HESTER LYNCH THRALE PIOZZI published a number of works in various genres and regularly reported the events of her travels. From 7 July to 19 August 1789 she made her only tour of Scotland, and during the trip kept what she called a "Journey Book". Never published, the book is now Rylands English MS. 623, and I have here retained the title "Scotch Journey" given to it by Professor Clifford in his biography of Mrs. Piozzi.

Mrs. Piozzi's observations in Scotland can hardly be of substantial historical interest, for she neither ventured far afield, nor stayed long in any place, nor did she examine circumstances systematically. But her account demonstrates the brightness of her mind and style, and so it adds dimension to our view of a significant figure in eighteenth-century culture. Furthermore, Mrs. Piozzi's tour falls halfway between two well-known reports of expeditions to Scotland, Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands* (1773), and Dorothy Wordsworth's *Recollections of a Tour Made in Scotland* (1803). I shall focus on Mrs. Piozzi's "Journey Book", but where her path crossed that of Johnson, or that of Dorothy Wordsworth, I shall compare their observations.

In 1789 the widow of Henry Thrale had been married to the Italian musician and composer Gabriel Piozzi for five years. During that time, the Piozzis had been touring Europe almost continuously, and Mrs. Piozzi had written two large volumes of her observations of people and places on the Continent. She was forty-nine years old, an experienced traveller and writer, and her tastes were firmly established. She had spent most of her


In quoting Mrs. Piozzi I have preserved the irregularities in her spelling and punctuation, occasionally adding [sic] where it has seemed helpful to do so.

2 *Observations and Reflections Made in the Course of a Journey Through France, Italy, and Germany*. Cadell, 1789.
adult life in London until 1784 and had lived since then in European cities; she had a strong liking for the physical comforts and cultural advantages cities afforded. But she had always prized the beauty of her native Welsh countryside and retained a readiness to be moved by natural splendour. Delighted with the husband of her choice, having once married for convenience, and expecting pleasure from novelty, she left Hanover Square for Scotland with Piozzi, her daughter Cecilia Thrale (aged twelve), and Cecilia's spaniel.

As they travelled north, Mrs. Piozzi established a pattern of comment, remarking on the qualities of the inns at which they stayed, on the weather, on the countryside, and on how, so far as she could see, the common people lived. Her years of travel in Europe gave her bases for comparison: she observed resemblances of the roads to those in Bavaria, of the rivers to those in Austria, and of the skies to those in Italy, and she distinguished the countryside from that of southern France. In making this contrast to France, Mrs. Piozzi shows the sensitivity to offsetting values that Johnson so frequently exhibits in his writing, and toward the end of the passage, she appears to share Johnson's opinion that a nation is best judged by the way it treats its poorest citizens.¹

These pale unripened Beauties of the North as old Syphax calls them, have many compensations in their striking Features, and vigorous Form for the soft and vivid Complexion that charms the visitor of warmer climates. Here however if Figs and Vines and Melons are denied, the Eye is seldom disgusted by Deformity or the Ear pained by the Sound of Supplication—the Smell is not offended with Nastiness, nor one's Feeling irritated by the biting of Vermin. No poor objects shock Humanity here; our low people are well-housed, well-clothed, well-fed; cheerful in their Cottages and active in their Fields. I have not seen a ragged Family, nor been obliged to refuse a Beggar on the Road. Let France and Genoa blush at the Account, for what must be the Curse of Despotic Governments where the people starve so in the midst of Plenty. Nor are our prospects void of milder Beauties . . .

Again, at Durham, we see Mrs. Piozzi's quickness to praise

¹ James Boswell, Life of Johnson (Oxford Standard Edition, 1904, reprinted 1966), p. 446. "He said 'the poor in England were better provided for, than in any other country of the same extent. . . . Where a great proportion of the people (said he) are suffered to languish in helpless misery, that country must be ill policed, and wretchedly governed: a decent provision for the poor is the true test of civilization.'"
or to blame. Quite willing to be astonished, and to express her enthusiasm, she has always a sharp eye and sharp words for sloth and slovenliness:

Woods! Walks! Water! majestic in their kinds, with a Cathedral of immense Antiquity and Weight, conveying Gothic and gloomy Images to the mind, with more true power than York minster itself...

Never was any Church in any County more shamefully neglected sure than this, where the Bishop has 15000 a year, the Dean 2000—and Prebendaries in proportion: yet they suffer their Choristers to appear in dirty Surplices on a Sunday... the Cushions likewise—the Books—the Throne! all in such wretched Repair, it shocked one...

Her extensive Thraliana journal shows that Mrs. Piozzi loved anecdote and small talk, but in her "Scotch Journey" she rarely discusses or quotes her fellow-travellers. She scarcely mentions Cecilia; she quotes Piozzi just once, and then makes his remark the basis of her own observation:

Entering Scotland the Country changes its Appearance gradually and the manners fade away visibly upon the Borders. Mr. Piozzi's Remark that the Scotch were like Chinese made me laugh from its Novelty, but 'twas their Bonnets produced the Observation. Trees however will shortly be no Rarities sure; for never were more elegantly disposed Plantations scattered round a Country, and both the Duke of Roxburgh's Seat and Haddington have a vast Quantity of ancient and respectable Timber about them and very fine thick Hedges adorn and shelter our Roads... no Inconvenience but a hot Sun could we find to complain of till arriving at Edinburgh it sat most gloriously behid the Mountains of Fifeshire shewing the Bay or Firth to such Advantage that the lovely Valley of Tees Bridge so Alpine and so elegant, was lost in the present Splendour of Situation—tho' as we passed, it reminded us of Vanvitelli's Aqueduct at Caserta.

She seems to echo Johnson's controversial statement, in the Journey to the Western Islands, that Scotland was barren of trees. The beauty and singularity of Edinburgh delighted Mrs. Piozzi. "Nothing," she writes, could "strike one more than the Magnificence of Edinburgh new Town or surprize one more than that so little should hitherto have been said of it by English Men." The degree of her surprise also appears in a letter she wrote at about this time (no dates are given in the "Journey Book" itself), to her friend Mrs. Byron in London (Rylands Eng. MS. 546/19). In it, she said, in her familiar conversational

1 The magnificent royal palace at Caserta had recently been constructed; the architect Luigi Vanvitelli had built an aqueduct from the mountains twenty miles away, to supply the great fountains in the palace garden.
tone, "Well now! and what do you expect me to tell you of this Country—I dare say you expect, as I certainly did too—a second hand London set in a second hand England ... something worse because of the Climate—but very like. Not a bit on't. Edinburgh resembles no Place I have seen yet." She goes on, in the letter, to describe the mountains, Edinburgh Castle and Arthur's Seat, the "broad arm of the Sea" and the hills of Fifeshire. The whole, Mrs. Piozzi thought, gave "Ideas of romantic Antiquity and surly Greatness not easily to be match'd or rivall'd." The new city she valued especially for its "symmetry and exactness", and she found it resembled, when seen from the hill, a cork model.

Having been entertained at several very pleasant dinners in her first few days in Scotland, Mrs. Piozzi told Mrs. Byron that she liked the country and its people "prodigiously", and would gladly tell them so, but she added, with characteristic edge, the citizens were always ahead of her in praising their city and themselves. At the end of this letter, Mrs. Piozzi relates that she looked over Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands "every day with double Delight. Oh how the Scotch do detest him!!"

Johnson said nothing about Edinburgh in his book, though he and Boswell stayed there the first four and the last ten of their hundred days together in Scotland. In Johnson's view, the city was "too well known to admit description". He thought travel literature might have two useful purposes. One aim, which he employed to the exclusion of the other, was to relate and preserve information elsewhere unattainable. Such a record, he wrote in the Idler, No. 97, gives its readers a firm basis on which to compare modes of life. That was his intention and his achievement when he and Boswell travelled through the Hebrides. On the other hand, Johnson advises that in keeping a journal one should "note the impressions which the first sight of anything new" makes upon his mind.¹ This is Mrs. Piozzi's method in her "Scotch Journey".

¹ The language appears in a letter from Johnson to Saunders Welch, 3 February 1778, on the occasion of Welch and his daughter travelling to Italy (Life of Johnson, p. 890). But he often gave this advice.
Dorothy Wordsworth adopted yet another approach. She composed her recollections after the journey, undertaken with her brother William and with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, had ended. The only day the Wordsworths spent in Edinburgh was filled with rain and mist. Dorothy was sorry the fog obscured the Firth of Forth, but she found it had advantages: when she and William climbed the hill to Arthur’s Seat, the mist concealed the shapes of houses in the town below, and Dorothy thought the shrouding increased the “grandeur” of the indistinct buzz which rose to their ears from the city. As they trudged the streets through rain and dirt, the old town, not the new, delighted them—in the fog, she writes, “[the town] hardly resembles the work of men, it is more like a piling up of rocks”.

When Mrs. Piozzi looked closely at the old city, her notions of romance and singularity faded. She recognized some unfavourable resemblances to the Rue St. Honoré in Paris, where the bakers and other shopkeepers painted on their walls pictures of their wares “in ill drawn and worse coloured Figures”, making an impression of “dirt and meanness not pleasing to the English eye”. Mrs. Piozzi wished for uncorrupted magnificence, but “the moment you are out of a fine street or Square there are tumbling down Cottages to offend your eyes”. The sight of street beggars also disturbed Mrs. Piozzi; the English, she said, either concealed their beggars out of shame or relieved them out of charity; she wasn’t sure which, but she disliked their presence. Her description is vivid, “devoured themselves by Vermin, [they] threaten Infection while they ask for alms”. Usually, however, she gave something to them.

Reflecting on the large sums of money spent to build Edinburgh new town reminded Mrs. Piozzi of an anecdote. She considered the story illustrative and amusing, and so included it:

... go where one will, the English People are never belov’d I think, though almost all others profit by the diffusion of that Wealth which they acquire only to bestow. The new Town of Edinburgh here in our own Island has been built and all the

1 Of her trip to France in 1775, she had reported “Nothing can be truer than what Baretti says, that the Extremes of Magnificence & Meanness meet at Paris” (The French Journals of Mrs. Thrale and Doctor Johnson, ed. Moses Tyson and Henry Guppy (Manchester, 1932), p. 93).
Environ of it beautified into the State we find it, since the Year 1745. Yet the Inhabitants tho' proud of their present Splendour, hate to recollect by what means it first began; nor can I keep out of my Head for a Moment the Story Mr. Murphy told at our House many Years ago of a poor but handsome Wench he had once admired while meanly dress'd she scower'd the Servants Pewter Dishes at a Friend's Seat where he was visiting—Twenty Months after however, as he walk'd in St. James Park, a showy looking Female finely adorned, and genteely attended, her Carriage waiting at the Gate, her Livery Servant following—took his Attention; and by her Features reminded him of the pretty Girl he had seen in Suffolk some Time before. Why Dolly said he astonished—sure it is not You I that I see so grand, and so attended—Sure but it is Sir replied Dolly with an Air—but changing her Voice—I have been ruin'd you know since then Sir.

Mrs. Piozzi would hardly have written out the episode had she not expected her journal to have readers, and indeed she may have shown the manuscript to such friends as Mrs. Byron. She could show it freely, for the whole account contains none of the personal reflections she made in her Welsh travel book, 1774.¹ A possible explanation for the difference in the books lies in the difference in Mrs. Piozzi's husbands. Henry Thrale did not care to listen to her talk on any subject whatever. But Piozzi was an agreeable audience. To him Mrs. Piozzi may have made remarks which, but for his presence, would have gone into her journal.

While the Murphy anecdote exemplifies Mrs. Piozzi's wit and humour, we may imagine how differently Johnson would have dealt with the subject. He would not have set down the girl's story, as it seems to show immorality triumphant. The paradox that English generosity produced resentment would have provoked his reasoning powers, and probably he would have commented on motive and consequence.

Mrs. Piozzi flows on, spontaneously and exuberantly. Holyrood House stimulated her sense of historical romance, "the blood of ill-protected Rizzio still stains some Boards". Queen Mary, she writes, had become "such a favourite with the World [but] we recollect her Beauty and forget her Faults". She jumps at once to another interest, etymology; seeing the

¹ There she reports Queeney's headaches and giving the girl Scot's tin pills, and she feels Thrale and Johnson are often unkind, "watchful to cavil, or acute to contradict before the sentence is finished" (Doctor Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, ed. A. M. Broadley, London, 1910).
fleur de lis over the canopy in Queen Mary's bedroom led her to think of the French words which, she believed, came into Scotland with Mary. "I canna' be fashed say they from Faché teized or troubled. Bonny which occurs every Moment, means no other than Bonne I believe, and a Husband is still called Marrow from Mari French." Holyrood House was visited by Dorothy Wordsworth, too, but from her it provoked no comment other than "nothing ancient about it".

In the vein of associating France and Scotland, Mrs. Piozzi reverts to one of her favourite topics, cleanliness. But though she complains vehemently about Edinburgh's failure in this respect, she quickly offsets her condemnation with praise of the city's gardeners:

The Love of Dirt is another Continental Taste, and their Attachment to it can surely be with difficulty denied while they continue building fine Places, and polluting them with Nastiness that shocks an English Reader even to think of—but tho' within these last 20 Years have grown up in this great City Public Edifices which do honour to their Skill in Architecture and private Dwellings of a uniform and symmetrical Beauty sought for elsewhere in vain; Squares of uncommon Magnitude and Streets unrivalled so far as my Experience has carried me both for Construction and Space—The Scots have never turned their Thoughts towards making a Common Sewer, nor even considered Cleanliness as an Ornament, much less a Necessary of Life. Every thing most odious is brought and thrown out before the owners door at 10 o'Clock of an Evening without Shame or Sorrow—Carts being provided to carry it off before Morning, leaving only the smell behind—as not a Privy is yet used in Edinburgh. In Contradiction to all this I never saw People so fond of Flowers in my Life: and tis impossible to imagine how well the sweet flowering Shrubs do prosper in a Climate coarse by Nature but which Art has so subdued that Moss Provence Roses are exceedingly common while Syringa, Woodbuid, and Portugal Laurel perfume the Air round the City infinitely beyond any Environs I know.

The Scots were aware of the sanitary problem. In 1767 plans called for the Town Council to construct a sewer, as a matter "of the utmost consequence for the convenience and health of the inhabitants", but no one in Edinburgh knew how to do the job. James Craig was sent to London to "remain there so long as necessary for learning everything relative to these Shores [sewers]".

During the years she travelled on the Continent, Mrs. Piozzi

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MRS. PIOZZI'S "SCOTCH JOURNEY", 1789

indulged her fondness for painting. She looked at the Scottish countryside with an eye for composition, and her descriptions often relate prospects in terms of landscape views. She recognizes her turn of mind, "if a Man loves painting he will have that best in Nature which is easiest to paint, by the same Rule a Player might think that Character greatest which 'tis least difficult to represent". But she continues to think about it, and argues that what may be true of art is not so of life. "Soft and steady Characters are best in Life, Valleys rich in Pastures, and Uplands waving with Wheat are best in Nature." Here she sounds very much like Johnson, preferring the stable and rational to the striking and sensational. But she follows this comment with a comparison which characterizes Johnson himself as striking, rather than soft and steady. "Would the people of this country be contented I wonder if I said their Doctor Blair was like our Richmond Hill—our Doctor Johnson like their Arthur's Seat or Carlton [sic] Mountain." No doubt Mrs. Piozzi considered Richmond Hill a gentle slope, pleasantly planted and adorned with genteel residences. How she saw Carlton Hill may be understood from a modern description of it:

The hill is, indeed, littered with buildings of one sort or another, mostly of classical shape and form, a seemingly fanciful arrangement of harmonious compositions which forms a pattern constantly and wonderfully changing as one looks up or across at the hill from different parts of the city... There is the Old Observatory, designed by James Craig and given... the appearance of a fortification. Built between 1776 and 1792, this is the only building certainly by Craig which still stands. It looks a little like a converted castle, with a strong hint of domestic Gothic, and is really rather extraordinary.1

After nearly two hundred years, the description still sounds like Johnson in several particulars, and in the phrase for the old observatory, "domestic Gothic".

Mrs. Piozzi's comparison is in keeping with the style and substance of resemblances she remarks in her Thraliana, where she twice likens Johnson to an elephant, compares her first husband to a roast beef, Sophy Streatfield to pea-green satin, to a dove, to a white fricasee, and so on. And Dr. Blair, the Scottish divine, made a highly favourable impression, for when Mrs. Piozzi resumed writing in Thraliana after returning from her

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1 Youngson, pp. 158-9.
Scotch journey, she asked "what did I like and who did I take a Fancy to in this Journey? Loch Lomond and Dr. Blair. When I recollect what is past—their Images rise most spontaneously to my Mind among all the People and Places, Is not that the surest Test of genuine Liking? I think so".¹

A drive to Hopeton House and a day's visit there prompted Mrs. Piozzi's remarks given above. Her description of the countryside there is indeed a verbal painting, and she does not hesitate to rank Lord Hopeton's landscape above the English standard:

The Drive to Queen's Ferry with Hopeton House and Grounds at the end of it is singularly beautiful, and affords all that one's Mind can contain at once I think—Population Culture Industry within the Eye—Rocks, Seas, and rough Magnificence in Perspective: but Scotch Prospects do above all others excel in those Qualities justly termed Picturesque, while a rich fertile Foreground is almost always contrasted by lofty Mountains and a Blue Expanse of Ocean in the Offskip. Lord Hopeton's good Taste has taken every Advantage of Nature's Beneficence, nor has he servilely imitated the English custom of laying every thing open at once. Here are very thick strong Hedges to shelter the Fruits and Flowers. These Hedges chiefly composed of evergreens and well kept like such as I remember at my Grandmother's Seat in Hertfordshire Ages ago, and have not seen since... The Architecture is of the same Rank, and the Approach exceedingly striking: our Firth of Forth bearing all possible Appearance of an immense Lake laid out for the Convenience and Ornament of these charming Pleasure Grounds, with two Islands seemingly thrown in on purpose to adorn it: one of which has a ruined Castle on its Top the other is Inch Keith of which Dr. Johnson gives the Description.

This is Mrs. Piozzi's only mention of Johnson's book in her journal. In his Journey to the Western Islands he describes Inch Keith as "nothing more than a rock covered with a thin layer of earth, not wholly bare of grass, and very fertile of thistles".

Mrs. Piozzi might have felt closer to Johnson had she taken with her Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, for its recreation of Johnson's conversation. Boswell's account of their visit to Inch Keith is an exemplary episode, and shows the sharp difference between his style, dramatizing Johnson and the moment, and that of Mrs. Piozzi, intent on picturing the scene she saw.

In crossing the Frith, Dr. Johnson determined that we should land upon Inchkeith. On approaching it, we first observed a rocky shore. We coasted

about, and put into a little bay on the northwest. We clambered up a very steep ascent, on which was very good grass but rather a profusion of thistles. There were sixteen head of black cattle grazing upon the island. Lord Hailes observed to me that Brantôme calls it L'Isle des Chevaux, and that it was probably "a safer stable" than many others in his time. The fort, with an inscription on it Maria Re. 1564, is strongly built. Dr. Johnson examined it with much attention. He stalked like a giant among the luxuriant thistles and nettles. There are three wells in the islands, but we could not find one in the fort. There must probably have been one, though now filled up, as a garrison could not subsist without it. But I have dwelt too long on this little spot. Dr. Johnson afterwards bade me try to write a description of our discovering Inchkeith, in the usual style of travelers, describing fully every particular, stating the grounds on which we concluded that it must have been once inhabited, and introducing many sage reflections; and we should see how a thing might be covered in words so as to induce people to come and survey it. All that was told might be true, and yet in reality there might be nothing to see. He said, "I'd have this island. I'd build a house, and make a good landing-place, have a garden and vines and all sorts of trees. A rich man of a hospitable turn here would have many visitors from Edinburgh." When we had got into our boat again, he called to me, "Come, now, pay a classical compliment to the island on quitting it." I happened luckily, in allusion to the beautiful Queen Mary, whose name is upon the fort, to think of what Virgil makes Aeneas say on having left the country of his charming Dido: "Very well hit off!" said he.

Mrs. Piozzi visited Edinburgh Grammar School and Edinburgh Hospital and liked very much what she saw. The hospital she found clean, handsome, and elegant; there was "nothing to offend a visitor". At the school the handsomeness of the children impressed her, and she remarked on the school's merit "as a Seminary of Literature". Comparison is inevitable with the final episode of Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands, his one entry based in Edinburgh:

There is one subject of philosophical curiosity to be found in Edinburgh, which no other city has to shew; a college of the deaf and dumb, who are taught to speak, to read, to write, and to practice arithmetick, by a gentleman, whose name is Braidwood... the improvement of Mr. Braidwood's pupils is wonderful. They not only speak, write, and understand what is written, but if he that speaks looks towards them, and modifies his organs by distinct and full utterance, they know so well what is spoken, that it is an expression scarcely figurative to say, they hear with the eye.

It was pleasing to see one of the most desperate of human calamities capable of so much help: whatever enlarges hope, will exalt courage; after having seen the deaf taught arithmetick, who would be afraid to cultivate the Hebrides?\footnote{Johnson's \textit{Journey to the Western Islands,} ed. Allan Wendt (Boston, 1965), pp. 121-2.}

The comparison again emphasizes the different depths of the travellers' interests. Whereas Mrs. Piozzi makes the conventional visits of a tourist and observes surfaces, Johnson seeks the unusual, and likes to focus on human attitudes.

After a brief mention of Edinburgh's botanical garden, which she admired, and a description of the great crowds walking in the middle of the streets, though the sidewalks were good, Mrs. Piozzi abruptly breaks off her account of Edinburgh and reports her arrival in Glasgow.

She judges Glasgow "noble" and rates it perhaps "first among the second Rate Cities of Europe", specifically preferring its size to Dresden's, its situation to Munich's, and especially liking the spaciousness and dignity of the houses, and the large portion of "Regularity". Only to Berlin (among the "second-rate cities") was Glasgow "inferior" in design and layout. She found an elegantly planted path along the Clyde and two beautiful stone bridges across the river. She was indeed much impressed by Glasgow's architecture, but the familiar objection surfaced:

This is wholly like a Continental Town, nor can England pretend to oppose any Equal against it: yet how sincerely do I wish myself at Salisbury or Nottingham! ... Tho' Candour must confess that we have here Colonades to walk under as at Bologna that the streets are paved after the foreign Manner, and better than in London, that the College is very handsome, and that the Cathedral would have been so too, but for the violating hand of hasty and rapacious Reform. For the absence of Cleanliness indeed Uniformity or even Grandeur hardly makes amends and I have now found a most discreditable Reason why Passengers walk up the Coach way so in Edinburgh and Glasgow—'tis because People used to throw Ordure etc. out of the Windows, and Footfolks rationally enough chose to hazard being run over.

When, fourteen years later, Dorothy Wordsworth visited Glasgow, one of her remarks, though less explicit than Mrs. Piozzi's, suggests a similar objection: "I shall never forget how glad I was to be landed in a little quiet back-parlour, for my head was
beating with the noise of carts which we had left, and the wearisomeness of the disagreeable objects near the highway."

At this point, Mrs. Piozzi and her small group began a trip into the Highlands. They stopped first at Dumbarton, where Mrs. Piozzi puzzled over the great rock in the Clyde. "No cause can my best Wit render", she writes, "how this Rock so rough, so steep, so barren came stuck in a sand Bank in so strange a manner". There was no evidence, she saw, of "Volcanick Explosions". When the Wordsworths arrived at the rock, Dorothy did not, apparently, speculate on how it came to be in the river. The water being low, she and William walked around the base of the rock and inspected it closely:

I never saw rock in nobler masses, or more deeply stained by time and weather, nor is this to be wondered at, for it is in the very eye of sea-storms and land-storms, of mountain winds and water winds. It is of all colours, but a rusty yellow predominates. As we walked along, we could not but look up continually, and the mass above being on every side so huge, it appeared more wonderful than when we saw the whole together.

We sat down on one of the large stones which lie scattered near the base of the rock, with sea-weed growing amongst them.

The images of Dorothy and William wading in the low water around the rock, and sitting on stones in the river, make a homelier scene than any Mrs. Piozzi gives. Dorothy is often content to remark on the everyday activities of ordinary people, as she does on top of the rock: "soldiers' wives were hanging out linen upon the rails, while the wind beat about them furiously". But both writers respond enthusiastically to majestic views, though here, as usual, Mrs. Piozzi's taste is for cultivated land, while Dorothy Wordsworth's is for mystery. Mrs. Piozzi is quick to allude to the Continent and to the classics, so that the prospect ends for her in "Alpine Pen Lomond" and the River Clyde in the distance "changes like Achelous into a gliding Stream". Dorothy Wordsworth rather liked the "mists and dingy clouds", provided they did not obscure the grand outline of the distant mountains, and she found a mist over the great rock gave it a ghostly appearance.

The Scottish hero of the thirteenth century, William Wallace, 

fortified himself on the great rock at Dumbarton, and Mrs. Piozzi was moved to write, recollecting her climb up the stairs to the castle, “[these are] the identical Steps down which poor Sir William Wallace came in Defence of his Country—How great must have been their Courage and Skill who forced it!” Dorothy Wordsworth merely reports “we were shown a large rusty sword, which they call Wallace’s Sword”.

Each of the four travellers comments upon the monument erected by James Smollett to his cousin Tobias. Johnson’s remark is simply one clause in a sentence, “he has raised an obelisk on the bank [of the Leven] near the house in which he was born”. Mrs. Piozzi generalizes thoughtfully: “there is A Doric Column erected in Memory of Dr. Smollett whose Birthplace is in Honour of him called Roderick Random. These are Encouragements to future Authors, tho’ perhaps when Merit grows more common it may be less prized”. For Dorothy Wordsworth, Coleridge translated the Latin inscription on the monument, and she pronounced the Latin “miserably bad—as Wm. and C. said, such as poor Smollett, who was an excellent scholar, would have been ashamed of”. Boswell tells part of the story behind the inscription. It seems James Smollett consulted Johnson about it, telling him that Lord Kames had recommended an English epitaph. Johnson had demurred, “An English inscription would be a disgrace to Dr. Smollett”, and Boswell comments that of course, the epitaph did not need to be intelligible to the “Highland drovers, or other such people”. They were then shown a proposed Latin inscription, which Johnson revised and, according to Boswell, greatly improved by several additions and variations. But Johnson’s amendments were themselves subsequently amended, and evidently for the worse.

The views of and around Loch Lomond provoked enthusiastic responses from Mrs. Piozzi and Dorothy Wordsworth. But where Dorothy emphasizes the appeal of wildness to her, and complains because the peak of Ben Lomond is in tiers rather than one great craggy mass, Mrs. Piozzi praises the symmetry of the mountain, much as she had praised the buildings of Edinburgh. Once again, Mrs. Piozzi provides detailed descriptions of the
flora; she is especially pleased by the scent of the sweetbrier eglantine and the new-cut hay. Here she also exhibits a taste for the ghostly views so favoured by Dorothy. As light clouds fleetingly obscure the mountain tops, Mrs. Piozzi imagines the spirit of Ossian "sailing through the mist", a remark somewhat surprising from one who carried with her Johnson’s *Journey to the Western Islands*, considering Johnson’s charge there that the spirit of Ossian resided exclusively in the fancy of James Macpherson.

Dorothy Wordsworth found her idea of Paradise close to Loch Lomond, and so did Mrs. Piozzi, and it is interesting to see how their conceptions differ. For Dorothy, the ingredients are simplicity, beauty and privacy:

But soon we came to just such a place as we had wanted to see. The road was close to the water, and a hill, bare, rocky, or with scattered copses rose above it. A deep shade hung over the road, where some little boys were at play; we expected a dwelling-house of some sort; and when we came nearer, saw three or four thatched huts under the trees, and at the same moment felt that it was a paradise. We had before seen the lake only as one wide plain of water; but here the portion of it which we saw was bounded by a high and steep, heathy and woody island opposite, which did not appear like an island, but the main shore, and framed out a little oblong lake apparently not so broad as Rydale-water, with one small island covered with trees, resembling some of the most beautiful of the holms of Windermere, and only a narrow river’s breadth from the shore. This was a place where we should have liked to have lived, and the only one we had seen near Loch Lomond:—how delightful to have a little shed concealed under the branches of the fairy island! the cottages and the island might have been made for the pleasure of each other. . . . I thought, what a place for Wm.! he might row himself over with twenty strokes of the oars, escaping from the business of the house, and as safe from intruders, with his boat anchored beside him, as if he had locked himself up in the strong tower of a castle. We were unwilling to leave this sweet spot; but it was so simple, and therefore so rememberable, that it seems almost as if we could have carried it away with us.¹

Mrs. Piozzi loved the beauty of the lake, but thought that the expenditure of large sums of money was necessary to make the situation perfect:

Why do not all the Scots who acquire Fortunes in foreign Countries by their Courage and Talents—retire to Lough Lomond, cover its pellucid Water with Yatchts [sic] and adorn its Shores with Villas. A Scenery more lovely can hardly be hop’d for by Reason or imag’d by Fancy than yt of Lough Lomond which at last I hardly dare speak of for fear of not saying enough: so various are its

¹ Ibid. i. 246.
Beauties, so quick the Transitions from one Beauty to another—original in all it resembles no other Lake, tho' its Environs are an assemblage of whatever is most striking—most pleasing—most magnificent.

Johnson, too, had wished for cultivation of the shores of Loch Lomond: indeed he seems to anticipate Mrs. Piozzi in wishing for the development. The absence of cultivation he traced to the chill climate, and he remarked that the islands "which court the gazer at a distance, disgust him at his approach, when he finds, instead of soft lawns and shady thickets, nothing more than uncultivated ruggedness ".

Johnson also describes Glen Croe, calling it "a black and dreary region". Mrs. Piozzi elaborates and, with that sense of drama she often displays, portrays the deep chasms of the glen as "a Theatre of Horror"; she envisions gangs of mountain bandits and "Outrages committed by famished Rapacity—for here is no Help no Human Creature within call—no hope of Assistance where all is Wildness and Vacuity". No doubt Mrs. Piozzi's imagination was prompted by facts and legends she had heard when travelling in the Alps. Unlike Mrs. Piozzi, Dorothy Wordsworth saw Glen Croe first, and it did not move her, but later, in the Alps, she teased her sister-in-law, they having allowed two strange peasants to guide them, by saying "you have no fear of trusting yourself to a pair of Italian Banditti?".

Their reactions to Inveraray Castle typify the different tastes of Mrs. Piozzi and Dorothy Wordsworth. Mrs. Piozzi loved the many trees surrounding the castle; she describes the enormous beeches, the pale ash, gloomy pines and sycamores, and the British plane tree. The castle itself impressed her most favourably because everything about it exuded warmth and good nature:

...’tis Time to talk of Inverary Castle which being insulated looks ancient and being unadorned with Flowring Shrubs...gives the Mind an Idea of simple Grandeur and solitary Dignity not of sullen haughtiness tho’ or inhospitable Pride. Alnwick apparently commands Submission and forbids Approach. Inverary promises a gentle Reception, and its Interior cherishes every Hope. The State Rooms are furnished with Tapisserie de Beauvais rich and elegant—their Cheerfulness consoles one in a Place so unfrequented, and I see not why exclusion of Gayety should be considered as perfection of Taste at any Time.

1 Ibid. ii. 244.
There is much Disposition to Amenity about the Duke of Argyll. A bright Sun with ye addition of sixty or seventy People making Hay... inspires Good Humour—those Mountains which are most solemn too are seen only at a distance; the nearer Hills rich in variegated Verdure exhibit only Images of Delight. Inverary is princely but Alnwick is tyrannical.

At this point, Mrs. Piozzi, evidently pleased at the contrast of Inverary to Alnwick, devotes a full page in her book to two rough sketches, outlining the shapes of the castles. She had seen Alnwick early in the journey and called it “the Elephant of the North”.

Dorothy Wordsworth admired the size of the beech trees at Inverary Castle, and she, too, thought the castle stately, but she and William did not enter it because it was “fitted up in the modern style; if there had been any relics of the ancient costume of the castle of a Highland chief with, we should have been sorry to have passed it”.

Had Mrs. Piozzi been carrying Boswell’s book with her, she might have noticed that Johnson too was “much struck by the grandeur and elegance” of Inverary Castle. And at the inn where Boswell and Johnson stayed in Inverary, when Johnson had his first taste of Scotch whisky, Boswell proposed that they toast Mrs. Thrale (as Mrs. Piozzi was then). Johnson declined because, he said, “he would not have her drunk in whisky, but rather ‘some insular lady’.”

Mrs. Piozzi, her husband and her daughter now turned back and headed toward Liverpool. She wrote her second letter to Mrs. Byron (Rylands English MS. 546/20), summarizing the Highland excursion, and explaining why they will go no farther north:

...beautiful Inverary and horrible Glencoe [sic]. Tis an astonishing Country after all, and perfectly well worth seeing: but it would have been inconvenient to have gone further and our Fatigues would have been ill repaid they told us if we made less than 226 Miles; which I could not bear the Thoughts of dragging poor Cecilia over for mere barren Curiosity. After sweet Lough Lomond, so soft and delicate at one End of it, so stern & majestic at the other, what can be wished of Scenery? either gaily Pastoral or gloomily Magnificent?

As she retreated from the Highlands to those “gentler Sensations” of civilization which she was always glad of, Mrs. Piozzi composed two entries quite Johnsonian in style and
substance. "The sight of Paisley makes one proud of an Island that can supply Oriental Luxury by Northern Diligence," she remarks, in phrases abstract and concise. More extensive, and even more strongly reminiscent of Johnson, is her speculation on the planting of trees in Scotland. Tightening and generalizing her style by the frequent use of personification, she explains the present by analysing the past, observing the operations of human motive, will, and circumstance.

A Day spent with agreeable Friends at Drumpellin where there is much Wood told me that which I did not know before for not a Stick was planted before the Year 1700—very strange thought I—yet why very strange? Opinions alter with Circumstances reasonably enough. When a Country is first colonized or inhabited, the earliest Efforts are to clear that Wood away which Nature in every Place plentifully provides: and if by Accident of sudden Conquest and long Subjugation, Riches should be rarely and scantily brought in—no one thinks of ever more Planting Trees till Commerce has created Wealth and Superfluity has sought for Amusement.

Mrs. Piozzi stopped next at the Duke of Hamilton's house, where two views thrilled her. One was her last look at Ben Lomond, fifty or sixty miles distant and "so handsome as to make it difficult for any Object to obliterate the Idea". The other was inside the house, where there were some splendid paintings by Van Dyke and a Rubens, Daniel in the Lions' Den, which produced her ecstatic response. "Such a Composition! such Art in the Painter! such Nature in the Figure!" Mrs. Piozzi had seen a great many paintings in recent years and, we may assume, many by Rubens. Though the Daniel is not highly regarded today among Rubens' works, the general view being that it is rather frigid, Mrs. Piozzi loved the drama and excitement she found in it and empathized with Daniel.1

Rubens has seized the Moment when Nebuchadnezzar looking into the Cavern puts in Play those Passions till then tranquillized by the consciousness of a Miracle wrought in the Prophet's Favour who now at Sight of his Sovereign however, holds up his clasped hands in Appeal to that Justice which had been so perverted—and drawing himself as it were close together in an Attitude of Mrs. Piozzi's affection for Rubens, and her ability to elaborate by comparisons, appear in the Observations and Reflections... (ed. Herbert Barrows, University of Michigan Press, 1967, pp. 410-11) where she concedes Michelangelo's superiority to Rubens, and Milton's to Pope, but says Rubens and Pope will have "readers, reciters and quoters" while their masters "must sit down contented with silent veneration".

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Exhortation gives both the King and the Spectators a more terrifying Idea of his Situation among famish'd Lyons only restrain'd by Heaven's immediate Hand from rending him in pieces than could otherwise be obtained by us or conveyed by the Artist. There are no glowing Tints no strong Carnations to dazzle or mislead our Judgement in this Picture: Daniel seems to have lost Flesh and Colour by the Horrors of his Confinement the muscular Powers remain: and the foreshortening of a Face in its own Nature beautiful adds Expression that calls forth all our Pity for oppress'd and suffering Virtue.

She also found the Duke's woods walks delightful and especially admired the huge and ancient oak trees. They seemed to her “at least 3 or 400 years old” and she felt they contradicted the assertion that no trees had been planted in Scotland before the Union.

Gretna Green was Mrs. Piozzi's last stop in Scotland. She stayed at the large inn built there primarily to accommodate underage couples who, by crossing the border to marry, evaded the English law against clandestine marriages. Gretna Hall was very showy, Mrs. Piozzi allowed, but it was “a bad inn”, no doubt meaning poorly furnished and carelessly maintained. She supposed the eloping couples were much too concerned with themselves, however, to notice the condition of the hall. Ironically, Mrs. Piozzi's daughter Cecilia ran off six years later, to marry at Gretna Green after her mother refused her consent.

Though still far from her house in London, or even from her beloved Wales, Mrs. Piozzi sounds like the homecoming traveller as the carriage approaches Carlisle. To her it looked “cheerful and pretty”, and seemed to deserve its ancient epithet “merry Carlisle”. She was glad to see brick houses again, and women wearing shoes and stockings.

Ullswater Mrs. Piozzi thought equal in size and beauty to Lake Lugano, and she found Derwentwater elegant. England could, she writes; “exhibit Lakes and Regattas in good Time like her fuller grown Neighbours on the Continent”. Though the district had too long been neglected, Mrs. Piozzi said caustically there was now “a Rage for the Lakes; we travel to them, we row upon them, we write about them and about them”.1 She liked

1 Mrs. Piozzi said the Dunciad was her favourite among Pope's poems (Thraliana, i. 470). Here she echoes the couplet at Dunciad IV. 251-2:

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it:
And write about it, Goddess, and about it.
the views well enough but found there was, after all, "a sameness in all standing Waters... each must be headed with Mountains, the gradations of which adorn its Sides, while an opener Country ending in softly rising Hills concludes the Pleasure by one great View up the Lakes". They rowed to an island she thought elegant, but lacking flowering shrubs; "we should go to Scotland for Roses it seems—they can make them flourish in Latitude 56 or 57 mighty well".

Mrs. Piozzi's reaction to Liverpool once more clearly distinguishes her taste from that of Dorothy Wordsworth and that of Johnson. Much activity in clean surroundings pleased Mrs. Piozzi greatly, and reflected her own style of living at Streatham when Thrale was alive.

Nothing was ever so improved as this Place; the Docks so magnificent, the Streets so large, so splendid with richly furnished Shops all Day so luminous with well ranged Lamps all Night—so clean tho' crowded, so comfortable tho' splendid—so decent tho' unavoidably noisy. Viva Liverpoole! our friends the Kembles help to make it pleasant and here are no drawbacks. We have a mighty pretty Theatre and Lord Derby's Park at Knowesly serv'd for a Day's amusement well enough.

On the way to visit in Wales, she stopped at Chester Cathedral, where her entry shows that the first part of the trip was still in her mind: "if the Choristers sing out of tune a little, their Surplices are clean at least not like those of Durham".

As usual, Mrs. Piozzi was happy to be back in England after a long journey. Her reflection on the countries she had recently visited involves a curious problem of cancellations. Originally, this passage read:

England however always strikes one, come from what Place one will—its Verdure, its Neatness, its Opulence, its Amenity! I have returned to England from Italy Germany Scotland Wales—and except the first nam'd Nation I love them all—but old England receives fresh Charms and conveys new Ideas of Pleasure on each return.

This wording of course indicates a dislike for Italy, of which we know Mrs. Piozzi was fond. But "Italy" is then lined out in the passage, and so is "first", which has "second" written above it, thus making Scotland the exception to her affection. The manuscript journal, however, shows how much Mrs. Piozzi did like Scotland. Germany must be the intended exception,
for in Thraliana she writes that she liked Dresden, but "Brunswick, Hanover, & Osnaburgh form a Climax of Misery; God keep one from ever seeing those Places again—Berlin & Potsdam were Superbly dull". ¹

Mrs. Piozzi probably wrote her "Scotch Journey" having in mind the possibility that she would publish it, either by itself or in combination with other British travels. During her trip she suspended making entries in her Thraliana, and one of her first paragraphs in that journal after her return to London is:

I have written a little Acct. of all I saw on my Travels in a Paper Book so shall give myself no Trouble to say any thing of them in this. When People press me to write my Tour of our own Island in good Time I they say it to ensnare me: was I to act according to such Advice I should deservedly lose the little Fame I have already acquired. How false the Creatures all are !!! but I know them.

Her Observations and Reflections Made in the Course of a Journey Through France, Italy, and Germany had been published while she was travelling to Scotland. She had based that work on two notebooks which she inscribed "Italian Journey 1784" and "German Journey 1786". The way Mrs. Piozzi moved from notebooks to finished product, and the relation between them, is described by the recent editor of Observations and Reflections: "...though the Journey notebooks start out as diary entries, with all the liveliness the term suggests, they soon change over to a finished, discursive form which suggests that Mrs. Piozzi saw herself as writing for eventual publication... expanding [the notebooks] very greatly from memory and on the basis of her reflections, she made two complete versions of her book—the original draft and a careful revision".²

The "Scotch Journey 1789" stood, then, ready for similar expansion and finishing touches. In substance and style it obviously resembles the Observations and Reflections, a work highly regarded by its closest students, James L. Clifford and Herbert Barrows. The Scotch account has a lesser proportion of reflections. It would have been quite logical for Mrs. Piozzi to combine the "Scotch Journey" with the diary she kept on her tour of Wales, 1773, with Thrale and Johnson, the two reports

¹ Thraliana, ii. 679.
² Barrows, op. cit. xxv, xxiv [sic].
making together a "tour of the island". But Mrs. Piozzi found it fairly hard work to develop the Continental notebooks as she wished and thought proper, and perhaps she felt she had done enough.

In their travels to Scotland, Dorothy Wordsworth and Samuel Johnson had definite purposes. Dorothy and her brother sought the lovely prospects, the private corners, and the rural people who provided inspiration for many of Wordsworth's poems. Dorothy prints many such poems and describes their place and occasion. Johnson wished to find, or at least to reconstruct and evaluate, the pattern of primitive Highland life, so radically different from that of contemporary England. But Mrs. Piozzi travelled as a tourist, recording impressions as they struck her. She examined city and country, art and nature, reacted vigorously and wrote vivid descriptions. She loved elegance and refinement, and Edinburgh, because it had those qualities, was one of her favourite cities. Yet she also relished the wild, rugged views, the flowers everywhere, and the woods walks. She was alert to culture and possessed a bright sense of humour. Even when she expressed her disgust, at dirt, slovenliness, dullness or bad manners, she did so with zest. She wrote, as she talked, with that joie de vivre which endeared her to Johnson.