day when I made my excursion round Fort Augustus, and all wore a serious cast.

I remember no children playing about. There appeared little communication between the cottages. The parents were sitting decently and gravely by pairs at their doors, or were engaged within at their worship: I sometimes heard the fervour of their devotions. What a contrast between these humble regions and the flourishing towns of England! yet the comparison is in favour of the former. While, in populous cities and the capital of Great Britain, thousands are wasting a great part of this day in idle trifling—in drunkenness and debauchery—perhaps in blaspheming the awful name of the Most High!—He is sincerely worshipped by thousands of devout hearts in the solitary valleys of the Highlands.

In pursuing our journey by Loch Ness we had a pleasing ride; our road winding for miles through fine woods, the trees occasionally meeting over our heads. Sometimes I stopped to admire the prospect, and sometimes to gather nuts. It was more like rambling than travelling.—It was like being again in England; and that was like recovering a long-lost joy. My enjoyments have been many in the Highlands, but I yet love England.

I do not remember that I have mentioned the Highland dress:—though it may appear immodest to an Englishman at first sight, the Highlanders are, notwithstanding, a modest people; and so

much had six or seven weeks familiarized me to it, that I began to think it rather genteel. I was told that, in times gone past, some of the poor Highlanders wore *nothing* but their plaids:—how they could then keep from starving in severe winters, or how they could preserve decency in the heats of summer, is not easy to conceive. However, we are not to disbelieve every thing that appears difficult, for we are told by historians that the English once went naked. The Highland dress at present consists of a bonnet, a very short jacket and waistcoat, checked with various colours, the trews, or philibeg, a sort of a short petticoat, which must be very easy when climbing their mountains, and is made of the same quality and colours with the jacket:—their stockings are checked, and do not come to the knee; their shoes are the same as ours. The dress of the gentleman and peasant differs but in fineness. The poor women go without hats, or caps, or stays, barefoot and bareleg, yet preserve their modesty: but modesty is in the heart, not in the apparel.

We now came to the foot of Loch Ness. The mountains began to sink gently away, and a plain extended to the sea-shore. Between Loch Ness and Inverness we saw vast plantations of firs belonging to the Frazers. Casting my eyes in every direction, I saw by the road-side a very singular piece of anti-

quity—three circles of stones one within another: the outermost circle were the largest stones, the innermost the least. I met with these (I suppose) Druidical circles of stones, in different parts of Scotland; but this seemed the most remarkable. Perhaps our rude forefathers were led, by a glimmering light, to worship the Almighty within these circles of stones: how thankful ought we to be that "the Dayspring from on high" has now arisen on the world!

We came in the evening to Inverness. Here we took our final leave of the Highlands,—a country sunk in valleys, and towering with mountains; rugged with rocks, and frowning with precipices; shining with lakes, and glittering with waterfalls;—a country at once barren and sublime, dreadful and delightful; and, I believe, scarce more than one-hundredth part of it capable of cultivation. Other countries that I have seen, have in proportion their moors and their meadows, their fields and their plains, their valleys and their forests; but in the Highlands it is mountain after mountain, mountain after mountain, for ever and ever.

Having traced Glenmore, or the great glen, perhaps sixty or seventy miles in extent, we entered the town of Inverness. A town was now a rarity; and such a town, near three hundred miles north into Scotland, excited some surprise. In-

verness has its modern improvements and its treasures of antiquity: it has its lamps and hotels, and its castle of Macbeth; and it has a number of genteel inhabitants. Could we collect a specimen of the stationary inhabitants from the different parts of Great Britain, we should be surprised at the variety of dialects spoken in our mother-tongue through the island: I was highly gratified at the elegant and interesting sweetness with which they spoke English at Inverness.

On leaving Inverness I crossed Culloden Moor, and met with old men who remembered the military conflict that terminated the Rebellion in 1745. They seemed to take an interest in pointing out where the "red soldiers" were drawn up, and where Charles and his men stood; where his clans came down and were broken by the Duke of Cumberland's troops, while the French wheeled off. Culloden Moor is covered with short heath. Many little green hills, the graves of the slain, rise above its surface: their contents were on fire that day, animated with the fury of battle; how quiet they are now, mouldered into and incorporated with their mother-earth! Whatever party was victorious, one treads with sadness the soil that has been bathed with human blood.

On our way from Culloden, rode through a fine champaign country. Passed by Tagus, the ancient

seat of the MacIntoshes, a high old building. Breakfasted at Nairn, and then proceeded to Forres, through a country abounding with the seats of noblemen and gentlemen; the chief of which is Darnaway, belonging to the Earl of Moray. I did not visit it, but was told it contained a room whose size I hesitate to mention:—it may, or may not be true, that a thousand men in arms can stand in one room at Darnaway. Near Forres stands Sueno's stone. Sueno was son of Harold King of Denmark; and we are told he here defeated Malcolm King of Scotland, in 1008. Sueno's stone is twenty-three feet above ground, and said to be twelve feet below: it is four feet broad, and perhaps a foot and a half thick. Though rather defaced by time, it appears to have been curiously carved with figures of men, beasts, armies, colours flying, &c., and is considered the finest Danish monument in Great Britain.

From Forres we passed on to Elgin, through a fine corn country, where we saw many old castles, most of them having the appearance of decay. About Elgin, though far north, I observed remarkably fine husbandry. Elgin in appearance is a very ancient town: its cathedral is a most beautiful ruin, though now useless and abandoned; its arches, its columns and its spires, suggest its former splendour. Many of its carvings are so curious, that

one may say, what in other places is wrought in wood, is here wrought in stone.

Dined at Elgin, and rode to Fochabers. We were ferried over the rapid and impetuous Spey, now swollen with heavy rains. Saw Gordon Castle, the seat of the Duke of Gordon; a very large pile of building, surrounded with vast plantations; and I was told he could ride a hundred and twenty miles on his own ground.

Slept at Cullen, and viewed in the morning the Earl of Findlater's seat. Passed on to the rather genteel town of Banff, and lodged at Macduff. Visited Duff House, the elegant seat of the Earl of Fife: it stands in a bottom, and, within a mile on either hand, has the towns of Banff and Macduff. The ocean spreads in front, between which and the Earl's mansion is a high mound of earth in the form of a terrace, against which the sea bellows unseen; which, perhaps, magnifies the sublimity of the sound. Passed an old ruin called the Castle of King Edward, situate on a high round rock; also Lord Banff's place, Turrif, and the old Castle of Towy. Refreshed ourselves at Old Meldrum; saw the Earl of Kintore's and Lord Aberdeen's: also was near Glenbucket, the name borne by Gordon a humorous cripple in Charles's army.

In this part of the country the oxen and cattle

seem under uncommon regulation: it is frequent to see a large stock of cattle feeding among the reaped corn with only a boy to attend them; I was told, for a day together they will not touch a sheaf.

They here make a singular addition to many of their respectable names; perhaps it was with a view to make them sound more respectably that they add their *y* or *ie*. I'll own it had with me a contrary effect; as in Doggie, Horsey, Housey, Wifey.

On approaching Aberdeen, we crossed the Don, over a bridge of one arch, I was told twenty yards high. Aberdeen stands between two rivers, the Don and the Dee. I was told it contains 20,000 inhabitants. Viewed Marshal's College and Gordon's Hospital, for boys of the name of Gordon and Mackenzie, the latter being the name of the founder's mother. The hospital is very large, and was built and endowed by the fortune of a Gordon, of whom they relate anecdotes so singular that I forbear to insert them. Though honestly stating in these pages what has been reported to me, I may have sometimes already been imposed on; but the good that has been done by such bequests as Gordon's can be no imposition. Doctor Beattie was gone to Peterhead waters, or I might have been introduced to him: I had an offer

to that effect; and if there is any thing I regret in my circuit through Scotland, it is my not seeing the Isle of Staffa and Dr. Beattie.

On leaving Aberdeen, crossed the beautiful river Dee; visited Urie; rode through Inverbervie to Montrose, an agreeable town, with a fine open street: it stands, like Aberdeen, between two considerable rivers, both, I believe, called Esk. Went to Brechin in Forfar; walked round its castle, the seat of the Earl of Dalhousie, finely situate on the steep banks of the Esk. Also viewed their place of worship, which is of great antiquity. Man, and the works of man, are all tending to decay; man from his birth, and castles and cathedrals from their building: but one surveys an ancient structure entire with something of the same interest as one would see a man who had entered into his second hundredth. Perhaps what is most remarkable here, is a high round tower, so tall and so slender, that, I was told, it sometimes moves with the wind.

My course here was in various directions; and, riding along the sea-shore, I spied something like an old ruined fort, which I found afterwards was called The Kame of Mathers. An arched rock, perhaps thirty or forty yards high, supports the fort, which, I was told, was built by the Barclays in very remote times, that they might defend them-

selves against a family they had grievously offended; and no Scotch law would then take cognizance of those whose dwelling the sea flowed round. The fort being built on the arches of a rock, the sea flows round its foundation. It is a terrible place. I descended, and found various lofty arches in the rock, and one of them so wide, that a couple of coaches might drive abreast beneath, if the bottom was level. I also found a cavern into which the tide flows; but being out, I went on exploring till all was solid darkness before me, and but a dim twilight behind: so I returned and found another cave, but so very rugged, both above and beneath, and the sea glutting within, that I was discouraged from making any more adventures.

Our journey was now bounded on the right by the Grampian Hills, and on the left by the German Ocean. When we arrived at Aberbrothwick, generally called Arbroath, I went to view the very remarkable ruins of their once famous Abbey, built by William the Lion. The roof is all gone, and one side-wall is removed; but the grand entry is pretty complete, and enough is still standing to shew the extent and magnificence of this once noble edifice; in whose area, among brambles and bushes, women were now hanging their clothes.

In our way to Dundee, passed Penmure, the seat of Lord Penmure. Dundee possesses several pub-

lic buildings, and is rather a genteel town. Its old Cathedral is large, and, I believe, has the highest steeple in Scotland. I here inquired after one of the friends of my youth, and found that he was remembered with respect. I had a guide to his grave, over which I hung my head in silent sadness.

The Tay is a noble river near Dundee: we crossed it in a gale of wind: the ferry-boat tossed bravely, and the waves broke over our heads. There is something interesting in being on the water when the wind blows. We saw Huntly Castle and Balmerino in our way to St. Andrew's.

St. Andrew's stands by the sea, on a bleak point of land: it is difficult to suppose why so famous a place found so mean a situation. Three parallel streets principally compose this ancient town, where almost at every step the mind is affected with scenes of decay: indeed, St. Andrew's seems a city wearing the garment of melancholy. Its ruins appear, at a distance, like the masts of men-of-war; but, on a nearer approach, shew an affecting instance of the change of things. The walls of the city are now the walls of simple inclosures. Watch-towers surround a field of peas, and ramparts are now round a yard of cabbages. Our horses were lodged in the spacious apartments of a college, with lofty ceilings and stucco cornices.

Wandering pensively among the ruins of the Archbishop's Palace, and pausing by turns on little green hills, I observed smoke arising from beneath my feet: I looked round for the cause; and finding on one side an arch almost sunk into the earth, stooping low, I entered a dark vault, and was surprised to find it inhabited by a family of poor people. I congratulated them on the safety of their dwelling. On further inspection, I found other poor people had crept into these desolated cells, as habitations ready formed to their hands. The steeple of the Chapel of St. Rule alone remains entire of all these famous structures; and it has lately been repaired, to answer the purpose of a watch-tower. The Castle has been a strong place with double walls, but is now sinking fast into oblivion: its fragments, falling into the sea, are washed away for ever.

The Cathedral seems to have been a noble and extensive building: through some impediment, it is said, it was a hundred years from the time it was begun, to its completion. It was roofed with copper, and one part of it was once demolished by lightning, but was soon rebuilt. The Castle, the Cathedral, the Archbishop's Palace, the Chapel of St. Rule,—all have been shaken by the hand of Desolation; yet something remains of all these

noble structures, that suggests to the mind their former magnificence.

I now took a ride to Cupar-in-Fife: and, on the Perth road, just glanced at Perth, but did not visit it. But I visited the seats of Lord Crawford, Lord Hopeton, and Melville the seat of the Earl of Leven. On returning to St. Andrew's, met with Lord Monboddo, a tall, mild, plain old man: he had a beautiful daughter along with him, whom, I was told, he takes annually with him on horseback to London.

We now rode forwards towards the capital of Scotland. Saw in our way the seats of the Earl of Kellie, Balcarras, the Wemyses, &c.; and the ancient building of Lundy Castle; near which, in a triangle, stand three remarkable stones, perhaps from ten to fifteen feet high. Tradition says a Danish king was buried near one, his son near another, and his son-in-law near the third. What disasters attend on war! These strangers fell in battle, and Denmark might mourn their fall.

We passed through Kirkcaldy and Kinghorn, and sailed over to Leith, a seven miles' voyage. The bustle of a crowded port, the confused noise of shouting sailors, and the creaking of the tackle of shipping, was altogether something so fearfully new, especially in the night, that I was glad to get

rid of it, and set my foot on dry land again; though I was well aware, if I had any thing of self-importance about me, it would be completely annihilated when I mingled in the streets of a crowded city.

I rose with the morning to view Edinburgh. A situation more singular, I believe, has not been given to any of the cities of Europe. It rises from two valleys, and spreads upon three hills. Its most considerable street runs, I believe, a mile on the ridge of the highest hill, from the Castle to Holyrood House, the palace of Scotland's kings. The fronts of many of the houses that compose this street are five or six stories high; and being built against the ridge, their other fronts are ten or twelve. From this street to the streets in the valleys, run very steep and very narrow lanes; but a communication by bridges over the valleys is now opened between different parts of the city. These communications by bridges form spacious streets, with handsome houses; so that now, in some places, there is street above street; and it is amusing to survey, from (if I may be allowed the expression) the upper story of streets, houses standing and chimneys smoking below one's feet, as well as above one's head. The street on the North Bridge leads to the Register Office; a noble structure, two hundred feet in front, with a tower at each end, and a dome in the middle: it stands at the entrance of

the New Town. The New Town is built of white hewn stone, according to a regular plan, and for elegance and beauty may vie with any city in the island, if not in Europe. It is rising in its dignity; but the palace of Holyrood House is verging to decay. Nothing now remains of a court, but two sentinels, who guard a large square from the intruding feet of visitors: but the royal apartments are accessible, and have once been splendid, after the taste of the times. However, now, the furniture, tapestry, paintings, &c., are fading under the hand of Time. I do not know but decaying grandeur affects one more than absolute ruins, as we feel more for the dying than for the dead. One long room contains the dusty pictures of many crowned heads; my guide told me, from Fergus the First, down to James the Sixth of Scotland. I thought the character of that of Mary was sweetness and innocence. Lovely, lamented Mary! Though thou hadst thy errors, yet, thou wast not cruel like thy enemies. The Dukes of Argyle and Hamilton, and the Earl of Breadalbane, have apartments in Holyrood House.

The Parliament House in the Old Town is lofty and spacious—well calculated for a popular assembly. They have several hospitals in Edinburgh: the most noted is Heriot's, where from one hundred to a hundred and forty boys are maintained

and educated. How noble! where one person is such a father for a number of poor boys! They have other hospitals for different species of poverty. Human wants ought to be relieved; but I am against itinerant begging; it leads to lying, and other temptations, and it is a bad way of spending time.

The Castle, perhaps, is the most conspicuous object at Edinburgh. It stands on a high perpendicular rock, inaccessible on every side but that next the town; and commands, from its top, one of the most remarkable prospects I remember to have seen. Directly opposite, on the other side of the city, is Arthur's Seat, a high romantic hill. A little lower, and a little nearer, is Salisbury Crags, a bold range of rocks: and, at some distance from it, is another rock, on which stands the observatory. We see on the south or east a fine country, beautifully ornamented with noblemen and gentlemen's seats. On the north is part of the sea, with pyramids of rock rising above its surface, and ships waving their canvass, while passing and re-passing to and from the harbour of Leith; over which is the coast of Fife; while on the west lies a fine champaign country, where is seen narrowing the Frith of Forth, which terminates among the gloomy Highlands. Having thus looked, if the eye descends to

objects beneath one's feet, it beholds the venerable metropolis of an ancient monarchy, still extending itself into streets and squares of modern magnificence. What a contrast this to the Frazers', Grants', and Camerons' countries, where the Highland huts stand as irregularly as the whin-bushes on a common! But here, order, comfort, and even elegance, are conspicuous. It is to be regretted, that, at no very great distance from these scenes, large bodies of our fellow-creatures are far, very far behind, as to the comforts and accommodations of life. The natural result of this is a wish, that the lowest classes in the Highlands were taken by the hand, and led to an industry tending to something of permanent comfort. There is a tendency in man to better his condition; but I do not see how these people can better theirs, without help at starting. I would not by any means be understood as describing them comfortless: they enjoy the pure air and the breezes of health on their native mountains. They drink at the clear spring, climb their rugged rocks, and bound over their wastes, with a vigour that our citizens cannot equal; and perhaps these simple feelings of our nature, the foundation of our enjoyments, are as lively in them as in the rest of mankind. Then, who could wish to change their situations? Indeed, to put the accomplished

inhabitants of the Lowland cities into the Highland cabins, and to make the Highland hutters the occupiers of the New Town of Edinburgh, would be to make both miserable. Having seen the Highlands, and having seen Edinburgh, I am satisfied. I therefore feel inclined, for the present, to lay down my pen.

# ENGLAND.

# ENGLAND.

## A DAY'S TOUR TO LANGDALE PIKES.

BEING on a visit to the worthy family of Smith at Coniston, and enjoying the pleasure of a fine summer evening's ramble amid their delightful scenery, a sail on their beautiful lake was proposed for the next morning. My young female friends had learned the use of the oar, and they offered to row me themselves down the lake; but having seen Langdale Pikes rising amid the clouds, I rather preferred visiting them: the proposal was readily agreed to, as the journey would be as new to them as to me. My female companions rose at three in the morning, but it rained: however, by six it cleared up. We soon collected, and, in the stile of Queen Elizabeth, breakfasted on bread and beef. We made a hearty, but not a long meal; and, with our provisions in our pockets and our staves in our hands, we departed, tripping along the road as light-heeled and light-hearted as the roes of the mountains.

Silver clouds were thinly scattered over the heavens, while their shadows beautifully chequered the earth; numerous white cottages were smoking in the valleys below, or on sundry little eminences around us; the peasants were going forth to their labour; the cattle, relieved of their milk, were returning to their pastures; the sun was warm, the air was still; while the Lake of Coniston, reflecting the blooming landscape, seemed slumbering in native beauty. Through such scenery we proceeded, our minds exulting amid the glories of Nature, and glowing with benevolence. Our conversation was cheerful and simply sentimental; yet, like a group of Indians, we sometimes passed on in silence. We had no servants following nor lap-dogs sporting around us; yet we were occasionally accompanied by a sociable butterfly, which winged her way before us, then perched on a pebble till we came up, and then set off again.

Having ascended an eminence, we made a halt to look both ways; and few stations, by turning on the heel, afforded so strong a contrast. If we looked back, we saw below us the Lake of Coniston, with its bays and woody points, stretching a long way: if we looked forward, we had Raven Crag right before us; an immense assemblage of not very lofty mountains,—rather of clustering crags,—rugged and broken in the finest manner. We

pursued our journey along its base; but our eyes were often turned towards its summit, till at length we had left it in our rear, and other mountains offered themselves to our inspection, some of them of savage aspect, which to a stranger might suggest savage inhabitants, and portend danger; but here all was peace and pastoral tranquillity. Yet the tranquillity of these pastoral regions is often disturbed, and the ear of the stranger is often startled, by the blowing up of the slate-rocks; while the tremendous echoes are thundered through the mountains.

We now descended into a valley, and traversed the level shores of Elter-Water. After various windings we passed a bridge, and entered Langdale. Here we paused in admiration of the objects before us, which formed a very noble scene for the pencil. In the foreground was a rapid river, foaming over a rugged channel; on the right was Langdale Chapel, whose humble roof was scarce distinguished from a few scattered cottages that surrounded it, which assimilated with the workings of the slate. These contrasted well with a beautiful woody eminence on the left. In the centre, in solemn majesty rose a stupendous mountain, that bore on its frowning forehead The Pikes of Langdale, which seemed like pillars to support the heavens.

We pursued our route through the Vale of Langdale, which we found more considerable than we had supposed. Yet we sometimes turned aside to explore the slate quarries, which, had it not been for the implements of labour they contained, would hardly have been conceived to be the works of man, but rather huge caverns and grottoes scooped out of the mountains by the hand of Nature. In some places they rose in rugged and lofty arches, that almost excluded daylight: in others, with shaggy, rifted, perpendicular walls, that seemed like prodigious castles or dungeons with their roofs fallen in. Some of these immense caverns were of pale blue, the native colour of the new-wrought rocks: over others, that had been long left, Time had thrown a reddish tint, which added to their solemnity.

As we passed along, the road became elevated, and near a respectable looking house a very sublime scene opened before us. Beneath our feet lay the Vale of Langdale, with its river, its green fields, and scattered cottages smoking amid their tufts of trees. On either hand, particularly to the east, far up the sides of lofty mountains, were beautiful enclosures: right before us rose an immense mountain, (before described, but much nearer,) that seemed a termination to this part of the world, crowned with the Pikes of Langdale that shoot into the clouds. We entered a gate and sat us

down beneath some trees, when these noble features of Nature were delineated by my companions. We rose to pursue our journey, and were admiring the situation of the just-mentioned house, when, to our utter surprise, not a glimpse of the mountain or valley was to be seen! I feel something of a respect for the hand that plants a tree; but to have raised such an impenetrable cloud of wood before such an interesting prospect, was among the tasteless occurrences of human actions that could hardly have been conceived.

Arrived at the foot of the mountain, I entered a cottage to enquire concerning the ascent. I met with an aged woman, whose countenance was sorrowful, and she little noticed my enquiries. I advanced a little farther, and saw in the parlour an old man propped up in his chair, pale and languid, and breathing with great difficulty, with some younger persons standing pensively beside him. I conceived him to be her dying husband. Alas! at that moment how different were his views and ours! —yet the moment at which he is arrived will assuredly arrive to us. I retired, sorry at the intrusion.

We now began to ascend. Juliet and I traversed the surface of the mountain: her sisters ascended in a straight direction; but on our recommendation they adopted our plan, and certainly in such an ascent the waving walk is easiest and best. We

sometimes turned round to survey the sinking vales and diminished objects beneath us, and found that objects that appeared great when we were among them, were, from the point we now surveyed them, dwindled into mere nothings; while rocks and points of mountains, that were scarce discernible from the plains, were now grown into mighty and overwhelming masses.

The time was now approaching when we were to make our election what peak was to be visited in preference to the rest; but while we were thus debating and slowly ascending, we found on our right a great body of water lodged in the bosom of the mountain. Its surface was calm, and reflected the dark and towering crags that rose from its margin; which crags seemed to be the base of the eastern pyramid. With these impenetrable bars on our right, we turned to the left and kept still ascending, till we came to the foot of another prodigious rock, which we deemed the base of the middle Pike. The summit of the stupendous mountain we had ascended is crowned with *three* lofty Pikes, all composed of terrific and perpendicular rocks, frowning with dreadful majesty. Seen from the valleys below, they appear to rise at no great distance from each other; but when the mountain is ascended, the traveller may toil with many a weary step ere his labours reach from one to another; and he may look with alarm on many a

frightful precipice ere he ascend to the summit of their terrific pinnacles. That to the north-west seems the lowest, but most regular and conical; that to the south is next in elevation, but more broken and rugged. That to the east overlooks the rest, and indeed all these mountainous regions; and rises in masses of immense rocks that are beheld with horror, and whose forms cannot be ascertained. At a distance, the eye shapes them into somewhat regular forms; but exploring their tremendous recesses, the traveller is alarmed and bewildered. To these sublime and dreadful regions I ascended with my intrepid maids, and was the first to express any thing like fear. Catherine, who feels a kindness for the whole creation, offered me her hand; while Elizabeth, with a courage I had never met with before, proposed to explore what remained, and, winding round the corner of a rock, presently ascended out of sight. I have felt pain from the absence of those I value; the absence of Elizabeth was terribly extended, and was accompanied with feelings of distress. From some situations at a great distance, Langdale Pikes had appeared like prodigious pillars: it somehow or other suddenly impressed me as if we were high up on the side of one of these pillars, and in danger of slipping down. Under these impressions, Elizabeth's absence was a period of dreadful suspense: I knew not

whether she might be clambering up the cliffs above us, or falling down the precipices below;—her sisters, too, began to think her long. But we were at length relieved by her calling to us from the cliffs over our heads. In her descent she had missed her way, and got on a shelf of rocks higher than that on which we sat. However, we soon got all together again, and joyfully eat our dinners amid these aërial halls of Nature. Who is there that need be discouraged at undertakings, however apparently arduous? For perhaps ten years I had projected an expedition to this alpine mountain, and this day it was accomplished: but who would ever have conceived that I should have been led on by such amiable conductors?

The clouds were now collecting in the south, which hastened our descent down the mountain; yet the threatened rain did not prevent our visiting the waterfall in Dungeon Gill; where, in a fissure of the mountain, and inclosed by gloomy rocks, a considerable stream is discovered tumbling from a lofty precipice into a deep and dark bason. Near the summit of, and over this cataract, a natural bridge is elegantly suspended. From the tremendous wall of rock, two lofty and pointed rocks project, between which an enormous mass of the same, in the form of a wedge, has found its way, and completes this sublime arch, which the stranger

surveys with admiration, but shudders at the idea of passing.

When we arrived in the valley we turned to the high end of Langdale, and beheld it surrounded by a magnificent assemblage of mountains towering among the mists, and magnified by the rain. We returned through Little Langdale; through Yewdale, with its venerable yew-tree; and through the delightful valley of Tilberthwaite, with its hundred woody knolls.

The skies were now pouring down upon us, and the brooks were rising as we passed along:—the scenes must have been beautiful, and we must have had a disposition to enjoy them, for, drenched as we were with rain, we were still pleased and interested. If hedges and rivulets crossed our way, and I lamented our difficulties, there was never any thing worse than a smile on the part of my female companions: the walls were climbed and the rivulets were waded; and after being eleven hours on our feet, and walking between twenty and thirty miles, we arrived in safety; and our return was crowned with no light felicity in seeing Captain Smith again among his family: in the morning it was not known but that he might be gone with his regiment to Egypt.

## THE MAN MOUNTAIN.

THE Man Mountain of Coniston, called in the neighbourhood Coniston Old Man, rises majestically on the opposite side of the lake. This we had often talked of ascending; and paying my annual visit to this truly estimable family, several years after our former journey, I proposed it. Two of my companions to Langdale Pikes could tread no more mountains with me! Excellent Elizabeth, it is known, died in 1806; and the amiable Catherine died on the borders of Italy, where her husband had taken her for the recovery of her health. The subject of my enterprize being under consideration, Juliet Smith, who excels in planning this sort of operations, observed, that two servants from Tent Lodge had ascended the day before, and the stronger of them (from Bath) might go again and be my guide. On being called up, he declared he would not undertake such a journey again upon any consideration; for, if it had not been for a guide from the slate quarries, they would never have got to the top; so I was recommended to take my aim at the slate quarries, for a guide.

I had rode nineteen miles in the morning; and, having dined, set off at three o'clock, no way discouraged at my great object full before me. The Man Mountain of Coniston is a fine stately British Alp; at its base lies the beautiful village of Coniston, scattered among groves and green fields: the white cottages contrast well with the woods and inclosures. The form of the mountain on the left is a gradual ascent from its base to its summit. On the right ascends a secondary mountain, steep and rugged: ridges, furrows of rocks, like a ploughed field, compose its front; and its summit is crowned with grandeur and wildness. Between this and the Man Mountain is a deep valley, from which the majestic mountain rises very abrupt, if not in some places perpendicular. The side of the mountain to the right is also terribly steep; so to scale it in these directions seemed to me impracticable.

When about to leave the inclosures, I met the last workman from the slate-quarries; so I could obtain no guide there: and I came up with a man and woman; so I had three counsellors, and asked their advice how I might best accomplish my object. The men answered me gravely and judiciously; the woman seemed to take more interest in my undertaking; but some of her observations were so odd, that I should not like to see them standing on paper, much less to have them verified.

They ended emphatically with this opinion, "You will never get there to-night!" There is a toil in travelling that induces depression; consequently, it may not be amiss in our exertions to introduce a little cheerfulness: but there are bounds even to this, therefore I shall not quote farther my honest female adviser.

Deep chasms and awful precipices made the attempt rather appalling; but I thought I might pursue my project while there was a path. Having no guide, I cautiously reconnoitred the ground, and chose mostly to ascend where rocks rose on either hand; so that I was generally walled in from danger. I think at least half of the surface of the mountain is covered with rocks and stones, the other half with vegetation; and I do not remember to have climbed a mountain whose ascent was so pleasant, safe, and comfortable; for if my foot had slipped, I could not have fallen more than two or three yards till I should have been lodged against a rock:—then tumbling adds to the variety of such a tour; and if one tumble, one has the pleasure of getting up again. I steadily proceeded, and to a considerable height, when two human figures with spades on their shoulders crossed my way; but they immediately vanished, and I saw them no more.

My way now became less and less steep, till I

stood on the summit of the Man Mountain: but it moved not beneath me. A vast quantity of stones are scattered on its crown, from which a Pike (perhaps from beneath called The Old Man) is rudely formed on the brink of a precipice towards Coniston. I added seven stones to the fabric, but declined looking down, for I wished not my present tranquillity to be disturbed by giddiness. In like manner I declined looking down the precipice on Lever Tarn; but I directed my attention to the west, where the progeny of mountains was numerous, and exhibited great variety. Some of the nearest neighbours of the Man Mountain attempted to look as loftily as himself: others exhibited themselves like the ridges of houses; on which, seeing their steep sides, I should not have trusted myself to walk. But black clouds now came rolling among them, and interrupted the prospect in that direction; so I looked to the south, and saw lakes, lower mountains, and the cheering effects of thriving cultivation.

We all know how delightful it is to sit down to rest after a long walk in a warm day: this I did, and enjoyed it in perfection, though not in an arbour of roses. But though I had not the hues or the fragrance of gardens around me, yet the objects with which I was surrounded were not the less interesting. It is but few that spend many days of

their lives on the highest points of high mountains; therefore, such a situation, under a serene sky and above a varied landscape, could not fail to fasten the attention.

Clouds now came between the sun and me; yet its declining beams illuminated the scenes that I had left: towards these I again descended. Having succeeded so well in my ascent, I was less careful in my return, and got involved among the rocks; but it was not amiss to have a little sprinkling of terror in the expedition. I joined my friends to tea at seven o'clock in the evening.

# BLACK COMB.

Being on a visit to some friends on the north-west shore of Lancashire, and being under a promise to visit an old neighbour of mine settled in Milham, I passed over into Cumberland at Broughton, where I met with an instance of the inaccurate description of distances, which is often inconvenient to strangers. I had been told that Po-House was three miles beyond Broughton: when I arrived there in the dusk of the evening, I was informed it was seven. I was a stranger, and alone; but endeavoured to follow my direction, till every object around me was hid in darkness, and I was utterly at a loss. A glimmering light, however, from a cottage window revived a little hope: I rode up to it; and calling out, a man and his family came to the door. I enquired the way and the distance to Po-House:—I was told it was four miles; but all directions in total darkness were utterly useless. The answers I received to my questions, and the manner in which they were given, gained my confidence; so I requested the master of the cottage to go with me, and I would satisfy him for his trouble.

We set off: finding he was a labouring man, I desired he would get up behind me; which he did. He amused me with anecdotes of his country as we jogged soberly on; and when we were silent, I amused myself with thinking that, if I had taken up a robber, I was totally in his power. But the reader will remember that, when we made the agreement, there was ten times greater risk that I should be lost, than that I should be robbed: so that, perhaps, he may allow that I did not act unwisely; and I will cheerfully certify that my guide conducted me in safety to where I wanted to be.

I found next morning that the dwelling of my friend was at the foot of a tremendous rock, and that Black Comb towered over the landscape. I was desirous of ascending this distinguished mountain; but when I made known my inclination, I was prevailed on to defer the attempt, by what I was convinced was an erroneous statement of the length of the way, and the length of the time necessary to ascend and return from the mountain. But it was an error unlike that which I had experienced last evening: there the distance was greatly diminished, here it was much magnified; for I was told that if we set off at eight in the morning to visit Black Comb, it would be six in the evening before we returned. So, *unconvinced*, I gave way for the present.

We now turned our backs on Black Comb, and

visited Milham Castle. This ancient mansion is situate among fine woods, has an extensive park, and a beautiful solitary place of worship not many paces from its walls. The afternoon was spent in reading and conversation, and in reviving the memory of those that are departed, and days that are over and gone.

The second morning was as inviting as the first, and I renewed my proposals of visiting Black Comb. The difficulty and distance had not diminished in the minds of those who opposed me, and the undertaking grew less and less formidable in my view. My kind host had never been there, so he spoke not with decision either way; but the opposition was so strong that I gave it up for the morning. The sky was clear at mid-day, so I *determined* to go; and the kindness of hospitality gave us an early dinner, and we set off at one o'clock. As ardour is not always coupled with wisdom, we did not seek by a circuitous path the easiest ascent, but aimed at the summit of the mountain in a right line: yet when we got on its steeps, though not rocky, we were obliged to meander. The afternoon was warm; my companions often sat down. In that I was not sociable: perhaps, having heard so much about our long journey, and being all strangers, I thought of taking care that we should not be left on the mountain in the dark.

After several pauses, and perhaps twenty rests,

which did not take up much time, we fell into a commodious path which conducted us to the summit of the mountain. If we had entered this path on leaving the valley, we should have had the gentlest ascent that I remember up the sides of any mountain,—except, perhaps, that of Pendle-Hill.

It is said that, coming from Ireland, Black Comb is the first object that is seen by the mariner. Having travelled little by sea, I do not know what circumstances make mountains most distinguishable: if it is from the darkness of their hue, Black Comb is likely to be seen first; for, from the gloomy heath on its upper surface, the mountain seems rightly called. The base of the mountain being on the seashore, the prospect from its summit abounds with great variety. The sublime ocean occupies one half of the circumference: rising from its surface, on the south, are seen Peel Castle and the Isle of Wallney. The Isle of Man is a conspicuous object in the west. A fine indented coast is the bulwark of Cumberland against the sea; on which are seen Egremont, Bootle, Mulcaster, Ravenglass, Broughton, and the peculiarly beautiful shores of Duddon. Far in the east is an assemblage of mountains that we supposed to be those of Coniston and Ambleside: perhaps Hardknot and Wrynose, Langdale Pikes, and Helvellyn.

After satisfying ourselves with these scenes, we

began to descend. The sun lay below us as a vast mirror of silver, save that it was divided in twain by a pitchy cloud that overshadowed a third of its expanse. This gave a dark solemnity to the scene, that seemed ominous of coming storms. We were again in the vales before sun-set, and at our tea between five and six o'clock.

I rose early next morning to take my leave, but the cloud that hung over the sea had been a true sign of what was in progress, for the day was so tempestuous I hardly crossed the threshold. I approached Po-House in darkness, and left it next morning before it was light. I had a certain distance to go in a given time, and the time was too short: I rode quick, and did not know the way, though I had travelled it before. On a sudden my mare went on unwillingly, and leaned to one side. The sagacity of animals is sometimes worthy of being recorded. I urged her forward, but she grew no better: I let her have her way: she turned round, bounded from the road, hurried back to the place where she became uneasy, took a different direction, and went on pleasantly after in the right way.

I arrived at Fell-Foot at the foot of Winandermere. There I found Mary Dixon at the head of her table, carving for between forty and fifty juvenile guests. She had established a school; these

were her scholars, and she was giving them a farewell dinner. It was a cheering sight: but when I accompanied her to her school, and saw her make them presents and bid them farewell, it was touching to see them shed tears on resigning their benefactor. Mary Dixon was the daughter of Smeaton who built the Edystone Lighthouse, and was an uncommon woman. I have some happy specimens of her poetic talent; and her eight drawings of the Hebride Isles, and one general view of these islands rising above a turbulent sea, also shew how she excelled with her pencil.

# PENDLE-HILL.

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When we leave home, our leading object is sometimes the visiting of our friends; but in our excursions it frequently happens that other objects lay hold of our attention. I had been under promise for years to visit a friend with whom I had long been acquainted: with that view I went into Lancashire. After passing their handsome though ancient capital, I turned into Wiersdale, and rode along what appeared to me rather a solitary country:—modern refinement seemed not to have reached it, but in lieu thereof I met with native character, which is generally as interesting. I passed the Trough-of-Bollan, Browsholme, and Clithero, and then rested at Reedyford. In paying visits afterwards, the most conspicuous object in our walks was Pendle-Hill; and it was presently proposed that we should ascend it.

It has frequently been my lot on mountain excursions to go from the valleys alone; but here a party was soon formed, and not a very small one: neither

was there any lack of conveyances for the expedition; so we set forward, and

Along the lanes, along the vales,
A pleasant ride it was;
And, driving through the villages,
They look'd to see us pass.

With sober steps we climb the hill;
We climb—ascending slow:
And oft we look above our heads,
And oft we look below.

Though we did not ride to the summit of Pendle-Hill, yet we did not leave our conveyances till labour and effort seemed overcome: and if, indeed, we had been rather exhausted with the ascent, our spirits and vigour would have been restored by the plenty that accompanied us; and I am not sure that a higher relish is experienced by parties dining sumptuously in cities, than with simpler fare on the tops of lofty mountains.

Pendle-Hill is not surrounded by other mountains: Ingleborough and Penegant, indeed, are seen rising at a distance; but these do not interrupt the prospect of the plains. We looked around us from different sides of Pendle-Hill: the site of towns was determined by their smoke, and the situation of villages by tufts of trees; but as we do not see

the features of a man at the distance of a mile, we could not distinguish the characters of objects in our extensive prospects; yet we were gratified in looking over such a wide tract of country. We were pleased with our sociable excursion, and we were pleased to return to those comforts we had left in the morning.

## HARDROW WATERFALL.

HAVING been in Wensley Dale,—perhaps the finest vale in Yorkshire, and one of the finest valleys in England,—when about to leave it and my friends, with whom I had passed a little time, we were recommended to visit Hardrow Waterfall. Two lofty rocks, perhaps near a hundred yards high, and some hundred yards apart, announced its vicinity. People were seen labouring on their summits in the occupations of husbandry. Scattered at their base lay numerous fragments of rocks, which had been precipitated from time to time from their sides, or from their summits; and a stream over a rugged channel complained at our feet.

This wild valley narrowed as we went on; and, winding in its direction, we were soon completely enclosed. We now heard a loud rumbling sound, and anon saw a stream of water falling from on high into a dark bason, without interruption. The rocks terminated the vale in a semicircle, and delivered from their summit this column of water, said to be ninety-six yards high. The face of these

rocks shewed us a great variety of strata: their projecting summits were limestone; but below was of a softer texture, and had mouldered away in the course of ages: hence it was not difficult to make one's way beneath overhanging rocks, and beneath this lofty waterfall.

## INGLEBOROUGH.

I NOW parted with my companions; and a promise long unfulfilled, and founded in friendship, drew me towards Settle. The day was fine; and, winding among the hills, Ingleborough soon caught my attention, and almost instantly awakened in me an ambition to get upon its summit.—Ingleborough is a vast mass of mountain, very abrupt towards Ingleton and Chapel-in-the-Dale. On other sides its ascent is from hill to hill, till its summit is attained. The last stage of the mountain bears in the distance the air of a fortification; or, with an allusion to the human figure, we may say, when arrived on the shoulders of the mountain, we have then a steep and formidable neck to ascend ere we are safe arrived on its crown. In fact, seen from a distance, Ingleborough has something of the appearance of art about its summit.

Though a stranger, and without a guide, I soon determined to try my strength in treading on the sides and summit of this noble mountain. I left my horse at a cottage, and in my ascent was surprised to find, that while many of the fertile plains

of England were withering under long-continued drought, the lower steeps of Ingleborough were luxuriant with verdure, and even afforded spoils for the scythe. In my ascent I disturbed many a homely couple of moor-game, who, in return, loudly scolded me for the intrusion, and hurried indignantly out of my sight: their rage was like the scolding of hens, but far louder.

I now came to my difficulties; and, as a child learning to walk, and afraid of falling, creeps on his hands and knees, thus, to gratify my ambition, I crawled among the rocks fallen from the summit of the mountain. I durst not look behind me, lest my head should become giddy; so with alternate glimpses to what was above me, I looked right down to the earth: consequently, my prospect extended but a few yards.

When I nearly arrived at the top, I fell into a path, which, if I had entered at the beginning, my ascent would have been comparatively easy. I now stood on a plain, and I walked without apprehension. Two respectable persons that I joined, told me I had come up the worst way. Ingleborough may be said to take precedence of all the Yorkshire mountains: it stands prominent before the rest, and forms on its summit a spacious plain (said to be a mile in circumference), whereon might almost stand the adult population of the county. I should not

now have any objection to see it so assembled; but not to hold races, as I have been informed was sometimes the case. What would please me better, would be to see the population of Yorkshire so assembled around their late representative Wilberforce, and him on horseback addressing the multitude

This interesting landscape exhibits in the distance the mountains of Cumberland and Westmorland. Those of Yorkshire and Lancashire are more contiguous: amongst the most distinguished of these are Wernside, Penegant, and Pendle-Hill. Little Ingleborough is attached to its parent, on whom I now stand. Sunshine and shade now furnished the beauties of contrast. The sun shining on a full sea from Lancaster to Millthorp and Ulverston appeared to spread a plain, or rather to form a swell, of glittering silver. The towers of Lancaster Castle, and its adjoining steeple, rose venerably in the distance. Clustering villages and white cottages, amid green fields and yellow harvests, spoke of peace and of comfort to the admiring beholder.

In the Yorkshire part of the landscape was a peculiar trait. Far below where I stood, at another season of the year, would have appeared considerable districts of snow: indeed they now, when the sun shone, seemed to glitter like fields of ice, and

they literally appeared to be divided like fields in the landscape. The fact is, a species of white rock spreads over many scores of acres in this neighbourhood, and rises so little above the earth, and is so uniform on its surface, that a stranger might at first sight be so deceived as to pronounce it snow, ice, or fields spread with lime. I now looked over a limestone country to a great distance; and the thought occurred to me, that if all that ingredient in the composition of the earth now beneath my survey were to be burned into lime, it would furnish that article for the whole world for many ages.

Persons unacquainted in the valleys, when meeting in the higher regions, are not inclined to keep aloof from one another. One of the persons before mentioned kindly offered me his arm, that I might look with courage from the brink of the mountain, as we made the circuit of its summit. Weak heads on a high mountain, forsaking their fortitude, and joining their fears, are but in a poor way. The fiftieth in the ascent is as safe as the fifth on a sound ladder: but if we forget the safety of our standing, and only think of the consequences of our falling from such a height, we begin to totter; and if we are dashed to pieces in imagination, it weakens our defence against being so in reality. If we part with our presence of

mind, we are in danger of falling a prey to our fears, though standing on a rock.—But to return. Beacons have been erected here, and even human habitations in remote times; and whether human industry and the stimulus of self-defence have not once led the rampart-wall round the summit of Ingleborough, I will not take upon me to determine.

I now descended from this animating excursion, and rode down Ribblesdale to Settle. Refreshment and rest succeed well to exertion, and the kindness of friendship is a cordial when our spirits and our strength are below *par*: this cordial I received from those whom I had prosecuted my ride to visit.

## SETTLE.

SETTLE is a pleasant place. I do not remember a town of its extent, which, with its environs, has so much comfort, beauty, and variety. The most extraordinary feature in the Settle scene is a lofty rock, Castlebar, that apparently overhangs the town. This rock I wished to examine, and, if practicable, to ascend. My kind host encouraged the attempt, led me to its base, generously offered me his arm, and supported me from terrace to terrace, till, timidly admiring, I arrived at its summit. I stood without trembling, and the apprehension of giddiness left me in the descent; so that perhaps, if I had practised climbing, and taken a lesson twice a day on this rock, it might have been the school of courage for me. We are different at different times: I was here more put to it than on Ingleborough.

## GORDALE.

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THE neighbourhood of Settle has stores for the admirer of Nature. We rambled to see Gordale; and in our way, in a high, wide, pastoral situation, we met with Malham Tarn, a sheet of water perhaps two or three miles in circumference. Swans were sailing on its surface, which seemed to add to its tranquillity. Lord Ribblesdale has built a handsome hunting and fishing-seat on its margin. This little lake ought to be recorded for having the best Alpine trout to be met with in England:—tradition says, the monks of Fountain Abbey went to Switzerland and brought over the breed; and that they put them in possession of Malham Tarn: which possession they have kept ever since, and thrive as well as any family of fishes that is known.

We now went to explore Gordale, of which I had formed a very erroneous idea; but that idea is cast out by the reality, and utterly forgotten. Its first appearance from an eminence was that of two vast rocks, perhaps more at their summits than a quarter of a mile asunder, and at least a hun-

dred yards high: their foreheads were finely turreted with rock; and, far up these stupendous masses, I saw magnanimous sheep feeding and in motion, their size and appearance like moving mushrooms.

We now entered between these enormous masses, which more and more approached each other, and became more and more perpendicular. The colour of things also changed: we were retiring from a verdant world into a contracted region, and that region was of darker hue. I advanced till I was at length involved in a labyrinth of dark rocks: they seemed closed behind me, and apparently inclined to meet over my head; for though, perhaps, almost a hundred yards high, they did not seem more than eight or ten yards asunder at their summits.

I now met the diminished Waterfall, and was glad of the absence of its streams: though the drought had deprived me of the foam and the fury of a rushing torrent, and had bereft me of the thunder of its descent amid opposing rocks and their scattered fragments, yet the absence of so animated a feature in Gordale afforded me an opportunity of scrambling up its channel, which at other times, even if I had been a *fish*, I could not have effected. The day was warm, and I left my hat and my staff, and proceeded; for I could not afford to lose a

glimpse of any object, seeing the lower world was shut out, and I saw but a small portion of the sky; and as to my staff, my hands were more to be depended upon among the rocks than it.

I was soon lost to my guide, who hallooed after me, and I shouted a reply. I had now scrambled to where the cataract first bursts on the solemn scene from its dark prison, which event is said to have first taken place about sixty years ago. I kept ascending, when a black rock (perhaps eight or ten yards high) now rose before me, and, leaning forward, appeared to frown on my approach: his menacing attitude seemed to say, Proceed no farther. However, as he would not give way to me, I therefore, like a reasonable being, gave way to him, and quietly passed on one side; and verily believe I should have made my way through this interesting chaos quite out at the top, but I did not know how my guide and I could then have got together again:—besides, I was scrambling among small stones which had fallen from above; and they and I all came down together. I was amused with the turmoil: but when the fray ceased, I looked around me, and began to contemplate the vast masses of dark rock with which I was surrounded. These massy columns were entire from their base; not built of different strata, as by the hand of art. The character of the objects where-

with I was now surrounded, was that of gloomy grandeur: I seemed imprisoned on either hand by a vast wall of dark adamant. The frowning rock before mentioned appeared to bar my escape upward; and below me, these awful rocks seemed to wind precipitately into some profound unknown abyss. If I had been brought here in my sleep, and had awoke within the jaws of these terrible monsters before my scattered spirits could have been duly rallied, I should have been sadly frightened!—I now beheld Gordale without dread; and, with higher feelings than tranquillity, I surveyed its terrible magnificence.

## MALHAM COVE.

On our return from Gordale we visited Malham Cove; where, without danger or apprehension, I set my foot at the base of a perpendicular rock ninety-six yards high, whose summit extended perhaps to the width of three or four hundred yards, while its bottom was not more than a fourth of that compass. The surface of this vast rock is bordered on each side by green hills, which might suggest the idea of a narrow valley, in some of the convulsions of Nature, or in her more gradual processes, having been filled with this mighty mass of marble. The front of this bold rock is a singular scene: arches bend over marble doors, perhaps some ten, some twenty yards high. Imagination might suppose these doors would be the entrances to subterraneous wonders; but all is solid, impenetrable rock: and though a decanter, apparently ten yards high, offers itself to the observation of the traveller, yet I believe it does not contain a thimbleful of any cheering beverage that we know of. However, it is worthy of remark, that the river Air (whose winding course I once traced from Leeds) first issues from

the foot of this rock, and perhaps its reservoir is Malham Tarn.

When we again approached Settle, we descended into a beautiful verdant vale, surrounded with picturesque hills—or more properly rocks—whose sides were covered with herbage that afforded rich pasturage for sheep. Their summits were finely broken, while caves at their base invited our search. Settle is, indeed, the region of rocks and the land of caves, which add an interesting variety to the scenes scattered over our happy island.

On my returning north from Settle, an abrupt rock of some miles' extent stretched on my right. I alighted at the ebbing and flowing spring; but having inspected it before, I did not remain long enough to ascertain how high it arose, and how low it fell.

## CHAPEL-IN-THE-DALE.

I RODE towards Ingleton; but, instead of entering it, I turned to the right. When I came to Chapel-in-the-Dale, I found it standing low amid lofty mountains. The humble edifice corresponded with the humility of its site, and an adjoining cottage was in unison with the simplicity of the place of worship: both were beautifully weather-stained, and appeared to have stood side by side for a number of years, much beyond that of the age of man. In the grave-yard I found a fellow-creature reading the inscriptions on the tomb-stones: sadness was on his countenance when he told me a burial was to be there that day. I could not find in my heart to ask him whether it was a friend or a relation of his that was coming to his long home.

## WEATHERCOTE CAVE.

I PASSED on, and now inquired for Weathercote Cave, and was led by my guides to the entrance of a grove. We had proceeded but a few paces among the trees, when a singular hollow presented itself, with a precipitate descent. The solitary region into which we were now descending was an oblong crater, perhaps sixty yards in circumference: unlike others, it was without fire; but its sides were composed of the most interesting materials—projecting rocks, whose points were beautifully fringed with moss, and from whose crevices trees and shrubs were ascending; while numerous little springs trickled downward as the trees shot upward.

As we began to go down, imagination was startled with the rushing sound of unseen waters. I do not remember when I have been more impressed with the dread sublime, than when now, descending into the bowels of the earth, I heard the loud rumbling of a subterraneous torrent; but terror could hardly be admitted on the occasion, when a child of four years old played up and down the

precipices before me. To have familiarized myself by degrees with what appeared so appalling, the Lesser Cave, as it is called, offered me an apartment near its summit, on the right: my guide pointed it out, and informed me that the descent into the lower cavern is forty-five yards; this I effected without difficulty or danger. Athwart this beautiful pit, perhaps ten yards from its summit, a rock is suspended, that seems accidentally to have fallen from above. Again, perhaps eight or ten yards below this, rushes a noble column of water, that falls twenty-five yards. To pause, in accompanying its descent, is highly interesting: its rushing noise and silver foam are accompanied with dignity and beauty: and to stand at its base and look upward to such a powerful column of water falling from on high, whose weight would have laid prostrate the strength of man, filled the mind with conflicting images of grandeur and apprehension. The waters did not accumulate at my feet, or they would have hastened my escape. My guide told me that the summer before last a mountain thunder-storm sent down such a flood, that the cave was immediately overflowed, and it deluged the adjoining lands.

Where I now stood, though forty-five yards below the surface, an almost vertical sun illumined

the scene: it shone on the rocks above my head, and turned their mosses into gold; while the trees, gilt by his beams, seemed growing in the skies:— it might be said that, looking from a pit, I beheld a heavenly prospect.

## KINGSDALE.

FILLED with a new train of ideas, I now wound my solitary way round the base of Wernside, and entered Kingsdale; but why it is so called I do not know, for I can hardly conceive any king ever took up his abode in Kingsdale, or ever will, unless as a hiding-place from his enemies, for a dale more barren and desolate I have hardly ever seen. The higher sides of this wild valley are covered with white rocks;—no corn, and hardly any hay, grows in the lower situations. I saw but two cottages in the whole valley; one of ancient date, the other unfinished. The Earl of Lonsdale is lord over a number of beautiful manors; and he is lord over Kingsdale. There are gradations of beauty and of sterility; and I should not wonder, notwithstanding its imposing name, that Kingsdale is more barren than all the rest: I have looked over its vale and over its bordering mountains, but not with the pleasure I should do over Patterdale or Crosby-Ravensworth.

I was now desirous of ascertaining whether there might not be in Kingsdale something more

interesting beneath the surface than above it; but I shall sacrifice to the experiment the light of the sun and a beautiful sky. This is the way of us unstable mortals: we will risk a change, though it is from better to worse.

I overtook the farmer of these poor domains, and enquired for Yorda's Cave, and where I could get lights to explore its gloomy recesses. He said I need not seek for lights, for I should be amused without them: he had often been in it without light; and he would hold my horse. So, through his recommendation, I now entered alone this dark dungeon of nature. Pendant rocks, at the entrance, pointed their terrors from the roof; some of them came as low as my knee: they seemed like the petrified trunks of men hanging over one's head, and some of them almost touched the floor. Between these I entered into darkness and silence; save that I heard the sound of water to the right, and that I was followed by a dim twilight, which here and there shewed me the walls of my prison. I threw stones into the deepest darkness; but they did not reach the boundaries. I made the same experiments above my head, and with the like success: so I winked, and stood still, and then looked above and around me; but could discern nothing clearly, either of the height of this vast cavern or of its utmost boundaries: but imagina-

tion, I believe, made it more awful than it really was, and helped me to people it with appropriate inhabitants; to wit, vagabonds and banditti. I now wandered, well pleased, among imaginary beings; but if the neighbourhood had been infested with smugglers and sheep-stealers, I should have hesitated

> To grope my way round Yorda's dreary den,
> The dismal haunt of fierce and lawless men.

My next visit was to a different scene, which introduced a train of very different reflections to these I have last made. I took up my abode in the evening with a relation ninety-four years of age. I had known him for twenty or thirty years, and he received me with unabated kindness. During my stay he read me a chapter in the New Testament, and two from Isaiah, in very small print: this he did without spectacles, and read audibly and distinctly. In his conversation he shewed a mind possessed of probity, piety, and intelligence, which apparently may be continued to him for several years to come. How venerable is old age, adorned with piety and intelligence! How cheering is the prospect, in the otherwise cheerless situation, when, while the body is de-

scending to the earth, the aspirations of the soul are ascending to heaven.

I have now been nearly a week conversant with the dales of Yorkshire. I have visited Kingsdale, Chapel-in-the-Dale, Wensleydale, Dibdale, Densdale, Garsdale, Grisdale, Gordale, Raydale, Ribblesdale, and Ravenstonedale. On entering the last, I came again into my native county; where I shall relieve the reader from pursuing me further at present.

## YORKSHIRE.

It is a pleasant circumstance when an examination of the beauties of nature and art can conveniently be coupled with necessary pursuits. In consequence of an omission, twenty-eight years ago, by a person who had left me a trustee, which omission involved difficulty, and, if it could not be overcome, would eventually injure helpless children—under these circumstances, I took the coach for York Gate as it entered Westmorland. We were four inside passengers; one, a gentlewoman from London. During the first stage I did not hear her voice: she seemed a grave and silent character, and held something on her knee with great care, which I discovered to be a canary-bird. When it became the subject of conversation, she launched forth freely in its praise, both with respect to the melody of its notes and the beauty of its plumage. She had been along with her husband to see their friends in the North; and she told us her canary-bird had twice been one of the party in that journey; so that, when returned again to London, it will have travelled twelve hundred miles by land

in one part of the kingdom. Concerning its other journeys I did not inquire.

On our arrival at Leeming Lane at ten o'clock at night, I was pressed to stay there; for I was told they would be in bed at York Gate, and I should not get entrance: however, I was determined to try; and when we got there, all was in a bustle. A company of gentlemen had been holding their closing hunt for the season: I was introduced among them; and, though cheerful with wine, they behaved kindly. I called for some supper, and one of them requested to join me at my beefsteak. The hounds afterwards came into the room—not very unfit companions on the occasion. On looking at my watch, and observing it was after twelve o'clock, the hunters immediately separated with much good-nature.

I found next morning I was five miles from Rippon; and that Peatley Bridge, the place of my destination, was "twelve long miles beyond." I was now out of the line of coaches; and they had no licensed horses to let at the inn; so the morning being fine, I took up my staff and departed. On my way to Rippon I passed a number of fine teams, going with their grain to market; and a number of genteel men, mounted on good horses, passed me. I entered Rippon, surveyed its spacious market-place crowded with stalls, glanced at the lofty

obelisk, crossed Studley Park, and turned a little to the right to see the exterior of the hall, whose characteristics seemed to me to be those of neatness and comfort. Perhaps greater expectations might be formed of the chief residence of one who I was told possesses seventy thousand pounds a-year; but comfort is no inconsiderable ingredient in human happiness.

I passed the village of Aldfield, but missed my way, and went on till I came to the edge of a thick wood filling a narrow valley. I heard the water below, and ploughmen shouting to their horses on the other side, but neither saw the one nor the other. I believe the right way for me was over the valley, but I could not see where to penetrate the wood. I followed its border, watching for a descent: at length I discovered one, and was almost astonished to find myself in a valley so narrow and so deep, with woods so thick and so lofty. I was pleasantly bewildered, for I did not know what way to go: and if time had allowed, I should have wandered with delight, though I did not know where I was. It seemed one of Nature's solitary retirements, where Art had not intruded, save in turning up a narrow strip of rich soil that bordered the winding rivulet. The stately woods seemed to wind with the stream; and, while I followed it, I found no end of either. I concluded with myself, that

surely such woods must be possessed by a wealthy owner; and wished that owner would give directions that these lonely beauties might be more accessible.

At length I made my escape; but it was from shade and from shelter to storm and sterility. My way lay over a bleak and barren moor; and I was met and roughly handled by the pelting rain. As I descended a hill I saw a house: I approached it, and have seldom seen a sign hanging with more satisfaction. Here I ordered a little dinner; and, while it was preparing, my clothes smoked profusely before the fire. My hostess was attentive and silent in setting out her provisions. I observed on the table *riddle-bread:* it is made of oatmeal, and manufactured something like pancakes. The reader will perhaps wonder when I say I could eat nothing else. It is now twenty years since my mother left this world: she liked riddle-bread, and baked it: I do not remember eating of it since her days. On tasting it, a number of long-forgotten ideas crowded on my mind;—her looks, the sound of her voice, and her care for me, all came into my thoughts. These recollections melted my heart, and were the sauce that sweetened my repast. I attempted to maintain the conversation, but often could hardly articulate.

I now asked the landlord to accommodate me

with a great coat. He left the house for a few minutes, and returned with one of the best I ever put on. I told him I was a stranger, and ought to leave its value with him till I returned. This he would not hear of: so I departed, as I thought, to encounter further difficulties. I went to the best inn at Peatley Bridge, and sent for the person I wanted. On opening the business to him, he said he could not give me an answer till he had consulted with a friend. I desired him to do so, for I wanted not to mislead him. In half an hour he returned with his attorney, who heard my statements, and examined the papers I produced, with attention. He said my statements were correct: and though the law leaned in favour of his neighbour, yet, as an equitable and honourable transaction, he must recommend his friend to do as I proposed. He expressed his willingness. I then said, their conduct was highly honourable; that what I sought for had been omitted, either from ignorance or family confidence: that I might be supposed to have considered the subject more fully than they could have done in the short time we had been together; and that I would present him with a sum that I named, which I thought would be reasonable on all sides. With this they both expressed their entire satisfaction; and we separated

as friends, not as men who had been contending for separate interests.

I had now parted with my cares, and returned in the dark to the sign of the Star, where I had borrowed the great coat. I spent a pleasant evening with the company present. On desiring the landlord to make my acknowledgments to the owner of the coat for his kindness, he replied,—" This is the owner."

## ROCKS OF BRIMHAM.

NEXT morning, looking accidentally out of the window while at breakfast, I inquired,—"What are the buildings on that dark mountain?" The landlord replied, "Oh! there are no buildings. Have you not heard of the Rocks of Brimham, and the *rocking-stones* there? People come from Rippon and from Leeds, and from Harrowgate, and far and near, to see them." This speech spread an unexpected temptation before me, and I gave way to it. The landlord was my guide, and entertained me, as we walked along, with their custom of *driving bees*. —In Autumn they turn their replenished hives the wrong side up, over which they set an empty one. The bees ascend into their new apartments; they then take them into their solitudes of heath, now in full bloom. The industrious little people become wonderfully rich in a short time; quarts of honey being obtained in one day.

We now ascended to the rampart Rocks of Brimham, steep on different sides; and soon found ourselves on a spacious plain, perhaps thirty or forty acres in extent. If we had carried back our

ideas a thousand years, and added a little imagination, we might now have supposed ourselves among the ruins of a city in the wilderness; for, waste as it looked now, the surrounding country *then* would have been still more dreary. If we looked on the numerous objects around us as ruins, here were turrets and rifted towers, there were prostrate columns and fallen battlements, and every where large masses that might be supposed to have once braved the attacks of man and the storms of Nature. But these remains of antiquity are far more ancient than the perishable works of man. Amid these solemn objects Lord Grantley has built a dwelling for a guide. I inquired his age, and he shewed me his Bible, where he was registered in 1724. Though far past ninety, he did not seem entered into extreme old age; so that he may continue the guide for several years to come.

Looking at the Rocks of Brimham, I give up the idea of the ruins of art, and contemplate them as the remains of Nature; for I conceive here even rocks have had a change. These rocks are of a soft, gritty freestone; and the imperceptible hand of time has wrought wonders. We were conducted by our guide to the entrance of what I think were called *Divers Chambers.* We were cautioned at the entrance, and then left to make our way, which was by scrambling into one lofty apartment after

another. These, though not the least surprising, were the least gratifying of all we saw; for pleasure was at an end when the apprehension of sticking between two rocks was entertained. As perhaps I could not allow myself more than a hour, I can but attempt the description of a few particulars.

In one place, where the rocks assumed a lofty appearance, stood two mighty masses, placed there by the powers of Nature, and but just separated by her potent hand. Anon my attention encountered leaning columns and mishapen towers; and in one place I saw something like the strong tube, with the hopper bent to one side, which admits air into a coal-pit. All these objects were of stone of a dark colour, and beautifully weather-stained. At a distance, by itself, I saw the *Tea-table Rock*, which from certain stations had an appropriate name,—the stalk and top being proportionate, and having that appearance. When I came to it, its top was not circular, but oval: I did not measure its dimensions, but suppose it might be six or eight yards in circumference.

The Rocking-stones, however, have given the greatest celebrity to these scenes; and such are their mighty masses, that they might be as well denominated *the rocking Rocks* as *the rocking Stones* of Brimham. In one place four of these vast bodies lay side by side, on other rocks of the same dimensions. I regretted not having measured them. My

old friend spoke of some of them being twenty tons: I have seen two of them stated in print to be of a weight I hesitate to mention. But, whatever their weight, I moved them one by one in a rocking motion; and from one that I had clambered upon, the day being windy, I was very glad to get down again, it seemed so unmercifully agitated. To be upon a wall tumbling beneath one's feet is not desirable; but to be upon falling rocks has something horrible in it. I did not believe these rocks were falling with their burthen; but they were so unstable beneath my feet, that I experienced an uneasy sensation as I paced backward and forward on my restless inanimate. The largest of these sleeping monsters lay by himself: I awakened him with my hand, and he moved his head and tail at least a foot up and down. Having ascertained the fact, perhaps I did not sufficiently examine into the cause of this surprising motion. It would seem to me that the air, acting on a very soft substance through a long series of ages, has undermined these ponderous blocks at their extremities, and less and less to their centres on which they rest: hence a motion is easily given at their extremities to the whole.

But the most interesting object to me was, if I may use the expression, a *stone tree*. It must have been so to the former owner of Studley, who said he would give ten thousand guineas to have it

standing perfect in Studley Park. It bears his name, by being called *The Aislabie Rock.* Now, suppose a tree of a similar outline, with an impenetrable foliage of dark green, crowned with purple blossoms, and you have the Aislabie Rock, or the Stone Tree of Brimham. The stalk of the tree, which I measured with my garters knotted to a handkerchief, was eight feet, or rather more than two yards and a half, in circumference. The girth of its shade above was forty-eight feet, or sixteen yards; and this surprising bulk was perhaps about six yards high. The heath grows luxuriantly on its summit: I now beheld it with admiration and with wonder. How magnificent an object must it be in Autumn, illuminated with the sun, and crowned with its purple turban! If the incongruity of the idea and expression of a wood of stone could be tolerated, I would say, a forest of forty acres of such like stone trees would be the most wonderful wood in the world. But, Nature! thy lofty, luxuriant, and *waving* forests introduce more pleasurable and elevated ideas into the mind, than could be received from what we are now contemplating; for an assemblage of stone trees would be like the grove of Death.

## STUDLEY.

In a somewhat different direction from that by which I came, I now bent my course towards Studley. I inquired where and how I could enter the grounds; but was told I could not enter the pleasure-grounds of Studley and Fountains' Abbey without proper recommendation. This threw a cloud over my fair prospects, and I wished to know the cause of such prohibition; and was informed that "Miss Laurance had been insulted when sitting alone on a bench in her grounds, and that since then the pleasure-grounds of Studley and Fountains' Abbey have been locked up."

Pursuing my course alone, and perhaps holding rather too much to the left, I found myself again entangled in the beautiful, bewildering valley from which I had yesterday escaped. At this I was not sorry: I began to discover that at a respectful distance Skelldale (for that is its name) seems a vast moat, that in a circuit of many miles winds nearly round the princely domains of Studley. I crossed the accompanying stream, and was soon animated by a view of the top of the Great Tower of Fountains'

Abbey, rising majestically among lofty trees. I passed Fountains' Hall, as sheltered an abode as I remember to have seen: backed by high grounds, and flanked with wood, few of the winds of heaven can touch its repose. It was built from the ruins of Fountains' Abbey: its front bespeaks its antiquity; and three tier of crowned heads look forward from its walls. I passed on: but during a shower I sheltered beneath a rock, and was noting with my pen the progress of my walk, when a gentleman on horseback passed by. I hurried up my papers and pursued, and signified the desire of a stranger to see Studley. He readily offered to introduce me:—the gates were unlocked: he said I might ramble where I pleased, amusing myself till he sent me a guide; and told me at parting, the Earl of Darlington that day hunted in Studley.

I ascended a walk to the left. The sun now broke forth from the clouds. I sat down on a bench, and never remember before to have been surrounded with such refreshing and blissful scenes. The melody of birds—the beauty of walks—the verdure of lawns—the elegance of buildings—the sublimity of woods—the resounding of cataracts and tranquillity of waters—all heightened by the rare enjoyment of solitary surprise, seemed to make a whole of pleasure long to be remembered. Yet I will not say but one might have chosen a companion whose society would have heightened

the pleasure of these delectable scenes. I mused on the objects around me. The parent of these peaceful waters is a vigorous stream, rushing with its white foam underneath the arch of an ancient rustic bridge, and spreading its various little lakes, whereon silent swans were enjoying themselves. If these waters had an easy, winding margin, they would be more natural; consequently still more pleasing. These lakes are surrounded with lovely lawns of the softest velvet, whereon other swans on pedestals might be supposed to be resting; but they are Grecian or Roman figures of similar whiteness; such as Roman wrestlers, Hercules destroying Antæus, &c. On the declivities were ample slopes of dwarf laurel, above which rose ancient oaks, whose withered arms were clasped round with dark ivy. I occasionally left my seat; and in one place found a *dead tree*, which I should not like to be removed: the bark and the branches were indeed gone, but there was a solemnity in the figure of its remaining trunk that I was inclined to contemplate. I was still alone, and knew not the names of many objects that surrounded me, but learnt them afterwards. Here the Octagon Tower, from a stately climbing wood, rose sublimely over the scene; there the Temple of Piety, with its roof supported by plain pillars, and with a plain white front, took its humble station by the still waters.

I now left my seat, and the scene and character

of Studley was changed in an instant; for to the eastern gate of the garden came the Earl of Darlington, with many gentlemen, dressed in scarlet. The gate opened to him, and closed again on the others. I inquired concerning the distinction, and found he is commander-in-chief, or rather hunter-in-chief in this part of the kingdom: but whether he holds under the king or under the owner of Studley, I cannot say; only I was told he has hammer and pincers with him, and if the gates are fast when he comes, he breaks them open. What unexpected changes take place! An hour ago I was excluded these beautiful regions: now, besides servants, there were none in the gardens of Studley but the Earl of Darlington and myself; the gentlemen of the county of York were excluded: and I have no doubt but that I was as high up in enjoyment as the Earl of Darlington. I was amidst a novel and sublime scene, and the Earl and his troops contributed to my amusement. There were large parties of horse (I counted about fifty) stationed at the foot of the lake; some upon eminences, some under the trees of the park. There was also a due portion of foot. Single gentlemen, like aides-de-camp, also were seen frequently at full gallop between the parties—now standing still, then all in an instant at full speed; the groves of Studley sometimes echoing with the cry of the hounds;

and at one time came the hounds themselves after reynard, but could not get out;—the fox had been more artful;—so the porter opened the gate for them. The whole hunting-party now vanished like an apparition; but I found it afterwards to be a reality, for we met with the foot-marks of the dogs and reynard in the sand; and also the print of the hoofs of Lord Darlington's horse on the gravel and the turf. I inquired after the strange proceeding of hunting in gardens and pleasure-grounds: they replied, "We are not sorry to see Lord Darlington hunt here, for we cannot keep our poultry from the fox; he goes with our ducks and geese, and our guinea-hens, and even our young swans too:"—so I was reconciled.

The gardener now ferried me over at the waterfall above the lowest lake, which is eleven acres; and I inspected the objects I had seen in the distance from the opposite banks. The first building I entered was the Temple of Piety, where the Grecian daughter was supporting her father. This humble temple does not rise above the surrounding objects that ornament the lawn and adorn the margin of the lake. We ascended from this temple, through a subterraneous passage sixty yards in length, to the Octagon Tower. From this sublime elevation are seen the house, the obelisk, and other objects with unremembered names. As we went

on we passed a cave, the kitchen of the groves, where the meat is prepared for rural festivals, when cities are left to enjoy these charming solitudes. We arrived next at the Temple of Fame, and from thence looked down on the scenes below; which, though sunk far beneath us, had a sweet solemnity in their appearance. This prepared us for our approach to the Gothic Seat; which, on unfolding its doors, opens in an instant on the fading glories of Fountains' Abbey.

## FOUNTAINS' ABBEY.

THE venerable pile almost fills the whole valley, to which we now readily descended, the *Skell* accompanying with its murmurs our approach. When we arrived we found it issuing from the foundations of the Abbey, part of which had rose on arches over its surface ; and, indeed, I now observed the singular circumstance of a tall tree, thus supported, growing on the surface of a river. We now entered the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, or Holy of Holies, forty-four yards long and twelve broad. The walls were standing, but the roofs gone ; while the sun and the shower have nursed up a sublime grove in that once sacred place. Indeed, in various apartments, tall trees, twined round with ivy, beautify the finest ruins I ever entered. I was beholden to my guide for the dimensions of the place ; which he told me once occupied ten acres, and yet occupies two. The boldest feature of the whole is the Great Tower, fifty-five yards high and eight yards square. The body of the Abbey, between the fine-arched east and west windows, is one hundred and seventeen yards long, and twenty-one yards wide. What

a room when its roof was entire!—and now how sublime would be the splendours of moonlight through these arches! The Altar is removed; whether by human hands or the sacrilege of time, I know not, but the Mosaic pavement round it is preserved. Near it is a stone coffin, said once to have contained the remains of Lord Henry Percy; and at no great distance, in stone armour, lies the figure of the Earl of Mowbray. The Refectory, or room for refreshment, is thirty-six yards long and fifteen yards broad. The gloomy Kitchen has an air of great antiquity, and its singularly arched fire-place cannot fail to be interesting to the antiquary. The Cloisters, made for the gloomy retirement of the inmates of this solemn mansion, are in length one hundred yards, in width fourteen: twenty-one pillars support the low-arched sombre roof. The whole apartment seems to wear a twilight gloom. The inhabitants are gone; but imagination can restore them sitting in coarse attire, and with saddened looks, musing over the mysteries, handling the traditions, or advocating the ceremonies, of their religion. Above is the Dormitory: its dimensions similar to those of the Cloisters. Here forty-eight beds received the weary monks till they arose to new labours. The roof is now gone, and the grass grows where they slept. The length and the width of these large apartments would have appeared still more extensive if covered in: exposed

to the open air, their apparent magnitude is diminished.

We have seen the decline of these venerable edifices;—let us look a little at their beginning. Enamoured of the Cistercian sanctity of Rivaulx, eleven monks, with Richard their prior, withdrew from St. Mary's at York to Skelldale, there to build a Cistercian monastery. Tradition says, Skelldale had then all the wildness of Nature, and was an impenetrable wilderness. These zealous men lodged under the shelter of seven yew-trees; six of which are still standing; and one of them, at three feet from the earth, is near nine yards round. Their food was often simple; they boiled and eat wild herbs and salt. The work was at length completed by human industry, and bears the date of 1292.

We now left Fountains' Abbey, and re-entered the pleasure-grounds of Studley. We descended to the Banqueting House, sixteen yards long and eight yards wide. Various figures appeared before us; a bronze Venus de' Medicis occupies one end; but stone beauties look cold. This apartment, I conceive, is often animated with elegance and hilarity. I have just come from the secluded haunts of religious orders, and I now seem in the gay world: but in leaving the pleasure-grounds of Studley (which I was told are two hundred acres), I bade adieu both to one and the other.

## STUDLEY PARK.

I now entered the Park, which, I was informed, contains one thousand acres. Studley Park, when one gets fairly into it, gives the idea of a *world of wood*. Varying sometimes the direction, one may wander for miles amid full-grown trees without perceiving a building or a boundary. The trees, of lofty growth, are all genuine English. No Scotch fir, no sullen evergreens, which, by adding to the variety, might be a beauty to pleasure-grounds, are seen here. I like the Scotch fir and his brethren in compartments by themselves, or as a shelter for the ancient farmhouse: I admire the solemn music of the wind blowing through their branches; but in a park they remind me of black and white people living together. I love them both, but would have them live apart. In Studley Park this distinction is preserved: neither are the stately trees disposed in lines or in groups; but, as if acorns had been scattered on the plain by the hand of Nature, and animals had been prohibited the touching of their growth, they have sprung up with regularity, yet without exactness. Animals are not now restricted.

Deer are now seen feeding under their shadows, which are neither too thickly blended, nor left in too wide spaces of verdure, that might suggest separate lawns and distinct woods; but all is natural and graceful, on an easy undulating surface.

Taking leave of Studley, I explored the venerable interior of Rippon Minster, arrived at the New Inn, Leeming Lane, in the dark, and retired to rest, in a stage-coach.

## BAMPTON.—HAWS-WATER.

MANY of my little journeys are alone. One morning, about Midsummer, I took my course through the Vale of Bampton. The lanes were bordered by wild roses, some of them pale as the lily, and others blushed warm in the mountain air. I began to wind among mountains:—clouds of wood on one side contrasted well with the shadow of clouds on the other. As I approached the vicinity of Haws-Water I entered among sheep-farms, and was gratified in seeing the inhabitants of these valleys preparing for or busy with sheep-shearing; which is an occasion of exertion and of merriment, and may be compared to the time of vintage among the southern countries of Europe. Gathering from the mountains is the employment of the preceding day; when the timid inhabitants of the higher regions and their offspring hurry down the steeps from their pursuers, the rocks and caverns echoing to the clamour of dogs and the shouts of shepherds. The poor sheep, when parting with its fleece, lies mute as the victim for slaughter. When released

from their bonds, the clamour and confusion of anxious mothers in search of their infant offspring, and the cries of numerous offspring for their lost mothers, are musically plaintive: but as they ascend the mountain, the storm of affection is over in five minutes, the young lambs pacing contentedly by the sides of their parents.

## KIDSTY-PIKE.

I ALIGHTED at Riggindale, surrounded by sheep-folds in abundance; and purposing to ascend Kidsty-Pike, had my horse put into the stable. On discovering what I intended, my kind hostess opposed my going alone: however, alone I set off; but had not gone far up the mountain when I heard a shrill whistle, and, turning round, saw a young female following me at full speed:—it was her daughter who had come after me to be my guide: she had often been a shepherdess on Kidsty-Pike; her father's sheep fed there in summer; and now her information respecting their pastoral employment, the names of the valleys, the rocks, and the mountains, enlivened our ascent.

In a rock, a few yards from the highest point of the mountain, is a spring. They tell us in the neighbourhood, that a few years ago a thunderbolt struck the rock, and that the spring since has not been so copious. Kidsty-Pike descends in the middle, and at the extremities rises in two peaks, perhaps half a mile asunder. Riding near Shap this

day twelvemonth with a young woman that lived at the foot of Saddleback, I pointed her attention to Kidsty-Pike, and she exclaimed, "Saddleback!" The summits of the two mountains are formed alike. I was amused with the mistake, and enjoyed it for some time: but the real Saddleback rising in the distance, and seen near Burns for a couple of hundred yards, settled his claim to the appellation.

A gauze in the atmosphere magnified the altitude of mountains: the lowest contents of the valleys could not be seen. I saw nothing to a great distance but a world of dark mountains; Nanbield, Highstreet, Harterfell, Catchedicam, were pointed out to me by Jane Greenhow. But I am not now contemplating altogether a world of shade: on favoured spots the sun broke forth, and on grey rocks shone with great beauty. These rocks were fringed with green, and it altogether seemed a dark ground set with brilliants.

## CHAPEL HILL.

DESCENDING from Kidsty-Pike, my attention is directed to the valleys. Lake and mountain-scenery is unvarying in the progress of time, save occasionally in the introduction of wood, and the beautiful accompaniments of cottages and farmhouses. In the valleys through which I am now advancing, the cottages, sheltered by a few sycamores, are built from and assimilate well with the grey rocks of the mountains; and their rustic architecture has not changed for ages. This suggests contentment in the inhabitants; and contentment is a pleasing idea to entertain of one's fellow-creatures. However, two exceptions have just arisen in these valleys to their ancient modes of building: but the one is by a resident in a great commercial town, therefore does not apply to the natives. The other I regret; for the change is wrought on a scene that I have admired from my youth, for cottage interest, simple magnificence, and picturesque beauty. At Chapel Hill, in a corner of the world, stood a simple cottage among rocks, woods, and solitary

mountains: it bore on its varied roofs and numerous gable-ends the marks of former centuries; its owners had lived there in succession for many generations. A few paces took them to Madale Chapel, their place of worship; and when they died, their long home was on their own premises. They were surrounded by woody knolls; and these knolls were surrounded by lofty mountains. Most of these remain, and will remain. I only regret that the ancient cottage, with its accompaniments, is superseded by the modern house, with its five windows in front. I should have preferred at Madale Hill the ancient cottage, with its antiquated windows, its lowly roof fringed with moss, and its chimneys smoking through the trees, as the abode of quiet and the home of solitude.

## LONG SLEDDALE.

After pursuing my winding way over Harterfell I came down on the valley of Long Sleddale; which, on an average, may be half a mile wide, mostly a level mixture of arable and meadow ground: then hanging woods and rising pastures ascend from the vale, and terminate in sheep-walks on the mountains. Perhaps this beautiful valley is pretty much divided into similar estates. At the foot of the rising ground, every quarter of a mile, is placed a farmhouse, with its out-offices; and on an eminence midway in the valley stands a place of worship, and near it a school, round which a number of healthy black-eyed children were playing. In one place, and almost out of sight, is a cluster of cottages; perhaps about thirty cottages accommodate its inhabitants; and it was pleasant to descend down this pastoral valley, where the river and the road wind together for four or five miles.

Coming out of Long Sleddale, I found myself among a different race of people. I met carriages and horsemen, and was passed by post-chaises and mail-coaches; and all this in situations not *naturally*

superior to those that I had left. But roads have wonderfully wound their way through all the nations of Europe; and Westmorland is not now behind in bringing her efforts to the common stock of accommodation. The people of Westmorland are likely to beat the Romans; they are bringing to a level, vales twenty yards deep and a hundred yards across, at two thousand pounds' expense. Hills are sinking before them, and valleys rising; so that, on the road between Penrith and Kendal, once one of the most uneven in the kingdom, the man may walk without being out of breath, and the horse may draw his load without oppression. A Roman road, when now met with, is viewed as a piece of curious antiquity; but *this* road, except the island is visited by some great convulsion of nature or some strange revolution in human affairs, will continue a monument of the industry of the present generation, and an accommodation to mankind through future ages.

## HELVELLYN.

PERHAPS it may now be time to introduce the reader to Helvellyn, who, amid the mountainous regions by which she is surrounded, may not improperly be designated their Mountain Queen; both from her situation, the stern dignity of her appearance, and the crowd of mountain-courtiers with whom she is surrounded. Helvellyn stands between the peculiarly interesting valleys of Patterdale and Grassmere; looking down on the former, and on the winding glories of Ullswater. On her head is a tiara, with three points: her two handmaids, Stridon-edge and Swirril-edge, stand on her right hand and on her left; while her page, Catchedicam, stands at a little distance. Many noble eminences, beautiful valleys, and sweet habitations, may be said to be within her dominions; yet, like those of other monarchs, some of her dominions may be out of sight.

I remember once, in the Spring, being under an engagement with three sisters to ascend Helvellyn: they more than once reminded me of my promise; but not liking the idea of encountering wreaths of

snow and sheets of ice, I delayed attending their summons, in hopes of a more genial season, when the sheep would shew us the way. When next we met, they chid me for my want of punctuality. I defended my conduct on the ground of prudence, and proceeded with pleasant anticipations of our mountain journey some sunny day, as the snows were now dissolving. They triumphantly replied, that the week before they had shod their staffs with iron, and made their journey without me. I now addressed them in the language of pity for cold fingers and frozen toes. They ridiculed my effeminacy, telling me that they had all three made the summit of Helvellyn without a guide; and that they were so delighted with their excursion, that two of them repeated their journey the next day. I now willingly relinquished the palm of hardihood to these intrepid maids; and it will not be likely to be regained by some of my degenerate countrymen, whom I found not long after hunting with umbrellas in their hands.

Not having had the pleasure of ascending this celebrated mountain (at least to its summit) in female society, I have at different times wound up its lofty steeps with intelligent companions of my own sex. In one of our excursions the day was calm as we ascended the eastern side of the mountain; but as we approached the summit, the wind

grew violent from the west: we tightened our hatbands, and, for safety, walked to windward of the narrow ridge, as the other side seemed a stupendous, though not a perpendicular precipice. A sudden puff now rudely uncovered one of my companions, and set off with his hat: he immediately commenced the pursuit; his hands were outspread, his hair and his clothes flew on the wind, and he seemed at times lifted from the earth by the strength of the blast, while his hat took long strides like a person in a dream. We followed the chase, which seemed diverting enough, till it was out of sight; then it became terribly alarming, lest it should terminate in a downfal: but we understood our poor friend got his foot upon the runaway vagabond just before it went down the precipice.

Having attained the summit of the mountain, six lakes of different forms and magnitude were presented to our view;—Windermere, Ullswater, Coniston, Bassenthwaite, Esthwaite, and Wythburn; with many smaller plots of water, fifty or sixty acres, that would be ornamental in pleasure-grounds. The sea is also seen near Ulverston, Cartmel, Millthorp, and at Solway Firth. Many mountains also rise in distant prospect; amongst which are Crossfell, Skiddaw, Langdale Pikes, Ingleborough, and Saddleback.

While we were surveying the vast variety around us, the scene vanished, the skies became black, and the valleys below were suddenly filled with rain. However, there was one exception to the general darkness. In the west, between the lofty summits of two dimly-seen mountains, appeared a soft, shining, silvery light: at first we seemed rather at a loss to account for so beautiful a phenomenon; but soon concluded it was the sun shining on the ocean, beyond the clouds of these mountains. The transitions from light to darkness, and from darkness to light, are often sudden in these regions: the sun again soon illumined our elevations, and we soon beheld again the natural magnificence of this world: we beheld the majesty of rocks, the terror of precipices, and the towering altitude of mountains. Standing on Helvellyn, we look over a vast tract of mountainous country; but the most prominent objects, and those which we see with the greatest distinctness, are the lofty summits of mountains, as they point towards the sky. Behind them are many interesting scenes that are hid from us by the vast masses of intervening mountains; while beneath are long vistas of variously mingled landscape, the objects indistinctly seen. Indeed, our powers of vision are so diminished by distance, that stately edifices often appear on the landscape, from these elevations,

only like white peas: and again, the magnitude of nature reduces so far the works of art, that if Paul's Cathedral were placed in Patterdale, and we descending down the mountain to survey it, its dome would only appear like a bee-hive on a horsing-stone.

Then, again, we are as limited in the objects of sound as of sight. The silence of mountains is unbroken by the sweet sounds of the plains and the valleys. The ardent conversations and busy hums of mankind in their cities, their towns, and their villages, are unknown there. And it is as well that we are not all-seeing and all-hearing; for an extension of these senses would but, perhaps, lead to confusion, and tempt us to neglect our own business. Yet as the object of these pages was in the first instance to record my own enjoyments when travelling through the works of Nature, and then, as the idea is now entertained, to spread them before others; perhaps to put the reader in possession of some of the names that occur in these lofty solitudes will not be unacceptable to him, whether they be ranged in rhyme or appear promiscuously in prose. If the former is preferred, would it not be in character for the reader and me just to step a little down the mountain together and drink at the Helicon of Helvellyn?

Amid a vast circumference around
Sleeps many a name of high poetic sound—
Ruffell and Rosegill, Celleren, are here;
Sharrah, Carthannack, and Carhullan there;
Threlkeld and Thulbar, Mardale, Bodale, Whale,
Glenwyn, Glenridding, Gunnerkell, and Gale;
Watinlath, Hallin, Lowther, Lyulph's Tower,
Howgowen's fairy-hill, and Gillian's bower;
Blencarn, Blencathra, Beula, Wolfa cold,
Penrith, Penruddock, and Pendragon old.—

But bundling up names in rhyme is an unnatural business; therefore I shall again betake myself to plain prose, in which the reader will perhaps like as well to see the respectable names of Calder, Rydal, Derwent, Sizergh, Egremont, Elleray, Ulpha, Uldale, Colddale, Deepdale, Fuscdale, Ennerdale, Embleton, Brathay, Rothay, Gabel, Glaramara, Trover, &c.

In our descent from Helvellyn we joined a mountain-maid, conducting a hurdle of peats into the valley. She set a foot on each corner of the sledge behind the hurdle, which she steadied with one hand, and with the other held the reins that guided her horse. Thus stationed, with the bloom of health on her countenance, she drove with as much agility and spirit down the mountain as the fair citizen does her curricle along the level streets of London

Looking from beneath, the barren altitudes of mountains may seem useless specks on the surface of this world; but, on nearer inspection, they will be found to bear marks of wisdom and goodness in the divine mind of the Creator. Even *man* finds many accommodations on mountains: they furnish him with fuel; they furnish him with clothing from the fleeces of the sheep; and they furnish him with a luxury for his table, in the birds that inhabit the heath. They furnish a lasting and beautiful cover for his houses in a sky-coloured slate: and then the precious metals and brilliant stones are often drawn from the recesses of mountains. Then they also furnish the plains and the valleys with noble rivers; and perhaps they contribute to the salubrity of the air, which might become stagnant and even putrid, if the world was a dead flat. Then, among the inferior orders of creation, the mountains are their happy dwellings. They are a paradise for sheep, who, as summer advances, will escape from the valleys to range their highest summits. Even the noblest birds are at home on the summits of mountains, alternately visiting one another in their airy halls, or sporting in the clouds and sailing in the sunbeams.

## CROSSFELL.

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Eastward and alone, as if retiring from the society of other mountains, stands Crossfell, which I ascended without difficulty; though by some it has been placed highest on the list of English mountains; and standing so far inland, and on so high a base, it may not be much their inferior. It is the centre and summit of a long and magnificent chain of mountains. The mighty chain is nowhere divided by valleys, but little dips in the mountain distinguish different parts, to which are given different names. On one side Crossfell is supported by Dunfell; on the other by Hartside. At its base stand three verdant sugar-loaves; to wit, Knock, Murton, and Dufton Pikes. This vast wall of mountain stretches perhaps forty or fifty miles; it might seem to be the boundary of a principality. Not being broken into distinct mountains, there are no winding valleys where retiring taste might explore human habitations in all their loneliness: but from its summit, assisted by a perspective-glass, more villages might be discovered rising in the dis-

tance, than perhaps are seen from any mountain in England.

From the summit of Crossfell is seen an extensive, though not a level plain. It stretches south and westward in many places, perhaps twenty or thirty miles, till it is intercepted by the bold Wildboarfell, the majestic Helvellyn, the mighty Blencathra, and the circumscribing ocean. Rising on an eminence, in the centre of the plain, is seen the obelisk of Penrith Beacon. The city of Carlisle, the town of Penrith, and the numerous villages of Westmorland and Cumberland, are not distinctly visible; but the eye stretches over a prospect that comprehends perhaps forty or fifty thousand inhabitants. Their labours are seen in their smoking towns and villages, their corn-fields, and their green inclosures.

Crossfell, though not remote from the neighbourhood of the Lakes, belongs to a different order of mountains than those that surround Windermere, Ullswater, Derwent, and Wastwater: it runs on in a long continuity through different counties, while these mighty masses are mostly distinct mountains, between which wind up narrow valleys, peopled by gentlemen, yeomen, and shepherds, who live amicably together, save that they have sometimes a few high words about their sheep-walks. Even shepherds are sometimes as jealous of en-

croachments on their ancient sheep-feedings, as monarchs are about the limits of their seas, and the boundaries of their dominions. Perhaps in these pastoral brawls one of the combatants, with his back against a rock, commences the attack with a loud volley of opprobrious epithets, while his antagonist, from a trembling peatmoss, repels the onset with personal implications and family allusions; the dogs all the while with loud clamours manœuvring the fleecy troops over the debatable ground. Having exhausted their ammunition they separate, each striding homeward with an air of triumph and defiance. The family collected, they narrate, over their pottage, their exploits in abuse. Now all this is an exception to pastoral simplicity and kindness. However, when the lost sheep is discovered on the distant mountain, the intelligence runs through a line of ready shepherds to the owner, and they willingly assist him in recovering the wanderer. It is but by the free sheep-walks that there is so little of loving our neighbours as ourselves.

A singular phenomenon, called *The Helm Winds*, attaches to Crossfell. An assemblage of pale clouds extends on the summit of the mountain; and, when all is calm on the plains, a roaring like the sea is heard to a considerable distance. I was once involved in the Helm Winds:—if I advanced, it was with my head inclined to the ground, and at a slow

pace; if I retreated and leaned against it with all my might, I could hardly keep erect; if I did not resist it, I was blown over. A wind from the east rushed down the mountain with incredible fury: it broke the boughs from the trees, and tore the thatch from cottages at Mellerby and Gamelsby. But when I had left this elemental tumult about two miles, all was perfectly calm, and a little farther a gentle breeze sprung up from the west, while behind me the Helm Winds continued raging with unabated fury. Having heard uproars among mankind, and uproars among the elements, I prefer the latter, as having more sublimity.

No mountain that I know of, especially from the distance I view it, exhibits such a variety of tints as that of Crossfell. There is first the pure white when the mountain is smooth with snow; and when the white is passed away there are the various shades of green, and of light and of deep blue. Then from an absent sun, and the lowering gloom of dark clouds, comes the sable garb of these mountains, which has given them the name of *The Black Fells*.

From this range of mountains issues the Tyne; which, after passing Alston, celebrated for its lead-mines, winds along Northumberland, contributing to the wealth of Newcastle, and the warmth of London, by bearing on its bosom the keels from the numerous collieries which enrich that neigh-

bourhood, giving bread and comfort to many departments in society.

My thoughts having rambled from the summit of Crossfell, I seem inclined to pursue my way over its less elevated connexions; and the reader will perhaps accompany my descent from the heights of Stanemore, especially when he finds me in company with a female emigrant and her five children. They were going to Liverpool, and from thence intended sailing for New York. Two of her friends, having just taken their leave, sat down under a wall and looked after her. Her goods and her three youngest children were all in one cart; her eldest walked on foot. Her brother, who was about to return, held her in his arms: they kissed each other and walked on; they wept and were silent. They again embraced, but could not part. The sorrowing scene was too sacred for me to interfere. I kept at a respectful distance. They stopped and embraced again, and with much struggle they parted. I alighted from my horse, and took her hand under my arm. She trembled and she wept, and I did all I could to comfort her. When she was able to converse, she told me she had parted with a brother who had been a father to her; that she was going with her little ones to her husband, three hundred miles inland of New York; and that they meant to settle

on Lake Champlain. I sketched a few lines for her to America. I walked with her till her sorrows rather abated; but she was sad, for when I took my leave she never lifted her eyes from the ground.

## HARTSIDE.

I NOW seem inclined to go north of Crossfell, and to take a morning tour over Hartside. While we tread the earth, we can hardly be indifferent to the beauty and grandeur that appear on its surface, or even to the changes effected by the variety of seasons. Somewhat of the *first* has been introduced in these pages, and it may not be amiss to give an instance or two of the *latter*. When I came to the top of this part of the mountain (perhaps the highest carriage-road in England) the sun was not risen, but the pointed spangles of his rays, sparkling in all the colours of the rainbow, announced his approach: anon, a pin-point of fire stood on the corner of a hill at no great distance. The next moment his broad orb was fully up, and apparently within a few stone-throws. I now beheld the county of Cumberland and part of Westmorland, a circumference of perhaps 150 miles, all swallowed up in an ocean of mist: not a smooth ocean, but rolling its immense waves from the base of where I stood, to the mountains of Galloway.

Penrith Beacon, like a naked ship-mast, stood alone in the sea. The mountains of Patterdale and Scotland were covered with snow.—I have sometimes seen an interesting snow-scene, when the sun rising clear shone on snowy mountains with a pale light, the deep shadows from the hollows of the mountains finely contrasting with the pure whiteness of the snow. The sun *now* stood like a globe of fire on Crossfell; the mountains of Scotland and Patterdale catching his fiery beams, seemed like mountains in flames. The scene was fearfully sublime; but remembering the inhabitants were all safe beneath the fog, I enjoyed it.

I recollect once, when all the mountains were perfectly clear, that a similar fog lay on all our valleys; and that fog was frozen; when the trees and the hedges were indescribably beautiful. Every plant and every tree, and all that sprung from the earth, was hung with fringes of the purest white. But for the cold, how delightful would it have been to have wandered through groves of virgin purity, or to have stood gazing on a solitary tree, magnified by the richness of the drapery with which it was clothed! This lovely scene continued eight days: but how fragile is beauty! a gentle breeze began to stir the woods, and all was gone in half an hour.

# KIRKSTONE SNOWS.

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HAVING seen a little of fogs and mists, and contemplated snow-scenes in the distance, I seem inclined to introduce the reader to a more intimate acquaintance with the regions of snow. Being at Ambleside, not long after a heavy load of snow had encumbered the mountains, and intending to cross Kirkstone, I was told it was impracticable; that no person had crossed it since the snow fell; that the lanes and hollows of the mountains were filled; and that if I was bent on home I must go by Threlkeld. I did not like the idea of fifteen additional miles to my day's ride, so I determined to *attempt* the passage pronounced impracticable; but not to advance farther than I could make good my retreat, if the passage were really impossible. I ascended the lane slowly, which was pretty well filled with snow, but did not stick, though frequently up to the girths: but when I had effected a passage through the lane, and was struggling with my difficulties through a hollow in the moun-

tain, my horse stood still, and being nearly up to the neck, could advance no farther. I alighted, and treading the snow down from his sides, he turned round, and I clambered upon stones which appeared like the top of a broad wall, he following, for we appeared truly united; and thus we got clear of this difficulty: but others soon came upon us; drifts, higher than my horse, rose before us; I therefore scrambled up the side of the mountain where the wind had swept away the snow, and thus picked my path as well as I was able, my horse following. When an opposing drift made the passage doubtful, I thrust in my stick and my arm, to ascertain its depth, and discover whether the earth was sound beneath, for I sometimes heard the rumbling of unseen waters. One favourable circumstance was, that I had no wind to contend with; and again the summit of the pass of Kirkstone may be about half the height of the sublime mountains which rose in succession on my right and left; so that I was surrounded by a magnificent snow-scene, with a due portion of the terrific to keep up the higher attentions. Thus slowly proceeding with all the prudence and caution I was master of, (though perhaps the reader will not give me much credit for either,) I perceived a man advancing as I descended. He was on foot; I hallooed to him: we soon got together;

and two human beings meeting in such a scene of desolation had something cheering in it. We conversed on our difficulties, and encouraging one another we parted. I soon afterwards arrived safe in the valley.

## SHAP FELLS.

HAVING just come out of a quiet snow-scene, the reader, perhaps, may not be unwilling to enter upon a stormy one, provided he is not very long detained. I was going to Kendal. The road between Shap and Kendal is mountainous. A considerable fall of snow had taken place, and the wind blew vehemently: it was so strong that when I alighted to *walk* I could not *stand.* The sides of the mountains seemed to be in motion with the driving of the snow, which the wind was sweeping into the valleys. In some places torrents of snow were streaming over the rocks; the sun shone faintly through the motley atmosphere, which considerably magnified the mountains: but in the bottom of the valleys all seemed an invisible tumult. The howling of the winds, and the barking of the shepherds' dogs, labouring to collect the scattered flock, but distant or near equally unseen, gave a bewildering animation to one hardly knows what. There was a strange wildness in the clouds, which bordered on the terrific; and one of them exhibited a beautiful appearance that I had never before observed: it

was a small cloud that appeared suspended on the top of a high mountain, and seemed enriched with all the colours of the rainbow; red, yellow, green, blue, were all distinctly seen in this light cloud, but nothing of the circle of Iris's bow. In a few minutes it began to enlarge, and the colours to diminish; and in a little time took the appearance of the rest of its aërial companions. As I descended into the valleys I expected shelter and something of tranquillity; but there it was that confusion drove over confusion. I was completely immersed in a most perplexing vortex of snow, and assailed in every direction: the particles of snow, flying from the furious winds, strove who should first enter my eyes, ears, mouth, button-holes, boot-tops, &c. If I put my hand into my pocket for warmth, it was rather provoking to find my pocket full of snow.

The reader will perhaps here allow me, by way of a little variety, to present him with a *Night-Scene;* or, perhaps he will say, and with some degree of propriety, with no scene at all. Well; but it is allowed that contrast heightens effect: then there can hardly be a greater contrast than that of the *shining white of snow* and that of *total darkness.* The reader will be fearful that I am growing quite eccentric; but if a little eccentricity lead to a little utility, perhaps I may for once be forgiven. Night-scenes are sometimes interesting; but to be immured

in total darkness has something so like privation in it, that one would think, under such circumstances, there is no room for description. On the other hand, I have sometimes thought that in every portion of our lives there is something interesting. Under the latter consideration I shall introduce the following *Night Walk*:—On entering a thick and solitary wood the night was uncommonly dark; and though I was well accustomed to the way, I was soon out of my path, and found myself entangled in the bushes; when, partly to make an experiment, and partly to amuse myself with my forlorn situation, I formed the resolution to make my way through the wood (between half a mile and a mile) with my eyes closed. Accordingly I winked and went on, with my staff in my hand, enjoying my fancy, and met with no interruption, save once coming down on a knee, till I nearly got through the wood; when, lo! I suddenly heard the tread of a man's foot, which instantly occasioned a singular sensation, and threw my musing tranquillity into a kind of a thrill, or even a chill. I instantly opened my eyes, and saw the man and I were passing one another. I spoke to him:—he replied;—and I found by his accent he was an Irishman. I before mentioned I wanted to make an experiment; which was to ascertain the difference, if any, in perception between a very dark night, and having one's eyes

fully closed. I now found the difference was most manifest. I clearly distinguished the trees around me, as by a faint moonlight, and had not the least difficulty the rest of my way home. Since the above I have found it of advantage, in going from candlelight into a dark night, to shut my eyes for a few minutes.

Another powerful instance of the effects of darkness occurred nearly in the same place. I was making my way through the same wood in darkness and in silence, when I suddenly heard above my head a sound like a very mournful human voice. This threw an instant horror through my frame; which was, however, but of short continuance, for I instantly heard above my head the flapping of a prodigious number of wings. The fact was, at certain times of the year many thousand crows roost in this wood; and I believe the sound I heard was one of the crows on watch, giving the alarm; so I went on smiling at my fright. If I had not made the discovery, I should not have been well off with my imagination the rest of my way home.

The above temporary terror was from objects of sound. I could give instances of objects of sight equally appalling. Take the following as not the most striking, but the first that occurs:—Travelling in a cloudy night, and no moon, along a shady lane, about a mile from my own house, I saw, as I

thought, at a small distance, a pale coffin move slowly along the side of a hedge. I stopped, and it stopped; and then it proceeded forward, unattended and unsupported by any thing that I could see. After sacrificing long enough to fear, I collected all the courage that I could muster, and advanced slowly towards the strange sight; when it proved to be a poor horse, whose head and neck, and tail and legs, were black; but its body was white: and it was innocently seeking its food by the highway-side. I believe many of the objects of mysterious fear, if duly examined, would thus relax their terrors.

Visible appearance of supernatural agency has something of terror in it; for we are so far introduced into the world of spirits; and it is somewhat connected with religion: but it is a religious excrescence that ought to be removed.

To grow up under these unhappy impressions may be a serious affliction to many a sweet disposition and amiable mind. This harassing mental slavery ought to be got rid of; and I know no way more likely than for mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and those that have the care of children, to follow the example of a venerable matron, whose countenance was marked by a dignity and intelligence continued beyond eighty years of age. I lodged at her house and two of her grand-

children playing at the door in the dark, came in with looks of great concern, and seriously announced they had seen a bogle! The grandmother, with due attention to so grave a representation, replied, "*No; the frost killed them all last winter.*" The decision was conclusive; and our pretty innocents, with satisfied countenances, went out again to renew their play in the dark.

## BLENCATHRA.

HAVING long solicited and obtained the company of the reader from mountain to mountain, and having lately left my province for the regions of cold and darkness, I now seem very willing to return to it again. I leave Crossfell behind me, with its numerous flocks basking in the afternoon sun, and cross a plain, twenty miles over, to the rugged Blencathra. I seek for no authorities; but it occurs to me while writing, that our ancestors, when they gave this magnificent mountain its name, might think the name appropriate for a mountain with cataracts. Of late times the name it has holden is Saddleback; but the idea and the sound are both humbled by the appellation.

Ardent energies are not always crowned with wise achievements. I was once spending a few days at the foot of Blencathra. A party of six of us, on a midsummer morning, set off at four o'clock. To two of these individuals the ascent of such a high and rugged mountain might have seemed impracticable. The lame and the blind, without extraordinary minds, would not have hazarded the

attempt amid the rocky steeps of this mountain; but the company of genius and science was courted, and not withheld on the occasion: and the first that was seen standing on the summit of the mountain, was the lame leaning on his crutch and staff. To the blind I attempted a description of the fearful precipices beneath us; but it was the *first* thing I repented of that day,—when I saw him fall on the ground with dizziness, and cling to the earth, and scream out, with the apprehension of tumbling down the rocks into the abyss below. Till then I thought the idea of giddiness must be received at the eye; certainly it was as vivid in the mind of our learned and accomplished companion, from what he heard, as if he had seen the terrors around him. But we now moderated our descriptions, and only talked of extent and the appearance of distant objects.

We broke our fasts when we arose in the morning; and we breakfasted on Blencathra. We then descended into the valley between it and Skiddaw; and the descent was less steep and less rugged than the ascent we had surmounted. Before we dined we began to ascend the second mountain; and though ascending Skiddaw here was a long, toilsome business; yet difficulty and danger, and alarm, were on the other side of the mountain. I think it is on every side much less magnificent than the sun-rising

side of Blencathra: yet to the north it rises a noble pyramid from a plain of great extent; in the centre of which smokes the ancient city of Carlisle. On the summit of Skiddaw we spread our table-cloth; and we sat on the ground. Our appetites were not defective; neither did we leave fragments to carry forward. It would have required a well-stored basket to furnish six meals twice over for six men with our exertions. Ardent beings, with interesting objects before them, do not always compute accurately for the necessaries of life.

We now descended into the depth of the valley between these two celebrated mountains. We held a conference; and we should have enjoyed a meal together, but we had not wherewithal to furnish one:—the barley-loaf and the bowl of milk would have been a welcome repast. Being in a situation where there was no food, it behoved us to consider in what direction it would be likeliest to obtain it. Some were for winding round the base of Blencathra: I proposed going directly over its summit. The company was equally divided in sentiment: so we parted without animosity.

Perhaps it would have been more to my credit not to have reported the result; but if the reader learn caution and profit by my folly, it is some consolation for my being obliged to acknowledge, that it turned out that I was the foolish leader of a

foolish party; among whom, he that did the greatest wonders was he that reascended the mountain with his crutch and staff. Indeed, this was in fact ascending three mountains in one day: and from this extraordinary exertion he did not shrink. But having attained the summit of the mountain, he sunk to the ground. He trembled, and his speech failed him. The sun was set, and a cold wind rose from the north. He had perspired much through excessive exertion; and though perhaps he was once the most animated of us all in conversation, he could not now make answers to an enquiry. Our third companion now left us, and hurried down the mountain for help. With aching heart I hung over my poor friend. I sometimes lay down upon him to keep him warm; sometimes got him on my back and bore him where the descent was rugged; and sometimes dragged him down by the feet, where I met with a green slope. Perhaps anguish of mind, and the hope of saving life, aided my exertions; for by the time our other companion arrived with assistance, refreshment, and a horse, I believe I had got him a third part of the way down the mountain. Proper attention, refreshment, and rest, in a little while restored him.

I live about ten miles from Blencathra. It was on a perfectly still afternoon in the fore-part of summer, when I looked towards this magnificent

mountain. The firmament was of a pale orange, and there appeared something dreadful going on in that direction: daggers of fire seemed shaken by unseen hands towards the horizon, and one almost imagined the sharp sound of encountering weapons. The sky became dark; and by and by, thunder announced the conflict of the elements. There are mighty chasms in Blencathra, down each of which, in ordinary seasons, tinkles a solitary stream, which has a plaintive effect. The bursting of the mountain thunder-storm converted these rivulets into tremendous torrents of stones, which roared down the mountain, filled up the old channel, and deluged the fields below with stones and gravel, many thousand cart-loads of which are still remaining on the once pleasant meadows. If I could have crept under a crag and beheld the pouring down of the heavens, and the roaring cataracts of shiver, I might have formed an idea of the descent of the deluge in the time of Noah.

# LOWSWATER.

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From the turbulence of Blencathra, the reader may perhaps enjoy a transition to the tranquillity of Keswick. We will suppose Keswick the centre, from which we are to make two or three excursions, beginning with Lowswater, which we enter from the west. Descending from an eminence, we beheld that beautiful lake, perhaps two miles long and more than half a mile broad. The water is bordered with little cultivated estates; the dwelling-houses and other conveniences in the centre, and green enclosures lying round, which produce an agreeable idea of happiness in the mind of a stranger, and might seem to make him covet the silent valley of rural life. But it may be feared that all here will not accord through the year with the smiling prospect of a summer's day. The lake will be ruffled, storms at times will thunder down the mountains, and the passions of the inhabitants of these farms will be agitated. At the farther end of the lake was a dark brown

mountain of no mean altitude: near the foot of which we passed among very narrow lanes, that led up to different neat houses, sheltered with trees, through which their white fronts made a beautiful appearance.

## BUTTERMERE.

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THE still larger lake of Buttermere was now opened before us; many lofty mountains rose from its margin on each side, and near the outlet on an uneven surface grew some fine forests: some of them had been felled not long ago, but they had already recovered the scale of beauty. The length of the lake is perhaps four miles, its breadth one. We rode two miles on the south-west side of this lake to examine the water-fall of Scale Force: as we approached it, from appearance, my expectations were not very high as to its grandeur or beauty, but I was deceived. We entered an opening of perpendicular rocks six yards wide, and perhaps forty yards high. Our road was over pointed rocks, which, however, the frequent feet of strangers had somewhat blunted. From the rock-walks of this stupendous lane, which extended perhaps sixty yards, trees shot out and hung over our heads. I put off my under-coat and replaced it with my upper one, as I was soon immersed in a shower from the spray

of the fall. We had got a line, intending to measure it, as I disputed the account I heard of its height. My companion winded round a hill, and with much intrepidity placed himself at the top, appearing to me at the bottom like a crow: he began to wind off, and we hallooed to one another; but we might as well have whispered; the tremendous bellowing of this vast surge suffered nothing to be heard but itself. We were quite baffled in our attempts to measure it; but from trees growing above the tops of trees thrice told, I was convinced that the accounts of its being fifty yards high, was no exaggeration. Now, a considerable body of water falling unbroken that height, with a gloomy wall of perpendicular rock on each hand, certainly ranks high among the sublime and terrific exhibitions of Nature. I stood a long time at the bottom of the cataract, contemplating the grandeur of the scene, and my own insignificance.

## MELFELL.

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BEING at Keswick again, when I rose in the morning the sky was clear, and the sunrise from my window was to me a new and singular scene. A ball of burning gold filled the space between two mountains: these verdant mountains were a frame to the globe of light; which frame was tinged with the splendour it enclosed: but the whole, though luminous, might be beheld without pain. In mountainous regions the variety of changes in the scenes, from the state of the atmosphere, are almost innumerable. I will leave the vale of Keswick for a few moments, to say, that looking lately around me one morning after sunrise, a dark cloud overspread the skies, and a sullen gloom seemed to cover the earth: all, but where, through a chink in the sombre canopy, the sun shone in full splendour on a conical mountain, and that mountain was Melfell; it seemed like a pyramid of brilliants in a frame of sable.

## SKIDDAW.

I now return to Keswick, and belonging to a party. The sky was clear when we sallied forth: but a vapour was rising from Bassenthwaite Lake, which ascended Skiddaw, and rested on its summit. Before we arrived, it had travelled over the valley between them, and covered the crown of Blencathra: yet it did not long remain there, but, during our mountain-journey, travelled eastward and settled on Crossfell. The journeys of mists, of vapours, and of clouds, when far above our heads, are little attended to; but when they are moving beneath, or around us, they are peculiarly interesting. Few objects in Nature afford a greater or more pleasing variety than the phenomena of clouds; and the mountainous country we were now exploring, affords a wonderful variety of specimens. The manufacturing and march of clouds, their revolutions and varieties, have often been subjects to me of interesting observation: I have beheld with attention the fleeting forms of these shadowy inhabitants of the hills, from the light silver clouds of the morn-

ing, till the sun edged his curtains in the west with crimson and gold. I know not in Nature of any greater transformation in a little time, than what takes place among these light passengers of the sky.

I remember spending one morning on an eminence (Warnelfell) in the centre of Cumberland. Over the spacious plain northward to Carlisle, and westward to Solway Firth, the sun rose on a sea of mist: as the sun ascended, the vapours divided and left the earth; the sky was of a clear blue, but by ten o'clock was scattered over, at equal distances, apparently by an immense fleet. The clouds uniformly took the appearance of large vessels: they were of a triangular form, and their colour was like that of ship-sails. A scene more magnificent of its kind I do not remember to have beheld.—The colour of clouds depends on the state of the atmosphere. I remember once being where I could just discern Skiddaw and Blencathra, with two or three secondary mountains. I do not remember a day more gloomy. If the hue of these mountains was not as black as pitch, it certainly belonged to no other colour than black. In the front of the scene I am now describing, were three enormous clouds, which in colour and in height were not distinguishable from the secondary mountains; only they were in motion,

which showed them to be clouds: but the scene altogether had something of a dismal magnificence, which it was interesting to contemplate in safety.

I will now return from clouds to the earth. To ascend such a mountain as Skiddaw on such a day, and in the society of interesting companions, was no common gratification; and it cannot be supposed but that I enjoyed it. I did enjoy it, but quietly: no enthusiastic eulogiums. Perhaps sublime, unalloyed enjoyment is a quiet thing. I do not say at this period I had made the high attainment. I saw those for whose safety I was interested ascending cheerfully on horseback with less apprehension than I felt myself. Riding up mountains was to me a new way of visiting them; and my courage does not lie in my head. So when we arrived near the summit I alighted. Riding on the top of a narrow mountain, covered with shiver, and steep on either side, was not quite in unison with what I felt; and I could not well leave my horse. Perhaps I was a fit companion for Skiddaw Old Woman; so I staid by her, and laid myself down. I long heard with attention the trampling of the horses of my friends along the stones, and I saw them encircle a little pyramid on the utmost point of the mountain. I looked in various directions, meditating on what I saw, and enjoyed myself as much as one left behind, and having the toothache,

might be supposed to do. This circumstance I did not mention; for, with the pain I feel myself, I do not wish to assail others. I looked into deep valleys; over inferior mountains; and saw one in a southern direction, proudly eminent above his brethren: but he that is not quite at ease may be excused description.

## LATRIG.

My friends now returned, and we began to descend. Coming upon a green slope, we sat down by the side of a spring, and made our mountain-meal in pastoral simplicity. Descending from aërial heights and aërial musings, what if we again settle down on substantials? Bread has been called *the staff of life*:—if the position be true, the interests of agriculture may be said to be connected with human existence. The first step to Skiddaw is Latrig, which is perhaps a third of its height. This third-rate mountain William Calvert has cultivated. It might not be prudent, generally, to follow such an example in mountainous districts; yet, what he has done, ought to operate as an encouragement not to sink under common agricultural difficulties. Perhaps he has led the plough along steeper heights than has hitherto been done in this island. I have been told that the uprises of the roofs of many houses are about eight inches in the yard; and, judging of the ploughed parts of Latrig from the ascent of many roads, which is known occasionally to be five or six inches, he must have ploughed

grounds as steep as the roofs of houses. Yet the surface of his steep mountain was alternately whitened with lime, or white with ripe grain. Lime could not be brought on these heights but by a winding road up the back of the mountain, then over its summit, and finally sledged down its brow. The rays of the afternoon sun (which are the hottest) shooting direct on the breast of the mountain, have ripened its grain more early than any I have seen this year. On the summit of Latrig is a pretty level plain, where the corn is some weeks behind, but where I was surprised to see eleven stacks standing of last year's grain. Indeed Latrig is a singular specimen of what may be done by perseverance.

## KESWICK.

Belonging to a bridal party, I was again at Keswick, where we lodged; and next morning steered our course towards Borrowdale. On our right lay the level vale of Keswick, enlivened by Derwentwater, which once gave title to an earl. I should like to hear of its being again revived in the person of some virtuous loyal subject. Lord Derwentwater would have sounded as well as Lord Ellenborough; yet Lord Chief Justice Law belonged more to Westmorland than Cumberland. I should have liked to have had him Lord Carhullan, the name of the abode of his ancestors. But we are in quest of more permanent objects than the perishable distinctions of men.

Soon after we left Keswick there arose on our right a vast range of mountain-rocks, or rocky mountains, stretching four or five miles without interruption. Sometimes they came forward majestically erect; sometimes they retired, and leaned to the east. Their grey fronts were often enlivened by green woods; and if it were not that any allusion

to the works of man would lower the grandeur of Nature, we should talk of castles perched on high, entire or in ruins, their shattered fragments often scattered round their base.

We drew the rein at Lodore; and having heard of Watinlath, and that it was situate above the summits of these precipices, we began our ascent to the higher regions. The ascent was steep, and slippery with the heat of the sun; and some of the party failed in the attempt. The bride was the first that arrived in sight of Watinlath. It is a solitary village in a solitary valley, situate, I believe, three hundred yards above the valleys around; and the approach to it is so steep that it is difficult to conceive how the implements and materials for building could arrive there: yet houses there are, in number four, which may contain from twenty to thirty inhabitants; and we saw the plough going, and concluded there may also be carts: so that Watinlath may be considered an upper story of society.

A native of London or Bath, transplanted to Watinlath, might sicken for society. But this lonely valley is not destitute of life and animation. The barns and out-offices suggest a proportion of cattle; and I counted from one point sixty-three fields, (not indeed large ones,) and afterwards counted on to a hundred. The family we visited

talked of having seven hundred sheep, and that there were above twelve hundred belonging to Watinlath. But its chief population consists in ants, which I believe are more numerous than the whole population of England; and they seemed well-fed ants too. We came to their London, round which they were travelling by thousands in various directions. I hope the reader will not be offended at my introducing such company: a man in pursuit of the productions of Nature should not overlook any of the inhabitants of the earth, whether men, lions, eagles, or ants.

At the village of Watinlath we met with hospitality: we were offered refreshment; white linen was spread on the table; and the delicacy of rum-butter was set before us, which is a favourite preparation on the addition to a family. I counted thirteen legs of mutton hanging over our heads; together with a well-stored bookshelf, from which I took down a volume, and was pleased to find that my friend Lindley Murray was read in Watinlath.

I was told that in a half-mile walk I could see into Borrowdale. This was an excitement: I walked and I ran, and I saw what I wanted. But in my absence my friends had played me a trick. They were gone, and had represented me as a spy, and I do not know what: so I had my way to make again with the good woman of the house,

which I did not find very difficult. I dare say we parted without thinking any thing bad of one another.

The valley of Watinlath is walled in, particularly to the west, by a chain of rocks two or three hundred yards high. These rocks sometimes lean forward, sometimes are perpendicular, and sometimes sloping to their summits. When thus inclining they are covered with a little soil, and consequently with a little verdure, and are pastured with sheep. But some of these naked rocks take the form of round towers, some of them of square battlements, and some of them are like no human buildings we have ever seen.

In this mountain-solitude all was silence and repose. The air was warm, the sun shone bright; and in this pastoral stillness we heard the cuckoo for the first time this season. Our guide was an acute mountain lass of twenty-one. She was born at Keswick, and had lived five years in Borrowdale. She told us, when she now went to Keswick, they shouted cuckoo; the people of Keswick joking their neighbours of Borrowdale with hedging in the cuckoo, but she flew over the fence.

The midst of this valley, and nearly its whole length, is a smooth level meadow. I paced its breadth, and found it to be ninety or a hundred yards wide. In one place a wall runs nearly across,

with ten openings in it to receive the passing waters, which we saw from the wreck sometimes fill the valley. When the Lake of Watinlath overflows; when the rocks on high, visited by a mountain thunder-storm, send down their waters on the deluged vale; when they all rush together down the fearful Gulph of Lodore; then, who but would like to see the tremendous cataract in all its glory?

> Who but would wish to hear the dreadful roar—
> Watinlath's waters thundering down Lodore?

Leaving the level valley, its bordering stream shapes its descending course into a gloomy abyss, shaded with brushwood and with trees. It had now been a long drought, and I was desirous of accompanying the diminished stream down its fearful descent. I was told by our guide, and those that were with me, it was impossible. I persisted in urging the attempt, but was at length overpowered by the opposition. Our guide said we might go on the top and look down; but the path was very narrow. Left by the rest, I went cautiously onward with our guide, who soon saw I was afraid, and offered me assistance. I heard the water sounding beneath, but was fearful of looking down the throat of the growling monster, and shrunk from the idea of being devoured by a mountain-shark, whose wide

open jaws stretched perhaps fifty or sixty yards high; so I timidly turned away, and crept quietly to the bottom of the hill by the way that I came.

Sometimes an inveterate obstinacy lurks under a simple appearance. I had not been permitted to descend the Waterfall of Lodore, so I was determined to make an effort to ascend it. Our guide conducted me to its base, and accompanied me till she said, "You can go no farther." Terrible rocks, perhaps eighty or a hundred yards high, rose on either hand. The cataract was bedded with a thousand fragments from their sides, several of them, perhaps, twenty tons weight—all of them smoothed by the weight and rapidity of the falling torrent. Though it might be said to be arduous and perilous ascending among these sleeping gentry, yet this I effected to the summit of the fall. I did not, indeed, go by this gravel-walk all the way to Watinlath, for I had not time; but I descended again in safety, though it was the more difficult journey of the two. The reader may remember how fearful I was in looking down into this terrible abyss; but with looking down was coupled the idea of falling down, and I became almost dizzy. If we are dizzy in our elevations, there is considerable danger. We may be in greater difficulties below; but if we are relieved from the apprehension of falling, the danger will be less.

We now approached Borrowdale; but the entrance seemed barred by sublime impassable rocks, perhaps four or five hundred yards high; their summits finely curved or pointed, and their sides adorned with green woods and grey projections. These rocks, or mountains, (for these barriers of Borrowdale partake of the properties of both,) shoot quite across the valleys, and shewed us no opening for an entrance; and to drive our carriages over them was impossible. What shall we do! Borrowdale must be entered, for our wishes are there already. We drove up to them; and, lo! Nature had, in one place, been so kind to us and other travellers, that she had set the corner of one mountain behind and a little past another; so we slipped in between them, and one of the first things we saw was Bowderstone. I have seen *men* so enormous, that their exhibition was accompanied by other men, and their arrival was announced by handbills, &c. Bowderstone partakes of these attentions:—a handsome cottage is built for the keeper, and handbills are distributed. Bowderstone has been not inaptly compared to the hull of a ship; and surely it is no small one. When we came *alongside* several people were on *deck*, and its *keel* was but little sunk below the surface; so that, resting on so narrow a base, it seemed in danger of toppling over. The launching of a first-rate

man-of-war would be an inferior operation to the launching of Bowderstone from its native mountain; for all the men of Keswick—nay, all the men of Cumberland—could not have stopped it in its right place.

We now go on exploring these lovely and sublime solitudes. Fenced round with majestic mountains, how shall we escape from them? Nay, but we do not wish it: we long to linger, and wander from valley to valley, while the sun performs his journey over our heads. Rosthwaite, Sethwaite, Stonethwaite, and Grange! your undulating summits here ascend with pointed peaks, there decline like inverted rainbows; your features always varying, and always interesting.

On a level with the dwellings in Borrowdale are fields and meadows of sweet fertility. These fields and meadows are stretching to the borders of the mountains. The bases of these mountains are covered with wood, and sheep are feeding on their sloping sides and aspiring summits. The sun shone bright, yet clouds were in the sky; and where their deep shadows rested in the hollows of the mountains, it added a solemnity to the scene. Perhaps there are few situations in which the extremities of seasons are more conspicuous than in Borrowdale. The wintry tempest and the summer thunder-storm, with its loud tumult of echoes

among the mountains, will here be in perfection. Then, when all these have subsided and are gone past, where shall we meet with more comfort and repose?

Being limited for time, we did not examine (I think it was) Stonethwaite, the approach to which is singularly striking. A beautiful cluster of hills standing one behind another, seems to fill the entrance, amongst which the imagination is left to make its way.

As we approached the Wad-mines, we left beauty behind us. We drove by the broad stony channel of a river; but water there was none. We travelled in our carriages as far as carriages had ever travelled. We alighted; and in our steep ascent we passed a fine grove of yews. On our arrival we looked into the Wad-mines; but interest was exhausted by what we had this day seen, so we returned.

# WANTHWAITE CRAGS.

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An inviting season, about midsummer 1821, drew forth my friend and me to a ramble among the mountains. We mounted our horses a little after sunrise, and followed the Keswick road past Threlkeld; then turned down the Vale of St. John's, when Wanthwaite Crags soon roused our attention. Huge, sullen, and severe, they are finely contrasted with the soft scenes of the valley. Having much in prospect before us, we did not quit our horses; but the yawning caverns and hoary masses of Wanthwaite Crags seemed well worthy of being explored; they seemed like the citadels of the mountains.

We now approached the Castle-Rock of St. John. Its dark grey walls, and its turrets waving with green shrubs, gave it a solemn appearance; and imagination and the idea of enchantment have rendered it famous. But as we drew near, it shrunk out of sight; and, when it re-appeared, it was metamorphosed into meanness.

Having rode above twenty miles, we sent back our horses at Wythburn, and betook ourselves to

our feet on the mountains. We exchanged smooth roads, green fields, woods, steeps, and lovely lakes, for brown heath, rugged wastes, slippery hills, bogs, and peatmosses; and, to our comfort, as we rose higher and higher, the mountains rose higher and higher before us, till we beheld a company of mountains around us at once lofty and formidable: pre-eminent among which were two that seemed to face one another with an air of defiance, as disputing their right to some interesting vale; or, with allusion to a human assembly, each held up his hand as beckoning for obedience. These, we were told by two anglers at a solitary tarn, were Scawfell and Great Gable.

Descending on Borrowdale, we saw two men and a woman at a distance, and sought their society and counsel. They were sledging peats, with one horse, from the higher mountains, to a precipice down which a horse could not go. Here lay their reservoir of peats, and here again their hurdle is reloaded; which being done, a man appears before it, his shoe-heels shod with iron, which with sturdy tramp he drives against the ground. The man's shoulders being now opposed to the hurdle, the hurdle rushes on the man, the man arresting its overwhelming progress with all his might; and thus they go jostling one another all the way down the mountain without, however, any intention of

a total overthrow; for, should that unhappily take place, the hurdle's contents would be distributed in hurry and confusion down the declivity. But arrived in the valley, it ends in an upset, for the man tumbles down the hurdle. Yet how uncertain are the ups and downs that we see around us! The hurdle gets again on the man's shoulders, and rides in triumph up the mountain to renew the conflict. The reader would excuse my thinking so much about getting peats down these precipices, if he had seen with what difficulty I got down myself. —I am yet disposed to say a few words more. Agreeably to sound policy, before I left home I considered and counted on the ease of *old shoes* in a long walk: but I had not duly examined these *interesting subjects*—old shoes; for I this day found to my loss that the heels of those I had on were worn off, so that I could hardly go or stand in my descent into Borrowdale:—therefore, as a well-wisher to these kind of undertakings, I would recommend the reader, before he commences a pedestrian journey among the mountains, to have his shoe-heels *sparrow-billed.*

We were now fairly got into the level fields of Borrowdale; and we turned round to look on the heights whence we had come, when our wonder was not diminished in contemplating the dexterity that must be possessed by the inhabitants of

these valleys. I would have cheerfully stopped half an hour to see the descent of a cavalcade of peat-carriers:—would it not have been like a cataract of men and peat-hurdles tumbling down the mountains?

We now turned our attention in various directions, and found the surrounding mountains of Stonethwaite the loftiest and most beautiful in Borrowdale: but beauty is seldom an attribute of mountains, yet it comes in for its share here. The stern Eagle-Crag terminates the vale, on each side of which are lofty mountains, nobly wooded almost to their summits, shining with white rocks. The sky was clear; the sun shone bright, save on the steeps that rose on our left, where a vertical sun could not shine: hence the appearance of huge caverns was seen among the richest groves. In different places fine conical rocks projected from the mountains, and were richly covered with trees. These are called by the inhabitants "hay-stacks," and bear different names. We conversed with some of the inhabitants, and they seemed a serious, obliging, and intelligent people.

We now wound our way out of Borrowdale. Compared with the way we entered into it, the road was commodious, if a road could be said to be commodious where there was no road at all. In a drought the appearance of water is cheering; and

we were refreshed with the sight of Sprinkling Tarn.

The Wastdale Mountains now began to rise before us: they were of a character entirely different from those we had left behind or any that I had seen. They seem composed of solid rock; neither smooth, rugged, nor sprinkled with verdure: they appeared pure, unmixed, impenetrable sterility, inclining rather to a light than a dark hue. It was the heat of summer, and a hot day; but the summits of these original mountains appeared as if they were whitened by a hoar frost.

I had enjoyed our ascent: it had been without fear or difficulty. We had hitherto seen no human being, and were longing for a look into Wastdale, when we met with a man driving his ass, loaden with hardware and other goods. He was the merchant of these mountains and valleys. We inquired where we should see into Wastdale? He said, "Just before you." I bounded forward with joyful anticipation; when, lo! a turn in the mountain presented a tremendous abyss. We saw indeed, at a vast distance, level land and green fields; but to come at these the dreadful side of Great Gable must be descended. If I had been alone I should instantly have returned; I should have hardly dared to look into the lower regions: yet it was not so much from the apprehension of real danger, as

by the fear of dizziness, that I was annoyed. But my companion abounded in the sort of courage in which I was deficient; so we began to descend; my friend on the side towards the precipice, and I towards the mountain, changing sides as we went down at every turn of our steep and stony road. The road, indeed, seemed to crawl down the mountain like ourselves; for Great Gable was too steep and too like a pillar to admit the road for any length of time in one direction. However, to keep up my courage, and show my companion that I was not an arrant coward on all occasions, I told him how I had followed a mad dog (that had made sad havock in our village) long after every body else had given up the chase, and killed it, poor creature! with my club.

When we are humbled, we hang down our heads: thus my eyes were directed to the ground. I indeed once glanced at what was below, and clung closer to my companion; and I then looked aloft and caught a glimpse of a canopy of rocks, perhaps a quarter of a mile above our heads. This added another terror to the stock already in my possession. To me these may be said to be *tours of impressions*; and here I was under the impression of terror. Here I might properly be classed among the creeping things of the earth; and here I might well have cried out,—O for the head and the heels of

a shepherd, or the airy agility of Borrowdale peat-carriers! However, at last we arrived safe in the valley, and looked back with something of self-complacency on the mountain from which we had descended. Though attended with difficulty, who would regret that once in his life he had come down Great Gable to explore the wonders of Wast Water?

When people go forth to see the world, they are sometimes in search of beauty. If beauty is the leading object of their search, they need not go to Wast Water. The prominent features round Wast Water are sternness and sterility. Unlike the mountains of Borrowdale, no climbing groves wave on the first stages of these mountains. The mountains of Wast Water are naked to their base:—their sides and their summits are uniform: their summits shoot up into lofty points, and end in the form of pyramids. We have heard of the Pyramids of Egypt, built by the hand of man; but these are the Pyramids of the world, built by the Architect of the universe.

When we entered again among the dwellings of men, we inquired for an inn, or for a place where we could get refreshment. We were told, that by walking five miles to the opposite end of the lake, we might be accommodated. This determined our route, and we continued our course on the borders

of the lake. A range of lofty mountains lined our right, from which, and behind which, the sun alternately rose and set, as we pursued our evening journey. Our apprehensions at rest, we now contemplated the mountains with admiration, and the valley with tranquillity. A group of lofty mountains rose on our right; they formed a vast cove, from which the sun had withdrawn. The sun, indeed, takes an early leave of the northern sides of these mountains: to us they were already dark, though his journey in the sky was far from finished. I should have liked to wind along the base of these mountains; but to what they led I do not know: indeed it seemed like an entrance into the regions of night.

When we are engaged with interesting exertions, the feelings of weariness and want of refreshment are suspended: but when the day is done, and our exertions terminate, the transition is agreeable to refreshment and rest. These we met with in perfection at the little inn a mile below Wast Water. Though but on a small scale, we experienced the three gratifying qualities of a good inn:—kind attention, comfortable refreshment, and a moderate charge.

We breakfasted in the morning between five and six o'clock, and renewed our labours. The sun last evening seemed drowsy like ourselves—he

sometimes winked behind a mountain: he had now risen with fresh vigour, and we with renovated strength; so that we each pursued our journey with the alacrity of the morning. As we retraced the road we had walked last evening, the mountains rose more magnificently before us. The names of some of them were, Kepple-Crag, Green Crag, Kirkfell, Longmell, Bowfell, and Scaw-Fell. We sometimes paused, and beheld four or five of these majestic mountains standing distinctly before us; and they have so stood unimpaired for four or five thousand years. But we cannot say so much for the celebrated mountain over the lake. The Screes seems going to decay: its foundation is in Wast Water; its surface and its soil are gone; torrents of rocks and of stones are sometimes rolling down its sides. The lake receives the roaring current, and boils with its fury. The boatmen keep aloof:—the bottom of the lake is rising, and the mountain is diminishing. I only speak from information, for the mountain was at rest when we beheld it.

Having again paced the length of the lake, we were opposite the base of the mighty Scaw-Fell, the highest of all the English mountains. The sight of its far-distant summit elevated my spirits, but depressed those of my companion: I am not sure that he was quite well. We crossed the feeder of the lake over one of the slenderest wooden

bridges that ever accommodated human passengers: it shuddered like the ague. We sat down in a shady lane, and held our consultation, which ended in amicably parting for a few hours; he winding round the base, and, as ambition has no resting-place, I over the summit of Scaw-Fell.

Scaw-Fell has a broad base: it extends several miles on the side I ascended. I began to climb swifter than I had lately descended from other mountains; and I often looked and beheld my friend, till he was diminished to the size of his hat, and at last totally vanished. The day was delightful to my utmost wishes. As I ascended, the sea began to appear in the south-west, and a stately assemblage of mountains crowded the western hemisphere: there was a great variety in their forms, and one of the loftiest of them, if he had had a head, would have done for a Man-mountain, for he seemed to hold up both his hands.

I ascended to the last story of the mountain, which seemed superior to those I had before visited. I looked down on Langdale Pikes, the Man Mountain of Coniston, and others of my old acquaintances. I have ascended the easy and commodious side of Scaw-Fell: I should have liked to explore the terrors of its tremendous precipices: but these fearful exhibitions would be better seen by me from below; my terrors are in precipices and per-

pendiculars. Looking from below, we only lose of terrific grandeur what is gained in tranquil, sublime admiration. There are many fearful and majestic forms amid these mountains yet unexplored by me: perhaps I may some time ascend to favourable points, and treat myself with a sight of their solitary magnificence.

How delightful to look round and meditate on these serene regions—the loftiest mountains our next neighbours, and the valleys their gardens and domains! How interesting to contrast these scenes with their circumstances, when they are involved with driving snows, with rolling mists, and with thunder-storms!

At the highest point of my elevation I was pleased to find that I was not out of the reach of all living things;—a modest butterfly hovered round me, and shewed by her attentions she was not displeased with my visit. The reader may smile, but a butterfly is a respectable personage where there is no other. I sat down, and saw an aërial visitant approaching: a light silver cloud for a few moments rested itself above me, then went off and pursued its journey through the sky.

I seem here in the regions of innocence. Innocent sheep are feeding far beneath me: they are all the living creatures I now behold. Their lambs

are pacing or playing round their parents: their gaiety inspires me with gladness, and I am willing to record the cheerfulness of solitude.

Scaw-Fell may be said to be the Goliath of our northern mountains, or the first of the British Alps. No doubt for many centuries after the creation it would remain wrapped up in primeval solitude; perhaps it might remain unvisited even by birds and beasts for a thousand years; and it still remains a labour for the shepherd, or a pilgrimage for taste, to ascend its lofty summit. Perhaps it was not till after two millenniums that the first human being trod the path I have done this morning. I muse till there seems a loneliness and silence around me that gives me the idea of the world before it was peopled.

I am alone on the mountains, and there is nothing but majesty and innocence around me.—I am alone on the mountains.—I have been *alone* in the midst of populous cities:—I have walked their crowded streets when no one knew me, and no one cared for me;—yet then I was not dejected; I was under the protection of society: and here I am not sad; here is nothing to tempt or injure me. I see the mighty works of Almighty Power rising around me, not a particle of which is directed to my hurt. Can I then repress adoration to the Maker Omni-

potent? Can I withhold thanksgiving and gratitude from Him who brought messages of love and of mercy from the bosom of his Father?

It may be thought, that in climbing mountains I am building up my Babel to climb to Heaven: ah, no! far from it! I only look on mountains as the most stupendous specimens of Almighty Power that we see around us. The glories of Heaven I dare not attempt to describe—I hardly dare anticipate: yet from the richness and glory of the visible creation; from what passed on Sinai between the Almighty and Moses; from the descent of Angels at the birth of Our Saviour; from his transfiguration on the Mount, and from the writings of John—we may conclude that the courts of Heaven are filled with a holy splendour: but to the nature of that holy splendour I dare not presume to raise my feeble conceptions; and I am here willing to own, that if ever there is a moment when I am not afraid to die, it is when tears fill my eyes, and my spirit, clad in sackcloth, can say, "Lord, dispose of me as thou seest meet: I am helpless before thee."

There is a solemn silence on the summits of mountains that I have not found on the plains or in the valleys. The air is still, and the earth seems at rest: the sound of water is not heard. The voice of man, the notes of birds, and the noise of beasts, do not reach these serene regions. Social

worship is enjoined, and it is a duty; but may I not here in deep silence worship Jehovah?

I now descended from the steeps of Scaw-Fell; but my eyes sometimes reverted to its summit, as a spot where I had been gratified, and which I might never visit again. My pace was accelerated by the apprehension that my companion might be far before me, or that, through indisposition, he might be lingering behind: but I reflected, that he was among human habitations, and that my fears might be unfounded; so I trotted swiftly down the mountain till I got involved in peat-mosses. When I began to ascend Scaw-Fell in the morning, I anticipated an expedition of pleasure; but the black bogs with which I am surrounded are the reverse of pleasure-grounds. However, I could not find in my heart to be out of humour with them, when I contemplated a winter's day, when the snow was coming on, and cheerful cottagers conversing round the comforts of a peat-fire. Some may think these are objects beneath the attention of the reader; but to be well acquainted with the world, one should see tempests and hurricanes, as well as sunshine and tranquillity; one should be introduced to precipices and peat-mosses, as well as to drawing-rooms, parlours, and nurseries.

As I descended farther towards the valleys, the prospects became more dreary, and the way grew

worse; till at last I was glad to see again (with rings about them) the things they call *fields;* and, in a lonely spot, rejoiced to meet with two solitary thorns. Plodding through such scenery, at length I beheld in prospect the luxury of a road. Comforts now began to unfold themselves, for I came to a house! and it had a front and a back door; at both of which I knocked, but all was silence within. I turned away, but not without hope, for another house appeared over the valley, at which when I knocked, the mistress came to the door and led me in. Here I saw the delectable sight of a large family sitting comfortably at their dinner, while a pie smoked munificently before them. I now made my inquiries, when the master of the family rose from the table and left his dinner to shew me the way.

At the foot of Hardknot I entered again on a road: and here I found my companion lying on the ground, where he had been ten minutes. He instantly rose; and we began climbing the mountain pleasantly together. In his circuit through the valleys he had met with his inn and his refreshment: my refreshment had been the pure mountain air, and I looked for nothing more for ten or a dozen miles to come. We wound up and down Hardknot, and then accompanied the course of the Duddon through the long Valley of Sethwaite,

whose characteristic is lonely sterility. For ten miles we met but one person, and he was from Somersetshire! What a contrast between these dreary regions and the county of Somerset! The person was a fine young man in search of work, and a stranger. The beggar has his rounds and his evening accommodations; but to meet a fellow-creature travelling, without a home and without a prospect, is affecting.

We now came to Wrynose, and began to descend the mountain; but we missed the *three stones on Wrynose*, where we were told a man might lie quietly in three counties at once. While I was a boy I frequently heard of the wild mountain-passes of Hardknot and Wrynose; and now that I have seen them, I believe strangers from level countries will pronounce them difficult and dreary, if not dangerous. I have also beheld their towering foreheads in distant prospect, and think that the fine curved outline of their summits nearly assimilates with those of Crinkle-Fells.

Looking to the left at the foot of Wrynose I beheld a singular scene,—a valley filled with rocks of different forms and of different magnitudes. My companion thought one of them looked like a slumbering lion, while I seemed to see the vast horn of some elephant-mountain. But our imaginations were in full operation with our pursuits. The ap-

pearance of these rocks was something like that of the tops of the Wast-Water mountains. Indeed, fancy might suppose that lofty mountains, like those seen yesterday, had deposited their rocky crowns in this valley; or that Nature kept here her laboratory to furnish rocky summits for unfinished mountains. With whimsical ideas like these I left the Vale of Rocks, intending soon to come to it again. I called at the first respectable house I saw, to make some inquiries after my new acquaintances; but was mortified that the otherwise intelligent young woman, of whom I inquired, knew nothing of my Valley of Rocks, though she lived within half a mile of these wonders.*

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* For some days the Valley of Rocks kept occasional possession of my musings; so I returned to it with high anticipations of stores for description. I expected winding avenues of rocks that would scarcely admit my horse and me; I expected rocks rising like shattered towers, or reposing like prostrate mountains; I expected pillars and pinnacles, and projections and arches, and caverns and monsters, and nobody knows what. But when I entered, the rocks were all gone! However, I determined to look after them. I rode by a tarn, a farm-house, among fields of grain, of meadow and of pasture, but no rocks! I descended into a deep valley, and saw the perpendicular Pikes of Langdale towering above my head; a scene more solemn than any they have to shew at Rome. Still I was not satisfied at the flight of my runaway rocks: but as I turned my horse's head about to return

Drank tea at my friend William Wordsworth's, amid the roses and the beauties of Rydal Mount. We closed the long walk of this day at Ambleside. Ambleside is the little Jerusalem of our hilly country, where on a sloping hill-side human hands have raised a number of human habitations, as various in their appearance as the appearance and

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I began to suspect that I might have been duped by the position of objects, or the endless fluctuations of light and shade; so I hastened back to the foot of Wrynose, to reinvestigate the scene that set me a-going. When I first looked on the Valley of Rocks, a long drought made them appear brown and barren; a clear sky had also lowered their apparent height; and now a dark lowering sky and two days' rain had greatly heightened their appearance, and given a tinge of green to their summits. Then the nearest of these rocky hills was the lowest; and they rose like benches one above another, till they terminated with Langdale Pikes.—This was a lesson to me, that if I wanted to get a true idea of any object, I must examine it from different points of view. May not this hold in estimating human character? Let us not, then, too hastily determine against our fellow-creatures, till we have seen them in their various relations in society and in solitude. May it not be found in experience, that the same person is stern or mild, lofty or lowly, according to the circumstances with which he is surrounded? When I informed my companion that the Valley of Rocks had turned out an illusion, he could hardly believe me, for he was as strongly impressed with their first appearance as myself.

pursuits of their various occupiers. But Nature has done still more for Ambleside: her stately mountains crowd around her, and are woody, rocky, steep, and high. Her various approaches, or outlets, wind interestingly in various directions. In the compass of seven miles, more or less, they lead to as many lakes:—Windermere, the largest lake in England; Esthwaite-Water, Etterwater, Coniston, Rydal, Grassmere, and Ullswater. Towards the last in the following morning we set off. On ascending the summit of Kirkstone, we arrived in my native parish, about twenty miles long, and perhaps, on an average, two miles broad.

We descended from the steeps of Kirkstone down a winding lane of rugged mountains. We breakfasted at Patterdale, whose level meads are watered by the gold rill, collected as an offering to Ullswater from many mountains. We called at sweet Glenridding; and a spot more lovely is not in my remembrance. We wandered in a beautiful sunshine, amid the fragrance of flowers. If we went on the lawn, an amphitheatre of mountains rose around us: their pointed summits and finely curved outlines, seen through the thin gauze of a sunny atmosphere, had a delectable effect. If we walked north, Ullswater spread her waters on our right; while on our left, in savage wildness and hoary grandeur, rose Styborough-Crag, muffled

up in British oak. If we sat still, we were in a bower of roses. Our first parents began the world in the Garden of Eden; I shall end my excursions to the British Mountains in a Paradise of flowers.

## THE RIVER EDEN.

HAVING paid some attention to the *stationary mountain*, I will now for a while accompany the *travelling river*. I have often thought that there is something peculiarly interesting in the source and course of rivers, and that they may be compared to the beginning of life and the progress of time. The high origin of some rivers is among such inaccessible mountains, that we might almost as well attempt to trace the beginning of time as the beginnings of such streams. Others come trickling from the earth in such small and feeble rivulets, that they may be compared to the weakness of infants before they go alone; but, like the progress of man, they gain strength and distinction as they go on: villages spring up on their sides; even towns and cities prefer their society: and, like distinguished personages ere they enter eternity, rivers are often accompanied by all the glory of the earth before they descend into the ocean.

I think I have heard it observed, that they *only* are *rivers* that bear their names to the sea: then the reader will perhaps allow me to accompany

the Eden (our nearest river) in its windings from the mountains of Yorkshire to the sea that divides Cumberland from Scotland. I have devoted these pages principally to mountains, and may lay down my pen after tracing the course of one river, and glancing at the objects on its borders. Perhaps then some other writer more competent may take up his pen, and trace the course and delineate the banks of British Rivers; and many may think it a more fruitful field for enjoyment than to wander on the tops of barren mountains.

Being at Grisdale, an island of cultivation among barren mountains, and perhaps the highest inhabited ground in Yorkshire, if not in England, I took an afternoon ramble with a relation; and being told that the Eden and the Ure, called at York the Ouse, issue from these mountains at no great distance, I was desirous of visiting their sources. The evening was mild and clear, the sun gilt with his beams the cottages on the elevations around us, while the deep shadows of the mountains filled the valleys beneath our feet. Into these we rapidly descended, and soon found ourselves on the awful borders of Hellbeck. Ah, Eden! little did I think that thou, that in laving the lovely scenes of Westmorland and Cumberland takest the name of that happy garden which held our first parents, shouldst here from thy terrors de-

rive a name so dreadful! The channel of Hellbeck, though one might almost leap over it, is terrifying: perpendicular and overhanging rocks thirty feet high enclose the imprisoned waters. I peeped down with apprehension: I should have liked in a dry season to have peeped up from beneath, and have seen the blue heavens reduced to a ragged riband. I drank at its source; then stepped over into Yorkshire, and in ten minutes drank of the Ure: indeed, in little more than an hour I drank, near their source, of three celebrated British rivers, the Eden, the Ouse, and the Lune; thus depriving them of a portion of their waters, which they might otherwise have taken to the East, West, and North Seas.

The shades of night now fell upon us, and we reascended the mountains. Perhaps one of the most melancholy scenes in British landscape is a *peatmoss* under the shades of evening: but a companion in gloom lightens the dreariness. We lost ourselves in a labyrinth of peatmosses. The night was dark; the heath was dark; the sides of the peat-pits were dark, and they communicated their colour to the water; so that all was black together. Perhaps these peat-pits might be filled with water four or five feet deep, where a plunge would have been most undesirable. Our care was exerted to the utmost; but as every earthly object is

bounded, so was this doleful common, and our tribulation among the peatmosses was not of long continuance.

We now came to a wall, and climbed over it. A dim light sprang up, which we followed to a cottage, where two sisters gave us a dish of tea. On our relating our difficulties among the peatmosses, one of our female friends narrated what had befallen her five weeks before. Returning in the dark from a visit in Luns, she lost herself on the same dreary heights. She wandered about till she found herself at the place from which she first set off; but would not discover her situation to the friends she had visited. Setting off again, again she lost her way. She walked sorrowfully among the peatmosses till she fell, and her clothes were black with mud. She got up again, and wandered till she came a second time to the cottage she had left. She now made known her distress; and the good woman of the house took her lantern, her grandaughter, and her pet-lamb, and conducted her young friend safe over the moors into Grisdale.

We now rose to pursue our journey, and our young friend rose with her lantern, volunteered her services, and lighted us over many a little brook and many a little bridge, to the confines of Grisdale. Here a dispute arose who should now possess the lantern; she insisting that its services

would still be useful; and we, that she was alone, had brooks and bridges to pass in the dark, and that if it had not been for her light we should not have escaped falling into the water. We *obliged* her to keep the lantern; but I verily believe, if I had been alone, female generosity would have been too many for me.

It would be interesting to accompany the Eden as he journeys along, collecting his tributary waters till he pours his accumulated wealth into the sea. The Venet, the Emont, the Lowther, the Croglin, the Pettrel, the Irthern, the Gelt, the Cadow, and many more winding streams, rush from their native mountains to attend his march, till he joins the ocean with his riches. The wealthy ocean repays this bounty when he sends his majestic clouds laden with the treasures of rain, which they scatter with equity on the plains and the mountains: this is succeeded by the beauty and the riches of vegetation. The vast processes of the laboratories of water round the surface of this globe offord a subject of sublime meditation.

I first entertained the idea of exploring the beautiful banks of the Eden; but beauty having deserted its banks, I shall leave it for a time; yet the Forest of Mollerstang, down which it winds, having its attractions, I shall soon return to it again.

Towards the foot of Mollerstang Forest appear the ruins of Pendragon Castle, surrounded by a deep moat and fine terrace, and on a beautiful knoll, round which the Eden forms a semicircle. These ruins stand in an interesting valley, scattered with groves and surrounded with sloping mountains; amongst which Wildboar-Fell is conspicuous. (I went on its side, but had not time to attain its summit.) The roofs of Pendragon Castle, its towers, its turrets, and its battlements, are fallen in; over which the green turf is rising, and cattle are feeding within its walls half way to their summits. The earth is burying the windows, into the arch of one of which there was barely room to thrust my arm; so that annihilation may be said to be on its way to this ancient edifice, and future ages may only see a green hill where it stood.

Pendragon Castle may be said to be a ruin of ruins, and the history of its first owner is as much in ruins as the mouldering Castle itself. When I went to visit it, I conceived it to have been the chief residence of Uther Pendragon; and that Uther Pendragon must have been a person of the first consequence, as I have somewhere seen that he was buried at Stonehenge. Sir Humphrey Davy told me there is a Pendragon Castle in Cornwall, and that there may be other Pendragon Castles in England;

and that Uther Pendragon was said to be the father of King Arthur; but perhaps the father and son were as much known in their day in Westmorland as in any part of England, as we have in Westmorland Pendragon Castle and King Arthur's Round Table.

But I leave Pendragon Castle and enter Wharton Parks, the spacious domains of a more recent character. Here the first object that drew my attention was Lamised Castle, where into four of its apartments my mare and I entered. Afterwards, through a great extent of fine grazing ground, I approached Wharton Hall, which before its forfeiture was the residence of the Duke of Wharton, eminent for his talents and profligacy. Wharton Hall, though in decay as a noble residence, is highly respectable as a farm-house. I went through its numerous apartments, and then joined the venerable farmer in his parlour, where he was exercising his hospitality among his friends. He alluded affectionately to his landlord, the Earl of Lonsdale; and then told me how the Duke of Wharton hunted the buck on the Sabbath-day; and that one of our company's grandfather dragged the poor animal from a deep pool in the Eden, and after its death brought it in triumph to Wharton Hall. Perhaps the *pious* Lord Wharton was of the same

family, who left an annual distribution of the Holy Scriptures to youth of certain descriptions in the North.

The general character of the Eden is that of a temperate, tranquil stream, steering its course without turbulence. But at Stenkerith Bridge the stranger will find it sorely disturbed: if he ramble above the bridge, he will find boiling cauldrons of cold water; if he stray below, he will find the Eden so agitated and distressed, that his ears will be filled with the loud growlings of that angry element. Here the Eden rushes in different directions through the crevices of dark perpendicular rocks, eight or ten yards high, with a solemn and appalling sound, till its congregated waters pass under projecting rocks, whereon once the heel of my shoe rested on one side and the toe on another. But these points have been wantonly broken off, and are now half a yard asunder. It is a singular circumstance, but there are here two bridges, one over another: the first is the work of Nature, with all its original wildness; the other has been built by human industry for human accommodation.

I now accompanied my favourite stream through a more fruitful country; it divided the green fields of Kirkby Stephen, the first market-town that rises on its margin; it then pursues its course through a fertile soil, among the pleasant villages

of Warcop, Sandford, and Ormside. Increasing in its strength and beauty, it now embraces Appleby, with its ancient towers, on a high and woody eminence. Here the virtuous Ann, Countess of Pembroke, exercised her hospitality, and in person her office (Appleby being the county-town) of high-sheriff of Westmorland.

The Eden now winds its meandering way by Crackenthorpe, Bolton, Temple Sowerby, Acornbank, Newbiggen-Hall, to Eden-Hall, the ancient seat of the Musgraves. Perhaps it takes the denomination of Eden-Hall from its contiguous situation and the extent of its fine domains: indeed, Sir Philip Musgrave possesses a distinguished portion of wealth and beauty on the banks of the Eden.

The descent of the Eden is gentle from Eden-Hall to Kirk-Oswald, the residence of the Featherstonehaughs. Round Kirk-Oswald ancient oaks and ancient buildings, on eminences, suggest ancient distinction. I am unacquainted with the history, but the uneven surface, broad extent, and rich verdure of Kirk-Oswald Parks, bordered by the Eden, lead to the conclusion that wealth and consequence might have here had their dwelling; and in future ages, on some of these knolls, wealth, consequence, and taste may build the castle, and overlook therefrom the valley and the Eden.

I now leave the beautiful vale of Kirk-Oswald, and ascend the barren plain of Little Salkald; in doing which I have still an interesting object before me. I am going to look after the works of our forefathers, performed perhaps two thousand years ago. I see at a distance a pillar or an obelisk rising over the hedges before me. I hook my horse to a gate, and do not stop till I am in the area of Long Meg. If I had visited it when a youth, I might have thought the monsters I saw around me were under a spell, for I have often been told they could not be counted twice to a number; and what we are often told of when young, however improbable, sometimes becomes an object of belief. I counted the mighty stones I saw around me to seventy-five, but I did not repeat the operation. Disposing of them and their governess, for this strange assembly is still called 'Long Meg and her daughters,' must have been a work of immense labour: and where such masses could be had, and, when found, how they could be conveyed, baffles conjecture. But here they are! some of them lurking half-overhead in the earth, others of them more exposed; and I amused myself with contrasting the time, when these mighty works were performed, with this afternoon, when a solitary individual surveys them alone. At the time those labours were going on, the congregated strength of

Cumberland would be called forth; but Cumberland was perhaps then a name unknown. However, it was amusing to imagine the multitude collected, the strength and robust figures of those engaged, the resolution in their looks while they put their shoulders to the work, their manly voices while they animated one another, and the venerable Druid superintending and directing the whole. All these are vanished for ever, but their works will remain as long as the Pyramids.

The sun had descended; and I now left these monuments of ancient strength. Our autumnal sunsets have been the most brilliant this season that can be remembered. Pen and ink cannot draw their effulgence; but I feel tempted to try to record what I have seen. The sun is retired behind Blencathra:—that mighty mountain appears in dark majesty, rising amid a firmament of pale orange; his brows are encircled with a diadem of gold, or rather a glory of the softest gold shoots from his exalted forehead; and all the West partakes of the parting splendour. If I look back on Crossfell, one of the highest mountains in England, the sun is not set on its summit: his base and his bosom are dark, but his forehead is yet bright with the last smile of the sun, about to hide himself behind the western hills.

I now cross the Eden, and bend my course

homeward. Night is now falling on the landscape, and my observations for the present must close with the closing day.

## THE RIVER EDEN.—NUNNERY.

WHEN an active day's work is closed, we are willing to resign the world for rest, little anxious about renewing our toils as we enter the quiet precincts of sleep. But when the morning returns with its freshness and vigour, we look with some ardour to our unfinished engagements, and shake off the shackles of home as we proceed to our favourite pursuits.

I travelled with grateful anticipations towards Nunnery, once the seat of the Eglonbyes, over whose retired domains a venerable female presides. To the inspection of this once sacred place only one day in the week is allotted: it was not that favoured day when I arrived; but I mustered what courage I could, sent in my name, and a request to the owner that I, though a stranger, might be permitted to enter; and my request was readily complied with.

The name of *Nunnery* shows the nature of its ancient appropriation; and, truly, I could hardly conceive a place better calculated for female seclusion. Here are no intrusions of art rising around

us; our paths, wherever we wander, are through the wild solitudes of Nature; and these solitudes are heightened, as will appear, by alternate turbulence and tranquillity. This at one time might be the varying picture of its female inhabitants: a transient turbulence of passion might at one time agitate their bosoms, which would be succeeded by a solemn tranquillity, all unperceived by the rest of mankind: and now, if the wild uproar of our species disturb nations, Nunnery hears not and sees not the turmoil; its turbulence and its tranquillity are all in its own bosom:—and all this looks on a stream of delight—the beautiful Eden. So, in former ages, its solitary inmates might look in hope from their solitude to the joys of Paradise.

Of the establishments and occupations of the nuns, I do not feel inclined to say much. I do not blame sincere piety, under whatever garb, if it injure not its neighbour, though I cannot join its ordinances. Education often gives a turn to our devotions. Our first duty is our duty to God; it would seem in the order of nuns to comprise *all* duties: yet, in journeying towards Heaven, I should think male and female pilgrims might strengthen one another's steps. I shall here leave the nuns, and now look at Nunnery; and own I enjoy its solitudes, though alone, but should enjoy them still more with a companion.

Looking over the surface of the country, and passing by these scenes, the stranger contemplates no hidden wonders at Nunnery; but on entering the Long Walk he sees a vast range of rocks, extending perhaps a mile, and these rocks, covered with a variety of thriving trees, constitute a delightful umbrage gently descending to the Eden. Yet the secrets of these lofty rocks are hidden from the eye: indeed, while wandering in these solemn groves, our minds are impressed as if something was mysteriously concealed. At times on our left a subterraneous grumbling is heard, which, however, is soon again hushed into silence: then, again, castellated and cathedral rocks have perhaps slept within their curtain of wood for a thousand years. To arouse and introduce them into public view, would give a new interest to these scenes. I should not covet to hear the axe in these solitudes of Nunnery; but if the strokes could be applied in silence and unseen, I should not regret the fall of trees, that would discover towers, castles, and abbeys, built by the hand of Nature in these majestic solitudes. In truth, they are but just seen glimmering through the thick wood; and if sparingly introduced, and with a judicious hand, what a noble effect would be given to what remains in obscurity!

This range of walk and of wood terminates at the Eden. Barons' Wood rises on its opposite shore,

and lofty rocks front the river with hoary magnificence. The trees, the shrubs, the mosses, and the wild plants of Nature, live here uninterrupted and unseen: even the solitary heron can here enter undisturbed into society with his kind. I saw several of these birds perched on the white stones of this peaceful river, and regretted that they flew from me on my approach. Birds, when they behold man, fly from him as an enemy; but not all of them, and at all times. Wanting to form a bulwark by the side of our river, I plunged in with my workmen; and we wrought several days. We dined on warm pies in our wet clothes, when a little bird began to accompany our meals. I desired that it might not be disturbed. It picked the crumbs around us, and perched on my shoulders and knees. I had finished my dinner one day before the rest, and laying back my head, it perched on my lips:—I laughed; and whether it was afraid or offended, it flew away.

To return to Nunnery, whose greatest wonders are contained in a chink, a creek, or crevice of the earth; that crevice imprisoning the thundering Croglin. Mankind are in general disposed to sail with the stream; but ease and enthusiasm move in different directions. Without a portion of the latter it would be as well not to encounter the Croglin; for, as far as we could see, the stream

seemed now rushing towards us, as if it would overwhelm us. However, we are obliged to those who have lived before us, for some kind hand has furnished a path from which we may survey its turbulence in safety and in peace. The prison-walls of Croglin also abound with interesting objects. Here are recesses in the rock, on which the sun never shines; there the rock projects over the Croglin; and from its projection grows the lofty oak, which, seen from beneath, seems growing in the sky. Other oaks are seen by our side growing out of stone, their roots for several yards bending like the folds of serpents. It surprises us to think of trees drawing their sustenance from stone; but with the secret processes of Nature we are often unacquainted.

The dark Croglin foams and thunders down a narrow avenue of stupendous rocks, richly festooned with branches of oak, and filled with life and motion. Four cataracts display their white foam and their fury in its dark passage. These waterfalls in magnitude may contain a weight of water somewhere between that of the Falls of Niagara and that descending from the spout of a tea-kettle; but with their accompanying rocks and woods, they would make a far more interesting picture than either the one or the other.

Perhaps the winding walls of this imprisoned

stream may be thirty or forty feet high, rugged and ragged, and weather-stained in perfection; and sometimes so nearly meeting one another, that the proprietors of the different banks might almost shake hands over the abyss below. As we pass along, birds are singing over head, or hopping from tree to tree; while the Croglin is tumbling, grumbling, and rumbling below for about half a mile, in animated and continued confusion. I have talked of sailing with the stream, which conveys the idea of a quiet passage without opposition or danger; but I should not like to ride down the rugged channel of the Croglin, filled with the wild torrents of neighbouring mountains, for it would be soon seen that my little bark and I would make more haste than good speed: and yet I should not grudge to ride twenty miles to see the burst of a thunder-storm on the Black Fells, rushing into the Croglin: then rage, and fury, and madness, would be words wanted in the description. On leaving Nunnery I may say that I have met with what is hardly ever seen,—sublimity condensed, and magnificence in miniature.

I retired musing on the attractions of the Eden; and said to myself as I rode along, How many seats of human happiness decorate this distinguished stream! Taste and fortune settle down in its neighbourhood, and have many means of con-

tentment in their power. However, I withdrew for the present from its borders, for steep ascending woods on either bank so inclose its course that it would here be difficult to accompany the Eden by land. I now came to Armathwaite, which village the Eden divides. The Milburns are owners of its Castle, whose foundations are in the bed of the river, while the waters wash its side. On the opposite bank is a seat of the De Whelpdales, whose walks command the solitudes of the woods and the beauties of the bay.

I now wound my way through a less fruitful country, never deviating far from the course of my favourite river till I halted on its banks at Corby Castle, a seat of the Howards, a distinguished family in Cumberland. The Castle has been built by the present owner, and does credit to his judgment. I had visited the walks of Corby when a boy, and found them peopled with fabulous gentry whom I beheld with astonishment and awe. But Polypheme and his companions are now gone, I hope never to return; and if any thing of awe now impresses the mind while traversing the walks of Corby, it is the majesty of Nature. A majestic swell, crowned with noble oak, rises in the park; while a swift descent to the river, whose steep banks are clothed with luxuriant woods, affords a rich variety to the taste of the stranger. Walks

undulate under the shade of forests by the side of smooth waters. Surely this is the region and reign of tranquillity!

On the lower margin of the Eden stands Wetherall Abbey, once the residence, no doubt, of a religious order: contiguous to which, and difficult of access, is Wetherall-Safeguard, where chambers hewn in the rock were places of defence from lawless invaders, or they were places of confinement for delinquents from Wetherall Abbey.

The course of the Eden increases in richness of soil by Warwick, Scotby, Botcherby, Rickerby, to the ancient city of Carlisle. I have just mentioned a few villages whose names end with *by:* in the course of the Eden, within ten miles of its sides, I believe one might find fifty towns and villages whose names have that ending, and several of whose derivations would be rather amusing.

Winding through level meadows with a smooth and silent course, the Eden seems to stay at Carlisle as the metropolis of its dominions. At Stenkerith, from the points of projecting rocks, I stood with a foot on either side of the river, while the watery element growled beneath me. The shelving rocks at Carlisle are no more; but the Eden has its bridge a quarter of a mile long, with nine or ten arches, which, in a flood, are not too many to receive its increased waters.

I visited Carlisle, but lodged with near connections at Stanwix, the most commanding village for prospect in the neighbourhood. I rose early, and beheld the Eden beautifully winding beneath me through fields of the richest verdure. The morning sun shone full on the ancient city of Carlisle: its elegant bridges, its massy Castle, its venerable Cathedral, its stately Court-houses, rose prominent in the scene: crowds of lower buildings filled up the intervening spaces. An extensive prospect for more than twenty miles, bounded by mountains, lay before me; and I saw objects that suggested the ideas of city and of rural life.

We left this animated scene for an excursion into the Barony of Gilsland and on the borders of the Irthing, a stream that falls into the Eden. I should have liked a ramble on the borders of Gelt, but that was left to a future time. We saw places of distinction on the right and on the left. We passed Brampton, and alighted, and were entertained at Temon. Our intelligent hostess refreshed us with her kindness, and amused us with anecdotes of her country; while her daughters seemed to converse with their modest countenances, and her son Nicholas mounted his horse and rode with us as a guide and companion.

Gilsland Spaw was our first object. At the base of a high perpendicular rock a gush of light

clear water falls into a cistern. I tasted it, but it was not to *my* taste, so I left it, and meeting with Major Mouncey, the owner, congratulated him on being the proprietor of such a vast store of medicine. Gilsland Wells, as it is familiarly called, is a spaw of great resort, and has good accommodations. Nature has furnished this celebrated spring and surrounded it with rocks, and Art has reared her plantations and conducted her walks, from which and in which the invalid may become again acquainted with health.

I have been often told of Meg of Mump's Hall, and heard much of her doings: I now saw where she resided. Were I inclined to weave the tale of horror and of woe, I have the materials, yet shall not use them; but certainly it was to her credit what I now heard of her, that she entertained and lodged the judges, when they used to ride on horseback from Newcastle to Carlisle. The reader may wish to know something of the end of Poor Meg: our kind hostess told us she was informed by two women who lived with her till the last, that after her death, *she* was never more seen! yet strange appearances took place. But it is not to be wondered at, that imagination and superstition would both of them be at work on the demise of such a noted personage as Meg of Mump's Hall.

The matron at Temon was born at and married

from Triermain. From that circumstance, and its antiquity, I was desirous of visiting it. But its apartments are gone, and its towers are fallen and removed: only one of its masses remains; perhaps the materials of the rest appear again in cottages and farm-houses. For their fronts, I believe, the Roman or Pict Wall has also been pillaged. We turned to the left, and were on its line for some miles. We saw, but did not narrowly inspect, Burdoswald, though one of the most distinguished of the eighteen stations on this immense fortification, which extended sixty-eight miles, from the East to the West Sea, dividing England from Scotland, and was garrisoned by ten thousand men. The Scotch drovers could not then bring up their black cattle to the English fairs, nor the English drive their mail-coaches to the capital of Scotland.

The Roman or Severus' Wall did not run in a level direction: I was shown in two places where it ascended the points of mountains. It was ten or twelve feet high, and its fronts were built of fine square stones, filled up between with smaller, promiscuously thrown in, and cemented together with a mortar hard and imperishable. Though it has been exposed to the wear and tear of time for sixteen hundred years, yet it is as hard to break as the stones themselves. Near Hare-hill I found a few yards of this vast work pretty entire: it now

figures in a garden-wall. I there obtained a pretty massy fragment; and no doubt I was as intent in bearing away the precious relic as the Roman builders were in carrying the stones and mortar to Severus' Wall. When we could find no traces of this great work of human industry, we turned our attention to other objects. We beheld on our right the dreary wastes of Bewcastle and Spade-Adam; also Cassonbury-Crags, rising in the west. In former ages the mountain rovers and banditti of the plains fled to these fastnesses. I should like to have visited them, though surrounded by their quagmires. From the Roman Wall, at the distance of thirty or forty miles, I beheld Blencathra, Skiddaw, and Helvellyn: I beheld, and was glad to see my neighbouring mountains!

It was not uninteresting to contemplate that we were treading the earth that was once trod by Roman emperors; that we were now tracing the course of Hadrian's Rampart and Severus' Wall. But, like the perishable works of man, they are now almost obliterated; they are passed away, and scarce a trace remains to tell of their ancient magnitude. How feeble also is tradition! Few now, either in England or Scotland, have heard of Hadrian's Dyke or the Wall of Severus. All this to the antiquary may be mortifying; but it is pleasing to humanity to contemplate, that where on

either side of these defences dwelt enemies, now that they are removed, society is softened down to relatives, neighbours, and friends.

We now descended into the vale of Lannercost, fertile in soil, luxuriant in verdure, and watered by the Irthing. We entered the spacious grave-yard of its religious edifice, and surveyed the numerous tomb-stones; while Nicholas applied at the Parsonage for the keys that introduced us to Lannercost Priory. Here Art in past ages began to contend with Nature, and finally triumphed in her stately Abbey. But Nature has now renewed the contest, and is scaling the walls of her foe with troops of ivy and of mountain ashes: and while the lofty windows and noble arches are decorated with the dark-green leaves of the former, the stately pillars and columns are ornamented with festoons of briers and of nightshade; so that Nature will eventually prevail.

From this venerable ruin we ascended to Naworth Castle. I had seen its stately towers from above and beneath rising over its woods, but conceived little of its extent or its strength. We entered its outer and inner gates, and explored its apartments; but they were under repair. The British kings in the Great Hall were taken down and deposited in Lord William's bed-chamber: his bed was going to decay, and so was his hat, but

I put it on. The kings of Israel and Judea looked dim from the ceiling of the chapel: but there was one animated figure in this ancient castle. At the head of the staircase, in complete armour, stood Lord William Howard. He appeared in the prime of life, and, looking through the bars of his helmet, he seemed to me to have a penetrating, resolute, yet rather an agreeable countenance.

From the part Lord William Howard acted among his turbulent neighbours, I had thought his castle stood too low; but I found all but the approach surrounded by the deepest, steepest, and narrowest dell I remember to have seen. At the bottom of this dell runs a stream of water, and its whole width from top to bottom is crowded with wood; so that his enemies would have the greatest difficulty in getting at him when their bosoms burned with envy, hatred, indignation, and revenge. All is peace now round Naworth Castle; yet it was from these towers that Lord William Howard awed these wild regions, and reduced to something of order the last parts of England that remained uncivilized. His measures were severe, not to say cruel; but by such measures a lawless spirit was subdued to obedience. Yet to that end I cannot but prefer the labours of Bernard Gilpin: he, too, in his day might be said to be 'The Great Man of the North;' but by the spirit of Chris-

tianity he subdued the turbulent passions of his fellow-creatures.

We did not descend into the gloomy dungeons of Naworth Castle, once peopled with captives and with felons: but if we remember the time, and amongst what a fierce people this castle was built, we may believe that indignation and revenge were around, and bitter bewailings were beneath the dwelling of Lord William Howard. If we are inclined to entertain ideas of horror for a moment, let us suppose Lord William Howard with his torches and armed attendants going down into his damp cells among his chained prisoners, perhaps to order executions. There we should see Man in the plenitude of his power looking with stern and unpitying authority on his fellow-creatures, while they, in their turn, scowled with agony and indignation on his mandates. But let us not dwell here: let us look on another Howard, travelling through Europe from dungeon to dungeon as an angel of mercy, soothing the afflictions of prisoners, and labouring for their comfort. Next to royalty, the Howards take precedence of all the families of England. This is the first of all the Howards, and he has left successors. I am acquainted with some of the moral daughters of Howard, who have repeated these visits to prisons, and begun their reformation. Surely these labours of love with

human depravity are emanations of Divine goodness flowing through channels of virtue. May the glory and the praise revert to their Divine origin!

I now approached Irthington, built on the banks of the Irthing; which, like a faithful branch of a family, is hurrying to the Eden. Exploring the course of rivers, we meet with specimens of human society unknown to the summits of mountains. It has been a sentiment that has remained unchangeable among mankind, that age ought to be reverenced. I approached the house of Robert Bowman with something more than respect. I found him in bed, and told him I had tidings from his son, whom he had not heard of for a considerable time; and he was pleased at the information I brought. Finding him cheerful, open, and intelligent at one hundred and sixteen years of age, I enquired of him, what thing he could think of that happened first? Hesitating with his answer, I asked him, if he remembered his play-fellows when a boy? He said, he remembered them well, but could not tell me their names; intimating that they used to slide on ice and seek bird-nests. I enquired of him, whether people seemed happier when he was young, or now? He replied, learning had made them more crafty, and there were more disturbances now; but he remembered the two rebellions. Talking with one whose memory could go

so far back, was like looking into the ancient records of society. On being asked if he remembered any thing of an early attachment? he said, he married her he liked, and married but once. It appeared that he had had six sons, and that they are all alive.

I now asked him, if he had ever learned to read and write? He said, he had been a hard-working man, and had little learning. I told him, if he could hold a pen, I should like to have his name written by his own hand. He said, his right hand had been disabled, but he could hold his pen in his left. I then said, I had the name of George the Third in my pocket, written by his own hand; and that if he would write, his name should stand on paper next the king. At this he laughed heartily, rose in his bed, took the pen in his left hand, and, with the assistance of my nephew Thomas Brockbank, wrote his name. The whole family was merry on the occasion: his daughter-in-law called out, "Mind you do not sign away your land." I hardly remember any thing more pleasant than to see an old man of one hundred and sixteen laugh with the cheerfulness of two-and-twenty. When this process was over, his family told me he used to be on the stacks after he was one hundred years of age; that he wrought in the harvest-field after he was one hundred and seven; and I was further

informed, that even at a more advanced period he used to attend the market at Brampton to make purchases for the family. On my taking leave of him we shook hands, and he wished me to call and see him if ever I came that way again. He said, that he could not now be expected to live long, but that he was content. Visits to Robert Bowman ought not to centre in idle curiosity: his sobriety and industry are a moral lesson in humble life, shewing how health may be preserved and comfort obtained; while his peaceful allusion to his latter end is a proof that death is not a stranger to his thoughts.

A few weeks after my return I called to see my old neighbour Mary Noble, of Penrith, one hundred and six years of age. Her hearing has failed, but it is the only faculty that is much impaired. She lives with judicious people; and I wished them to inform her that I had been to see Robert Bowman, at one hundred and sixteen, and that I should like to have seen them together. It would have been interesting to be present at an interview between these ancient people: one would have liked to see how they looked at one another, especially if they remembered each other a century ago: even their countenances might have been a little re-animated to think that they were the only survivors of all the people

they had ever seen. Mary Noble was spinning when I called to see her, and she gave to her wheel an easy, agreeable, and not a loitering motion. She spins her thread of superior fineness and quality: she had just finished a web for the Countess of Lonsdale, and it would be wrought into ornamental table-linen. I enquired at what age she might be supposed to learn to spin? and was answered, she had been spinning between ninety and one hundred years: yet the thread of life spins on. Her sight is good. On Sabbath-day last she was sitting in her chair: a pin was lying on the floor, and she took it up. Two years ago she was in company with a party of females: one of them was hemming a cap border: her small needle, with its small eye, wanted threading: her young friends were unsuccessful in the attempt; she ridiculed their want of dexterity, and taking the needle and the thread, threaded it without difficulty, and without spectacles, at one hundred and four. On my taking leave she rose to shake hands with me, and grasping my hand so cordially, I took hers into my arm; so we walked gently together back and forward, arm in arm, over the floor.

The reader will excuse this digression to Mary Noble, for the sake of presenting an ancient Cumberland couple, whose lives have been long and

useful, and whose old age is more comfortable than that of most of their fellow-creatures. Mary was the mother of three children, whom, with her husband, she has long survived; but instead of sitting disconsolate in her widowhood, she is rapidly extending her acquaintance in her second century: her labours are in increasing request, and it may be some, even several years, before Nature says to Mary, "It is time to wind up."

Night brought us to Stanwix, and I renewed my observations with the morning. Perhaps Stanwix was the finest station on all the Roman Wall; but whether Severus' soldiers had taste for the beauties of Nature, I cannot say: however, the Eden here, as a river, is rarely excelled, and its verdant borders are unmarred by Art. But in a flood it becomes an ocean; beautiful groves appear waving over the vast expanse of waters, and it is then a sublime scene. For fifty or sixty miles the Eden flows on, gathering additional strength: Crossfell, Skiddaw, and Helvellyn, with many of the eminent mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland, furnish their portion of supplies. These, when the heavens have been pouring down upon us, form a vast body of waters. From Stanwix, in a flood, Carlisle seems like a city rising from the sea, only the sea is *above* the bridge. The Castle, Court-houses, &c. and various plantations, seem

like woody islands rising from the surface of the ocean.

This mighty accumulation flows into the sea at Rockcliff; but this additional acquisition makes little difference with the ocean. This leads to the reflection, that Time makes little difference with Eternity.

The reader will now have seen how I have been interested with the Eden. The Eden is but one river in our island:—this leads us to think on the progress of the great rivers of the world. However, rivers are but a small part of the globe, and this globe is but a small part of the universe. This brings us to ruminate on the *universe* as a mighty *whole*, and on *man* as a favoured *part*. Man is certainly superior to all the beings that tread the earth, and has wrought the greatest wonders on its surface: but the views of enlightened man are not bounded to this world; he looks for a more happy and eternal existence. The human mind, no doubt, possesses the greatest variety of all beings below; but what wisdom, power, and goodness, must be possessed by the Divine Mind that formed and supports the whole! The human mind is a favoured part: then, humility, gratitude, love, fear, and adoration become us who are permitted to approach the Almighty with our prayers and our praise.

I now lay down my pen, and the hour is on its way when I shall lay down my life. When a helpless infant on the lap of my parent, that period was before me, and the progress of each returning day has shortened the distance. Life ought to be a preparation for that period; but I feel doubtful whether I am more prepared than in infant innocence.—I have accompanied the progress of the Eden from its source to the sea. I have sometimes seen it shining with the reflection of sunbeams, and sometimes seen it scowling under the gloom of hanging tempests; I have seen it fretful, turbulent, and tranquil; and I have seen the ocean send out its waves to meet it, when, mingling their waters together, they returned as one to the great deep. I have seen man, like the Eden, fretful, turbulent, and tranquil; and I have seen man, when his course was nearly run, under dismay:—then well will it be for him if the current of Divine bounty flows to his relief; a prospect will then open before him far beyond any of these scenes we have been contemplating.

## GILSLAND WATERS.

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I AM here inclined to give testimony to the beneficial effects of the waters of Gilsland. Few have enjoyed a more uninterrupted state of good health, till the early part of this year, 1823, when my stomach became disordered. I loathed my usual food, lost strength, and looked ill. I was advised, and even pressed by my friends, to go to Gilsland. I took their advice, went, and became a copious water-drinker. My relish for food returned, my stomach recovered its tone, and my health has been for several months confirmed. Leisure is sometimes the parent of poetry, and it may not be unwelcome to some of my readers if I record in verse my gratitude to Gilsland.

In Irthing's solitary dell
There is a cool and limpid well,
From lofty rocks for ever flowing,—
Rocks, where the waving pines are growing.
No idler of the summer's day,
From home and friends I took my way,
To see this beauteous spring, and know
If healing in its waters flow.

Fresh from its source the stream I tried
Time after time, till satisfied;
For while I drank the waters clear,
More pleasant, Gilsland, grew thy cheer!
And lighter seem'd my step each morn,
As winding through thy fields of corn.
  Then day by day how it would please
To see, with kindness and with ease,
A train from many a distant land
At Nature's healing fountain stand!
The sickly youth with aged dame,
The sire with drooping beauty came;
The gushing spring is free to all
That for its bounteous waters call:
And then so plenteous! one may think
All England's invalids might drink.
We come, and drink, and fill, and pass
The full, refreshing, courteous glass;
Then climb the hill, or to and fro
Perambulate the scenes below.
Strangers unite in social talk,
And slowly trace the winding walk:
Returning health comes gliding by,
And looks aside with playful eye.
  When morning redness streaks the skies,
Ambitious of the spring, I rise
To drink the foremost, and be gone,
While Nature looks in silence on.
Oh could my heart but overflow,
Like this reviving stream below,

With gratitude to Him above,
Who cheers us thus with works of love!
  The sun illumed the world below:
I left the shady banks of Spaw;
O'er sunny heath I took my way,
And hills where Roman legions lay:
Glenwhelt and Triermain I saw,
And Thirlwall Castle, standing low,
Burdoswald and Caervoran view,
And stormy heights of proud Wardrew:
There relics, altars, idols sought,
And home the precious lumber brought;
Wrapp'd close with hose and linen round,
I brought them with me safe and sound.
Oh, care of cares!—Alas! alas!
But man is man;—so let it pass.
  Thy ruins, Lanercost sublime!
Fringed with the climbing shrubs of time;
Thee, Naworth! where in hall and hold
Lord William Howard ruled of old,
I saw; from whence the chiefs of yore
Survey'd afar each wildering moor,—
Bewcastle and Spade-Adam, lands
That once sent forth marauding bands.
  Thus England's borders met my view,
Where once the Roman eagles flew,
Where Scotland's hardy clans from far
Pour'd on these plains the tide of war.
But now we live in happier times,
Unmenaced by surrounding crimes:—

I ramble tranquil far and near,
Through unknown regions bleak and drear,
O'er mountain surge, through moorland glen,
Unshot-at by moss-trooper men;
I wander back to Gilsland-Well,
And doff my shoes in Great Hotel.

# LOWTHER:

ADDRESSED WITH TRUE ESTEEM TO THE

## EARL OF LONSDALE.

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WHILE public cares my noble friend employ,
Relieved and sweeten'd by domestic joy,
Or while retired within that beauteous vale,
Whose woods wave gently in the mountain gale,
He views his Lowther in her pensive shade,
And soothes with kind concern the drooping maid;
With gentle hand her lovely face reveals,
Till ev'ry breast the power of beauty feels:
While Lonsdale thus our pleased attention draws,
I leave my cot, round which the Emont flows,
And pass those meads with many a wild flower gay,
The Muse companion of my fragrant way.—
  The Muse, not sparing of her humble powers,
Oft visits, Lowther! thy luxuriant bowers,
Where lib'ral Nature o'er the favour'd ground
Waves her full hand, and spreads profusion round;
Where hill and valley, wood and plain, we see,
And rock and water bring their gifts to thee.
These dress'd and modell'd with a skilful air,
Will make thee rise majestic, lovely fair!

Till the pleased visitant shall bear in mind
These beauties, left mid northern hills behind.
When man was form'd in Eden's happy grove,
The blissful seat of innocence and love,
He had his Maker's mild commands to dress
His beauteous bower, his lovely wilderness!
So in these latter days continued toil
Must still reclaim the oft-relapsing soil,
Must curb the wand'ring foliage wildly gay,
Renew the mansion hastening to decay,
And, with a studious eye and fostering hand,
Enlarge the reign of beauty through the land.
Much has been done: successive chiefs, we find,
Have left memorials of their taste behind.
Here the first Lonsdale sought his native air,
When Britain's councils could his wisdom spare;
Preferr'd his books, his garden, and his pen,
To the pursuits of proud aspiring men:
And while to Truth and Virtue he resign'd
The guidance of a wise and pious mind,
Beneath his care these venerable trees
First waved their branches in the summer breeze.
He fixed these columns of cathedral yew,
Whose spiral stems in former cent'ries grew;
Bent their green arches o'er the lengthen'd aisle,
Through whose deep gloom the evening sunbeams smile.
Where vales beneath and cheerful hamlets lie,
He form'd yon terrace fair, commanding, high;
From Nature's loom the lovely carpet spread,
Her softest velvet, yielding to the tread.

Succeeding chiefs enrich'd the wide domain,
And clothed with infant woods the naked plain;
The birds flew round, to people every spray,
And hills stood wond'ring at the novel lay.
They bade the limestone leave its native bed,
And rise to screen the poor mechanic's head;
Beneath their hands new villages appear'd,
And human tongues the lonely forests cheer'd.
The Muse prophetic sees the hand of taste
Conduct new beauties through the wild-wood-waste;
Through deepening groves she sees her footsteps stray,
And where she moves the smooth walk winds away;
Sees the rude dome above yon forest grow,
The sparkling grotto hide its wealth below;
Sees, Phœnix-like, the mansion rise again,
And look majestic o'er her native plain.
'Tis done—already, glittering from afar,
Lowther's white towers salute the morning star;
Day's evening splendour, the refulgent moon,
And all the glories of a summer noon.
I cannot speak from architectural lore
Of arched hall, saloon, and corridor;
Of buttress, arrowslits, and ramparts high—
Of towers and pinnacles that reach the sky;
But I can mount these battlements, behold
On Carrick's brow a diadem of gold—
See from these lofty turrets light and fair,
The woods shoot upwards in the heights of air,
Stretch their green boughs in all their pomp of shade,
And form the bowers for heavenly musing made.

But ere descending from these sunny towers,
I turn my steps to yonder greenwood bowers,
Attracted by the venerable place,*
I go among the wise of human race;
Muse, where those noble sentiments are spread,
That raised so high the living and the dead.
Here stately Science lifts to heaven her eyes,
And measures orbs of light in distant skies;
Or, sinking to the humbler earth, explores
The central fire that through her caverns roars—
The beauteous gems that slumber in her veins,
And winds that rush around her realms explains;
Computes the speed of light, and weighs the air,
Measures the ocean, lays her wonders bare;
Rides round the world triumphant on her waves,
Dives in her deeps, and storms her coral caves.
Here ancient sages, pious or profound,
Look from their seats, dispensing wisdom round;
There stand th' immortal advocates of Truth,
Immoveable, in the full prime of youth:
Here playful Wit, light-hearted, smiling, gay,
Scatters with wreaths of flowers her varied way;
There cool Research, with metaphysic skill,
Dissects the mind, the reason, and the will;
There Pathos leads through labyrinths of woe,
The heart to pity—sweetest stream below!
Here British Bards, or those of earlier days,
Pour their sweet songs, their high impassioned lays;

* The Library.

There Revelation's sacred pages shine
With steady light,—pure, holy, and divine!
Pride of the North! where fostering virtues reign,
And shed their influence o'er the smiling plain;
Where Piety, with Purity allied,
Alike disclaims the bigot's fiery pride,
And the chill sophist's creed, his sceptic air
Too proudly wise to bow to Heaven in pray'r.
O'er public good here kind Attention bends—
Here Comfort hovers, and her hand extends;
The swain with vigour tills his native soil,
His children reap the fruits of all his toil;
The recent widow sees in tears no more
The favourite heifer leave her humble door;
The feudal bonds, touch'd by a hand benign,
On yon green fields their ancient hold resign;
While a glad yeomanry the change surveys,
And feels begun a train of happier days.*
When good Sir Richard held these fair domains,
With pensive state along the silent plains,
From distant scenes a beauteous stranger came.
In meek distress appear'd the lovely dame:
Her tender griefs seem'd kindly felt by all;
No sprightly airs resounded through the hall;
The rural sports beneath the greenwood shade
Were all suspended while the stranger stay'd.
Yet form'd for all that in her sex is found,
She pour'd the rays of peerless beauty round;

* Alluding to the Earl of Lonsdale's enfranchising his numerous manors round Lowther.

While polish'd sense and wit's attractive light,
Prolong'd the pleasure of the social night.
Her condescension spoke her high degree,
But more her sweet and serious dignity.
Such temper'd grace the wond'ring menials saw—
Their lord's attention touch'd their minds with awe;
The fairest seat the honour'd stranger press'd,
The first apartment lodged th' exalted guest.
  Oft when the sun a mellow radiance threw,
Her pensive steps to silent shades withdrew;
With lambs and flowers she breathed the balmy air,
And thus discoursed: " Ye simple wild flowers fair,
" That here unseen, far from the public eye,
" Unenvied live, and unmolested die;
" Far happier you than the distinguish'd flower
" That on the bosom flaunts its transient hour;
" For soon its beauty fades, its fragrance flies—
" Then scorn'd and trodden in the dust it lies."
Now to the lambs she turns, that o'er the ground
With youthful speed in frolic circles bound:
Her sad, presaging bosom seem'd to say,
" Sport, happy race! your little hour away:
" A common lot perhaps our lives may close,
" But your blind innocence no sorrow knows."
  At eventide her chamber oft she sought,
And by the window linger'd lost in thought.
Far to the North she turn'd her wistful eyes,
That seem'd to say, " 'Tis there my treasure lies."
At length these peaceful scenes she must forego,
And journey onward through untrodden woe.

Through folding-doors her sorrowing host attends;
But ere she down the winding stairs descends,
Low on her knees the pious mourner fell,
Pray'd for her host, then took her last farewell:
The generous Richard turn'd to weep unseen,
While from his door went Mary, Scotland's queen!
  Impatient now surrounding beauty calls;
For her we leave these hospitable halls.
The sun effulgent pours his cheering beams
O'er plains, o'er golden groves, and silver streams.
Say, shall we wander where th' inviting glade
Sinks in a vast immensity of shade?
Or climb yon airy summit rising fair,
And mark the wonders that await us there?
Near, distant, and around, what objects rise!
Mountains that hide their foreheads in the skies,
Or frown amid their wreaths of summer snow;
Umbrageous vales where winding rivers flow;
Broad cultured slopes and village fields appear,
That wave with grass, or bend the golden ear;
And plains immense, and smoking towns are seen,
And numerous hills with whiten'd cots between;
Reposing herds abundant pastures press,
Or wander round in summer idleness.
But, lo! a lovely apparition 's near—
Beneath yon tall trees stand the silent deer,
A fearful race, that shun th' abodes of men,
To dwell retired within the hawthorn glen.
Children of solitude! haste not away:
On these green lawns as on your birthright stay;

Pace round the scene—connect these princely towers
With woods sublime, wild wastes, and shadowy bowers;
Then burst impetuous down the sunny glade,
Or lightly gambol to the hazel shade.
Now stript of summer's load the meads are seen,
Lovely as youth array'd in tender green;
While troops of village maids, alert and gay,
Stretch their light rakes and toss the fragrant hay,
Or build the grassy cone—a welcome store
When the green meadows shall be green no more.
At the dark entrance of yon solemn wood
An ancient bridge commands the rolling flood:
We pass the rustic arch, and wind along
Where woodland warblers swell the choral song;—
The lark exulting climbs the front of day,
The tuneful linnet pours her softest lay,
The louder thrush the leafy thickets hold,
The finch in raptures beats her plumes of gold:
But whence that noise at every tuneful close,
And why these strokes that break the sweet repose
Of this fair wood? Ah, why with crashing sound
Falls the tall ash a ruin on the ground?
But hark again! Wild sounds foreboding woe
Rise fearful from the midwood gloom below.
As creeping beagles shake the corn, yet green,
The forest trembles by a force unseen;
The op'ning groves at length the power display,
That o'er these realms of shade has long borne sway:
His shaggy beard, wild eyes, and raven hair,
The sullen Genius of these woods declare.

Far in the gloomy wilderness he keeps
His solemn court: on golden moss he sleeps.
The fragrant bramble and sweet-blossomed thorn
Perfume his dark pavilion eve and morn;
While round his couch a thousand oaks attend
Their slumbering monarch, and his rest defend.
Through ages long he lay in sleep profound,
While his green woods grew unmolested round;
But roused to action by this gathering fray,
Through his dark realms he takes his hurried way,
And, with a voice that reach'd the distant plains,
Thus sternly his imagined foes arraigns:—
" What deeds are these! Who dare with hands profane
" Disturb the sabbath of my ancient reign?
" My faithful trees shall foreign troops invade,
" And alien hands despoil their reverend shade?
" Ill-judging race! shall your repeated strokes
" Dislodge my gallant elms and vet'ran oaks?
" Avaunt betimes! forego your fruitless rage,
" Nor further war with my green people wage.
" Should on your heads their mighty arms descend,
" Stunn'd, crush'd, and mangled, to the earth you bend."
Before the Chief three beauteous wood-maids stand,
Thus softly speak, and softly touch his hand:—
" We come, thy duteous handmaids, to assuage
" Thy rising wrath, and soothe thine honour'd age;
" We come in peace, the ministers of Taste,
" To dress and cheer this solitary waste;
" To smoothe a passage through this wide domain,
" And shew the wonders of thy ancient reign.

" Permit the toils thy suppliant daughters share."
His features soften'd, spoke by maids so fair ;
He nods assent, and to his shades withdrew.
The woodland train their sylvan toils renew ;
Umbrageous walks round pathless valleys twine,
Descending streams through nodding alders shine,
And the deep midwood gloom now first receives
The sunbeams on its solitary leaves ;
While lovely, o'er its dark and sombre green,
The passing light and tints of gold are seen.

See Lonsdale's Countess, Lonsdale's daughter fair,
To 'tangled brakes, and briers, and thorns repair.
But thorns and briers and 'tangled brakes obey,
The smooth walk follows where they lead the way ;
The river's verge we trace, the mount we climb,
Where Lowther rises mid her woods sublime ;
And o'er her lovely lawns we now behold
Her presence more majestic than of old.
We see the sun that held his course on high
Descend from his bright journey through the sky,
Pour on her walls th' artillery of his rays,
Till all seems wrapp'd in one rich golden blaze !

Here from this world of shade a track of light
Leads to the towers of Lowther, rising white ;
They seem to stand high on the topmost grove,
Green woods beneath, cerulean heaven above.
Seven paces on, the apparition 's fled,
And endless woods are waving o'er our head.

To deeper shades we go, and hills more high,
Where silent woods seem reaching to the sky :

A solitary pleasure marks our way,
As slowly through surrounding gloom we stray:
We seem imprison'd by a mighty wood,
Our bondage soothed by a murmuring flood.
While these sweet solitudes our steps detain,
We wish not forests o'er the western main;
For who would Yanwath's* tow'ring oaks resign,
Or Buckham's tall elms, for Canadian pine?
  Far in the vast recesses of the shade,
Shelter'd and warm in Nature's green lap laid,
Are beauteous holms and fields, elysian fair,
Far from the world's inquietude and care:
Conflicting tongues, loud sports, and noisy toil
Break not the quiet of this peaceful soil.
And farther still a lovely region lies,
Where num'rous trees o'er all the surface rise;
Grotesque their forms; their branches wide extend,
Rise high in air, or drooping downward bend;
Their spreading foliage mitigates the day,
And o'er the ground their trembling shadows play.
  With gentle joy through these loved tracks I rove,
And mark the varying scenes from grove to grove;
The wither'd trunk, the mossy stone survey,
The silent monitors of man's decay!
The elm's wide-woven roots diffusely spread,
The river restless on its stony bed,
The beauteous beech that waves with silver rind,
The ivy'd ash o'er the dark pool inclined,

* The two noble woods that border the river Lowther are Yanwath Wood and Buckham.

The giant oak—and here my foot I stay,
Its rising stem, its spreading boughs survey—
Its waving boughs with verdant honours crown'd,
And trunk that measures many a fathom round.
I love the forest; and with pleasure view
Its varied foliage and its varied hue:
But who amid the crowded scene can trace
Peculiar loveliness, selected grace?
Yet partial fondness may a favorite bring
To public view, and of that favorite sing.
The weeping birch, like some majestic fair,
In sorrow drown'd, with long dishevell'd hair,
Its beauteous branches drooping from on high,
Waves in the breeze, and sighs, or seems to sigh.
In silent woods retired, the ancient thorn
Spreads his white locks before the op'ning morn;
His mossy beard bespeaks him very old,
And much he muffles from the pinching cold:
Yet as the sun advances on his way
His robe he changes, and looks young and gay;
And when the spring her vernal freshness pours,
His fragrant blossoms sweeten all the bowers:
Thus grey and old he meets the wintry scene,
Then bursts in summer with the loveliest green.
Thou pruning woodman, his wild branches spare,
His snowy blossoms, and his silver hair!
The stately oak with greater awe behold,
Nor touch one honour of the monarch old:
Lo! how he tow'rs on yonder rising ground,
And spreads his arms with dignity around!

Thrice has the race of men been swept away
Since on these hills he first bore sov'reign sway.
Then let no thoughtless hand, no random blow,
Untimely bring his hoary honours low.
  On yon fair knoll that lifts its groves on high,
Seven aged brothers meet the wand'ring eye:
Rugged and vast each awful form appears;
Like chiefs they stand, the chiefs of other years!
Shorn of meridian pride, the ancient race
Stretch their long arms as anxious to embrace;
But wither'd, stiff, their rigid arms decline,
As wont of old, in cordial grasp to twine.
Majestic oaks! what changes have you seen
Since, saplings young, you waved your branches green!
Stricken in years, could you to us relate
What frequent storms have shook your forest state;
What feather'd tribes have sought your friendly shade,
When nimble light'nings round your foreheads play'd;
How, roused by dreadful winds in ev'ry grove,
Th' enraged trees in furious conflict strove;
What kindred plants have flourish'd by your side,
And neighb'ring trees in former cent'ries died!
These could you show, an interesting tale
From this fair mount might spread along the vale.
  Five hundred years these aged oaks have stood,
The guardians of this venerable wood:
We now their mutilated arms behold
Pointing to where the Castle rose of old.
Fallen, forsaken Castle, now no more!
Rude trees, rank weeds, wild brambles, hide thy floor!

Imagination, wand'ring round and round,
Peoples again the solitary ground
With dauntless men and maids, a hardy race,
That rush'd at morn promiscuous to the chase:
But now their names seem scatter'd on the wind—
For them Tradition hardly stays behind.
I love the rivers, rolling full and wide;
I love to stand, an atom, on their side;
And mark their depth, their strength and speed survey,
And onward course through all its length of way.
Lowther! thy streams run down a rugged vein;
Mangled on rocks, they to the woods complain:
But such complaints the Muse delights to hear;
The sound of water 's music in her ear.
As when two lovers whose affections glide
Faithful and full in one harmonious tide,
If saunt'ring through some woody vale they stray,
And part in sport, but parting lose their way,
Soon serious at their loss, the anxious swain
Calls out aloud, intent to meet again;
In softer tone replies the timid maid,
And straight they pass the intervening shade.
Thus, generous river! rising o'er thy tide
Green woody isles thy winding course divide;
Thy sever'd streams, uneasy thus to flow,
Here foam and thunder on the rocks below,
There plaintive tones of murmuring sweetness rise,
Deep calls to deep, and stream to stream replies.
Melodious stream! that wind'st thy crystal floods
Through op'ning rocks, and dark enclosing woods;

Thou hold'st thy steady progress day by day,
While months, and years, and ages pass away!
Unchanged thyself, say, didst thou take thy name
Or when the Roman or the Norman came?
Was such thy name when the bold Briton stood
A painted warrior by the gloomy flood,
In the clear pool his martial form to see?
Or did the Lowthers give *their* name to thee?
Distinguish'd stream! along thy banks sublime
Still may they flourish through advancing time;
Still o'er these vales their kindly influence shed,
Long as thy waters seek the ocean's bed!
Continuing stream! ah, could these transient rhymes,
Like thy sure waves, flow on to future times,
Then, when this tongue is mute, it might be told
On thy fair banks, how one in days of old,
That in sweet solitude a pleasure knew,
Oft to thy side from busier scenes withdrew,
And with thy rocks and woods familiar grew.
Yes! and the faithful numbers might record
The passing hour shared with thy virtuous lord,
When, senates, courts, and public cares resign'd,
He gave to rural joys his thoughtful mind;
While murmuring waters, meads as em'ralds green,
Majestic woods, delicious vales between—
All fill'd with living harmony—inspired
What Tully felt in Tusculum retired.

# EMONT VALE.

EMONT! to thee I pour the grateful lay,
Who saw my childhood on thy borders play;
Who felt the stone oft break thy placid wave,
And kiss'd my shrinking foot irresolute to lave.
Emont, I come!—Thy murmurs seem for me;
I stop by turns, and muse, and look on thee.
I count white pebbles through thy clear expanse,
And view the spring-flies on thy bosom dance;
Or, one by one, the finny race behold
Dart through thy waves in ebony and gold.
Again I move: I meet thee in thy haste
Swift posting onward to the watery waste.
We meet and pass; but still I have thee near,
Tuning thy murmurs in my partial ear.
Advancing still, I find thee calm, at rest,
A sylvan landscape painted on thy breast.
Anon with turbulence I see thee flow
Through woody isles—an archipelago!
Meandering Emont! to thy wailings wild
I 've listen'd long—have listen'd from a child.
Oft, when the weary winds have sunk to rest,
I 've heard thy voice prophetic from the west

Foretell the coming snow, th' approaching rains;
But when the thaws had deluged all the plains,
Mild from the east I 've heard thy songs arise,
Portending vanquish'd clouds and azure skies.
Delightful stream! what lovely bowers are thine!
How fair thy banks with peaceful beauties shine!
What purple flowers thy sinking meads adorn!
How soft the verdure of thy rising corn!
While stately trees in noble masses stand,
That seem the guardians of this fruitful land.
On Hartshope's heights, led by their sprightly sound,
Two lovely springs a wand'ring shepherd found.
Burst from contiguous hills in youthful play,
This sought the north, and that its eastern way;
Leap'd from the rocks, sung to the mountain-gale,
Then crept in silence through the quiet vale.
Their strength increasing as they onward pass'd,
Each softly slumber'd in a lake at last.
The mighty Ullse, and solitary Hawse,
Saw in their floods their mountain friends repose.
Enlarged, invigorated, now again
They leave their rest, and wash the fruitful plain:
Their copious waves the gladden'd peasants view,
And Lowther call the stream of darker hue—
The fairer Emont; and as on they wind,
In their embrace a lovely vale they bind:
Their liquid stores the thirsty herds invite,
And to the labouring mills they lend their might.
Thus having toil'd apart for many a mile,
And seen fair hamlets on their borders smile,

To beauteous Lowther Emont winds his tide,
Salutes her waves, and courts her to his side.
" Come, gentle stream! On yon blue hills afar,
Where evening twilight hangs her silver star,
We had our being; but asunder cast,
Through distant valleys, here we meet at last!—
Thus having met, oh! let us part no more,
But roll as one along the willowy shore."
The proffer'd union pleased the generous dame;
She joins her treasures, and resigns her name;
With pleasant sounds of mutual joy they go
To meet the Eden in his holmes below.
Much favour'd stream! at evening's shadowy hour
The modest maiden seeks thy quiet bower;
And, all unseen, her virgin softness laves
In the cool crystal of thy limpid waves.
The youths more daring—when the sun on high
Looks down in triumph from a glowing sky,
Along thy shores they seek the gloomy pool,
With headlong plunge their heated limbs to cool.
But, oh! beware; nor tempt with desperate leap
The unknown waters spreading dark and deep!—
As lone and ling'ring on thy banks I stray'd,
While silver sunbeams on thy waters play'd,
Five heedless youths on thy green margin stood;
Each cheering each, they plunged into the flood.—
I look'd no further, till the shrieks of woe
Roused my attention,—when, alarm'd, I saw
A struggling victim eddying round and round,
While flying comrades' frantic cries resound.

Yet on I rush'd, a brother's life to save,
Though thrice I saw him sink beneath the wave.
With eager grasp his nerveless arm I caught;
From the dark pool his helpless form I brought,
And laid him gently on the quiet shore.
The airs of heaven his vital breath restore:
Escaped in safety from a watery grave,
He saw again the sunbeams on thy wave!
I am no Solitary, but repair
To woods and streams what time my duties spare:
Musing my fancies, silent and unseen,
I build my hovel 'mong thy alders green!—
Emont! I wish—I will not say I pray—
Thou would'st not wash my little works away!—
My hovel seem'd a quiet Hermitage,
For pacing there I met the Man of Age,
With shaggy beard, with visage long and spare,
Seen indistinctly through a shade of hair:
All hermit-like I 've seen him oft and long,
Wandering with downcast eyes these woods among.
He held his passage through the hedge of thorn,
And by his foot the verdant path was worn.
Oft when from eastern steeps the sun's first beam
Shone on the topmost grove with golden gleam,
I 've seen him search these solitudes profound,
For his spare meal to gather herbs around.
It has been said, that once in realms afar,
He mingled in the glittering ranks of war:
Shook by these fearful scenes, he came again,
A harmless maniac wandering o'er the plain;

And spoke of troubles brooding in the skies,
Too strange to tell—too big for human eyes.
Poor Somerville!—not in thy woes alone,—
From many a noble mind oft Reason's light 's withdrawn.
But now I leave my puny toils, to trace
Works that are worthier of the human race.—
Beneath the shadow of yon grove behold
Where peerless Clifford dwelt in days of old!—
Clifford, that sprung from noble Cumberland,
And gave to Pembroke's earl her plighted hand.
But early widow'd, the distinguish'd dame
Preserved her independence and her fame;
Gay Charles's court and Cromwell's power withstood,
And dared be simple, dignified, and good.
There dwells respect in every generous mind
For virtue, for th' illustrious of our kind.
Among the scenes where the bright virtues shone,
We feel a homage e'en for mouldering stone;
A tower, a walk, a cottage, or a tree,
Haunts of the wise, with interest deep we see.
Then long these spots will be by genius sought,
Where ruled a Clifford, or where Cowper thought;
And Meditation here, with sandal'd feet,
Will hold with long-past times communion sweet—
Will pensive sit beneath the yawning wall,
Where Pembroke's towers seem bending to their fall.
Majestic ruins! venerable pile!
Where studious art and long laborious toil,
United, strove to rear these domes on high,
Pride of the valley, towering to the sky!

But what avails the arch expanding wide,
The stately column, or the turret's pride!
Now bare of all, save where yon cliffs between
The wild ash waves her solitary green.
Was it for this the Master-Builder strove,
Unlock'd the quarry, and disrobed the grove,
And dug the deep foundations in the ground,
And piled the timber and the stones around?
No more is heard the mason's rustic lay,
No more his chisel sounds the live-long day;
No more in crowds the ready menials wait,
Or pawing coursers thunder at the gate.
Alas! with weeds and brambles cover'd o'er,
The genial hall resounds with joy no more!
For ever vanish'd are the glittering train,
That gaily rode along this fair domain;
While the thin grass the simple field-flower waves,
Unheeded o'er their long-forgotten graves!
Thus fare the works of man! the fading strength
Of ancient grandeur sinks subdued at length.
But though the fortress falls, the cottage fair
Cheers with its simple front the morning air!
Yet can we pass the Dudley's hoary tower,*
Where once protection dwelt with feudal power;
Or ardent Dacre's,† seen with hope and awe,
Ere Reason's scatter'd rays were organized in law.
Now up the long dark avenue of time,
In Mayborough's grove I hear the mystic rhyme.

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* Yanwath Hall. † Dacre Castle.

Imagination fills the circling space
With Druid-Bards—a long-forgotten race!
Their oral songs a fearful import bear,
Which listening crowds in reverent silence hear.
The Druid-Oak, that reigns o'er every tree,
Seems in its gloom to hold their deity,
Whom Britons think by human sacrifice
To gain—their altars smoking to the skies.
Round yon white stone that in the centre stands,
The Druids stretch their consecrating hands;
Loose fleecy robes their aged limbs enfold,
And wreaths of sacred misletoe they hold;
Their flaxen beards down their full bosoms stream,
Their ardent eyes emit a living gleam:
While smooth and bright each silver head appears,
Crown'd with the deep solemnity of years.
See man, the victim of a barbarous creed,
In worship by his fellow-creatures bleed;
See him amid a savage crowd expire,
And buried in a pyramid of fire!
'Twas thus of old a monstrous worship grew
On human passion, horrible to view!
'Twas thus of old that Superstition's hand
With gloom and terror hung the darken'd land:
To fix her reign with barbarous rites she strove;
Her gods were local, and their shrines the grove.
But now effulgent from her native sky
Breaks heavenly Truth—the Pagan symbols fly;
While pure devotion centres in the mind,
In love to God and love to human kind.

From hoary Druid in his solemn bower,
From Pembroke's Countess in her Brougham Tower,
I turn to other times, and there behold
The Table Round of Arthur, monarch old!
His knights advance, and dames of high degree
Behold their various feats of chivalry.—
The knights grow dim, the vision melts away,
But the Round Table and deep trenches stay.

On yon fair hill, see Brougham with gentle grace
Look forth complacent from her wood's embrace!
Of many a pleasing trait the Muse could tell;
The straw-roof'd cot, the mossy-lined cell,
The lightsome green, the pine-surrounded glade,
The sun-gilt terrace and the gloomy shade,
Seen through the trees the modest house of prayer,
Where man may change for heavenly, earthly care.

And now we turn to yonder tranquil scene,
Where Spring's first visit marks her steps with green:
Beneath the shade of Carleton's secret bowers,
How sweet to rest upon a bank of flowers!
Or wander onward by the Emont's side,
Whose silver waves these beauteous lawns divide!—
Delicious lawns! the mountains that surround
Your happy scenes—to have these mountains crown'd
With morning blushes or with evening gold—
Delicious lawns! 'twere lovely to behold!
These peaceful scenes lay unobserv'd and waste,
Till Wallace saw them with the eye of taste:
Obnoxious brushwood, odious weeds he found;—
They fled, and fragrant roses blush'd around:

On naked uplands infant forests sprung,
While birds flew round and on their green boughs sung;
Umbrageous walks through pathless valleys run,
From crowds retired, and from a cloudless sun.
In these cool walks, these scenes of calm delight,
Oft have I seen (and kindled at the sight)
On summer eve the youths, the maidens stray,
And, smiling, pass their fellows on the way.
Sweet Carleton! ere my wand'ring I renew,
Accept the tribute that to thee is due!
Oft has thy welcome met me when I stray'd,
Thy social kindness my return delay'd.
With lingering steps advancing on my way,
At every turn new objects I survey.
Say, who is she that with a stately air
Stands on thy banks, and views the landscape fair?
'Tis Skirsgill! youthful maid! these scenes she loves;
Hers are the fields, the meadows, and the groves:
She looks benignly o'er thy winding tide,
And as they pass she hears thy waters chide.
But more retired, yon Lady of the Dale*
Courts the cool freshness of the mountain gale—
Sees the green hills in pleasing prospect rise,
And distant mountains meet the bending skies;
And while she hears a thousand warblers sing,
And while her lambs are racing in a ring,

* Dalemain.—*Main* signifies *chief:* hence Dalemain, the Chief of the Dale.

She, sweet and peaceful, from her rising bowers
Smiles o'er her lovely lawn of native flowers.
  Yonder Dunmallet, lofty, steep, and fair,
Lifts from the vale a forest in the air,
Where rival trees, contending side by side,
Display in Nature's theatre their pride—
A hill of harmony! The Ides of spring
Hear sweet and loud a thousand warblers sing;
The finch, the linnet, blackbird, and the thrush,
Pour their rich songs from every bough and bush.
Attractive mount! the stranger on his way
Beholds thy towering cone, thy foliage gay,
And journeys onward with uplifted eyes,
Till England's favourite lake before him lies,
A flood of silver, on whose margin green
Are fields, and woods, and scatter'd mansions seen.
  Such, beauteous Emont! thy fair banks disclose,
And such the fields through which thy current flows!
Pleased with the scenes, along thy shores I 'm led
To where thou risest from thy watery bed;
Thy crystal bed, in mountain-forests deep,
Round which unnumber'd murmuring streamlets weep!
Fair Ullse receives their tributary store,
And while her waves repose against the shore,
She bids the genii of her realms display
The circling scene in all its colours gay.
Sudden as thought, in just proportions rise
The sun, the clouds impending from the skies;
While mountains, rocks, and solitary woods
Shoot their tall honours downward in the floods.

Above the lake, in majesty sublime,
(Their strength uninjured by the lapse of time,)
The Giant Sons of Earth exalted stand,
A savage, frowning, formidable band;
While Man, and all his works of puny might,
Dwindle and sink to nothing in their sight.
Of adverse character these chiefs appear—
A wild attire of woods and rocks they wear.
Here heaves the Peak its high undaunted form,
And braves the rage of every angry storm;
There the white Cliff, projecting o'er its base,
Shows the strong features of its veteran face.
Here the proud Mountain, towering, bold, and steep,
Its head in heaven, its footsteps in the deep,
Frowns like a sultan, destined to command
Th' obedient waters and the subject land;
While the rough cataract roaring in its sides,
In darkest shades its headlong fury hides.
Ye towering heights in gorgeous pomp array'd,
Oft have I mark'd your various light and shade;
Beheld thick darkness fill the vales below,
While noontide light would on your summits glow!
I' ve seen light vapours from your base ascend,
And in wild forms from point to point extend;
Climb up your sides, and with o'erwhelming sweep,
Hang all the neighbouring realms with shadows deep.
When sable clouds involve the evening skies,
With what tremendous gloom the mountains rise!
But when the morn's unsullied beams extend,
In pure ethereal blue their sunny summits end.

Or swollen with rage, or smooth as polish'd glass,
Winding around a scene I cannot pass,
Beneath the shade of old oaks, we survey
Ullswater hold its everlasting way.
Long as the world has vast Helvellyn stood,
And thrown his evening shadows o'er the flood;
The march of darkness from his towering height,
With heavy pace o'erpowers the troops of light.
But from the East, where glows the orb of day,
Wave the green woods, glitter the rough rocks grey,
Tower the tall hills, the streams with silver shine;
These, more than these, are, modest Hallsteads, thine!

Amid these towering rocks, these dells profound,
With woody steeps and mountains rising round,
A lovely bower in sweet seclusion stands,
Its native trees unrear'd by mortal hands;
Its tangled walks, and slopes of simple green,
By thoughtless crowds unvisited, unseen.
Folly might well be fearful to intrude
On thy repose, Celestial Solitude!
Yet, modest fair! thou 'lt not deny the few
To print their footsteps in thy silver dew,
To gaze enamour'd on thy lake serene,
Against the trunk of some old alder lean,
And view in silent ecstasy the scene!

Blest Solitude! that from the haunts of men
Retires to live within the narrow glen;
There wanders round her own sequester'd bowers,
Where lambs unsullied crop the tender flowers!

Immersed in sober thought I see thee stray
Where chirps the white-throat from her briery spray:
I see thee, pensive matron! sit alone,
Listening the cuckoo on a mossy stone,
Or the shrill bell that tinkles from the rocks,
Borne by the leader of the climbing flocks.
  Sweet Solitude! whose native charms inspire
Thy votary's breast with innocent desire;
Sure alien Art can nought on thee bestow!
On thy fair cheek no mimic roses blow:
Pure is thy breath as zephyrs on the wing,
Who fragrance from their purple heathbeds bring.
I see thee lift thy sweet expressive eyes,
Where round thy bowers encircling mountains rise,
That, with their marble bulwarks huge and strong,
Wall out the world and all its busy throng;
But spread within, a solitary sea
Rolls innocent, from war and rapine free;
And winding far, its liquid treasure bears
To many a vale, and many a village cheers.
Yet oft its fluttering waves thy borders greet
With plaintive chidings, and with whispers sweet;
While gentle Naiads o'er the surface smile,
And sun their tresses on yon rocky isle.
  Let Eastern kings their barbarous pomp unfold,
And bid their temples flame with fretted gold;
Let Western taste with milder beauty shine;
Majestic Matron! higher claims are thine!
Thy lone dominions rise, in every part,
Beyond the labour'd littleness of Art:—

Tall mountains, dipt in heaven's ethereal blue,
Whose stately summits stretch beyond our view;
Primeval hills, on whose white foreheads play
The lunar light, and glittering beams of day;
Dark shadowy forests bending o'er the floods,
And pointed cliffs that pierce the towering woods;
And stony wastes, where nodding hollies grow,
Moss dangling high, and junipers below;
And oaks depending from their heights sublime,
Whose blasted honours mark the course of time.
Thus round thy bowers, while matchless wonders stand,
Heaven adds its favours with no sparing hand;
While lucid raindrops cheer the fields below,
Athwart thy vale she rears her shining bow,
Or pours her sunbeams down thy glittering steeps,
Or throws her lustre o'er the trembling deeps;
While dimly seen, thy solemn mountains tower,
Hung with the weeping-willows of a shower.
  Steep are thy hills, and o'er their foreheads high
Appears by day a narrow-vaulted sky;
By night a starry canopy is seen,
Shot like an arch the mountain-tops between.
And when to rest the summer suns retire,
They seem to set the mountain-tops on fire;
The transient blaze illumes their summits hoar—
A moment, and the brilliant light is o'er.
  Nor less sublime, when the clear winter nights
Have kindled at the pole their northern lights.
Scarce seen, at first, the feeble splendours rise;
But gaining on the centre of the skies,

They form a lofty dome with banners spread,
That wave with gold, with purple, green, and red;
While glittering spears, by unseen armies driven,
Flash, dart, and combat through the vault of heaven.
  Oft on thy tranquil vale and summer skies,
Thou seest aloft the gathering storm arise;
Unmoved thou mark'st its progress through the air,
While frighted flocks to sheltering walls repair.
Now breaks the surge on thy indented shores,
Down the deep valley the black tempest roars;
The maddening torrent foams the cliffs between,
And raging forests fight amid the scene.
  More dreadful still, when through the livid air
With silent haste the rapid lightnings glare;
On wings of fire they speed their course afar,
To rouse the slumbering elements to war.
Now unseen hosts, embattled on the steeps,
Launch their loud thunders o'er the shuddering deeps;
Opposing hills return the volleying sound,
The caves rebellow and the cliffs rebound;
Wood, rocks, and mountains mingle in the fray,
And ancient Chaos hopes again her prey.
  Another hue this Alpine scene unfolds,
When Winter here his iron sceptre holds—
Enslaves the fountains, binds in chains the floods,
And hangs with pendent icicles the woods;
While, towering o'er the dread abyss below,
Ascends the lofty pyramid of snow.
  Through the long evening, cowering o'er the fire,
The cottage children listen to their sire,

Who now relates adventures odd and old,
That in his youth to him his father told.
Thus many a wild and interesting tale
Is chronicled within the lonely vale.
A stranger once, as ancient story goes,
By night came wandering down the mountain snows.
The moon was dark, and lonely was the way,
No cottage window lent its kindly ray;
No village cur a watchful guardian stood,
To bay the prowler in the neighbouring wood.
So on he journey'd through the fields below,
Clad in their wintry robes of new-fall'n snow,
Till in his course a level plain he found,
That far among aspiring mountains wound.
The sheeted mountains, through the gloom of night,
Like shapeless spectres awful rose in white;
While o'er their heads a solitary star
Peep'd frequent from the sombre clouds afar.
Speechless and cold, all dismal to his eye,
In her white shroud he saw Creation lie.
His faithful steed made signs of inward fear,
Fill'd with a sense of hidden danger near;
Yet still he rode, and rode, and rode along,
With silent speed the snowy hills among.
While hurrying onward in a course unknown,
Benighted, weary, desolate, alone,
The surface trembles, and a hollow sound
Rose from below, and fill'd the regions round.
The stranger started now in wild surprise;
But soon the sound among the mountains dies.

Still inly pondering where his course might end,
He wistful saw the barrier hills ascend,
And asks his eyes, if now, what mountains seem,
Be not the effort of a dubious dream?
At length with joy the village-clock he hears,
And the dim dawn on Eastern hills appears;
The fire is shining through the cottage pane,
He hears the sound of human voice again;
Of kitchen hearth he feels the temperate glow,
Recounts his long, long progress through the snow:
On Lengthen'd Plain, by night still lengthen'd more,
He loves to dwell, and tell its wonders o'er.

The generous host attentive heard his guest,
And thus replied:—"Now, stranger, take thy rest!
How kind is Heaven! Did hapless mortals view
The dangers near, what misery would ensue?
Sable and deep, beneath the vale of snow,
Of ancient Ullse the mighty waters flow,
Whose fatal springs dissolve the frozen plain,
Where he who sinks must never rise again!"—
The stranger listen'd, trembling and aghast,
And died in terror of the dangers past.

With eyes of poesy and breasts of flame,
Here Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, and Coleridge came.
Touch'd with these scenes, the living minstrels strung
Their various lyres, and by your caverns sung!
With silent wonder from their rocky towers,
The mountain virgins lean'd and heard the tuneful powers.

To these lone regions came melodious Gray:
Here wander'd Burke familiar on his way,—
Left stormy scenes of public life behind,
To add fresh treasures to his copious mind:
He saw the landscape savage, sweet, or wild,
Rocks piled on rocks, on mountains mountains piled;
With kindly views he sought the peasant's cot,
Broke bread with shepherds,* and enjoy'd his lot.
When public duty call'd him from the plain,
And senates saw him in their turn again,
The heights of eloquence his genius found,—
He looked as from Helvellyn's steeps around,
On Heaven and earth;—his splendid figures brought
From Nature's works, and the rich mines of thought.
In British hearts he touch'd the springs of woe,
Till sighs broke forth and tears began to flow:
His port was noble, yet his heart was kind,
His mind a chieftain in the ranks of mind!
Here Wilberforce from listening senates came,
His bosom glowing with a holy flame.
He viewed a quarter of this goodly earth
Cradled in chains the moment of their birth;

* Some years afterwards the writer had the satisfaction of breakfasting with Edmund Burke, at his house in London, when his recollection of these scenes was accurate and strong; and so true was the circumstance of his breaking bread by our Lake, that alighting at a cottage, he found an old woman baking oat-bread,—he immediately joined her in her employment, baked his cake also, and ate it afterwards.

From bad to worse he saw a people hurl'd,
The tortured slaves of an unfeeling world.—
With views like these he entertained the plan
To raise th' unequal scale of suffering man.
Conviction heard his voice, and Britain rose
A host of partners in the righteous cause.
Go, Wilberforce! assist the labouring state,
Where British wisdom leads the high debate!
Perform thy part;—then far, in mountains rude,
Come to the pure delights of solitude!
  Here indefatigable Clarkson stay'd
His weary foot, and slept in Enismere's shade.
For wrong'd humanity long toils he bore,
Sought slumbering Truth around from shore to shore;
Brought such a scene of wickedness to light,
Astonish'd England shudder'd at the sight.—
Though here awhile he found a place of rest,
Sad Afric's woes still linger'd in his breast:
Yet, as he took his solitary rounds,
The mountain breezes soothed his inward wounds.
  And last, to remedy the crying wrong,
With propositions vigorous and strong
Brougham moved the Senate, that a Briton found
Dragging for sale his fellow-creature bound,
The odious being should at once be hurl'd
To till the furthest confines of the world.
The ready Senate ratified each clause:—
Thus Britain gains new triumphs by her laws!
  Through these lone wilds with female worth I 've
    stray'd,
With virtuous mother, or with studious maid.—

Here modest Smith in blest retirement dwelt.
Though pious, she the charms of Nature felt :—
In these green vales she was a lovely light
Around our dwellings, innocently bright !
Divine compassion ever dwelt on high ;
Descending now, it warms the breast of Fry !
She feels its influence through her lowly mind ;
She seeks in love the lowest of her kind ;
She opes the prison-doors to yield relief,
And soothe the wretched family of grief !
She speaks in peace the audience of woe,—
Vice hangs its head, and tears begin to flow :
Despair is tender'd ere she comes away,
And scowling blasphemy is heard to pray.—
The scene how changed from the felon's den,
To where the cottage smokes in greenwood glen !
To where the beetling rocks of Styb'rough join
The solitary valley of Glencoyn !
To where Glenridding's thousand roses blow,
Around the mountain base, its summit crown'd with snow !*
All-welcome strangers ! wheresoe'er your home,
If scenes like ours allure you forth to roam.
Nature for you unfolds her countless stores,
From the high cliff the endless cataract roars,
The headlong Arey thunders from on high,
And rears for you her rainbow in the sky,

* It is not very unusual to see snow remaining on Helvellyn while roses blow in the valley beneath.

Shakes her deep woodland dell with ceaseless fray,
Then steals by Lyulph's Tower unseen away.
Come, generous strangers! (while, at leisure laid,
I muse unheeded in the hawthorn shade,)
Ascend our mountains, penetrate our woods,
Explore our valleys, navigate our floods,
Suggest improvements to the listening hind,—
But, oh! in morals leave no taint behind!
And you, dear maids! the Muse's tender care,
If led by taste you to these steeps repair,
With cautious valour up the mountain wind,
And look by turns on all you leave behind!
Hill above hill surmounting as you rise,
Pursue your journey gaining on the skies,
Till on the extremest mountain-point you stand,
And seem to see a world at your command!—
But you must yet descend, adventurous fair!
Oh! then, of rock, and bog, and fog beware;
Restrain your downward speed—you are not deer;—
E'en they and you might use a wholesome fear.
A gallant stag, the favourite of his race,
On Gowb'rough's heights would lead the playful chase—
The rocks his terrace,—and with many a bound
From cliff to cliff he gaily gambol'd round:
Now to the summit of the steep he goes,—
Like arms of wither'd oak his antlers rose;
Now down the rugged hills he bursts amain,
Nor woods nor mountain-streams his speed detain.
He rushes on, till from a dell profound,
Buried in shade, he heard a rumbling sound:

He pierced the gloom, and, piteous to relate,
Down the tremendous Arey met his fate!
Low on her rocks the beauteous victim lay,
And long she laved him with her silver spray!
But most of all delusive vapours dread,
Curling their white locks round the mountain's head.
When roll the mists on high, oh! stay below,
Lest o'er the dreadful precipice you go!
When Gough look'd upward from sweet Patterdale,
He saw the clouds round high Helvellyn sail;
To the blue lake he saw the Goldrill wind,
But left the Goldrill and the lake behind.
His dog (a true companion day by day)
Thro' fern, thro' heath, thro' rushes, led the way.
The sun smiled sweetly through the opening cloud
On the green mountain, and the lark sang loud.
Above the rock's stupendous height he rose—
Around his head the rolling vapours close.
Of giant size each shapeless object grew,
Nor up from down, nor right from left he knew:
Bewildering mists confound his doubtful way;
He stands—he staggers on in deep dismay,
Till headlong o'er the fearful steep he pass'd,
And falling many a fathom, breathed his last!—
His faithful dog pursued him as he fell,
Paced round his lord with many a mournful yell;
Then at his feet his weary head he laid,
Moan'd in his sleep, and till the morning stay'd.
Thus passed the nights:—and when the rosy dawn
On Swirril's rocks and Striden's horrors shone,

To his dead lord the faithful servant crept,
Pull'd his damp robe, and wonder'd why he slept;
Or with loud barkings hurried round and round—
Alas! his master 'woke not at the sound.
Thus night by night he watch'd, and day by day,
Till all his former lord dissolved away.
Yet still the same:—for many a month gone by,
By his bleach'd bones the loyal dog would lie;
And he would tarry wistful and forlorn,
Beside the coat by his loved master worn.—
What wonderous power this faithful dog possess'd!
Say, could it enter his half-human breast,
That while his bones were scatter'd on the ground,
His master's mournful spirit hover'd round?
Or could he think, his homely garments near,
His lord would rising from the heath appear;
And dress'd again, o'er mountains take his way,
Marking with kind encouragement his play?
The moon had thrice revolved through the sky,
When a lone shepherd heard a wailful cry,
Far in Helvellyn:—following the sound,
The dog, the robes, the owner's name were found.
His scattered bones a train of shepherds brought
Down the steep mountain, and the valley sought;—
By Ladybeck his light remains we bore,*
Dug his sepulchre on her peaceful shore,

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* I attended the interment of the remains of this poor young man, when they appeared so light that it would not have been difficult to have borne them to the grave under one's arm.

And low in earth his gather'd relics laid,
Where weeps o'er many a grave the lime-tree shade.
On yon proud hill * of old the torch of war
Was seen, a signal blazing wide and far.
Accustom'd to alarms, the people rose
With fiery speed to combat with their foes.—
These feuds are past, these angry feelings cease;
O'er this green valley spread the wings of Peace:
The public mind is turned to milder cares;
The husbandman the yielding soil prepares;
Or on the evening of that holy day
For toil to rest and piety to pray,
He with his mate among the cattle roves,
Through open pastures and retiring groves.
Thus happy Jacob with his Rachel stray'd
In Haran, and their feeding flocks survey'd.
Hail, wedded pair! with feelings of delight
I follow you who arm in arm unite.—
But, ah! I 've known, when early joys are o'er,
The wedded pair walk arm in arm no more!
And yet I 've seen, when health and strength were past,
Attentions kind shine brighter to the last!
This is the silver cord that virtue binds,—
The power of love—the union of minds.
Where bluish smoke from tufts of wood aspires,
The dame is kindling up her cottage fires.
With ready foot she hurries o'er the floor,
At the loud rap of stranger at the door;

* Penrith Beacon Hill.

Now spreads her board with hospitable grace,
Joy in her words and gladness in her face;
Then from th' adjoining field she calls her lord,
While mantling pleasure crowns the cottage board.
And yet the scene is not exempt from woe:
We can't forget the heart that aches below;
That mourns with many a tear the long-lost son,
The buried wife, or beauteous maid undone;
The pang of toiling,—innocent distress,
That finds, do what it can, its little less!
You, who the brilliant scenes of cities fire,
You who to lonely solitude retire!
Come climb with me:—the pointed summit won,
Then let us lead the terrace of the sun,
The surface smoothe, in gently-waving line,
And scatter on its verge the mountain-pine.
The work complete, then you who dwell below
May join on high the maid of rosy glow,
Sweet smiling Health! as innocent as fair,
And find her favours worthy of your care.
With culture gay yon Southern fields behold,
Where rung the Muses' silver harps of old.
'Twas there a Langhorn's verse began to flow,
That sang so sweet of hapless Owen's woe!
'Twas there, great Addison! thy fathers stray'd,
And still thy kindred flourish in the shade.
Pure moralist! thy animated page
Was form'd to please, to teach, to mend the age:
The Muse, the valley, glory in the plea,
E'en to prefer a distant claim to thee.

Where lights the sun on yon far-distant fane,
There Carlisle listen'd to her Percy's* strain,—
Bard of the simple lay and ancient lyre,
Who fann'd in my young breast the Muse's fire.—
Hail, gentle race! when Time has swept away
The names of men distinguish'd in their day,—
Men who with loftier port once strode along,—
Eyes yet unopen'd shall peruse your song,
And bathe your leaves with tears,—a tribute meet
To mental worth—affectionate and sweet!

High in the East, see purple mountains rise;
Far North, a shower hangs waving in the skies;
And where behind remotest hills ascend,
Their milk-white flocks the Caledonians tend:—
A hardy race, inured to want and cold,
On barren hills their stormy seats they hold;
Wrapt in their plaids, in open air they lie,
And count the stars till sleep withdraws the sky.

Round this sweet vale what barrier mountains rise!
From where the dayspring opens in the skies,
To where the sun descending sinks to rest
Amid the glories of the golden West!
Here broad majestic Crossfell heaves on high
A wall immense that seems to bear the sky;
There lofty Skiddaw, rising from afar,
Sustains the shock of elemental war:
Around his head the rapid lightnings play,
While down his sides the thunder rolls away!

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* Doctor Percy, Dean of Carlisle, afterwards Bishop of Dromore.

But chief of Cumbrian hills, Blencathra* rears
His forky crown, associate with the spheres.
A thousand flocks his purple sides adorn;
Green meadows at his feet, and fields of ripen'd corn.
Here marble gulphs yawn hideous on the sight,
Where wintry tempests bellow through the night:
There herbage climbs the precipice's head,—
Herbage where never mountain-browser fed!
Here clouds, the beauteous rock-work of the sky,
In towers of silver meet the wondering eye;
While their deep shadows seem from Heaven to show
Tremendous caverns to the world below!
There the vast fragment on the mountain-side
Reclines as if its fetters were untied,
And waited but the hand to launch amain,
Bound from the steep, and plough the smoking plain!
It moves;—but slowly is its course begun,
As loath to quit these regions of the sun:
Then, irritated by the rough descent,
It spurns the cliffs, in headlong fury bent:—
And now it springs and darts, and bounds and flies,
And tears the earth, and fills with dust the skies;
Now stalks with weary step,—now bursts amain,
And draws the shiver'd mountain in its train!
The trembling flocks in consternation fly
Before the rude rock thundering from on high:

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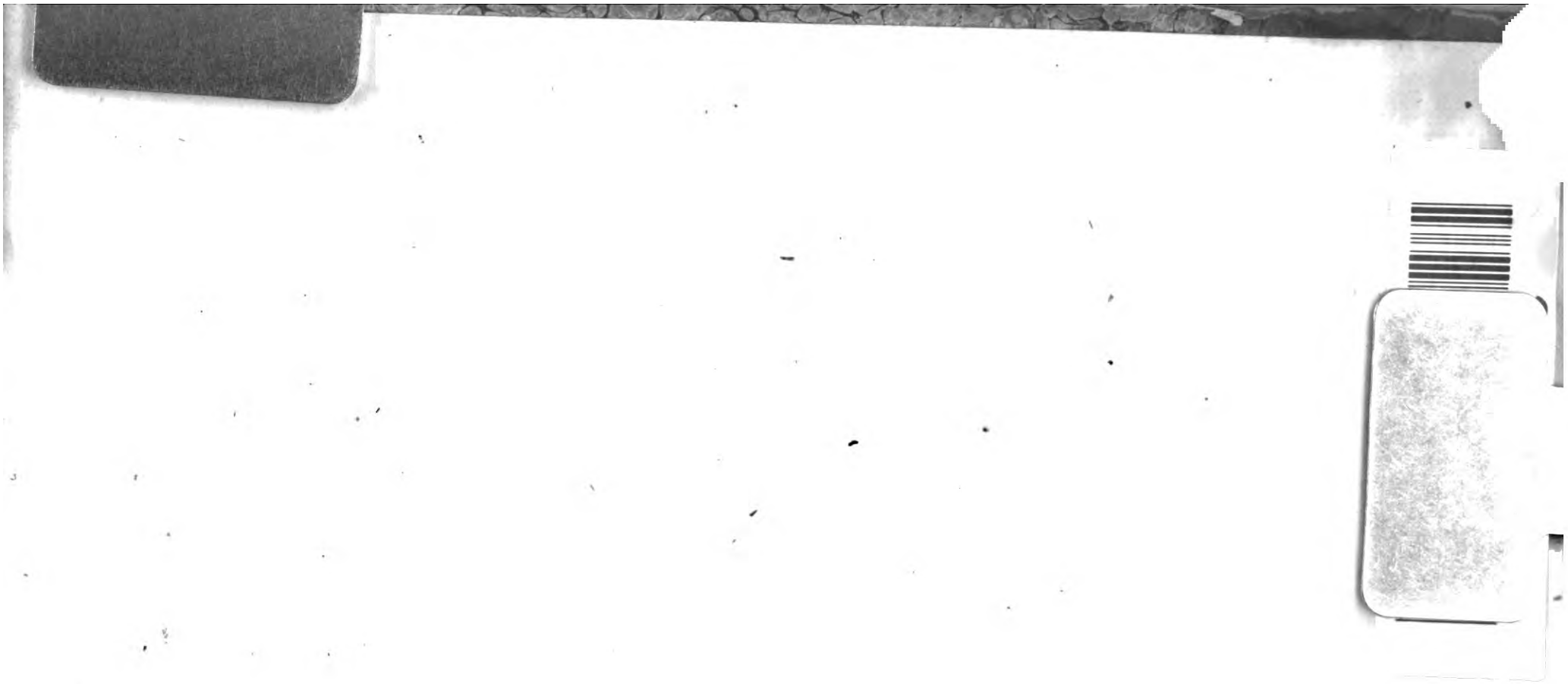
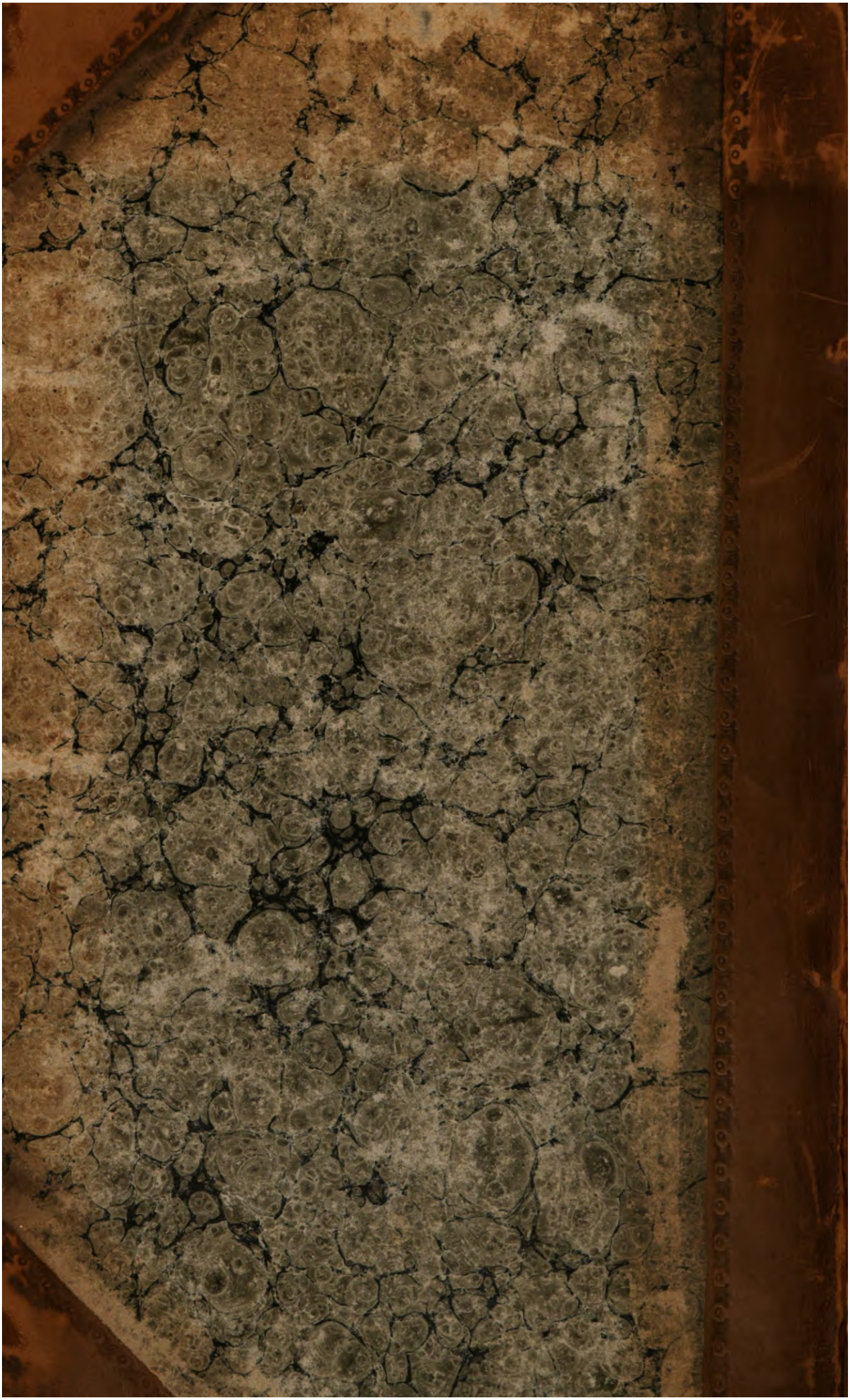
* The ancient name of Saddleback: not higher than Skiddaw, but it has more of terrific grandeur.

At length it plunges in the gulf profound,
And all the marble caverns groan around!
  From airy heights, now down the mountain-breast
I seek the lowly vale—the place of rest:—
That quiet spot in Yanwath have I found,
E'en while the moral storms were gathering round.
Dear village! while thy peaceful scenes I see,
I think of what I daily owe to thee!
Soft smiling farms, with woods encircled fair!
Sweet sunny fields, of many a hind the care!
Oft have thy friendly roofs indulgent spread
Amid the storm a shelter for my head;
Oft, when the year in all its rigours frown'd,
Thy flocks came clustering, and protection found;
Oft, when mild Summer chased the storms away,
The landscape smiled, the fields again were gay.
Oft, when the sun return'd with kindly rains,
I sought thy meadows, or I trod thy plains;
Oft in thy shady solitudes reclined,
Through thy tall trees I heard the passing wind!
  At even-tide how lovely is the scene,
To see thy ruddy children spread the green,
Like lambs disporting on the flowery soil,—
A pleasing solace to their father's toil!
E'en while I write, the evening cry ascends,
And wildly o'er the dusky plain extends.
The happy parents long defer the call,
Till on the sportive group the shadows fall.
Ah! how unwelcome comes the close of day
To those whose greatest happiness is play!

Such scenes as these, dear village, long be thine!
And long, as life, to taste such scenes be mine!
From sire to son, long may thy fields descend,
And Virtue's shield thy blameless maids defend!
And thou, Content, fair daughter of the sky!
Descend, a smiling seraph from on high!
Soften the hand of Toil (for toils I share),
And smoothe the forehead of expedient Care!
Teach me that surer happiness we find
In the small circle of a tranquil mind,
Than the wide range for pleasure and for power,
Whose dazzling charms oft pall within the hour!
Teach me, Immortal Power, who dwellst on high,
And rulest o'er men and angels, earth and sky!
That sordid cares arrest our course below,
Or dash our vessels on the rocks of woe:
That piety, and purity, and love,
Begun below, will reach the blest above!
There every throb of sorrow will be o'er,
And peace will dwell with man for evermore!
Teach me with humble confidence to bear
The weight of life allotted me while here.
Ah, sure the pressure lightens, when I see
As if the earth and heavens were spread for me!
Amid th' autumnal landscape I behold
The golden harvests and the groves of gold;
Refulgent clouds the azure arch adorn,
The crimson evening and the brilliant morn.
But while from hence I view the earth and skies,
Far in the soul a nobler prospect lies,—

Which Paul and John in raptured vision saw
In Heaven's high courts, where seraph ardours glow,—
Where holy strains from hallow'd lips ascend,
And angel-forms in shining robes attend
The dear Messiah, and the dread Most High,
Among the bright pavilions of the sky,—
Where Goodness—Glory—Happiness sublime—
Too wide for Nature, and too long for Time,—
Too vast for Thought—for human powers to tell,—
Yet there at last the innocent will dwell!
Oh! happy prospects of immortal bliss!—
Rich the exchange,—e'en for a world like this!

THE END.

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