ENGLISH TRAVEL LITERATURE IN THE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

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June 1938.

Fellowship awarded 1st July 1938.
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THE NATURE AND IMPORTANCE OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
TRAVEL LITERATURE.

The literature of travel in the eighteenth century is an uncharted ocean which seems to have repelled explorers by its very vastness and by the ungenial climate which is thought to prevail in the latitudes wherein it lies. Yet this literature, which is so forbidding to the modern reader, enjoyed such popularity in its own day that Shaftesbury, writing in 1710, could speak of Travels as "the chief materials to furnish out a library", and declare that "these are in our present days what books of chivalry were in our forefathers". His statement is literally true; during the later years of the 17th century and throughout the 18th century, books of travel poured from the press; and it would seem that the native accounts of actual voyages were not sufficient to satisfy the public demand, for translations of foreign works appeared in prodigous numbers.

No comprehensive study of this voluminous
literature has yet been undertaken; but it is of value to the student of the 18th century to examine these books of travel, not only in order to discover their literary qualities but to determine the relation between them and the ideas of the age which produced and read them. It is perhaps the very closeness of that relation which makes these books unattractive to-day. In almost all other ages travel has been regarded as a romantic adventure, and the excitement of strange happenings or thrilling escapades in unknown lands fills all the travel books which have won and kept a hold over the imagination of men, from the wanderings of Ulysses to the Diary of Captain Scott. But the period from 1660 to 1800 evolved a type of travel literature well adapted to its own needs and well suited to its own tastes, but rather unattractive to an age which has lost the tastes, and believes itself to have outgrown the needs, of the 18th century.

From the Travels of the later 16th century there descends to the 18th century travel-writers a tradition of simplicity in diction and style; but the simplicity of the writers in Hakluyt is not the simplicity of Dampier or Woodes Rogers. As Professor Livingstone Lowes has pointed out, the style of the Elizabethan voyagers owes its vigorous and picturesque qualities
to the simple language which they use to describe things that to them were marvellous. Their utterance is direct and forcible, and in describing their encounters with savages, their adventures among the ice or in tropical lands, and all their hazardous exploits, they use the racy idiom of everyday speech as unaffectedly as when recording the daily routine of their calling. The result is a style of extraordinary brevity, vigour, simplicity and poetic suggestiveness, a style which can liken the strange to the familiar in a manner almost Homeric. "The 'great exhalation or whirlewinde of smoke,' from a Mexican volcano 'ascends directly up like to the shot of a crosse-bow', and the venomous serpents of the Congo 'carrie upon the tippe of their tayle a certaine little roundell like a bell, which ringeth as they go'." Thus these voyagers, as Professor Lowes says "clothe the very stuff and substance of romance in the homely, direct, and everyday terms of plain matter of fact".

This tradition of stylistic simplicity descends to the 18th century, but with this important difference, that whereas the Elizabethan voyager had been content to record impressions, his successor in the 18th century strove to discover exact fact and record it without any imaginative adornment. The explanation
of this change is simple: a new role had been thrust upon the mariner; and the age which had seen "a mortal man unfold all nature's law" and which conceived the universe as a vast mechanism regulated by laws discoverable by the human intellect, exalted the traveller to a new station. The Royal Society issued a set of Directions for Seamen, bound on far voyages, in which it placed the aims of the Society in their most favourable light and urged seamen to keep the most exact and detailed records of all natural phenomena observed during their voyages. By every possible means of advice and patronage, the Society persuaded travellers to co-operate in building up "a solid and useful philosophy" and, in addition to the general directions already mentioned, it issued a list of "Heads for a Natural History of a Country, great or small", which Boyle had compiled. Let us look at some of the duties which the Society urged mariners to perform.

(1) To observe the declaration of the compass or its variation from the meridian of the place, frequently; marking withal, the **Latitude** and **Longitude** of the place, wherever such Observation is made, as exactly as may be, and setting down the Method, by which they made them.

(2) To carry **Dipping Needles** with them, and observe the inclination of the Needle in like manner.

(3) To remark carefully the Ebbings and Flowings of the sea, in as many places as they can, together with all the Accidents, **Ordinary** and **Extraordinary**, of the Tides....
5.

(4) To make Plotts and Draughts of prospect of Coasts, Promontories, Islands and Ports, marking the Bearings and Distances, as near as they can.

(5) To sound and marke the Depths of Coasts and Ports....

(6) To take notice of the Nature of the Ground at the bottom of the Sea, in all Soundings, whether it be Clay, Sand, Rock, &c.

(7) To keep a Register of all changes of Wind and Weather at all hours, by night and by day, shewing the point the Wind blows from, whether strong or weak; the Rain, Hail, Snow and the like, the precise times of their beginnings and continuance, especially Hurricanes and Spouts; but above all to take exact care to observe the Trade-Winds (sic) ... as near and exact as may be.

(8) To observe and record all Extraordinary Meteors, Lightnings, Thunders, Ignes fatui, Comets, &c. marking still the places and times of their appearing, continuance, &c.

(9) To carry with them good Scales, and Glasse-Violls of a pint or so, with very narrow mouths, which are to be fill'd with Sea-water in different degrees of Latitude, as often as they please, and the weight of the Vial full of water taken exactly at every time, and recorded, marking withall the degree of Latitude, and the day of the Month: And that as well of water near the Top; as at a greater Depth.

There is no doubt that many of the voyagers of the late 17th and early 18th centuries took their new duties very seriously, and it was not only men like Ovington and Wheler who conformed to the new requirements, but buccanneers like Dampier and Woodes Rogers as well. When some members of the public reproached Dampier with dryness, he replied to his critics in these words:
"It has been objected against me by some, that my Accounts and Descriptions of Things are dry and jejune, not filled with variety of pleasant Matter, to divert and gratify the curious reader. How far this is true, I must leave to the World to judge, but if I have been exactly and strictly careful to give only True Relations and Descriptions of Things (as I am sure I have); and if my Descriptions be such as may be of use not only to myself (which I have already in good measure experienced) but also to others on future Voyages; and likewise to such Readers at home as are more desirous of a Plain and Just Account of the true Nature and State of the Things, than of a Polite and Rhetorical Narrative; I hope all the Defects in my Stile, will meet with an easy and ready Pardon."

Woodes Rogers was even more downright in rebuking those who wanted 'romantic incidents' to supplement the story of Alexander Selkirk which he had given them:

"In the first volume there is mention made of one Alexander Selkirk.... who being left on the Island John Fernandes continu'd there four Years and four Months, without any human Society. That short Hint rais'd Curiosity of some persons to expect a more particular Relation of his Manner of living in that tedious

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A Voyage to New Holland in the Year 1699.
Solitude. It would be no difficult Matter to embellish a Narrative with many Romantick incidents to please the unthinking Part of Mankind, who swallow every Thing an Artful Writer thinks fit to impose upon their Credulity, without any regard to Truth or Probability. The Judicious are not taken with such Trifles; their End in Reading is Information; and they easily distinguish between Reality and Fiction. We shall therefore give the Reader as much as may satisfy a reasonable Curiosity concerning this Man, without deviating into Invention."

Thus the voyager became a scientist and his descriptions become clear-eyed, objective, unprejudiced and devoid of personal bias. But the voyagers of the early 18th century did not only regulate the content of their narratives according to the requirements of the Royal Society's Directions; they modelled their style on the famous formula of Thomas Sprat, which condemned "a glorious Pomp of Words" and commended "a close, naked, natural way of Speaking; positive Expressions, clear Senses; a native Easiness; bringing all Things as near the mathematical Plainness as they can".

Thus among the influences which determined the

A Voyage to the South Sea, and round the World, 1712.
the content and regulated the style of the 18th century travel books, the ideals of the Virtuosi must be given an important place, and it is precisely the scientific element in those books which accounts not only for the neglect they now suffer but also for the esteem in which they were formerly held. The travel-book ceased to be a collection of marvels, and became a chief source of valuable information, a repository of experimental knowledge. We shall see later what use that knowledge was put to by thinkers in different fields of speculation, and how the travellers themselves reflect the changes of outlook which took place during the period under review.

Although these ideals, intellectual and stylistic, pervade most branches of early 18th century travel literature, there are considerable differences in style and emphasis between the various genres which were popular at the time; and as the most instructive survey is one which traces the changes of thought during the whole period under examination, only one or two departments of that voluminous literature will be reviewed here.

The importance attached to the far-voyager by the Royal Society, whose writ runs throughout the whole period, points to the work of the circumnavigators as a vitally important branch of 18th century travel
literature. The writings of these men appealed to the interest in the natural sciences which had become general among cultivated readers.

On the other hand, the political, social, and historical interests of the age found satisfaction in the works of travellers who described minutely the life and customs of countries nearer home, where institutions were not so utterly strange as to preclude comparisons useful to the Englishman and often flattering to his vanity. Occasionally, indeed, "they order the matter better in France"; but the Sentimental Journey is a book sui generis. The most intimate and convincing of these travels of social interest are the accounts of tours in Great Britain itself; and those which describe journeys in Scotland are of outstanding importance because of the great literary men who are numbered among their writers, and because it is in these Tours that the growth of the romantic spirit can best be traced.

Finally, from the writings of the aristocratic and cultured travellers who made the Grand Tour in Europe, we may obtain a picture of polite and courtly life, an understanding of the polished dillettantism of the fashionable world, and an insight into the educational ideals of the period.
10.

Thus we are directed to the Voyages of the Circumnavigators, the Journeys in Scotland, and the literature of the Grand Tour as to the three branches of 18th century travel literature in which we may best study the nature and development of the most important and characteristic ideas of the age.
THE VOYAGES OF THE CIRCUMNAVIGATORS.

THE BUCCANEERS.

The first circumnavigators whose Voyages fall to be considered in a survey of 18th century travel literature were all buccaneers, that is to say they belonged to that class of piratical adventurers of different nationalities who were united only in their opposition to Spain, whom they regarded as the common enemy. During the earlier part of the 17th century the English adventurers who had for some time made a hazardous living in the West Indian seas had been by turns sailors, hunters, and even planters. Later they branched out into open piracy, and after the capture of Jamaica by Penn and Venables, in 1655, they established their headquarters there, countenanced by the English Governor in return for assistance in repulsing the Spanish attempts to recapture the island in 1657 and 1658. Thereafter the power of this mercenary navy grew until it was not only a terror to Spain but a danger to England. Organised into some loose discipline by Morgan, they defied all attempts to suppress them, including that of the English Government, which made a Treaty with Spain and withdrew their commissions. Morgan's defection at the very
moment when his greatest successes had aroused the jealousy of his followers changed the whole situation, for Morgan, knighted and respectable, and Governor of Jamaica, was vigilant, vigorous and severe in suppressing the trade by which he himself had prospered. He hanged so many of his old comrades that buccaneering began to wane; other causes, well known to the student of the period, led to the gradual extinction of the buccaneers as a class; and by 1715 buccaneering had degenerated into petty piracy.

As we have seen, the most important accounts of distant travel which were published in the early 18th century, were written by certain of these buccaneers: and these Voyages are so unlike any other travel books in our literature that it will be well to examine one typical example of the kind in some detail. In doing this we shall be able to study both the subjects and the style of these writers, for although each has his own idiosyncrasies, each has also many traits in common with the others. This general uniformity of style reinforces the impression of continuity which arises from the frequent appearance in one venture of persons whom we have seen figuring in others. Thus Dampier went with Woodes Rogers as pilot, whilst Clipperton, who superseded Shelvocke in chief command, was the
runaway mate of Dampier's voyage in 1707, and Shelvocke's mutinous mate, Hatley, was with Dampier.

Thus the writings of Dampier and his associates form a group of related narratives, but the fame of Dampier's own voyages is neither accidental nor unmerited; it is the barely just reward of their unquestionable literary preeminence, of the enduring interest of the strange personality which they reflect, and of the valuable new knowledge which they revealed. These Voyages have an extraordinary variety of interest, historical, scientific and literary; but the modern reader may be excused for regarding them chiefly as true tales of adventure. When events exciting or romantic in themselves are presented with the literary art of Defoe or Stevenson, the cultivated adult is given a double pleasure; but Dampier at his best is as vivid and convincing as the journalist who learned so much from him, and if Defoe can lie like the truth Dampier can do something quite as difficult: he can give to fact the significance and vitality of art. Perhaps no other Englishman who lived so adventurous a life ever possessed such power of convincing and circumstantial narrative, and to read Dampier is to live with the buccaneers, to share in their hardships and dangers, to take part in their exploits, and yet withal
to look at the little known lands that they visited with finer senses than theirs. For although, as we have seen, most of these pirate authors were also scientists, quick to observe and to record, there is a breadth in Dampier's interests and a delicacy in his observations which are exceptional. The sensitive Coleridge detected in him "an exquisite refinement" and this is particularly noticeable in his remarks on animals and plants. One must agree with Mr Masefield that "Dampier's work has this supreme merit, that it surveys the lesser kingdoms with a calm, equable, untroubled and delighted vision." But Dampier is an enigma, for this exquisitely refined and detached observer of nature, this sailor with the gift of elegant yet virile writing, was a commander who was convicted by Court Martial in 1701 on a charge of "hard and cruel usage" towards one of his officers, a buccaneer whose name was a terror to the Spanish Main. Since our knowledge of Dampier must be gathered from his own works and from the often conflicting statements of his associates, there is much difference of opinion concerning his character and motives; every reader must read between the lines, and agreement is not to be expected. Yet it is generally recognised that Dampier lacked certain qualities which are necessary in a
commander. The buccaneering expeditions were loosely organised, the limits of authority ill-defined, changes in command were frequent and mutiny not uncommon; and Dampier, lacking Woodes Rogers's exceptional power of handling men, was not enough of a disciplinarian to impose by force of personality a control which he could not achieve by tact. In difficulties he resorted to violence of language, to threats and bluster, to all the usual refuges of the weak man.

But Dampier was not a weak man, and he does not as a swashbuckler seem to have impressed others. Pepys, in his old age and retirement, paid him the compliment of inviting him to dinner to meet Evelyn; and that gentlemanly and fastidious diarist records that Dampier "seemed a more modest man than one would imagine by relation of the crew he had assorted with". The contradiction between this natural modesty of Dampier's, obvious in all his writings, and certain statements of hostile associates, has led to varying theories about his true character. Sir Albert Gray, in the admirable introduction to the Argonaut Press edition of "A New Voyage Round The World" contends that Dampier never really shared the spirit and ambition of the buccaneers, that he was too much of a gentleman to seek advancement in their lawless trade. Mr Clennell Wilkinson accepts this view, but amplifies it, believing that the apparent
contradictions in Dampier's character are not the result of "the mere accident of a quiet intellectual young fellow finding himself with the buccaneers," but arise rather from the conflict between Dampier's own desire for travel and exploration and the aims and methods of the associates whose life, in pursuit of his own ambitions, he deliberately chose to share.

Without romanticising Dampier, or turning him into a Tennysonian Ulysses, one must note how often he shows the true temper of the explorer. He tells us that he joined the buccaneers "more to indulge my curiosity than to get wealth"; he parted with Davis in 1685 "not from any dislike of my old captain, but to get some knowledge of the northern parts of this continent of Mexico", and also because Swan, whom he then joined, intended to cross the Pacific and visit the East Indies, "which was always very agreeable to my inclinations". His association with Swan terminated, as we shall see, in rather questionable circumstances; but again Dampier accounts creditably, and I think credibly, for his action; "knowing that the further we went the more knowledge and experience I should get, which was the main thing I regarded". The plea might be considered a mere excuse for desertion, if Dampier's writings did not bear such constant witness to his
insatiable curiosity.

Dampier had not in any marked degree the special gifts of the great explorer; but it seems unfair to deny him the explorer's inspiration, and that in a measure which enabled him to make most important discoveries in the geography and hydrography of the Pacific and to anticipate the achievements of Cook himself. The precision of his observations and the value of his charts and soundings were admitted by the Admiralty, which consulted him as an expert, and have been recognised in recent times by navigators and hydrographers.

According to Admiral Burney; "It is not easy to name another voyager or traveller who has given more useful information to the world; to whom the merchant and mariner are so much indebted; or who has communicated his information in a more unembarrassed and intelligible manner." His Voyages contain also much information about the East Indian trade, the state of the "factories" and the conditions under which commerce was carried on by English, Dutch, French and Spaniards in the late 17th century; they abound in shrewd observations on the life of native people and reflect on every page Dampier's keen interest in people and things.
With his usual modesty and in accordance with his view that the most important parts of his writings are those which add to the store of new and useful knowledge, Dampier passes quickly over his own early days and the events which led him, the son of substantial Somerset farmers, into association with the buccaneers. In August 1683, Dampier was in Virginia and joined an expedition which sailed under that veteran buccaneer, Captain Cooke. They steered east-south-east to the Cape de Verd Islands, where they landed at Isola de Sal. There they acquired twenty bushels of salt, the only commodity which the place afforded, paying for their purchase in powder, shot and old clothes, all apparently acceptable to the strange little community which they found there. The population of the island consisted of four men and a boy, all the men were officials and dignitaries, and all were titled. One, a mulatto, was governor; two were captains; the remaining one a lieutenant. The boy was their only subject and servant, and he was a soldier.

After leaving Isola de Sal, they touched at three other islands in the group, and at the last of these, St Iago, they had a narrow escape. Over a point of land they caught sight from their topmast-head of a ship at anchor. She seemed to offer a tempting prize, but she proved to be a heavily armed Dutch East Indiaman,
and Cooke was lucky to be able to bear away before her fifty guns had a chance to do any damage to his smaller vessel.

Their next attempt at piracy was more successful, and in the month of December 1683, they left the Guinea Coast on their long voyage. Few incidents of it are worth mentioning, but it is interesting to note that a small island which they discovered was named by them Pepys Island, "in honour of Samuel Pepys, a great patron of seamen".

Finding the dangerous Straits of Le Maire too rough to promise safe passage, they sailed south round the east end of Staten Island, thus following the course of Captain Sharp who, in 1681, first discovered that forbidding piece of land to be an island and named it Albemarle Island. Then arose one of those terrible storms for which that region is still dreaded. For nearly three weeks it lasted, driving them far to the south and west. A sea captain of the late 17th century makes no attempt at the descriptive methods of our own day, nor has he the pen of a Masefield or a Conrad; but we are told that the storm was attended by such torrents of rain that thirty-three casks of rain water were saved and that in the intense cold, every man could bear to drink three quarts of burnt brandy in twenty-four
hours without being intoxicated.

When the storm abated, they were far to the west of the Horn, and therefore turned north. Soon after they fell in with an English ship of twenty-six guns, the "Nicholas" of London, commanded by Captain John Eaton, with whom they joined company, sailing together for Juan Fernandez. That rich and fertile island was much used as a base and as a retreat by the buccaneers, and Alexander Selkirk, of whom we shall hear later, was not the only man to be left in comparative comfort on its fairly hospitable shores. On this occasion, Cooke's party found on the island a Moskito Indian who had been accidentally left behind by Watlin, Sharp's successor, in 1680.

"This Indian lived here alone above three Years, and altho' he was several Times sought after by the Spaniards, who knew he was left on the Island, yet they could never find him. He was in the Woods, hunting for Goats, when Captain Watlin drew off his Men, and the Ship was under sail before he came back to shore. He had with him his Gun and a Knife, with a small Horn of Powder, and a few Shot; which being spent he contrived a way by notching his Knife, to saw the Barrel of his Gun into small Pieces, wherewith he made Harpoons, Lances, Hooks and a long Knife, heating the pieces first in the Fire,
which he struck with his Gun-flint, and a piece of the Barrel of his Gun, which he hardened; having learnt to do that among the English. The hot pieces of Iron he would hammer out and bend as he pleased with stones, and saw them with his jagged knife; or grind them to an edge by long labour, and harden them to a good temper as there was occasion. All this may seem strange to those that are not acquainted with the sagacity of the Indians; but it is no more than these Moskito men are accustomed to in their own country, where they make their own fishing and striking instruments, without either forge or anvil; tho' they spend a great deal of time about them."

"With such instruments as he made in that manner, he got such provision as the island afforded; either goats or fish. He told us that at first he was forced to eat seal, which is very ordinary meat, before he had made hooks: but afterwards he never killed any seals but to make lines, cutting their skins into thongs. He had a little house or hut half a mile from the sea, which was lined with goats' skin; his couch or barbecue of sticks lying along about two feet distant from the ground, was spread with the same, and was all his bedding. He had no cloaths left, having worn out those he brought from Watlin's ship, but only a skin about
his Waste. He saw our Ship the Day before we came to an Anchor, and did believe we were English, and therefore kill'd three Goats in the Morning, before we came to an Anchor, and drest them with Cabbage, to treat us when we came ashore. He came then to the Sea-side to congratulate our safe Arrival. And when we landed, a Moskito Indian, named Robin, first leap'd ashore, and running to his Brother Moskito Man, threw himself flat on his face at his feet, who helping him up, and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the Ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure to behold this surprize, and tenderness, and solemnity of this Interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both Sides; and when their Ceremonies of Civility were over, we also that stood gazing at them drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old Friends come hither, as he thought purposely to fetch him. He was named Will, as the other was Robin. These were names given them by the English, for they had no Names among themselves; and they take it as a great favour to be named by any of us; and will complain for want of it, if we do not appoint them some name when they are with us: saying of themselves they are poor Men, and have no Name."
After a fortnight's stay at Juan Fernandez, they sailed north towards the coast of Peru, in the hope of meeting the Spanish Plate Fleet. The boldness of such an undertaking on the part of two ships is characteristic of the buccaneers and the enterprise is taken as a matter of course. But they failed to find the hoped-for victims and a shortage of water and provisions induced them to attack and capture three ships laden with flour and bound for Panama. These provided them with more than they needed, and they carried their prizes to the Galapagos Islands to lay up there in safety a store of provisions for future use. It was at this time that they resolved to change their objective. From their prisoners they learned that the Spaniards all along the coast were warned of their presence in the Pacific, information which was confirmed later by their interception of a Despatch from the President of Panama. All the richest vessels would therefore remain in harbour and the buccaneers, whose circumstances and temperament alike did not incline them to patience and the tedium of a waiting game, resolved to try the other tactics favoured by their kind. They sailed to the coast of Mexico and began a series of bold raids and forays on Spanish ports and Indian and Spanish Settlements. Soon after,
while the ships were lying in the Gulf of Amapalla, a
disagreement arose between Captain Davis of the "Revenge"
and Captain Eaton of the "Nicholas". Cooke had died.
Eaton and Davis agreed to separate, Dampier remaining
with Davis on the "Revenge", while Eaton took Cowley
on board the "Nicholas" as Master. Both Dampier and
Cowley completed circumnavigations of the Globe and
recorded their voyages separately.

Left alone in the Bay of Amapalla, the "Revenge"
remained only one day before setting out for the coast
of Peru, which they reached without mishap, passing
Cape St. Francisco and coming to anchor off a small
island somewhat further south. This island, unimpor-
tant enough in itself but possibly of interest to future
navigators, is described by Dampier in a passage so
characteristic of his style and purpose, that it may be
quoted in full.

"The Island Plata, as some report, was so named
by the Spaniards, after Sir Francis Drake took the
Cacafoa, a Ship chiefly laden with Plate, which they
say he brought hither, and divided it here with his Men.
It is about four Mile long, and a Mile and half broad,
and of a good heighth. It is bounded with high steep
Cliffs clear round, only at one Place on the East-side.
The top of it is flat and even, the Soil sandy and dry:
the Trees it produceth are but small-bodied, low, and grow thin; and there are only three or four sorts of Trees, all unknown to us. I observed they were much over-grown with long Moss. There is good Grass, especially in the beginning of the Year. There is no Water on this Island but at one place on the East-side, close by the Sea; there it drills slowly down from the Rocks, where it may be received into Vessels. There was plenty of Goats, but they are now all destroyed. There is no other sort of Land-Animal that I did ever see: here are plenty of Boobies and Men of War Birds. The anchoring-Place is on the East-side, near the middle of the Island, close by the shoar, within 2 Cables length of the sandy Bay: there is about 18 or 20 Fathom good fast oazy Ground, and smooth Water; for the S.E. point of the Island shelters from the South-Winds which constantly blow here. From the S.E. point there strikes out a small shole a quarter of a Mile into the Sea, where there is commonly a great ripling or working of short Waves during all the Flood. The Tide runs pretty strong, the Flood to the South, and the Ebb to the North. There is good landing on the sandy Bay against the Anchoring-place, from whence you may go up into the Island, and at no Place besides. There are 2 or 3 high, steep, small Rocks at the S.E. point, not a Cables length
from the Island; and another much bigger at the N.E. end: it is deep water all round, but at the anchoring-place, and at the shole at the S.E. point. This Island lieth in lat. 01 d. 10 m. South. It is distant from Cape St. Lorenzo 4 or 5 Leagues, bearing from it W.S.W. and half a point westerly. At this Island are plenty of those small Sea-Turtle spoken of in my last Chapter."

This description illustrates at once the range and the limitations of Dampier's interests. The inclusion of almost every point in it is dictated by practical considerations; and it is to be remembered that, although only a few matters of special interest can be discussed here, Dampier's whole narrative is couched in this strain of detailed and circumstantial observation. Precisely the same method is used in narrating the forays of the buccaneers on the mainland, and in describing the products and commerce of every place which he visited with time to gather information. A little later, Dampier mentions "a very high mountain rising up into the clouds, like a sugar-loaf, which serves as an excellent sea-mark, there being no other like it on all this coast". This description and the bearings which Dampier gives identify the mountain as Chimborazo, and the interesting point is Dampier's failure to record the features which a modern observer
would almost certainly seize upon: the summit of Chimborazo is a cone of eternal snow; but Dampier is not trying to present a picture to the untravelled: he is concerned to describe recognizably a valuable sea-mark.

For some time the buccaneers raided the coast, doing considerable damage to the Spaniards without materially enriching themselves. It was on the first of January, 1685, that intelligence reached them which seemed to offer prospects of nobler and richer prey. They took a packet of letters in a Spanish ship bound from Panama to Lima, in which the President of Panama urged the immediate departure of the Plate Fleet from Lima; as the Armada from Spain had arrived at Porto Bello. The design which now presented itself to these bold men was to lie in wait for the Great Fleet which once in three years bore the wealth of the Peruvian mines on the first stage of its long journey to the treasury of the kings of Spain.

On this occasion the boldness of the buccaneers was foiled by the cunning of the Spaniards and Dampier and his men returned for a time to their raiding tactics. Then another scheme presented itself to them; this was to intercept one of the great galleons which was expected at Acapulco, a town famous in the history of Spanish
commerce as the port through which most of the products of the Philippines passed on their way to Spain; and Dampier, in two succinct paragraphs, explains the highly organised system of transport and communication by which this trade was carried on.

This scheme, too, met with failure, and after an expedition up the coast of South California, Dampier resolved to sail for the East Indies. Dampier dismisses the long voyage in a few sentences and the remainder of his narrative is taken up almost entirely with a description of the products, inhabitants and governments of the far Eastern Islands which he visited. Everywhere he finds something useful or curious to report; but this was Dampier's first sight of the East, and the modern reader, accustomed to a more sophisticated way of travel-writing, will be conscious of his prosaic style, his practical outlook, his indifference to the picturesque and the exotic, his seeming unawareness of any possibility of interest in the mere appearances of things and places. But we must not demand from Dampier what neither he nor his age can give us.

In the East Indies Dampier encountered adventures and misfortunes. On one occasion, with a very small band of men, he attempted a dangerous journey from
Nicobar to Sumatra in a small boat. We have already pointed out a passage in Dampier from which Defoe undoubtedly borrowed material for his narrative in "Robinson Crusoe", and the dangers which Dampier encountered on this passage call from him one of those occasional passages of moralising which Defoe followed so closely in tone and style.

"I have been in many imminent Dangers before now, some of which I have already related, but the worst of them all was but a Play-game in comparison with this. .... Other Dangers came not upon me with such a leisurely and dreadful Solemnity. A sudden Skirmish or Engagement or so was nothing when one's Blood was up, and pushed forward with eager Expectations. But here I had a lingering view of approaching Death, and little or no hopes of escaping it; and I must confess that my Courage which I had hitherto kept up failed me here; and I made very sad Reflections on my former Life, and looked back with Horrour and Detestation on Actions which before I disliked, but now I trembled at the remembrance of. I had long before this repented me of that roving Course of Life, but never with such concern as now. I did also call to mind the many miraculous Acts of God's Providence towards me in the whole Course of my Life, of which kind I believe few men have met with the like.
For all these I returned thanks in a peculiar Manner, and thus once more desired God's assistance, and composed my mind as well as I could in the hope of it, and as the event showed, I was not disappointed of my hopes."

Three years were still to elapse before Dampier reached England. He engaged himself in various services, and it was while serving as gunner at Bencoolen that he received a strange present, a half share in the ownership of a prince and his mother, who had been purchased at Mindanao by a friend of Dampier's who now handed them over to be taken to England: "He was painted all down the breast, between his shoulders behind: on his thighs mostly before; and in the form of several broad rings of bracelets round his arms and legs.... They lived in a house by themselves. I had no employment for them; but they both employed themselves. She used to make and mend their own clothes, at which she was not very expert, for they wear no clothes at Meangis, but only a cloth about their waists: and he busied himself in making a chest with four boards, and a few nails that he begged of me. It was but an ill-shaped odd thing, but he was as proud of it as if it had been the rarest piece in the world."

Thus at the end of Dampier's narrative appears the
31.

grotesque and pathetic figure of this prince of a far Eastern Island, presented to a buccaneer, and brought as a curiosity from the Philippines to die of smallpox in Oxford.

Dampier with his painted prince sailed from Bencoolen on the 25th of January 1698 in company with three other ships, and arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in the beginning of April, reaching London after an absence of twelve years and a half.

Dampier's second expedition was of a very different nature. It was fitted out by the Admiralty and organised for the purpose of searching for the Terra Australis Incognita. Here Dampier was in command of a King's ship, but although he again touched the coast of North Australia and explored the coast of the region which still bears his name, he was prevented by ill-fortune from fully anticipating the discoveries of Cook.

Their association with Dampier lends interest to the journals of several other buccaneers - Lionel Wafer, Bartholomew Sharp, Ambrose Cowley, and William Funnel. Each has its own interest but all share the less personal qualities of Dampier's style. Cowley and Funnel are less accurate than Dampier, less critical and more
credulous, the former at times verging on the style which Swift satirised incidentally in Gulliver's Travels.

Of much greater value are the Voyages of Woodes Rogers, which have a special interest as one of the chief sources of "Robinson Crusoe". A few lines will illustrate the nature of the famous narrative.

"When his powder failed, he ran down the goats by speed of foot; for his mode of living, with continual exercise of walking and running, cleared him of all gross humours, so that he could run with wonderful swiftness through the woods and up the hills and rocks, as we experienced in catching goats for us.... When his clothes were worn out, he made himself a coat and a cap of goatskins, which he stitched together with thongs of the same, cut out with his knife, using a nail by way of a needle or awl. When his knife was worn out, he made others as well as he could of some old hoops which had been left on the shore, which he beat out thin between two stones, and grinded to an edge on a smooth stone."

The literature of the buccaneers comes to an end with the narrative of Shelvoce, which was designed to buttress up his own injured reputation. Perhaps this purpose accounts for a personal quality in this
narrative which is absent from the other Voyages. He examines real and fancied motives of conduct and explains himself and his actions. It is not a particularly attractive character which he reveals, but his Voyage is remarkable as the only one of those Travels which has a purely narrative interest. Dampier's best things are beyond Shelvocke but Shelvocke known what will interest the ordinary reader. He alone of the buccaneers makes us see strange places and gives an emotional value to his scenes. Thus we have passages like the following: "The fog cleared up on the 23rd of September when we had sight of stupendous mountains on that southern land, entirely covered with snow. The nearest point of land was at least eight leagues from us, in the S.W., but before we could ascertain our situation the mist returned. At 4 next morning, proceeding under easy sail to the S.E., it proved very clear at daybreak, and I found we had fallen in with the land about five leagues N.W. from the Straits of Le Maire. We had now full but melancholy prospect of the most desolate country that can well be conceived, appearing a congeries of chains of mountains in succession, one behind the other, perpetually clothed in snow. Hitherto we had not been sensible of any current, either favourable or adverse,
after getting to the south of the Rio Plata. But this afternoon we were hurried with incredible rapidity into the Straits of Le Maire."

The icy gales, the snow and mist of these bleak and sterile regions affected him strongly, and passages like that just quoted, as well as the actual description of Hatley's shooting of the "disconsolate black albatross", left their mark on the haunted seascapes of the "Ancient Mariner."

THE LITERATURE OF ANSON'S VOYAGE.

The narrative of Anson's voyage round the world marks the beginning of a new chapter in 18th century voyage-writing, as the expedition itself ushers in a new era of English exploration. The circumstances under which the expedition was undertaken are well known; it was intended that Anson's squadron should sail round the horn and attack the Spanish possessions in Central America from the Pacific side, at the same time as Vernon from the Atlantic. This plan was not successfully carried out, for the scheme demanded punctuality in its execution, and the equipment of Anson's squadron was almost as badly mismanaged as the Cartagena expedition itself, the miseries of which are familiar to all readers of "Roderick Random".
Owing to this unpunctuality on the part of the authorities at home, Anson's little squadron of six ships - the Centurion, the Gloucester, the Severn, the Pearl, the Wager, and the Trial - arrived at the Horn at the March equinox, the very worst time of year, and encountered the most violent storms and bitter cold. Only three ships met at Juan Fernandez, the appointed rendezvous. The Severn and the Pearl had suffered such damage that they had to return home, and the Wager had been wrecked on a desert island off the coast of Patagonia. Nevertheless Anson, with the remainder of his ships, made devastating war on the Spaniards; captured, plundered and burned Paita and took many prizes before sailing to Macao to refit. Anson subsequently captured the Manila galleon, with a million and a half of dollars on board, and returned to England by the Cape of Good Hope, arriving home with a single ship after an absence of three years and nine months.

The Centurion brought home much booty, but the gain to Anson and his men was as nothing compared to the damage done to Spain in her most distant and vulnerable possessions. National enthusiasm ran to great heights, for it was felt that England had again a seaman of the stock of Drake.

In reading the account of Anson's voyage, it must
be remembered that the book was written to satisfy public interest in a hazardous and heroic exploit. Hence the narrative of events is very full, but the style is utterly unlike that of Dampier and the buccaneers. Anson was not a buccaneer, and Anson did not write the Voyage, but merely read and approved the account which was compiled by his chaplain, Richard Walter, and perhaps supplemented by a mathematician, a certain Benjamin Robins. Here then is a fundamental difference between this Voyage and the Journals of the buccaneers: the latter are the unrevised writings of seamen who, although they are striving to record phenomena and to be strictly objective in their observations and sober in their style, have still the idiomatic vigour of their calling, while Anson's Voyage is the work of a clergyman, perhaps supplemented by the work of a writer on mathematical and scientific subjects. For good and for ill, the minor man of letters has come between us and the seaman. The scientific facts are still there, but they are separated from the narrative proper and worked up into long and minutely detailed descriptions; but with the haphazard arrangement of the buccaneers has gone also the conversational ease of their writing, to be replaced by that scholarly, featureless Georgian prose which
students of the 18th century know too well. It is not an ideal medium in which to tell a stirring tale of adventure, but the interest of the book lies in its subject and not in its style. The character of Anson himself is distinct enough; self-controlled and restrained to an extraordinary degree, he maintains a calm which is broken on only one occasion, when the lost Centurion is seen sailing into the bay and the Commodore "threw down his axe with which he was then at work, and by his joy broke through, for the first time, the equable and unvaried character which he had hitherto preserved", and almost the only touch of humour in the whole long narrative is contained in a passage which sufficiently illustrates how far we have come from the pregnant brevity of Dampier: "To this the Commodore added, though perhaps with a less serious air, that if by the delay of supplying him with fresh provisions his men should be reduced to the necessity of turning cannibals, and preying upon their own species, it was easy to be foreseen, that, independent of their friendship to their comrades, they would, in point of luxury, prefer the plump, well-fed, Chinese to their own emaciated shipmates."

Anson's Voyage was the occasion of two other works of some interest. The Wager, as has already
been mentioned, was wrecked on an uninhabited island off the west coast of Patagonia, but the majority of her crew succeeded in getting to land. Their plight was desperate, for they had very little food and, to make matters worse, mutiny had broken out against their captain who, from most accounts, seems to have been incompetent or worse. Fortunately, the long boat had been saved and when the captain determined that they should go northwards, the men absolutely refused to accompany him and eighty-one of them embarked and set out on what must have been one of the most hazardous voyages ever undertaken. They actually succeeded in passing through the Straits of Magellan, and some thirty of them survived to reach Rio Grand in Brazil. Two of those survivors, John Bulkeley, a gunner, and John Cumins, a carpenter, kept a diary in which they wrote the story of their hardships in entries whose unlettered simplicity has far higher literary merit than the careful prose of Mr Walter.

"Monday, the 16th. This afternoon died George Bateman, boy, aged 16 years; this poor creature starved, perished, and died a skeleton for want of food. There are several more in the same miserable condition and who, without a speedy relief, must
undergo the same fate."

"Monday the 30th. This day died three of our people, namely Peter Dalroy, barber, Thomas Thorpe and Thomas Woodhead, marines; they all perished for want of food.... There is one thing to be taken notice of in the deaths of those people, that some hours before they died, they are taken light-headed, and fall a-joking and laughing and in this humour they expire."

But in the midst of this terrible tale of the sea we find such entries as this, probably added later: "Here we saw the Guianacoes in great numbers, ten or twelve in a drove; they are to be seen in such droves all along the shore for several leagues. The Guianaco is as large as any English deer, with a long neck; his head, mouth and ears resembling a sheep; he has very long, slender legs and is cloven-footed like a deer...."

Thus the petty officers of the Wager shared the general fondness for detailed observation of Nature.

Four of the Wager's officers, whom the men separated from at the desert island, escaped to the Spanish settlements in Chili, where they were generously treated, being exchanged later for Spanish prisoners. One of them, then a midshipman, was John Byron, who much later wrote the famous narrative which supplied his grandson
with detail for the storm scenes and the tale of ship-wreck in "Don Juan". Byron's work is thoroughly readable, both in description and narrative. He has an exciting story to tell and his style is a not unpleasant blend of nautical vigour and mid-eighteenth century formality.

In other ways also, this work of Byron's is a meeting-ground of opposed tendencies in travel-writing. His journey took him across some of the most forbidding land on the whole Globe, and he proposes to himself a purely scientific purpose in describing it: "There can be no other way of ascertaining the geography and natural history of a country which is altogether morass and rock, incapable of products or culture, than by setting down every minute circumstance which was observed in traversing it. The same may be said of the inhabitants, their manners, religion, and language." Yet when he comes to tell of their journey, it is on the narrative of hardship and adventure that he concentrates his attention. In the description of the shipwreck itself, there is a deliberate attempt to convey the horror and grandeur of the scene which seems little in keeping with Sprat's formula: "In this dreadful situation she lay for some little time, every soul on board looking upon
the present minute as his last; for there was nothing to be seen but breakers all around us. However, a mountain of sea hove her off from thence; but she presently struck again and broke her tiller..... So terrible was the scene of foaming breakers around us that one of the bravest men we had could not help expressing his dismay at it, saying it was too shocking a sight to bear....."

This work appeared in 1768; eleven years earlier Edmund Burke had published his "Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful".

THE COMMISSIONED EXPLORERS.

It is unfortunate that Byron and his immediate successors did not themselves write the story of their circumnavigations, for a change had come over the temper of English travel which the seamen themselves might have recorded for us better than the scribes who recast their Journals. As we have seen, the Elizabethan adventurer had been replaced by the buccaneer, whose first object was personal gain and who was incidentally a scientific observer. Only three expeditions whose
purpose was exploration had left England since the
Restoration - those of Narbrough, Wood, and Dampier
(2) - and the last of these had set out in 1699.
Although the chief purpose of Anson's voyage was poli-
tical, that voyage began a new heroic age in English
navigation, not indeed comparable with the age which
closed in the mid-seventeenth century, but sharing to
some degree the old zeal for exploration in strange
and undiscovered lands.

Unfortunately, the groundless notion prevailed
that only the professed man of letters could adequately
record the voyages of the new generation of explorers,
and the Journals of Byron, Wallis, and Cartaret and
that of Cook's first Voyage were entirely re-cast and
prepared for publication by John Hawksworth, the first
person form of the narrative being preserved. Now
Hawksworth had succeeded Johnson as editor of the
"Gentleman's Magazine" and had produced about half
the numbers of "The Adventurer" in a style not glaringly
different from that of his great collaborator; so it
is not surprising that many parts of these Voyages
show a certain uniformity of style. The wonder
rather is that the authentic accents of the navigator
ever break through the formal utterances of the editor.
Byron's own circumnavigation was the first of a series of Voyages carried out by ships of the Royal Navy for the purpose of exploration. With two ships, the Dolphin and the Tamar, he sailed from the Downs on the 21st of June, 1764, rounded the Horn after battling for seven weeks against contrary winds, and returned by Tinian, Batavia and the Cape of Good Hope, reaching England again on the 9th of May 1766.

In August of the same year, Byron's old ship, the Dolphin, was again sent out, this time under Captain Wallis, and accompanied by the Swallow, under Captain Carteret. These ships kept together as far as the Straits of Magellan, where they lost each other and proceeded by different routes. Wallis made an extensive exploration of the Society Islands and discovered Tahiti before returning by Tinian, Batavia and the Cape of Good Hope. Carteret was hampered by bad equipment and an unsatisfactory ship but he seems to have been an excellent commander. He discovered Queen Charlotte Island and Pitcairn Island, sailed as far north as Mindanao, correcting certain mistakes made by Dampier in observing that region, and eventually returned to England, encountering Bougainville on the way.

The Voyages of Byron, Carteret and Wallis, as edited by Hawksworth, are clear though rather formal
narratives, marred here and there by the redundant moralisings of the editor. The record of adventures is interspersed with descriptions of the islands visited and of the appearance and conduct of the native peoples encountered. They show none of that tendency to picturesque description which is to be found in Byron's own narrative, but the solicitude for the welfare of their men which all three commanders display is not without its significance.

The three expeditions of Cook were entirely scientific and exploratory purpose. In the latter part of 1769, the Royal Society recommended that competent observers should be stationed in the Pacific in June 1769, in order to observe that rare and important phenomenon, the transit of Venus; and Wallis had been ordered to search for a suitable site within the prescribed belt. It was to observe this transit and to search for the southern continent that Cook's first expedition sailed from Plymouth on 26th August 1768. For the first time an English exploring party included trained scientists among its numbers. Not only was the chief object of the voyage successfully accomplished, but Cook visited New Zealand, which no European had seen since Tasman's expedition a century and a quarter earlier, sailed round both islands,
explored the East coast of Australia, and proved that no continent lay between Tahiti and New Zealand.

But speculative geographers clung to their belief in the existence of a southern continent, and Cook was sent on a new expedition to explore still higher latitudes. He sailed from Plymouth on the 13th of July 1772, on a voyage of more than twenty thousand leagues, which took him on two occasions far into the Antarctic seas and which proved conclusively that no land of any extent existed between the fiftieth and seventieth parallels of south latitude.

Cook's third voyage was undertaken in quest of a practicable north-west passage, and led to a thorough exploration of Behring's Strait before the great navigator was killed by the savages on Hawaii on the 14th of February 1799.

Cook wisely undertook to write the story of his second voyage himself, and in his preface he asks indulgence in these words: "I shall therefore conclude this introductory discourse with desiring the reader to excuse the inaccuracy of style, which doubtless he will frequently meet with in the following narrative, and that when such occur, he will recollect that it is the production of a man, who has not had the advantage of much school education, but who has been constantly at sea from his youth; and though, with the assistance of a few good friends, he has passed through all the
stations belonging to a seaman, from an apprentice boy in the coal trade, to a post-captain in the Royal Navy, he has had no opportunity of cultivating letters. After this account of myself, the public must not expect from me the elegance of a fine writer or the plausibility of a professed book-maker; but will, I hope, consider me as a plain man, zealously exerting himself in the service of his country, and determined to give the best account he is able of his proceedings."

The apology, sincere as it is, was uncalled for; of the three Voyages, this alone and those parts of the third Cook himself wrote, have the authentic ring of good writing. Cook's style is natural, clear and manly, a reflection of his character and an excellent medium for the story he has to tell. Yet these three voyages must be read as a whole if their significance is to be grasped. There are no purple patches here - except those in the first Voyage, for which Hawksworth is responsible - but a plain, modest and unaffected record of great seamanship, humane command, considerate intercourse with savage peoples, and constant devotion to a high ideal of patriotic service.

With Cook's death, the tale of circumnavigation by English seamen in the 18th century comes to an end.
but the survey has led us far from the world of the
Restoration Buccaneer. It has led us from an age
when navigators required to be urged to map the coasts
they visited to one which sends a party of astronomers
to Tahiti to observe a transit of Venus: from the
barbarous plundering of native settlements to the
enlightened humanity of Cook. The intellectual pro-
gress of the 18th century can be traced in many depart-
ments of thought - religious, political, scientific -
but it is as clearly revealed in the writings of the
circumnavigators as in any other branch of literature.
The best and most famous writers who described travels in Scotland in the 18th Century sought in their works to give an account of the land, the people, and the history of the people, so far as that history was embodied in antiquities, or in institutions peculiar to the country. The interest with which such old books of travel may be read is especially great when the scene of the travels they describe is one's own country, for in these books we may look for pictures of the land as it was and of the people as they once were, and, because of our understanding of certain permanent qualities in that land and that people, we are fitted to study the travellers themselves and to draw just conclusions about their interests and about the outlook of their age. For all these subjects of enquiry there is no better field than the travel writers of the 18th century, for during that period the circumstances of the country combined with the prevailing interests of the age to furnish us with many accounts of Scotland, and of the life and manners of its people.

It is indeed to be regretted that from earlier days, when the individuality of the Scottish nation
was more pronounced than it later became, we possess such scanty information of the sort which travellers can best supply, and our loss is the greater because we have no native substitute for such accounts, no Scottish equivalent of the Paston Letters nor of the "Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris". Unfortunately, the early travellers in Scotland, like most of their contemporaries elsewhere, were indifferent to the subjects upon which we should most desire information; and those who were least so were foreigners. Even the earlier 17th century is disappointingly barren, and the writers of the vast "literature" which resulted from the Cromwellian invasion and occupation were too much occupied with ecclesiastical and political affairs to make general observations of the kind we expect from travellers.

It is during the last forty years of the 17th century that the style of travel-writing which we associate with the 18th century appears. At that time, and during the greater part of the 18th century, the typical Augustan interest in man as a social and political animal promoted curiosity in the circumstances and manners of nations other than the writers' own, and it is to English visitors that we owe the great majority of accounts of travel in Scotland in the
18th century. Moreover, although the first effect of the Union was to arouse mutual hostility in both countries, its ultimate effect was to promote inter-course between the two nations and to make it easier for English travellers to visit a country which still had for them the attractions of a little known land. As a result of this fortunate combination of circumstances, we have from the 18th century a great many descriptions of Scotland at a time of social, political, and commercial development, but before the life of the nation was so closely assimilated to that of England as it became in the 19th century. But it is not only social, political, and commercial changes in Scotland which this literature reveals, for during the course of the century we may note a profound change of outlook in the travellers themselves. In the earlier part of the period their predominant interest is Man - his life, his customs, his institutions, his history - and their prevailing spirit is scientific and historical. The very qualities of their style, which might repel the casual reader - its dryness, its lack of the pungent personalities of their predecessors and the sensitiveness of their successors - are among the excellencies which make their best work so valuable to
the social historian - its precision, its disinterestedness, its sobriety. But it is not long before we discover foretastes of the romantic curiosity which inspired the many picturesque tours of the next age; the centre of interest gradually shifts from Man to Nature, and thus these writers reflect and illustrate the movement of ideas throughout the period.

For all these reasons the 18th century accounts of travel in Scotland deserve to be read, but the greatest interest of this literature comes from the happy chance which sent to Scotland in the 18th century a number of travellers whose works combine topographical, historical, and literary interest as no others do. These travellers include Defoe, Johnson, Boswell, Pococke and Pennant, and in no other century did so many distinguished writers describe their travels in Scotland.

In order to display the nature and extent of the change which took place about 1700, let us glance for a moment at the output of the previous century. In the first sixty years of that century there is not a single work of capital importance in this nature if we except the geographical and antiquarian researches of Timothy Pont and their continuation by the Gordons of Straloch as incorporated in the fifth volume (1654)
of Blaeu's great Atlas (Joannis Blaeu Orbis Terrarum, sive Atlas novus). Sir Robert Gordon, writing in 1648 to Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet, says that Pont "travelled afoot over the whole kingdom, which no other person before him had done; he visited all the islands, inhabited for the most part by barbarous and uncivilized people, of whose language he was ignorant, and where he was often despoiled by cruel robbers". We learn further from Nicolson (Scottish Historical Library, 1702) that "he surveyed all the several countries and isles of the kingdom, took draughts of them on the spot, and added such cursory observations on the monuments of antiquity and other curiosities as were proper for the furnishing out suitable descriptions". After Pont's death in 1625, his papers were preserved by his relatives and passed later into the hands of Sir John Scott, who submitted them to Bleau. Bleau returned them to Scott, who delivered them to Sir Robert Gordon, the latter being ordered by Charles I to "revies the said cairtts and to helpe them in such things as you find deficient thairntill, that they may be sent back by the directour of our Chancellerie to Holland". Gordon of Straloch and his son James undertook the journeys necessary to complete the survey for Baeu.
After Pont come some very lean years, and passing over the descriptive matter added to John Monnypennie's Summarie of the Scots Chronicles (1612) and the short and abusive "Perfect Description of the People and Country of Scotland" (1649) (ascribed on its publication to James Howell but attributed by later authorities, including Sir Walter Scott and Hume Brown, to Sir Anthony Weldon), we may pause a moment to glance at the record of a journey undertaken in the summer and autumn of 1618. The traveller was John Taylor and the title of his work reads as follows: "The Pennyles Pilgrimage, or The Moneylesse perambulation of John Taylor, alias the King's Majesties Water-Poet. How he travailed on foot from London to Edenborough in Scotland, not carrying any money to and fro, neither begging, borrowing, or asking meate, drinke or lodging. With his description of his entertainment in all places of his journey, and a true report of the unmatchable hunting in the Brea of Marre and Badenoch in Scotland. With other observations, some serious and worthy of memory, and some merry and not hurtfull to be remembered. Lastly, that (which is rare in a Travailer) all is true."

William Lithgow compiled various accounts of his travels in Scotland, and projected a "Surveigh" of the whole country; but it does not seem to have been
published, nor were the travels of Sir William Brereton printed until they were issued for the Chetham Society in 1844. Observations upon places and objects of interest in Perth and the neighbouring country supply some material for "The Muses Threnodie" of H. Adamson (1638), a work which prepares us for Arthur Johnston's "Encomia Urbium", a collection of poems in praise of Scottish towns. More interesting are the "Northern Memoirs" of Richard Franck, written in 1658 though not published until quarter of a century later.

It is indeed a small harvest which the first sixty years of the century yield, but the next year produced a work which is an earnest of the new age in travel writing: Childrey's "Britannia Baconica; or, The Natural Rarities of England, Scotland and Wales. According as they are to be found in every shire,". The next forty years produced several interesting accounts of travelling in Scotland, but a number of them were not published until much later. Among those printed in the 17th century we may note "The Trade and Fishing of Great Britain displayed, with a description of the islands of Orkney and Shetland" (1662), Blome's "Britannia" (1673), which devotes some ten pages to Scotland, and Slezer's "Theatrum Scotiae" (1693). It will be observed that most of these works are surveys
rather than true books of travel.

In 1700 there appeared the first edition of a work which seems to have been well received, for a second edition was printed seven years later. This was an account of "Travels over England, Scotland and Wales, giving a true and exact description of the chiefest Cities, Towns, and Corporations. Together with the antiquities of divers other places." The author was the Rev. James Brome, M.A., Rector of Cheriton in Kent, and an allusion to Lauderdale's Commissionership establishes the date of his travels in Scotland as 1669. While the special purpose of the book was "the information of the two eldest sons of that eminent merchant, Mr Van-Acker", the author expresses the hope that his work will be "useful for all persons before they travel into foreign countries; and for all those who desire to be made acquainted with the situation and curiosities of those parts".

Brome seems to have been fair-minded in his remarks on the towns and institutions of the country. He goes into some detail in describing architectural remains and in narrating what he can learn of their history, but it is obvious that his real interest, and it is not a very profound one, is in the municipal and academic institutions of the larger towns he visited.
In his progress from Berwick to Edinburgh, he finds only Dunbar worthy of mention, and his whole account of that town consists of some history and some legend concerning the castle, and the remark that "The inhabitants are governed by a mayor and aldermen".

After describing in two brief paragraphs the situation and architecture of Edinburgh, he gives a description of "the College, founded and endowed by that most famous favourer of learning, King James the Sixth". Brome here supplies information which has been used by historians of the University; "The dignity of Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor doth reside in the Magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh, who are the only patrons; neither was the dignity, they say, as yet ever conferred upon any simple person: the persons endowed were a Principal or Warden, a Professor of Divinity, four Masters or Regents, for so they are called, of Philosophy; a Professor or Regent of Humanity or Philology: Since the first foundation the town hath added a Professor of Hebrew, 1640, and the city of Edinburgh hath since added a Professor of Mathematicks."

Of more general interest is Brome's account of the ceremonies performed during the visit of the High Commissioner: "About the middle of the city stands
the cathedral, which is now divided into six sermon houses, for which service there are seven other kirks set apart besides, and not far from the cathedral is the Parliament House, whither we had the good fortune to see all the flower of the nobility then to pass in state, attending Duke Lauderdale who was sent down High-Commissioner. And indeed it was a very glorious sight, for they were all richly accoutred and as nobly attended with a splendid retinue, the heralds of arms and other officers, that went before were wonderful gay and finely habited, and the servants that attended were clad in the richest liveries; their coaches drawn with six horses, as they went ratling along, did dazzle our eyes with the splendour of their furniture, and all the nobles appeared in the greatest pomp and gallantry; the regalia, which are the sword of state, the scepter, and the crown were carried by three of the antientest of the nobility, and on each side the honours were three mace-bearers bare headed, a nobleman bare headed with a purse, and in it the Lord High Commissioner's commission, then last of all the Lord High Commissioner with the dukes and marquesses on his right and left hand; it is ordered that there be no shooting under the highest penalties that day, neither displaying of ensigns, nor beating of drums during the whole
cavalcade: The officers of state not being noblemen, ride in their gowns, all the members ride covered except those that carry the honours, and the highest degree and the most honourable of that degree ride last.

Nor is their grandeur disproportionate to their demeanour, which is high and stately, but courteous and obliging, having all the additional helps of education and travel to render it accomplish'd, for during their minority there is generally great care taken to refine their nature, and improve their knowledge, of which when they have attain's a competent measure in their own country, they betake themselves to foreign nations to make a further progress therein, where they do generally become so great proficients, that at their return they are by this means fitted for all great services and honourable employments, which their king or country is pleased to commit to their care and fidelity, and are thereby enabled to discharge them with great honour and applause."

After leaving Edinburgh, Brome went by way of Linlithgow, "a town beautified with a fair house of the kings", to Glasgow, and again it is the cathedral, the university, and the municipal government which monopolise his attention. In all this practically
no notice is taken of the country through which he must have passed, but it is after Brome leaves Glasgow that his limitations as a traveller are most positively revealed: "Passing away hence by Hamilton, a famous palace then belonging to Duke Hamilton, which hath a fair and spacious park adjoyning to it, we had two days journey very doleful and troublesome, for we travelled over wide meers and dangerous mountains in the company of some Scotch gentlemen, who were going that way for England, where the weather was ill, the ways worse, and the long miles with their way-bits at the end of them worst of all, where our lodging was hard, our diet coarse, and our bodies thin, that it might easily be decerned how we had lately passed through the territories of famine, who reigns very potently over that cold and pinching region."

It is gratifying to note that after these hardships Dumfries "made him some amends", and supplied him with a famous story of sacrilegious murder to re-tell; and he pauses a moment at Annan to mention a sport, or a means of livelihood, which Pennant later described in detail: "After this we came to Annandale at the mouth of the river Annan in the County of Annandale, bordering upon our own nation, which lost all its glory and beauty upon the war, which was raised
in Edward the Sixth's days; in these two last-named counties have been bred a sort of warlike men, who have been infamous for robbery and depredations, for they dwell upon Solway-Firth, a fordable arm of the sea at low water, through which frequently they have made many inroads into England to fetch home great booty's, and in which they were wont after a delightful manner on horseback, with spears to hunt salmons, of which there are in these parts a very great abundance."

It must have been not without relief that Mr Brome found himself among the burghers of Carlisle and once more safely within the bounds of his own nation.

In 1701 another clergyman, the Rev. John Brand, undertook a journey to the far north of Scotland, and recorded his observations in "A brief Description of Orkney, Zetland, Pightland-Frith and Caithness, wherein after a short journal of the capital authors voyaged thither, these northern places are first more generally described"; and in the following year there appeared a book of far greater interest and importance, which was also the work of a clergyman. This was "A Short Account of Scotland, Being a Description of that Kingdom and what the Constitution of it is in Church and State". The author, according to the second edition of 1715, was "the late Rev. Mr Thomas
Morer, minister of St. Ann's within Aldersgate", who seems to have served for a time as chaplain to a Scottish regiment.

Only a small part of this short book is occupied with a description of travel, and even there, as is usual in the writers of the period, the actual process of travel is scarcely noticed; but the whole book is a weighty record of observations made during the writer's stay in different parts of Scotland. Morer makes no attempt to achieve the graces of fine writing, but his style, plain, terse and rapid, is excellently suited to his purpose, which is the recording of all the varied information collected by a man of exceptionally wide interests, acute observation, and balanced judgment. The soil, the system of agriculture, the products of the land; the religion, language, and dress of the peoples - for he discriminates justly between Highlander and Lowlander -, their food and their drink, their houses and their fuel; their roads, their rivers and their bridges; their trade and their coinage; their customs, their virtues and their vices - all are impartially observed and succinctly recorded. An appendix dealing with such questions as the royal supremacy in Scotland, the differences between the Scottish and English liturgies,
and the finance of the Civil and Military Lists, completes a book which is of the greatest value to the historian and which entitles Morer to first place among his English contemporaries who travelled in Scotland.

The only Scottish city which Morer describes in great detail is Edinburgh, of which he gives a careful account enlivened by the occasional pungent comments which he allows himself. Thus he says of the Canongate: "The street is wide and well paved and the Scotchman is apt to say it is sike another as Cheapside; It swells in the middle, the kennels being made on each side, so that 'tis commonly very clean, and is thereupon their parade, tho' the natural descent, and its situation on a hill, contributes more to keep it so than any industry or care of the people."

And of the University library: "It has (as all other publick libraries) many benefactors, whose books are distinguished by their several apartments and the donors' names set over them in golden letters. A device grateful and honourable enough for the parties concerned, encourages others to follow their examples; such especially who may be charmed to the doing of a good work, tho' not always upon a principle of goodness."

A short account of the "Physick-garden" is a reminder
of the origin of our modern Botanic Gardens; and, after a brief statement of the financial affairs of the clergy, Morer takes leave of the capital with the words, "And so much for Edinburg".

From Edinburgh he travelled to Perth, and thence visited Scone before proceeding to Forfar, "A place of no great noise", and Dundee, "A very pretty town". The regiment being ordered to march to Glasgow, Morer passed through "Dunblain, a bishop's sea, but a very ordinary town, without anything worthy remembrance but Bishop Leighton's new library, a large church much abused by the wild Cameronians, and the late bishop's kindness, whose name is Douglas, a very reverend and hospitable gentleman, and entertained me courteously." Their route lay through Stirling and Linlithgow; and "'Tis from Linlithgow to Glasgow 24 miles, and we go through Falkirk and Kelsyth, two buroughs of royalty, but there is nothing remarkable in them, nor in all the way to Glasgow, excepting the sight of gray crows, which are very numerous in this country." Nor did Glasgow itself produce an entirely favourable impression upon Morer, for, although he does justice to its streets and buildings, he found it "the nest of fanaticism, the most factious town in all that kingdom, and as factious as it is rich."
"The Description of the Sea Coast and Islands of Scotland, by John Adair, Geographer for that Kingdom", published in Edinburgh in 1703, is more purely scientific in purpose and style than the work of the credulous Brand which has been mentioned above, but it may be included here as containing observations made during actual travel.

In the same year there appeared in London one of the most famous and influential of 18th century books of travel. This was Martin Martin's "A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland", a book which Johnson read as a child and which first aroused in him the desire to visit the Hebrides.

Martin was born in Skye, and after taking a medical degree at Leyden, settled in his native island as factor to Macleod. The famous "Description" was not his first essay in travel literature, for he had published in 1698 an account of a journey to St. Kilda "The remotest of all the Hebrides and Western Islands of Scotland, with a history of the Island, national, moral, and topographical, wherein is an account of their customs, religion, fish, fowl, etc."

It is at first sight surprising that Martin's "Description" should have been so popular and influential, for, as Johnson himself admitted, it is
but ill written. Each island of the Hebrides is separately described, and in each case an account of the habits and circumstances of the islanders is given. This arrangement leads to much repetition, and the total effect is confused and disorderly. In fact the interest of the book cannot have lain in any literary merits it possesses but solely in the out-of-the-way information it contains; Martin's picture of primitive society appealed to a sophisticated age which loved to speculate on the advantages of "the state of Nature". His credulous reports of superstitions, strange rites, surviving taboos, miraculous cures by simples and all manner of primitive irrationalities, combined with his picture of natural innocence, probably contributed to the formation of that strange complex of theory and imagination out of which 18th century romanticism sprang. This point may be illustrated from one of the earliest and most interesting documents of that romanticism, Collins's "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands considered as a Subject of Poetry", which the author presented in MS to John Home in 1749. In this poem Collins draws his material extensively from Martin, but a single example must suffice to indicate the extent of his debt: every detail in the tenth stanza (of 17 lines) is derived
from Martin's chapter on St. Kilda, except the rite of "The Sainted Spring" - and that is almost certainly drawn from Martin's description of a ceremony performed annually by the natives of Eigg (page 277 and 278, first edition).

There is one passage in Martin which is of particular interest. He describes a St Kildan's visit to Glasgow and presents an authentic instance of that situation which the 18th century writers loved to imagine - the situation in which an unsophisticated but not uncritical foreigner is confronted with the wonders of urban civilization. It has been pointed out that the islesman's notion that the High Church of Glasgow was a cave carved from the solid rock is echoed by the Indian prince who visits St. Paul's in Addison's fiftieth "Spectator"; and indeed the later imitations and elaborations of the situation justify a full quotation of their prototype;

"One of the inhabitants of St. Kilda being some time ago wind-bound in the isle of Harries, was prevailed on by some of them that traded to Glasgow to go thither with them. He was astonished at the length of the voyage, and of the great kingdoms as he thought them, that is isles, by which they sailed; the largest in his way did not exceed twenty-four miles in length, but
he considered how much they exceeded his own little native country.

Upon his arrival at Glasgow, he was like one that had dropt from the clouds into a new world; whose language, habit, &c. were in all respects new to him: he never imagined that such big houses of stone were made with hands; and for the pavements of the streets, he thought it must needs be altogether natural; for he could not believe that men would be at the pains to beat stones into the ground to walk upon. He stood dumb at the door of his lodging with the greatest admiration; and when he saw a coach and two horses, he thought it to be a little house they were drawing at their tail, with men in it; but he condemned the coachman for a fool to sit so uneasy, for he thought it safer to sit on the horse's back. The mechanism of the coach-wheel, and its running about, was the greatest of all his wonders.

When he went through the streets he desired to have one to lead him by the hand. Thomas Ross, a merchant, and others, that took the diversion to carry him through the town, asked his opinion of the High Church. He answered, that it was a large rock, yet there were some in St. Kilda much larger, but that these were the best caves he ever saw; for that was
the idea which he conceived of the pillars and arches upon which the church stands. When they carried him into the church, he was yet more surprised, and held up his hands with admiration, wondering how it was possible for men to build such a prodigious fabric, which he supposed to be the largest in the universe. He could not imagine what the pews were designed for, and he fancied the people that wore masks (not knowing whether they were men or women) had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they dared not shew their faces. He was amazed at women's wearing patches, and fancied them to have been blisters. Pendants seemed to him the most ridiculous of all things; he condemned periwigs mightily, and much more the powder used in them: in fine, he condemned all things as superfluous he saw not in his own country. He looked with amazement on every thing that was new to him. When he heard the church-bells ring, he was under a mighty consternation, as if the fabric of the world had been in great disorder. He did not think there had been so many people in the world as in the city of Glasgow; and it was a great mystery to him to think what they could all design by living so many in one place. He wondered how they could all be furnished with provision; and when he saw big loaves he
could not tell whether they were bread, stone, or wood. He was amazed to think how they could be provided with ale, for he never saw any there that drank water. He wondered how they made them fine clothes, and to see stockings made without being first cut and afterwards sewn was no small wonder to him. He thought it foolish in women to wear thin silks, as being a very improper habit for such as pretended to any sort of employment. When he saw the women's feet, he judged them to be of another shape than those of the men, because of the different shape of their shoes. He did not approve of the heels worn by men or women; and when he observed horses with shoes on their feet, and fastened with iron nails, he could not forbear laughing, and thought it the most ridiculous thing that ever fell under his observation. He longed to see his native country again, and passionately wished it were blessed with ale, brandy, tobacco and iron, as Glasgow was."

Martin supplied information on another topic which seems to have aroused some controversy and which particularly interested Johnson - second sight. He compiled accounts of more than thirty alleged manifestations of the psychic powers of the highlanders, and himself believed that such powers really existed, though less
commonly in his own day than formerly. Even Johnson never satisfied himself on this question, and after a long discussion of the subject admits that "he never could advance his curiosity to conviction; but came away at last only willing to believe".

Johnson and Boswell carried Martin's "Description" with them on their tour in 1773, and seem to have consulted it frequently, only to find that many of the customs he records had fallen into disuse. Johnson was fully aware of Martin's shortcomings, and his criticism leaves little to add: "Martin was a man not illiterate; he was an inhabitant of Skye, and therefore was within reach of intelligence, and with no great difficulty might have visited the places which he undertakes to describe; yet with all his opportunities, he has often suffered himself to be deceived. He lived in the last century, when the Chiefs of the clans had lost little of their original influence. The mountains were yet unpenetrated, no inlet was opened to foreign novelties, and the feudal institutions operated upon life with their full force. He might therefore have displayed a series of subordination and a form of government, which, in more luminous and improved regions, have been long forgotten, and have delighted his readers with many uncouth customs that
are now disused, and wild opinions that prevail no longer, but he probably had not the knowledge of the world sufficient to qualify him for judging what would deserve or gain the attention of mankind. The mode of life which was familiar to himself, he did not suppose unknown to others, nor imagined that he could give pleasure by telling that of which it was, in his little country, impossible to be ignorant.

What he has neglected cannot now be performed. In Nations, where there is hardly the use of letters, what is once out of sight is lost for ever."

Martin indeed lived too close to the life he sought to describe to be an ideal interpreter of that life to the world at large, but if his book had done nothing but send Johnson to Scotland it would still deserve our remembrance and our gratitude.

Although "The Present State of Britain" by Guy Miege (1707), the "Archaeologia Britannica" of Edward Lhwyd (1707), and Chamberlayne's "The Present State of Great Britain and Ireland" (1708) contain sections dealing with Scotland, these books can hardly be considered as belonging to the literature of travel; but from the year 1715 a very curious and amusing document has been preserved. This is a letter from "Invernesse
8 April 1715" and written by Duncan Forbes of Culloden to his friend Mr John McFarlane, W.S., whom he had recently parted from in Edinburgh. Among the many impersonal accounts of travel which the early 18th century produced it is pleasant to linger for a moment over this engagingly frank and humorous letter. It is well known that Forbes in his early days was one of the most convivial men of a convivial age, and it is obvious that at the time of this letter the young but already distinguished lawyer - he was 30 in 1715 - had not begun to practise the more temperate habits which he prudently adopted at a later date. He opens his account of his journey from Edinburgh to Inverness with an admission that on the day of his departure he was suffering from the effects of "the tapped hens of the last night" - creatures apparently of the same species as that which so nobly reinforced the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine in the eleventh chapter of "Waverley". We may note in passing that although he tells us much about the liquors with which he sustained himself on his journey, his letter makes no mention of whisky.

"Arrived at Leith we inquired after the tide and began to solace ourselves over some Renish and sugar, when we were interrupted by a certain Dull noísie Impertinent Drunken young Laird who professed his joy
that I was to be his fellow traveller. I own I was somewhat concerned at this Declaration of war; but there was no help for it, the best countenance was put on, and after drinking a good deal of noisome wine, sometimes in his Chamber sometimes in mine, the boatman call'd and aboard I went with my Coxcomb.

Sail sett, the wind very spitefully fell and by a longsome passage made way for a tedious persecution from my fool, who had not good Nature eneugh to grow sick for my relief. He told me and all the passengers how very pretty a fellow I was; how well he lov'd me and how much I doted on him; but his Impertinence was the more troublesome that by my situation I was tyed to him; the boat was narrow and I could not swim, so that I was necessitated to smother my concern and satisfy myself with cursing all boats for theDifficulty of making one's escape from them."

After they had crossed the ferry the unwelcome laird still stuck fast to his victim, and Forbes, whose temper was probably not improved by a severe sore throat - "partly by last night's sitting up and partly by cold catch't at sea" - had a hard task to get rid of him.

"Reduced to my last shift and perplexed betwixt my sore throat and my fool I began to balance whether
it was better to suffer his impertinence and take care of my throat or risk the throat and drown the Beast in Drink. The last resolution prevailed, so to work I went and by the assistance of mighty bumpers in two hours time overthrew the Dragon, and made a Creature speechless for a night, who by rights never should have spoken.

The task performed I ordered his Servants to carry him to his own bed and to tell him that I was to lye abed till 12 and then to take a Road different from his, which had so good effect mixed with the shame of his discomfiture that he took horse by five in the morning, and I saw no more of him."

Forbes then abandons "this Historicall stile" and gives the remainder of his journey "Journal ways". A few extracts will suffice to illustrate the later parts of the latter.

"Thursday 31. Waken'd much better than yesterday, found I could speak and sing. Drest. Call'd for a dram to try if I could swallow it; found it go over bravely. Repeated the experiment; got some meat; drank white wine. Took horse; humm'd over some songs gently; at last attempted the Dragon of Wantly; slew him severall times, and was very weel pleased with myself.

Lighted at a vile inn to bate. No Brandy; bad
ale; out of humour with the Landlord. Made him drunk of his own ale in revenge; thought with regret on No. 1. Went to horse; the day windy. Durst not sing with open mouth. Thought over a good deal of the winter's Diversions. Came to Fettercairn; everything very good there. Saw my cousin deal in wine. Durst not drink with him. Supt; drunk some dramers; went to bed.

Sunday 3rd. Very unwilling to rise lest I should be haled to church;" (He had "rejoised over 9 Botles of wine" the previous evening.) "hurried, however, out of bed; led like a boar on a string to the sermon; preaching very brief because the Teacher was sick.... Returned.... Supt. Drunk 10 botles of wine besides strong ale; went to bed.

Monday. Wakened somewhat indisposed; drunk brandy and slockened; was offer'd Bohea, preferred Beef. Went to Elgin. Drunk with severall people, and particularly 5 pints of wine with the provost. Went to another Sister's house; more news and politicks. Drunk punch. Fresh salmon very good; went to bed not without a dram.

Tuesday. Visited several friends. Rejoiced that I was so near home; regretted the want of the company I left at Edinburgh. Resolv'd to be very
sober. Arrived at my Mother's house; saw the good old woman roar for joy; saw my little Bratt; was very weel pleased. Kissed the boy. Kissed him again. Blushed for my fondness. Asked him if he was not a Rogue, and looke t about on the company...."

DUN. FORBES.

The combination in this letter of two Horatian themes, those of the fifth and ninth satires, must have added spice to the jest for both Forbes and McFarlane. The letter was preserved in the Pitferrane MSS. and published in 1889 along with the famous MSS of Major Fraser, a document which is of the greatest importance to the historian of the Jacobite Rebellions, but which, though it mentions many journeys in Scotland, England and France, has hardly ever the tone or interest of a travel book.

In 1719 there appeared a translation of Missons "Memoirs and Observations" which contained some account of Scotland, but, as might be expected, the years immediately following the first Jacobite Rebellion were not very productive, and the next work of importance is the third volume of Defoe's "A Tour through the Whole Island of Great Britain", which was published in 1727.

The first point to notice about this famous book
is that the tour which it describes never took place at all. As in the two earlier volumes dealing with England and Wales Defoe here fabricates the itinerary of a wholly imaginary tour and fills out the story of his fictitious journey with observations amassed during years of travel and residence in the country he describes.

Of all the English literary men who described travel in Scotland in the 18th century none was so intimate as Defoe with the financial affairs and commercial possibilities of the country. The foundation of this knowledge was probably laid during the period immediately after his marriage in 1684. According to his own statement a considerable part of these years was spent in Scotland, and as he rode about the country in the pursuit of his own trade he gained a thorough and practical knowledge of the commerce of the land, a knowledge which must often have stood him in good stead when he came to reside in Edinburgh in 1706, ostensibly as an English merchant, in reality as a spy of the London ministry. Harley, with his Polonius-like love of indirections and his invincible preference for the crooked paths of policy, had established a net-work of secret agents all over Britain, and "Alexander Goldsmith" had served him so well in England that Daniel
Defoe was sent to Edinburgh to keep him informed of events in the northern capital and to take an active but clandestine part in promoting the Union. We may be sure that Defoe was not inactive in his own private commerce during this visit; in 1710 he obtained a controlling interest in the chief Scottish newspaper of the day, The Edinburgh Courant, and may have retained that interest after his final departure from Scotland in 1712.

For forty years Defoe had ridden the roads of England and Scotland, and his life of commerce and political intrigue had sharpened his eyes and given him an understanding of men and of trade. In particular it had taught him to recognise the natural resources of a country and to see opportunities of profit. No more commercially-minded traveller ever visited Scotland, and nothing so irritates Defoe as the sight of natural wealth unused. Thus he says of Kirkcudbright: "Here is a pleasant situation, and yet nothing pleasant to be seen. Here is a harbour without ships, a port without trade, a fishery without nets, a people without business; and, that which is worse than all, they do not seem to desire business, much less do they understand it. I believe they are very good Christians at Kirkubry, for they are in the very
letter of it, they obey the text, and are contented with such things as they have. They have all the materials for trade, but no genius to it; all the opportunities for trade, but no inclination to it. In a word, they have no notion of being rich and populous, and thriving by commerce. They have a fine river, navigable for the greatest ships to the Town-Key; a haven, deep as a well, safe as a mill pond; 'tis a mere wet dock, for the little island of Ross lyes in the very entrance, and keeps off the west and north-west winds, and breaks the surge of the sea; so that when it is rough without, 'tis always smooth within. But, alas! there is not a vessel, that deserves the name of a ship, belongs to it; and, though there is here an extraordinary salmon fishing, the salmon come and offer themselves, and go again, and cannot obtain the privilege of being made useful to mankind; for they take very few of them. They have also white fish, but cure none; and herrings, but pickle none; in a word, it is to me the wonder of all the towns of North Britain; especially, being so near England that it has all the invitations to trade that nature can give them, but they take no notice of it. A man might say of them, that they have the Indies at their door, and will not dip into the wealth of them; a gold mine at their door, and will not dig it.
It is true, the reason is in part evident, namely, poverty; no money to build vessels, hire seamen, buy nets and material for fishing, to cure the fish when it is caught, or to carry it to market when it is cured; and this discourages the mind, checks industry, and prevents all manner of application. People tell us, that slothfulness begets poverty, and it is true; but I must add too, that poverty makes slothfulness, and I doubt not, were two or three brisk merchants to settle at Kirkubry, who had stocks to furnish out ships and boats for these things, they would soon find the people as industrious, and as laborious as in other places; or, if they did not find them so, they would soon make them so, when they felt the benefit of it, tasted the sweets of it, had boats to fish, and merchants to buy it when brought in; when they found the money coming, they would soon work. But to bid men trade without money, labour without wages, catch fish to have them stink, when they had done, is all one as to bid them work without hands, or walk without feet, it is the poverty of the people makes them indolent.

Again, as the people have no hands (that is, no stock) to work, so the gentry have no genius to trade; 'tis a mechanism which they scorn; tho' their estates are not able to feed them they will not turn their
hands to business or improvement; they had rather see their sons made foot soldiers, (than which, as officers treat them now, there is not a more abject thing on earth), than see them apply to trade, nay, to Merchandise, or to the sea, because those things are not (forsooth) fit for gentlemen." Time and again he denounces this Scottish apathy in trade, but he is not afraid to remind his fellow-countrymen that the poverty which he regards as the chief cause of that apathy would have been relieved if England had fulfilled her obligations under the Treaty of Union. Throughout the tour, in fact, Defoe is carefully polite to a race which he calls elsewhere "a hardened, refractory, and terrible people," "a fermented and implacable nation".

The passage just quoted may serve as an example of the surprising freshness of this Tour, reconstructed as it is from notes and observations made many years earlier, and of the strong, easy prose which, although never Defoe's best, is sometimes recognisably from the hand that wrote "The History of the Plague". But from the purely literary point of view, the most interesting thing in the tour is perhaps its explicit statement of that aversion to the grander beauties of scenery which is shared by almost all writers of the late 17th and early 18th centuries. The locus classicus is, of
course, Defoe's description of the English Lake district; but his account of Drumlanrig is worth quoting as a present example of the same outlook.

"Drumlanrig, like Chatsworth in Darbyshire, is like a fine picture in a dirty grotto, or like an equestrian statue set up in a barn; 'tis environ'd with mountains, and that of the wildest and most hideous aspect in all the south of Scotland; as particularly that of Enterkin, the frightfulest pass, and most dangerous that I met with, between that and Penmenmuir in North Wales; but of that in its place.

We were not so surprised with the height of the mountains, and the barrenness of the country beyond them, as we were with the humour of the people, who are not in this part, by many degrees, so populous or so polished as in the other parts of Scotland. But that which was more surprising than all the rest, was to see a palace so glorious, gardens so fine, and every thing so truly magnificent, and all in a wild mountainous country, the like we had not seen before; where, in a word, we saw the Peak of Darby restor'd (viz.), the finest palace of all that part of Britain, erected under the mountains, full of lead-mines and quarries of freestone, and where nothing, but what was desolate and dismal, could be expected, especially if you come
to it by the said pass of Enterkin, or by the mountains of Cumock and Carrick, more to the North-west of the place. This was certainly a foil to the buildings, and sets them off with all possible advantage; upon which the same hand which before gave us the lines upon the waters of Buxton-Bath, being in the company, bestow'd the following upon Drumlanrig Castle.

Just thus, with horrid Desart Hills embrac'd,
Was Paradise on Euphra's Border plac'd.
The God of Harmony to grace the View,
And make the Illustrations just and true,
Strong Contraries presented to the eye,
And circled Beauty in Deformity.
The happy Discord entertains the Sight,
And as these show more black, that shows more bright."

Nor can the real dangers of the Enterkin be pleaded in full extenuation of Defoe's blindness, for he was equally fearful on occasions when danger was absurdly out of the question. Rather surprisingly he undertook - in company, be it noted, and with a large party of guides - the ascent of Cheviot; and he is panic-stricken on these grassy slopes.

"We were the more uneasy about mounting higher, because we all had a notion, that when we came to the top, we should be just as upon a pinnacle, that the hill narrowed to a point, and we should have only room enough to stand, with a precipice every way round us; and with these apprehensions, we all sat down upon the
ground, and said we would go no further. Our guide did not at first understand what we were apprehensive of; but at last by our discourse he perceived the mistake, and then not mocking our fears, he told us that indeed if it had been so, we had been in the right, but he assured us, there was room enough on the top of the hill to run a race if we thought fit, and we need not fear anything of being blown off the precipice, as we had suggested; so he encouraging us we went on and reached the top of the hill in about half an hour more.

I must acknowledge that I was agreeably surprised, when coming to the top of the hill, I saw before me a smooth, and with respect to what we expected a most pleasant plain, of at least half a mile diameter; and in the middle of it a large pond, or little lake of water, and the ground seeming to descend every way from the edges of the summit to the pond, took off the little terror of the first prospect."

After this we need not be surprised that Defoe passes hurriedly over his account of that "frightful country" the far north and north-west of Scotland; was he ever there, or had words failed him from a sheer tedium of terror?

His aesthetic limitations are further revealed in his description of Melrose Abbey, a description which
deserves to be notorious for the true dissenting rancour which informs it.

"Here we saw the ruins of the once famous abbey of Mailross, the greatness of which may be a little judged of by its vastly extended remains, which are of a very great circuit: the building is not so entirely demolished but that we may distinguish many places and parts of it one from another; as particularly the great church or chapel of the monastery, which is as large as some cathedrals, the choir of which is visible, and measures 140 foot in length, besides what may have been pulled down at the east end; by the thickness of the foundations there must have been a large and strong tower or steeple in the centre of the church, but of what form or height that no guess can be made at: there are several fragments of the house itself, and of the particular offices belonging to it; the court, the cloisters, and other buildings are so visible, as that 'tis easy to know it was a most magnificent place in those days. But the Reformation has triumphed over all these things, and the pomp and glory of popery is sunk now into the primitive simplicity of the true Christian profession; nor can any Protestant mourn the loss of these seminaries of superstition, upon any principles that agree, either with his own profession,
or with the Christian pattern prescribed in the scriptures. So I leave Mailross with a singular satisfaction, at seeing what it now is, much more than that of remembering what it once was."

But Philistine as he is - and he admits that "history is not his business" - Defoe has left a readable and re-readable account of the provincial life of Scotland in the early 18th century which for comprehensiveness and sustained interest has no rival.

Very different in content, purpose, and style are the "Tours in Scotland" of Richard Pococke who left records of his three visits to the country (in 1747, 1750, and 1760) which remained in manuscript until they were printed for the Scottish Historical Society in 1887. Pococke was a man of great learning, tireless energy, and distinguished talents; but he entirely lacked the gift of the good travel-writer, the ability to embody his observations in lively description and interesting narrative. The son of an English clergyman and nephew of an Irish bishop, he made a rapid but stately progress through the hierarchy of the church; in 1745 he accompanied Lord Chesterfield, then appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, as domestic chaplain, and in the same year was promoted by that nobleman to the Archdeaconry of Dublin. Eleven years later he was
preferred to the Bishopric of Ossory. His fame as a traveller and antiquarian was established by his "Observations on Egypt" (1743), the first volume of his "A Description of the East", a work which was completed two years later by the publication of his "Observations on Palestine or the Holy Land, Syria, Mesopotamia, Cyprus, and Candia".

His first two visits to Scotland are of little importance. In 1747 he spent about five weeks in Scotland, entering the country from Berwick and passing through Edinburgh, Stirling, Glasgow, and Ayr - where he "sold his three guinea horse for one guinea; he had performed well" - before returning to Ireland via Portpatrick and Donaghadee. The only account we have of this journey is contained in a letter to his mother in which he records little but his itinerary and the entertainment which he received from the nobility and gentry of the country.

In the summer of 1750 he was engaged in an extensive tour of Northern England, and he made a short excursion into Scotland from Sark Bridge, visiting Dumfries, Lincluden, and Sweetheart Abbey. He too visited Drumlanrig, but without experiencing the naive raptures of Defoe: "The House is something in the castle way, with a mixture of Roman architecture in a
bad taste."

Of much greater importance was the third visit which he paid to Scotland. He spent the whole summer and early autumn of 1760 in a tour which began at Portpatrick, where he landed, and which extended all over the mainland, even to Cape Wrath, and included visits to Iona and Orkney. He was welcomed everywhere by the elite of the land and was made freeman of no less than seven Scottish cities and royal burghs; nor did he neglect the duties of his calling, for he preached and confirmed throughout the country and is said to have been the first Bishop of the Church of England to perform these offices in Scotland after the Revolution.

The chief literary fault to be found with Pococke's Tours is that they are over-loaded with information. He scarcely omits to visit and describe technically a single one of the abbeys, ruins, or other antiquities which lie within reach of his route, and as a result the rather stumbling and disjointed narrative of travel staggers along under a vast weight of historical and antiquarian detail. As a proof of the Bishop's passion for all manner of curiosities and of his interest in architecture, ecclesiastical and domestic, the Tour is wonderful enough; it is wonderful too as an example of the amount of information which it is
possible for a traveller to amass in a short time; but as a travel-book it is nearly unreadable. The narrative and the description are utterly impersonal, and Pococke has no eye for scenery. He will sketch most minutely the mouldings on an arch or doorway, or draw carefully the ground plan of a fort or ancient temple, but only very rarely does the countryside itself attract his attention. On a few occasions the beauty of some cultivated or mildly picturesque scene forces itself upon his notice - the wooded islands of Loch Lomond, the vale of Glen Urquhart, the "pleasant romantic country" round Gatehouse-of-Fleet. He tells us something of the geology of the Cave of Smoo - in a passage which is in striking contrast to Scott's well known description of that lonely and awesome cavern with its underground cataract - but he has practically nothing to say of Cape Wrath except this: "We ascended two or three heights before we came to Cape Wrath, which consists of two points, that to the north-west is the lower". One of the most striking natural features of Southern Scottish scenery is dismissed in the phrase: "A deep hole between the mountains, called the Marquis of Annandale's tub". And this, of Dunkeld, is characteristic: "We came to Dunkeld and had a view of it situated in between these
Grampian mountains which open for some way and form a kind of amphitheatre through which the Tay runs. The Duke of Athol has a seat here and I did myself the honour to wait on his grace and the Dutchess, and stayed at their house meeting with a most polite reception. The town is small but the buildings are improving.... "

If Pococke had turned his attention more often from baronial lineages and doubtfully Roman remains he might have used his great opportunities to produce a really interesting record of travel instead of a learned but tedious guide-book.

Some account of travel in Scotland appears in the Letters of Captain Edward Birt or Burt, which were first published in 1754, passing through three editions before 1760, and being translated into Dutch in 1758 and into German two years later; and also in the Journals of John Wesley, who paid sixteen visits to Scotland between 1751 and 1788. Although Wesley, in those entries which relate to Scotland, is chiefly concerned with his evangelising mission, he is not blind to the country around him. In this respect Wesley's Journal presents a contrast to that of Whitfield, published 1772, which is almost entirely concerned with its author's preachings. Wesley shows
himself sensitive to the beauty of the countryside not only in places, like the Carse of Gowrie, which the most Augustan of travellers might have admired, but in wilder regions which the earlier tourists thought frightful and hideous. Defoe represents himself as crossing the Enterkin from sheer necessity; Wesley climbed the Pass for the sake of the view.

Thomas Gray paid a short visit to Scotland in August 1764 "from Rose-castle in Cumberland", but the notes of his tour are the merest memoranda, briefer even than those which he kept during the earlier part of his journey through France in 1739. He travelled from Annan ("bad inn, excellent mutton, claret 3/- a bottle") and Dumfries to the Falls of Clyde at Lanark, proceeding via Hamilton to Glasgow ("an elegant city, still on the Clyde"). At Loch Lomond he comments upon the exquisite landscape around the lake, and Dunbarton delighted him with "the immense view" from the Castle. He then went to Stirling by Kilsyth, "thro an ugly country," before turning south again to Falkirk and Abercorn. In Edinburgh he found "miserable inns" and "noble views from the castle", visited Holyrood House, was shown the room where Rizzio was "murther'd," and made excursions to Dalkeith, Roslin ("in a lovely valley"), and Hawthornden, "remarkable
for its caverns and romantic situation". His home-
ward route took him through Melrose - "noble ruins of
the abbey church built about our Edward II's time and
exquisitely adorned" - and Kelso, "a poor dirty town",
to Cornhill and his native land. There is no sign
in all this of the Gray who wrote the letters from
the Alps and from the English Lakes.

In 1771 there was published at Chester a book
which is as outstanding among the accounts of travel
in Scotland in the later 18th century as Defoe's Tour
is in the earlier decades of the century. This was
"A Tour in Scotland" by Thomas Pennant, a well-born
Welshman who had already made a name for himself by
his Travels in England and Wales, in Ireland and on
the Continent, and who was also known as a student of
the history of London and as an authority on British
Zoology. The tour described in this volume took
place in 1769 and covered a large part of Scotland.
Entering the country from Berwick, Pennant went through
Edinburgh, Kinross, and Perth to Blair Athol and thence
through Glen Tilt to Invercauld and Deeside. He ex-
plored the southern shores of the Moray Firth, visited
Elgin and Forres, and turned north at Inverness to
Dornoch, Helmsdale, and Wick. When he had reached the
extreme north-easterly point of Scotland, he returned
by the same road to Inverness, travelled through the Great Glen to Fort William, crossed the Moor of Rannoch to Tyndrum, and thence proceeded by Dalmally and Inverary to Loch Lomond and Glasgow, visiting Stirling and re-visiting Edinburgh before returning to England by Moffat and Lockerbie.

Not content with this extensive tour, Pennant came back to Scotland in 1772, to explore those regions which he had missed on his first visit. This time he entered the country from Carlisle and, after reaching Glasgow, went to Arran and Bute before beginning a long journey among the Inner Hebrides. He penetrated to inaccessible places in Skye and worked his way as far north as Loch Broom before returning south to explore the Ardnamurchan district and Mull. He then struck inland, crossed his former tracks on Loch Awe-side but this time in order to see central Perthshire before proceeding to Montrose and Stonehaven and those districts lying to the east of his route in 1769. He eventually left Scotland by Kelso and Carham.

These two Tours really form one work and seem to have been generally so regarded, but there are considerable differences in manner and execution between them. The earlier journey is recorded in a style which often suggests the hasty jottings of a journal; the second tour, which has a special interest because of the
attention devoted to the little known Western Isles, is much more elaborately and minutely described; but although the writing is more careful and studied it lacks at times the spontaneity and zest which make the first tour so delightful to read.

The differences between Pococke's Tours and Pennant's are the essential differences between bad and good travel-writing. Pennant, as befits a friend and correspondent of Gilbert White, is not lacking in learning; he is a naturalist and an antiquarian as well as a traveller. But he is always a traveller first, and part of the secret of his enduring readability is the personal note which, though never obtrusive, can always be heard in his narrative and in his descriptions. The accuracy of some of his statements may be questionable, but his manner is so little dogmatic that we take no offence. The modern philologist could easily demolish some of the picturesque etymologies which Pennant loves, but these fantastic suggestions are put forward so tentatively that they excite in us only the patronising amusement of conscious superiority. Thus he writes of Castle Campbell: "Formerly, from its darksome situation, this pile was called The Castle of Gloom; and all the names of the adjacent district are suitable; it was seated in the
parish of Dolor, was bounded by the glens of Care and washed by the birns of Sorrow." Perhaps he was aware of this little weakness and liked to err in good company: "In the churchyard lies Andrew Cant, minister of Aberdeen, from whom the Spectator derives the word to cant: but in all probability Andrew canted no more than the rest of his brethren, for he lived in a whining age: the word therefore seems to be derived from canto, from their singing out their discourses."

His reflections have neither great profundity nor that "grandeur of generality" which Johnson always admired and often achieved, but into his descriptions he can introduce a tone of reflection which dignifies the rapid writing. Two characteristic passages will illustrate this quality of his style.

"The manners of the native Highlanders may justly be expressed in these words: indolent to a high degree, unless roused to war, or to any animating amusement; or I may say from experience, to lend any disinterested assistance to the distressed traveller, either in directing him on his way, or affording their aid in passing the dangerous torrents of the Highlands: hospitable to the highest degree, and full of generosity: are much affected with the civility of strangers, and have in themselves a natural politeness and address, which often flows from the meanest when least expected."
Thro' my whole tour I never met with a single instance of national reflection! their forbearance proves them to be superior to the meanness of retaliation; I fear they pity us; but I hope not indiscriminately. Are excessively inquisitive after your business, your name, and other particulars of little consequence to them: most curious after the politicks of the world and when they can procure an old newspaper, will listen to it with all the avidity of Shakespear's blacksmith. Have much pride, and consequently are impatient of affronts, and revengeful of injuries. Are decent in their general behaviour; inclined to superstition, yet attentive to the duties of religion, and are capable of giving a most distinct account of the principles of their faith. But in many parts of the Highlands, their character begins to be more faintly marked; they mix more with the world, and become daily less attached to their Chiefs: the clans begin to disperse themselves through different parts of the country, finding that their industry and good conduct afford them better protection (since the due execution of the laws) than any their Chieftain can afford; and the Chieftain tasting the sweets of advanced rents, and the benefits of industry, dismisses
from his table the crowds of retainers, the former instruments of his oppression and freakish tyranny."

And after describing the joug outside the door of the church at Cawdor, he says: "The clergy of Scotland, the most decent and consistent in their conduct of any set of men I ever met with of their order, are at present much changed from the furious, illiterate, and enthusiastic teachers of the old times, and have taken up the milder method of persuasion, instead of the cruel discipline of corporal punishments. Science almost universally flourishes among them; and their discourse is not less improving than the table they entertain the stranger at is decent and hospitable. Few, very few of them permit the bewitchery of dissipation to lay hold of them, notwithstanding they allow all the innocent pleasures of others, which, though not criminal in the layman, they know, must bring the taint of levity on the churchman. They never sink their characters by midnight brawls, by mixing with the gaming world, either in cards, cocking, or horse-racing, but preserve with a narrow income, a dignity too often lost among their brethren south of Tweed."

But the quality in Pennant which most attracts the modern reader is his appreciation of the natural
beauties of the countryside. He is the first of the literary tourists to make us see the places he visits, and very charmingly he can do it.

"The views from the skirts of the plain near Invercauld are very great; the hills that immediately bound it are clothed with trees, particularly with birch, whose long and pendant boughs, waving at a vast height above the head, surpass the beauties of the weeping willow.

The southern extremity is pre-eminently magnificent; the mountains form there a vast theatre, the bosom of which is covered with extensive forests of pines; above, the trees grow scarcer and scarcer, and then seem only to sprinkle the surface; after which vegetation ceases, and naked summits of a surprising height succeed, many of them topped with perpetual snow; and, as a fine contrast to the scene, the great cataract of Garval-bourn which seems at a distance to divide the whole, foams amidst the dark forest, rushing from rock to rock to a vast distance."

And this of a sterner scene: "Left Fort William, and proceeded south along the military road on the side of a hill, an awful height above Loch Leven, a branch of the sea, so narrow as to have only the
appearance of a river, bounded on both sides with vast mountains, amongst whose winding bottoms the tide rolled in with solemn majesty. The scenery begins to grow very romantic; on the west side are some woods of birch and pines; the hills are very lofty, many of them taper to a point; and my old friend, the late worthy Bishop Pocock, compared the shape of one of them to Mount Tabor. Beneath them is Glencoe, infamous for the massacre of its inhabitants in 1691, and celebrated for having, as some assert, given birth to Ossian; towards the north is Morven, the country of his hero, Fingal.

The scenery of this valley is far the most picturesque of any in the Highlands, being so wild and uncommon that it never fails to attract the eye of every stranger of the least degree of taste or sensibility. The entrance to it is strongly marked by the craggy mountain Buachal-ety, a little west of the King's house. All the other mountains of Glencoe resemble it and are evidently but naked and solid rocks, rising on each side perpendicularly to a great height from a flat narrow bottom, so that in many places they seem to hang over, and make approaches, as they aspire, towards each other. The tops of the ridge of hills on one side are irregularly serrated
for three or four miles, and shot in places into spires, which form the most magnificent part of the scenery above Kinlochleven. In the middle of the valley is a small lake, and from it runs the river Coan, or Cona, celebrated in the works of Ossian. Indeed no place could be more happily calculated than this for forming the taste and inspiring the genius of such a poet."

Pococke's comparison of the Scottish mountain to Mount Tabor is not very illuminating to the average reader, but Pennant is above such pedantries. In such passages as those just quoted, there is an appeal to the eye which is new in the literature we are considering, and occasionally, as in the description of Glencoe, an attempt to create the atmosphere of romance by reference to impressions not directly drawn from the scene itself. Macpherson has done his work, for good or ill.

Pennant's love of fine scenery accompanies and does not displace the interest in human affairs characteristic of his age. No other 18th century tourist in Scotland presents such a comprehensive view of the whole country, nor one in which fact and impression are so justly balanced. Modern readers do not know Pennant, but, if they did, the judicious
among them might well endorse the judgment of Johnson: "He's a Whig, sir, a sad dog; but he's the best traveller I ever read. He observes more things than any one else does."

Johnson's own "A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" is a book as individual as its author, dignified, sane, scholarly, and full of inspired common sense; but the travel it records is too well known to require any comment. "To describe a city so much frequented as Glasgow," says Johnson, "is unnecessary"; and a similar argument absolves one from the obligation to summarise so famous a tour. The importance of the book to the student of 18th century literature lies not so much in the account of Scottish life and manners which it supplies - for these things are far more fully and vivaciously depicted by Boswell - nor even in the revelation of Johnson's character which it contains - for that revelation merely displays in an unfamiliar sphere of action those qualities which we already know as characteristic of the man - but in its explicit statement of that philosophy of travel which in varying degrees inspires many of the Augustan tourists, but which here alone finds full expression and perfect embodiment.

It was not for the sake of any aesthetic pleasure to be derived from the contemplation of such magnificent
and awe-inspiring scenery as Pennant describes that Johnson performed a journey so formidable to a man of his years and constitution. What then was the impulse which forced him to undertake not only the difficult land journey but the voyage to the islands as well? Defoe had shirked that voyage for a reason which might be thought strong enough to deter any traveller who expected neither material profit nor romantic pleasure: "It was not likely that any person whose business was mere curiosity or diversion should either be at the expense or run the risk of such a hazardous passage when there was so little worth observation to be found." Yet it was curiosity that sent Johnson to the Hebrides and he has exposed Defoe's shallow complacency in a passage which is the true apologia for all that is best in Augustan travel:

"An eye accustomed to flowery pastures and waving harvests is astonished and repelled by this wide extent of hopeless sterility. The appearance is that of matter incapable of form or usefulness, dismissed by nature from her care and disinherited of her favours, left in its original elemental state, or quickened only with one sullen power of useless vegetation.

It will very readily occur that this uniformity of barrenness can afford very little amusement to the
traveller; that it is easy to sit at home and conceive rocks and heath, and water-falls; and that these journeys are useless labours, which neither impregnate the imagination, nor enlarge the understanding. It is true that of far the greater part of things, we must content ourselves with such knowledge as description may exhibit, or analogy supply; but it is true likewise, that these ideas are always incomplete, and that at least till we have compared them with reality, we do not know them to be just. As we see more we become possessed of more certainties, and consequently gain more principles of reasoning, and found a wider basis of analogy.

Regions mountainous and wild, thinly inhabited, and little cultivated, make a great part of the earth, and he that has never seen them, must live unacquainted with much of the face of nature and with one of the great scenes of human existence."

Johnson's journey thus assumes the character of a truly humane and philosophical pilgrimage, undertaken to advance his understanding to a juster conception of general nature. In the Highlands and in the Hebrides there still existed the remains of patriarchal society; "that union of affections, and co-operation of endeavours, that constitute a clan" could still be observed; and in
those remote regions Johnson found not only the opportunity to study a social organisation like that of the early world but satisfaction also for his sentimental Jacobitism, for his love of feudal principles.

It is to Boswell's "The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D." (1785) that we turn for an account of the humours of that remarkable journey, and for the most vivacious scenes of highland life before Scott. Boswell had here an ideal combination of subjects - Dr Johnson, himself, and travel in a little-known country - and the result is a long and garrulous narrative in which interest similar to that of the "Life" is piquantly relieved and enhanced by the sheer incongruity of the figures and their setting. Under the influence of Highland scenes and Hebridean hospitality Johnson's imagination expands and his sense of fun becomes boisterous; his spirit skips; he retires early to his chamber after a fatiguing journey, to reappear next morning with a positively skittish set of Latin sapphics addressed to Mrs Thrale; from an open boat he apostrophises the western ocean and declaims an ode of Horace to the stormy Atlantic. One epic scene is unforgettable: "We got into Rasay's carriage, which was a good strong
open boat made in Norway. The wind had now risen pretty high and was against us; but we had four stout rowers, particularly a Macleod, a robust, black-haired fellow, half naked, and bare headed, something between a wild Indian and an English tar. Dr Johnson sat high on the stern, like a magnificent Triton. Malcolm sung an Erse song, the boatman chorussed and all went well."

Hexēs d' edzomenoi poliēn hala tupton eretmois: Did the familiar words, which ring like a chorus through the greatest of all tales of travel, occur to Johnson's mind as he sat on the high stern of the little boat, and did he remember how another talkative traveller came to the hearth of an island chief?

Boswell is equally good at charming interiors:
"On a sideboard was placed for us, who had come off the sea, a substantial dinner and a variety of wines. Soon afterwards a fiddler appeared, and a little ball began. Rasay himself danced with as much spirit as any man, and Malcolm bounded like a roe. Dr Johnson was so delighted with this scene that he said 'I know not how we shall get away'." Well might Johnson exclaim "this is truly the patriarchal life; this is what we came to find".

The example of Johnson may account for the greater number of descriptions of travel in Scotland which
appeared or were written during the last quarter of the century, and although none of these are of much importance as literature, a few of them are interesting because of their authors, and others as evidences of the growing romanticism. Other journeys were performed in Scotland during this period in order to make available information concerning particular industries, and among these one ought to mention the journey of John Knox, who published in 1787 "A Tour through the Highlands of Scotland and the Hebride Isles". The purpose of Knox's tour was to enquire into the possibility of establishing fishing stations in the far North-West, and the book was published to awaken interest in and elicit support for certain projects of the British Society for extending the fisheries. Knox combines a survey of the country he visits with a journal of his travels, and the result is readable and interesting, for he enlivens his account of the country and his review of harbours and anchorages with a certain amount of description and occasional scraps of conversation.

It is interesting also to read the accounts of travel contained in the autobiography of Thomas Telford. His earlier journeys were chiefly in the western border districts of Scotland - he wrote a poem in praise of his native Eskdale - while later sections of the book
deal more largely with the northern part of the country.

Greater interest attaches to the brief records of the tours made by Robert Burns in 1787. The first of these tours was undertaken from Edinburgh and eventually brought him back to Mauchline. One purpose of this tour was to inspect a farm near Dumfries which had been offered to him on attractive terms, but Burns had already written to Mrs Dunlop that he knew "no dearer aim than... unplagued with the routine of business, to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia: to sit on the fields of her battles: to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers: and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes". An additional inducement was the prospect of finding songs for inclusion in Johnson's "Museum".

With this mixture of practical and romantic motives, Burns left Edinburgh on the 5th of May and in the company of a young friend, Robert Ainslie, rode into Berwickshire, crossed the Tweed at Coldstream - thus touching English soil for the first time -, and visited Kelso, Jedburgh, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Selkirk before turning towards the coast to see Berwick, Eyemouth, and Dunbar. Parting from Ainslie and acquiring two other companions, Burns next visited
Alnwick, Newcastle, and other places in Northumberland before reaching Dumfries and riding up Nithsdale to his native county. The earlier part of this tour is recorded in a diary, whose brief entries tell of the impressions made upon the poet by the places he visited and the ladies he met - for the sentiments aroused on the way were not all of the kind which Burns promised himself in the letter to Mrs Dunlop.

A few weeks later he left home on a short excursion to Inverary and the districts of Loch Long and Loch Lomond. It is supposed that this trip was undertaken in order to relieve depression of spirits, but so little record of it remains that the itinerary has not been satisfactorily reconstructed.

The third and most important of Burns's tours began from Edinburgh on the 25th of August and lasted until the 25th of September. On this journey he again kept a journal and we are able to trace his progress. Although Burns's aims in this tour were to see the country and seek inspiration in scenes famous for their literary and historical association, his interest in character shows itself in the rapid sketches of people whom he met. It was on this occasion that he visited the field of Bannockburn, but Burns had little
power of expressing his feelings in English prose and here is the turgid entry in the journal: "No Scot can pass uninterested - I fancy to myself that I see my gallant, heroic countrymen coming o'er the hill and down upon the plunderers of their country, and murderers of their fathers; noble revenge and just hate glowing in every vein, striding more and more eagerly, as they approach the oppressive, insulting, blood-thirsty foe! I see them meet in gloriously-triumphant congratulation on the victorious field, exulting in their heroic royal leader, and rescued liberty and independence."

He proceeded from Stirling by way of Glenalmond, Taymouth and Aberfeldy to Blair Athol, where he was hospitably received by the ducal family. Inverness and the scenes associated with Macbeth were next visited, and then he proceeded by way of Elgin to Aberdeen and his father's native county of Kincardine, before returning to Edinburgh.

The interest of this tour lies hardly at all in the brief records of the journal but almost wholly in the purposes for which it was undertaken, the deliberate quest of romantic inspiration. But in spite of his sturdy patriotism, the historic, the heroic and the legendery did not move Burns as they moved Scott; the fragmentary journal, a handful of English verses in
his worst style, and two or three Scots songs in a much better vein are a disappointing treasure for the greatest of Scottish poets to bring back from a journey through some of the most magnificent scenery in Scotland.

Burns had a warm regard for another writer who travelled extensively in Scotland in search of material. This was the genial antiquarian Francis Grose, who, at the poet's request, included a picture of Alloway Kirk in the second volume of his "Antiquities of Scotland" (Vol. I, 1789; Vol. II, 1791). Grose does not seem to have realised the merits of the poem which Burns gave him to accompany the plate, "The Pretty Tale annexed to Aoway Church".

Between the years 1773 and 1807 a number of letters descriptive of life and travel in Scotland were written by a lady and published in 1807 as "Letters from the Mountains". The writer, the daughter of an army officer, was a certain Anne McVicar, who as a child had been with her father in America but who had returned with him to Scotland in 1773, when he was appointed barrack-master at Fort Augustus. Six years later Miss McVicar married the Rev. James Grant, minister of Laggan, and it is as Mrs Grant of Laggan that she is most generally known. The later parts of
the collection give an intimate account of life in a
Highland parish, but their interest is domestic and
social, and it is in the earlier letters, particularly
in those written during the year 1773, that we find
her best descriptions of travel in Scotland.

She was not more than 17 or 18 years of age at
that time, and in spite of the little faults which are
to be expected - the proneness to youthful moralising,
the periphrases, the long-wedded pairs of words - these
early letters show great freshness and acuteness of
observation and at times a power of expression quite
astonishing in so young a writer. Her attention at
this period is divided between two subjects, the people
she meets on her travels and the country she passes
through. She can be pungent enough in her little
character sketches, as, for example, in the life-like
portrait of the disagreeable undergraduate who was
their travelling companion on a journey to Inverary,
but more often she writes of the people she meets with
a kindly and broad-minded humour. Here is a typical
passage, in which she records her impressions of a
Highland Sunday in the year 1773.

"Kilmore, where we heard sermon, is four miles
off, at least, being three of highland computation.
It is by no means a Jewish sabbath that is kept here;
it would be bold even to call it strictly a Christian one; be that as it may, it is a very cheerful one. We set out on horseback in a shower of snow, which people here mind no more than hair powder. It hinders nothing. This was an odd old church, almost ruined. But when the preacher came in he roused all my attention. I never beheld a countenance so keenly expressive, nor such dark piercing eyes: he is very like his sister, F.M. This is certainly a fine country to grow old in; I could not spare a look to the young people, so much was I engrossed in contemplating their grandmothers. They preserve the form of dress worn some hundred years ago. Stately, erect, and self satisfied, without a trace of the languour or coldness of the age, they march up the area, with gaudy coloured plaids fastened about their breasts with a silver brooch, like a full moon in size and shape. They have a peculiar lively blue eye, and a fair fresh complexion. Round their heads is tied the very plain kerchief Mrs Page alludes to, when Falstaff tells her how well she would become a Venetian tire; and on each cheek depends a silver lock, which is always cherished and considered, not improperly, as a kind of decoration.

Flora Macdonald.
These you must observe were the common people; the old ladies were habited in the costume of the year one."

One may ask what Falstaff is doing here; but Miss McVicar was a very widely read young lady. She was writing to a friend who shared her literary enthusiasms and she was only 17.

These literary enthusiasms colour her appreciation of landscape also; she confesses to an "Ossianic mania", she quotes Young and Milton and Shakespeare with the aptness of thorough knowledge, and she travels with an Odyssey in her chaise, though whether in Greek or in English does not appear. But this fine amateurism is accompanied by real powers of observation and great quickness of the senses; she has the painter’s eye and strives to make her readers see the scenes she is describing and feel in her descriptions the atmosphere of romance of which she herself was conscious. "...... on the seaside, a wondrous region, called Knoidart; inaccessible precipices, overhanging mountains, and glens narrow, abrupt, and cut through with deep ravines, combining with rapid streams, dark pools, and woods so intricate, that the deer can scarce find their way through them." "The serene grandeur of this lake in a calm is not to be
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described. Bold, steep mountains rise on the south side; little retiring bays and sloping woods give variety to the north; and the reflection is so fine; nothing interrupts it for twenty-four miles. The immediate scene in short is tranquil and beautiful, while the surrounding objects are all rude and majestic."

"I wish I could share with you the pleasure I felt in admiring in a sweet still May evening the scenery round Loch Oich and Invergarry; the declining sun was shining, immediately after one of those soft warm showers that steal silently down, refreshing all Nature, and awakening the whole woodland melody. A blackbird, on one side of Loch Oich, poured out the fullest strain of wild music I ever heard; while a woodlark, from the streaming birch trees on the other side, seemed emulous of his notes, and was more sweetly liquid, though not so loud. Do the birds really sing sweeter here, or does the wild scenery of these narrow vales reverberate the sound, and produce a tone of feeling more accordant to the music of nature? I never before felt the magic spell of sweet-according sounds so powerful."

A rough masculine counterpart of these letters may be found in the early correspondence of Lord Brougham, who, during his days as a student in
Edinburgh, went on a cruise round the North-Western islands and recorded his experiences in letters to his kinsman, Lord Robertson. Brougham was one of a party of young men, mostly it would appear students of Edinburgh or Glasgow, who chartered a small vessel and fitted out an expedition in August 1799. Their intention was to visit Iceland, but the season was too far advanced, and after calling at Islay, St. Kilda, and Lewis they abandoned their original plan and sailed to Denmark instead.

Brougham was 22 years of age at the time, and these are typically youthful letters, full of high spirits and rough humour and occasionally straining after wit. He makes much of their passage round the Mull of Kintyre, "the doubling of which is more dreaded than twenty West India voyages"; and there is something very familiar in this account of the Captain's behaviour at the crisis of the storm: "In this posture I heard him say 'God! there's nothing for it!' but instantly the ship righted, though the rolling continued and the seasickness increased, all men vomiting but myself." He boasts, too, of the amount he could drink and here is his description of their activities in Lewis: "Every morning we shoot grouse, hares, snipes, and deer till 5 o'clock, then eat the most luxurious
dinner of game and fish, drinking claret, champagne, hermitage, and hock: at night we are uniformly and universally dead (drunk). Your humble servant being in the chair (ex officio) does his best, and having a good capacity enough for wine, does odd enough things. Yesterday our mess fell off - Campbell and I and two natives set into it, and among four had twelve port bottles: the natives and Bob being stowed away, I finished another bottle and a half of port with an old exciseman, Major of the Volunteers. This morning I went out and found all Stornoway in full tongue at my astonishing feat; went to the moors, walked it off, and killed a brace of hares at one discharge (keeping their skins for shoes) above a hundred yards off, and a grouse soon after still further; and tonight we give a ball."

But the most interesting part of Brougham’s letters describes St. Kilda, where he found nothing but dishonesty, degradation and squalor: "Nothing in Captain Cook’s Voyages comes half so low. The natives are savage in due proportion; the air is infected by a stench almost insupportable - a compound of rotten fish, filth of all sorts, and stinking sea-fowl.... A total want of curiosity, a stupid gaze of wonder, an excessive eagerness for spirits and tobacco, a laziness
only to be conquered by the hope of the above mentioned cordials, and a beastly degree of filth, the natural consequence of this, render the St. Kildian character truly savage." But Brougham was not indifferent to the grandeur of the rock scenery and he describes a trip by night in an open boat round part of the coast of the island.

"Our crew talked most infernally, and rowed very ill. Seeing that this proceeded from laziness and loquacity, I desired the first (who alone could speak a word of English) to promise them a dram if they rowed better and to bid them to be more quiet. The effect was instantaneous and immediately the song arose, extempore in composition and far from unmusical in execution; of course pleasing in point of effect.... upon looking round, a scene presented itself which beggars all description. We were roughly and rapidly rolling through such a frightful pass as you cannot form any idea of. On each side huge masses of broken and impending rock stretched up to a terrible height above our heads. These were towards their bases pierced with large, dark, rough caves, into which the sea dashed with stunning noise. Around our crazy overloaded bark lay huge masses of broken rocks, which rendered our course very serpentine, and every instant
the keel grazed with a heavy and petrifying noise along the sunken rocks.

A circumstance occurred which, if you ever were at sea, must add vastly in your mind to the charms of this fine scene. Every stroke of the oars was attended with a vivid and durable stream of fire, throwing out sparks on all sides still more bright. My attention was called from this grand spectacle to the ludicrous panic-struck pickle of our worthy Doctor. 'Good Lord sir - O sir - O sir!' 'Well, Doctor,' said I, 'here is a fine scene for you;' 'Deed, my dear sir, I fear it won't do.' 'Look at that cavern.' 'We touch the bottom!' 'Is not this light delightfully horrible?' 'Hear! hear! how we touch the sides!' 'Only see, Doctor, what a noble scene - the flashing of the water, the foaming of the sea, the majesty of the rocks!' 'Oh dear! I am sure our boat can't weather it.' 'Then, Doctor, the craziness of the vessel, the shallowness of the water, the horrible gulfs near us. By the by, don't Mr Burke reckon terror the basis of the sublime?' 'Mr Brougham, sir - sir, I am just looking where we shall leap out, for a last chance, when the boat is dashed to pieces!"

In making the survey of the chief accounts of travel in Scotland, written or published in the 18th
century, we have traced the changes of outlook which took place during the period. In the earlier part of the century the travel-writers are concerned almost exclusively with social affairs; and 'improvement' is one of the watchwords of the whole century. These interests do not disappear but they are supplemented or modified by other interests as the century advances. To Defoe a wealthy nation is almost certainly a happy one; red-lined accounts are unquestionably richer than the songs of Grecian years; and the best passport to the Earthly Paradise is a satisfactory balance sheet. But Johnson realised, as Burke did, the importance of native institutions and the manners of natural growth in the happiness of the people; to visit the Hebrides in order to find the patriarchal life was to admit that the Hebrideans had a right to that life, that the Scots had a right to their own ways, and that manners were not necessarily absurd or reprehensible because they differed from those of London. But this implied justification of Highland institutions was less influential in the rehabilitation of distinctively Scottish life than the discovery that that life was picturesque. As the spirit of the age encouraged the cult of the Middle Ages, the scholarly antiquarianism of Pococke and Pennant developed into the romantic
antiquarianism of Scott and surviving medieval institutions came to be regarded as living history, valuable, attractive and interesting in themselves.

Simultaneously came the realisation that the wilder landscapes were beautiful in themselves and a fitting background to scenes of a picturesquely imagined and perhaps picturesquely idealised past. There could be no greater mistake than to imagine that all, or even the majority, of later 18th century accounts of travel in Scotland are sentimental pilgrimages to the tomb of Ossian; the whole cult of romantic sensibility was probably much less widespread than would be suggested by a study confined to the famous writers of the age, and the old ideals persist in a great number of undisguished travellers who were probably far more representative of the general educated public than the poets ever were. It is none the less in the travel-writers that we can trace most minutely the gradual building up of that vision of Scotland, at once romantic and realistic, which was to be given to the world in the best of the Waverley novels.
Brand Tom. Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,
Evar, Anan Pahlavi & others.

Use of ideas partly drawn from travel books.

- In natural sciences - Darwin
- In religious speculation - One of the
natural conception of God by Deists. Concluding
that the universe instinctively believes in a God
like the God of the Deists - Supported not from the
communicators but from certain observers.

| Not by Rogers, East Susia & Persia | and
| Hamilton's 'New Account of East Susia

The whole Savage - thing not supported
by the communicators, but by writers like
Wemy (Madras can)

Use of the travel motif in literature.

- Defoe. - e.g. Captain Singleton + R.C.

Political travels - type Of Copper's Travels.

Travel of special interest not falling into any
| these Config. Smollett: France + Spain: Fielding: India;
| Borrelli: Comica (Do Adams' judges' just?)
| Beckford: Italy & the Punic Wars, hexameters.

Poetic travels. Prior to 1820 with Wordsworth.

Fantastic or Philological Voyages - Type of
Lucian & Giano's Historic Enquiry -
Sullivan Travels, Defoe,Cowper, etc.