

WORK COPY - NEW ONE

ROBERT HERON'S DESCRIPTION OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SCOTLAND

R.H. Carnie

In a review of a study of Keats, Kingsley Amis amused himself by inventing imaginary titles for books on non-subjects. I can't remember them all but two that stick in the mind are: The Vein of Humility in D.H. Lawrence; and Great Marxist Humanitarians. My topic this afternoon tempts me to offer you a third imaginary title for an unnecessary book: Robert Heron: Twentieth Century Critical Views. As far as I know no 20th Century critic of 18th Century literature has given anything more than a casual glance at the writings of Robert Heron, contemporary and friend of Robert Burns. Even these casual glances, and I have made a list of them, refer to three only of Heron's twenty-odd published volumes. Students of Burns will remember that poet's satirical lines on Heron's vinous and amorous ^{unreliability} as a deliverer of other people's letters.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron South
And never drink be near his drouth
He tauld myself by word o' ~~mouth~~ ^{mouth}
He'd tak my letter;
I lippen'd to the chiel in trowth
And bade nae better.
But, aiblins, honest Master Heron
Had, at the time, some dainty fair one
To ware his theologic care on,
And 'holy' study.

Heron wrote a biographical memoir of his poet-friend; it had the distinction of being the first biography of Burns ever written, and the merit of being one of the shortest. The professional students of James Thomson and Junius take due notice, in introduction and footnotes, of Heron's critical and editorial labours on these two authors, but it is doubtful if even these publications would ever have been celebrated for their definitive merit. It is the accident of their historical priority which causes people to remember them at all. I would like to stress, therefore, that I am not adopting today the role of the 'literary resurrectionist'. It is my considered opinion that the bulk of Heron's writings deserve the oblivion into which they have fallen. You are entitled to ask, therefore, why bring him up at all? even for thirty minutes. [^]

most presenters of papers at conferences, I do have an ulterior motive. I wish to use Heron as my chief example in analysing certain 'non-literary' controlling factors affecting the genre called 'philosophical travel-books', and to pay particular attention to three travel-books written about Scotland in the last three decades of the eighteenth century. The first, inevitably, is Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, first published in January, 1775. My second example animadverts on Johnson's masterpiece: it is Mary Anne Hanway's A Journey to the Highlands of Scotland with occasional remarks on Dr. Johnson's Tour, and it describes, in a series of letters, a journey in Scotland taken in the second half of 1775. The third is Robert Heron's Observations made in a Journey through the Western Countries of Scotland in the Autumn of 1792. This work - all 900, 8vo pages of it - was published in 1793. Unlike Mrs. Hanway, Heron, therefore, knew not only Johnson's Journey but also Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, which appeared in 1785, and gave fresh impetus to a stream of commentary, satirical and otherwise, on the peregrinations of Johnson and Boswell through certain parts of Scotland. Heron, e.g. criticizes the lack of dignity he finds in Boswell's relationship to Johnson; and, when, he says of the scenery around Loch Lomond: 'The bases of the hills on the western side are covered with wood... older wood also appeared to dignify the scene as I approached towards Luss: The whole landscape exhibited a face of cultivation', we all know it is Johnson's heavyweight jokes about the 'treeless' nature of Scotland, and Johnson's remarks about Loch Lomond's 'uncultivated ruggedness' that Heron was belatedly attempting to correct. I do not intend to fall into the trap which ensnared most of the angry, humourless Scottish critics of Johnson in the last quarter of the 18th century. That trap is to deny Johnson a modest, ironic awareness of his own limitations as traveller and observer of the Scottish scene. He was as well aware as anybody of the comedy inherent in e.g. the sight of an elderly, corpulent, shortsighted man puffing enthusiastically up a hill in order to be woefully

disappointed in the Fall of Fyers. Study of contemporary, and near contemporary travellers, taking due cognisance of their limitations and prejudices, does, however, improve our understanding of the Journey, by suggesting to us ^{that} Johnson's perceptions of Scottish national manners were substantially affected by a) the topographical differences in the route chosen by Johnson and Boswell and that of other travellers; b) the degree by which what Johnson actually saw, and how he saw it, was affected by his own social status, and that of his 'stage-managing' travelling companion. Not every traveller takes a skilled impresario with him. Study of other travellers with very different backgrounds, also increases our awareness of how far the strength of Johnson's political and religious beliefs colour his emotional reactions to observed facts, e.g. the emotional intensity ^{with which he} writes about the ruins of Iona, St. Andrews Cathedral and Arbroath Abbey, as opposed to his near indifference to the contemporary actualities of Presbyterian religion and religious buildings.

Miss Lascelles argues in her 'notions and facts' paper that Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands must be taken on its own terms, as a singular compound of narrative and argument, without supplements and commentaries. It is, of course, ^{extremely} ~~singularly~~ difficult for a 20th century reader to do this. We almost always read it, as Johnson's readers ^{readers} in 1775 could not, in the explanatory context both of Boswell's Journal and Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale. We cannot re-experience the direct impact the Journey had on readers, Scottish and non-Scottish, in 1775. And, if we are to generalise, as a number of scholars have done recently, on Johnson's merits and demerits as a scientific philosophical traveller, it helps to read the Journey in the context of other Scottish travel books ^{written} before and after 1773. Let me give one example of where I found comparison useful. Sufficient stress has not been laid, in my opinion, on the difference in quality between Johnson's Highland and Lowland observations, and in the difference in quality between those made at the end, as opposed to the beginning of the Journey. Johnson was, as the

Thrale letters show, on his return to the mainland, weary, homesick and physically ill, tired of travelling, tired of performing, tired of rain. The extent and quality of his observations inevitably suffer. <sup>he did get some of his good spirit but when the horse stopped a foot-
Oliver</sup> The journey between Glasgow, Hamilton and Edinburgh is full of historical and other delights for the philosophical traveller. ^{delights which Johnson says nothing about.} Boswell was also weary, and scolds himself for the inadequate nature of his annotations. But it is Boswell, and not Johnson, who develops the visits to the home of the Earl of Loudon, to Auchinleck and other places. The story about the proposed visit to Hamilton Palace is revealing: Boswell says: 'My friend consented to stop, and view the outside of it but could not be persuaded to go in'. In contrast, Robert Heron's account of the South-West of Scotland, an area not ~~visited~~ ^{extensively} visited by Johnson, is full of ~~the~~ intriguing detail arising from an intimate knowledge of ^{the} an area, and a young man's enthusiasm for what he understands well. Heron's comments on the lead-mining at Leadhills and Wanlockhead, and ^mthe hard-working, hard-reading miners are informative, perceptive, and sympathetic, but oh, how one wishes for a powerful moral comment on these well-fed mining slaves from Samuel Johnson.

As Heron and Hanway are such shadowy figures, it might be appropriate to spend a few minutes giving some biographical data about them. I have been able to discover practically nothing about Mrs. Hanway other than what can be derived from a study of her Journey and one of her novels. She was rich, and intimate with members of the English and Scottish aristocracy. Her book is dedicated to the Earl of Seaforth, and ^{75%} 79% of the letters in it are addressed to noble lords and their families. On her tour, she lived not in modest homes and inns, but in the stately homes of the great; e.g. Inverary Castle, Taymouth Castle and Hamilton House. Her predominant interests are her own poetry, which is rather bad; the considerable art-collections she found in the houses of the Scottish nobility, which were mixed in aesthetic quality, and the picturesque scenery she experienced on her tour which is, and always

has been, magnificent. When she was at Fort George, the bad weather stimulated her: She says: 'It happened to be rough weather, which gave us a noble and beautiful, and I might add sublime, prospect of the sea, the waves dashing themselves against the rocks half-way up the battlements, and, as I am greatly attached to such prospects, I was highly entertained.' One cannot help remembering Johnson's 'putdown' of the sea-scenery in Skye in his letter to Mrs. Thrale: 'almost every breath of air has been a storm, and what is worse, a storm with all its severity, but without its magnificence, for the sea is here so broken, that there is not a sufficient volume of water either for lofty surges, or loud roar', or his austere and uninformative comment on Fort George: 'Of Fort George I shall not attempt to give any account. I cannot delineate it scientifically, and a loose and popular description is of use only when the imagination is to be amused.' The shadowy Mrs. Hanway is related, I think, to that Jonas Hanway, traveller, to Persia, whose views on the undesirability of tea-drinking, Johnson so strenuously opposed. It is at these points where the various journeys of the three travellers intersect, (and if you look at the rough map I have circulated), you will see that the journeys do intersect at various points, or are parallel for a short distance, that one can make useful comparative judgements about what three very different travellers saw, and what they chose, for various reasons, to emphasise. You will, I hope, remember Johnson on Banff. After telling us that it was a place 'where I remember nothing that particularly claimed my attention' Johnson comments on the fact that the gables of the houses face the streets and the entry to them is by a small staircase to the second floor. He then delivers a pithy disquisition on the lack of ventilation in Scottish houses ending with the words; 'The incommodiousness of the Scotch windows keeps them very closely shut. The necessity of ventilating human habitations has not yet been found by our northern neighbours; and even in houses well-built and elegantly furnished, a stranger may be sometimes forgiven, if he allows himself to wish for fresher air.' Johnson has moved, as is his wont, from particular

observations of some unsatisfactory windows to a general proposition ^{on} ~~about~~ Scottish attitudes ^{to} ~~about~~ fresh air. Mrs. Hanway begins her account of Banff with topographical fact: 'This town, my Lord, is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, has some very good streets and a handsome town-house.' She goes on to make some comments on the Earl of Findlater's country-house collection of portraits, including a self-portrait by Jameson, and she then attacks Johnson for what she calls his 'ill-natured satire' about Scottish window frames, and expresses an aesthetic preference for wood, as opposed to leaded, window frames, stressing that she had never found herself in a house in Scotland which would lead her to wish for fresher air. She indignantly ends on this note: 'I am certain that he could meet with none of the inconveniences of which he complains, in any thing or any where, a degree above a Highland hut, nay more, was he to travel through Cornwall, or any of the remoter parts of England, it would be found, that if he meant to describe the poverty and ignorance in the lower class of people, there was no necessity to have taken a journey as far as Scotland for that purpose.' Mrs. Hanway's aristocratic view of the extent of the 'fresh-air' problem in Scottish houses is as much affected by the quality of the accommodation she occupied, as Johnson's view was by his contrary experience. One would expect Inverary Castle to have better windows than what Boswell calls an 'indifferent' inn at Banff. One cannot help feeling that Mrs. Hanway's rebuke to Johnson, and Boswell's similar rebuke in a footnote to the first edition of the Tour, on Johnson's tendency to generalise on a basis of insufficient particulars is, in this case, well deserved. Boswell says; 'Here, unluckily the windows had no pullies; and Dr. Johnson, who was constantly eager for fresh air, had much struggling to get one of them kept open. Thus he had a notion impressed upon him that this wretched defect was general in Scotland; in consequence of which he has erroneously enlarged upon it in his Journey.'

Mrs. Hanway's 'hoity-toity' comments on Johnson's failure to appreciate the fine

things in Scotland do remind us, that Johnson's actual experience of Scottish civilisation, and, therefore his explanatory view of it, was quite heavily conditioned by his own social status, and that of his guide and companion, James Boswell. It is a matter of great regret that it was the essentially superficial Mrs. Hanway, and not Samuel Johnson who had entrée to such houses as Cullen House, the seat of the Earl of Findlater, and Gordon Castle, the seat of the Duke of Gordon. Johnson and Boswell had no such entrée, although they were permitted by Findlater's factor to walk through the Cullen House estate. Dr. Johnson did not choose to walk through the policies. As Boswell records, he said: 'he had not come to Scotland to see fine places, of which there were enough in England; but wild objects, mountains, waterfalls, peculiar manners, in short, things he had not seen before.' Johnson and Boswell passed by Gordon Castle, which Boswell says had a 'princely appearance' and, in a rather self-conscious footnote, he further says: 'not having the honour of being much known to his Grace, I could not have presumed to enter his castle, though to introduce even so celebrated a stranger.' Johnson was invited to dine at Inverary Castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyle, and called it 'splendid'. Inverary Castle was a new construction and became a kind of show place for travellers in Scotland. Mrs. Hanway stayed there, and enthused about its glories, ^{but regretted,} ~~regretting~~ like a true romantic, that it was in a valley and not on top of a mountain. She says: 'it stands in a park surrounded by immense hills, planted, to their summit, with firs' and ^{stems} rebukes Johnson for his comment 'what is not mountain is commonly bog.' Heron, as one might expect, was not invited to dine, but he did the tour of the house and policies under the eyes of the servants. He stresses, ~~as he always does,~~ the landlord's 'improving' tendencies ^{building} in new dairies and barns. He also enthuses about the trees: 'Woods occupy the fronts of the hills which rise above. They consist of various species of trees, pines, ashes and oaks. Some noble, single trees are scattered over the plain. And a considerable proportion of the whole wood is venerable by its size and age.' When

Knox visited Inverary in 1786, he says there were over a million trees, and St. Fond also enthuses arboreally in his journey in 1796. Boswell, in his role of Johnson's apologist, tells us that Johnson's remark's about the lack of trees in Scotland referred to the shortage of good sized trees on the East Coast of Scotland. But we all know what Johnson actually said, with no qualifying clauses about size of tree, or geographical location: 'A tree might be a show in Scotland as a horse in Venice.' Now I can see why Johnson would want to keep such an effective simile in when writing up the Journey, despite half a million or so pieces of evidence to the contrary, but it does bring to mind ~~Johnson's~~^{his} own comment: 'The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are.' One is reminded too of the largeness of Professor Curley's recent claim in a very well documented study of the Journey, to the effect that: 'Johnson's tour of the Highlands was a serious intellectual adventure in studying a little known way of life through the use of investigative techniques' that were helping to generate a momentous geographical revolution at the time.' If that claim is true ^{of} Johnson in Skye, it strikes me as being a lot less true of Johnson at Inverary or Hamilton.

The general point I am trying to make is that philosophic and ~~theological~~^{intellectual} predispositions, as well as social status, inhibit more than is generally recognised a traveller's observations and views, and this is equally true of all the travellers I am talking about. Hanway's aristocratic milieu, Heron's consciousness of his humble origins and limited means, conditioned, as much as Johnson and Boswell's middle class and professional status, not only what they actually saw but what set of values they tended to place upon the observed data. It is ^{therefore} necessary in assessing their journeys to know about their personalities and life-styles.

The life of Robert Heron is much more fully documented than that of Mary Ann Hanway. The son of a handloom weaver, he was born in New Galloway in 1764, a home

of enthusiastic Presbyterianism. Heron was educated, as he says in his Observations, in the 'belief of the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, as explained and arranged by the illustrious Calvin.' As a consequence, while Johnson is happy to condemn all Calvinism, Heron is much more concerned by the New Light and the Old Light divisions of the Church of Scotland than with the evils of Presbyterianism as a whole. He worries about the effect of Socinian and Unitarian influence on the Scottish kirk, and reserves for Dr. Priestley, the kind of contempt that Johnson reserves for John Knox. He calls him that 'hardy broacher of novelties, and reviver of exploded absurdities, no less in politics and philosophy, than in theology.' Heron observes the religion of Presbyterian Scotland from the inside and from a contemporary viewpoint. Johnson observes chiefly what ^{Calvinism} ~~Calvinism~~ had done destructively in the past and scorns the present, as is manifest in his rudeness to Principal Robertson about St. Giles: 'Come let me see what was once a church.' Heron was a 'lad o' pairts'; at the age of eleven he was a student teacher; at the age of 14 he was the elected schoolmaster of the Parish of Kelton. After saving for a couple of years, he went to the University of Edinburgh to complete the Arts and Divinity curriculum, supporting himself chiefly by teaching and making translations of travel-books and scientific text-books for local printer-publishers like Colin MacFarquhar, publisher of the Encyclopedia Britannica. He was a not uncharacteristic product of that process of Scottish University education which Johnson describes in the Journey: 'The students (of the universities of Scotland), for the most part go thither boys, and depart before they are men: they carry with them little fundamental knowledge and therefore the superstructure cannot be lofty.' It may not have been very 'lofty', but it was, in the case of Heron, very 'broad'. He was fluent in Latin, French, German, ~~and~~ was knowledgeable in theology, philosophy, chemistry, zoology, modern literature and politics. ^X Heron acted as an assistant to Hugh Blair on becoming a licentiate of the Church, but he

X and this breadth is reflected in the ^{extent} ~~width~~ of social ~~(or even)~~ literary and scientific commitment in his travel-books.

was what the Scots call a 'stickit minister' for the rest of his days, which was probably just as well, for, on the evidence of his own journal, he was a self-confessed liar, cheat, boozier and womaniser, all revealed with Boswellian candour. From a perusal of his short journal, whose publication I commend to the Augustan Reprint Society, ~~we~~^{one} can see that an average day in the life of Robert Heron, generally included prayers, readings from the Gospels, very extensive readings in contemporary literature, with a strong emphasis on travel-literature, the writings of Johnson, Hume and the novelists; writing articles for the Encyclopedia Britannica on such diverse topics as creation and the natural history of the zebra, exchanging moral sentiments with the blind poet, Dr. Blacklock, and, when he could afford it, indulging in such delights as copious draughts of rum and water, and what he delicately calls 'acts of unchastity'. Like many a sinner, Heron went through periods of self-abasement, and uses the journal as a vehicle for urging himself to reform. At the age of twenty-six he writes: 'I have told too many lies, uttered many oaths and obscenities, and committed various acts of unchastity since discontinuing my journal. My levity and folly have also arisen to greater pitch than before. I am approaching nearer to death, and becoming less prepared to meet it.' He tried at one time to become a university teacher, which would have at least suited him better than the ministry, and he gave a course of lectures on municipal jurisprudence at Edinburgh University in Session 1790-91. But nobody attended and the course was discontinued. Heron was also a failed dramatist. An after-piece of his composition called St. Kilda in Edinburgh lasted 'half' a performance. Henry Brougham, later to be Lord Chancellor, tells the story that when one of the characters of the play, in a supper scene, called for a toast and asked 'What shall we drink to now?', Brougham got up from his seat and said 'We will drink Good afternoon to you, Sir.' and promptly walked out in the middle of the performance followed by the rest of the audience. Heron later printed the play, and said in

walked

the preface: 'When a true genius appears in this world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in conspiracy against him.' Heron's life is alternately comic and pathetic, and in some places truly tragic, particularly when his eight sisters and brothers died one by one of consumption. He was in debtor's prison several times, and wrote the first volume of his dreadful History of Scotland in the Tolbooth prison in Edinburgh. There was a turn for the better in Heron's career in 1799. He had dedicated his Observations to Henry Dundas the 'manager' of Scotland, and was now reaping the benefit of some political patronage. When he took the 'royal road' to London, he earned over 300 pounds a year writing sixteen hours a day for Whig newspapers and various literary magazines. But alas his old habits returned, and he was imprisoned in Newgate prison for debt, and left it only to die St. Pancras fever hospital in 1807 at the age of 42. His begging letter to the Literary Fund from Newgate Prison earned him a spurious kind of immortality in D'Israeli's Calamities of Authors.

In the light of that biographical history, one's literary expectations from Heron's Observations are not high. Nevertheless the book is worth reading at least once. Its chief defects, and these are unexpected flaws in a practising journalist, are flabbiness and lack of structural control. Heron's actual journey was itself disorganised. He had problems with horse-hirers and spent a very long time in Perth, attempting I suspect, to raise the wherewithal to complete his journey. The travel-book describing the journey is also badly structured, digressive and disorganised, and is correctly described by the author itself as a medley. Because of its determinedly progressive orientation, it adds enormously to what Johnson tells us about commercial and industrial advances in Scotland since the Union. As numerous critics have said, Johnson's tone in the Journey is markedly elegiac; he looked for, and therefore found, innumerable signs of intellectual and moral decay. His route through the university towns and the Highlands and Islands of Scotland led him away from rising industrial centres of Scotland like Paisley and Perth, both of which,

Heron, in his determinedly progressivist manner, describes at length. Even if Johnson had passed through such places it is unlikely that he would have written about them at any length. They were ~~too easily paralleled and exceeded in contemporary England~~ ^{England} too easily paralleled and exceeded in contemporary England. In an area visited both by Johnson and ^{Heron} ~~Heron~~, the banks of the River Leven, Heron extols the growth of the linen-printing and bleaching industries, as well as commenting on the literary ~~associations~~ ^{associations} with George Buchanan and Tobias Smollett. He says: 'a rural ~~of manufacturing industry~~ ^{scene} of manufacturing industry is truly a pleasing sight to every Briton who wishes well of his country.' and he is equally roused by the commercial opulence of Glasgow. Even allowing for a difference of nineteen years of development, ^(it is somewhat the) Johnson ^{with} traversed the same area in a post-chaise, ~~and~~ says a little about Smollett but nothing at all about the commercial development.

But I go on too long; I ^{clearly} think that what Johnson does with what Jeffrey Hart calls his third theme : 'the rise of a middle-class, progressive culture' is inadequate, ^{note} and is much enlightened by a study of Heron. ^{On the other hand} ~~Similarly~~ Heron's complacent ~~progressivism~~ progressivism becomes tiresome and is clearly politically motivated. ^{One also detects a degree of moral flexibility.} Jeffrey Hart is ~~scornful~~ scornful of what he calls 'Johnson's patter of detailed observation concerning agricultural and industrial processes'; Donald Greene's ~~response~~ ^{response} to that is on record, and he talks of 'Johnson's detailed and acute reporting of the economic state of Scotland.' I commend Heron ^{to observations} ~~to both of them and to you~~ as a useful commentary on where the truth might lie.

RAE

ROBERT HERON'S JOURNAL, 1789-1798. (Unpublished MS, Laing Collection, Edinburgh)

Illustrative extracts

Tuesday, August 15. (1789). Awoke about six...lay in bed reading the fourth volume of Sir Charles Grandison till after nine...Got up...and read about the time of breakfast a chapter of Matthew. some pages of Les Moeurs descriptive of that worship of the heart which men owe to the Deity, & may pay, even when they cannot accompany it with external acts of devotion; and had taken up Heyne's Virgil with Dryden's translation when my hairdresser called. While under his hands, read & compared the original with the translation of that passage in the first Georgic, in which the supreme being is beautifully represented to have placed men in circumstances of physical evil in this life in order to rouse them to that active exertion, which, when not beyond their powers, constitutes their truest happiness. After my hair was dressed, sat down to translate from Fourcroy's Chemistry: but got up from my desk, dressed for the day, & went to call on Dr. Blacklock; found the good man in, and had some agreeable conversation with him...Called again at Mr. Home's to deliver my message: knocked at the door in vain. Ret'd the book I had borrowed from E(lliott)'s shop last night. Saw Mr. Macfarquhar who blamed me for having dealt unfairly with regard to the manuscripts for which he has paid me. Answered him with a few lies. Promised him papers this evening, & others tomorrow evening...Came home, & after translating some more, took my dinner. Read at dinner another Chapter of Matth(ew). Finished after dinner another volume of Sir Charles Grandison...Translated a little more. Mr. Willison was not supplied today with the copy I yesterday promised. Mr M(acfarquhar) (did) not (get) the papers promised him this evening.

Wednesday Sept. 23 (1789) Arose soon after six. Prayed. Translated diligently from Fourcroy till nine. Mr. Haining called by appointment to breakfast. Entertained him at breakfast and chatted in as obliging a manner as I could. He told me of a boy who had done very ill. Oh! how ill I have done! Finished a sheet from Fourcroy for Mr. Willison. My hairdresser. Delivered Mr. W. his sheet. Appeared in the printing house only at twelve. Wrote slowly on Creation. Read none. At four ret'd home. Dined w(ith) my chapter. Drunk tea with Mr. Buchanan. He talked too much and too dogmatically; I felt myself too much disposed to imitate him. Called at Dr. Blacklock's. Sat with the Doctor about an hour. I suspect I should not visit the Doctor so often were Miss S(pence) not to be seen there. Retd home between eight and nine, read a few lines in the beginning of Mickle's Lusiad. said prayers & went to bed.

Friday Jan. 29 1790 After discontinuing my journal for a considerable time from finding my circumstances unpromising from indolence, and from unwillingness to review & amend my conduct. I will now resume it & endeavour to render it useful. Mercifull God! forsake me not. My prospects are now good. I am well employed and not illiberally paid: but I am indolent, passionate foolish, vain & regardless of truth. Let me overcome these habits. I got up this morning only at nine o'clock. Tomorrow let eight be my hour. Was peevish and indiscreet to my brother at breakfast. After that beat him very inhumanly for almost no fault. Was late in appearing in Dr. B(lack)'s classroom. He was giving a detail of the experiments by which he discovered magnesia to be a peculiar earth and to be capable of existing in two different states. I did not listen with proper attention and have not profited much from hearing him...Taught my brother to explain a chapter in Tacitus. Used him kindly. He was modest and diligent.

Friday. July 9, 1790 After losing my brother by a consumption, which I fear, my imprudence contributed to throw him into. At New Galloway on the 16 of last month, and committing many a foolish and many a base action. I wish again to renew my Journal, and amend my life.

Wednesday. Aug. 18(1790) Arose at nine...Prayed...Wrote out my journal for yesterday - My Journal has now been discontinued for eight days, during which I have not been assiduous in my studies, have told a number of lies, and have been guilty of several acts of unchastity.

Thursday. Augt. 26 (1790). Arose between six and seven. Rode out. Breakfasted with Mr. Harkness. Translated twelve pages of Anquetil. Thought on my deceased brother. My inhumanity, negligence and imprudence towards him. Went to bed between ten and twelve.

Monday Aug. 30. (1790) I have translated a little since Thursday. I have also made some progress in the revisal of an Abridgment of Bruce's Travels. But what I have done is a mere trifle. My moral conduct has been very irregular.

Saturday Jan () 1791. My Journal has again been long interrupted. I have visited New Galloway & spent a short time with my father, mother & sisters; ret'd to town in the end of Octr. and spent my time in teaching, writing, prosecuting my studies and improving the arrangement of my little affairs. I have told too many lies, uttered many oaths & obscene expressions, and committed various acts of unchastity since discontinuing my journal. My levity & folly have also arisen to greater pitch than before. I am approaching nearer to death, and becoming less prepared to meet it.

Wednesday. Nov () 1792. I am just ret'd to Edinr after an excursion of three months into the country. I am engaged in political writing, and in extending the observations which I made on my Journey. It is evening. I breakfasted today with H(enry) Mackenzie. I went to hear the debates of the General Assambly on the Augn. of the Stipends of the Clergy. I have since dined, read some part of Hildrop's Apology for the family of the Wrongheads; wrote a preface to the 1st vol. of the Historical Register, and repeated Collin's Ode to Pity, with part of that to Fear. Drank tea. Wrote some pages of the introductory part of my Journey. Supped and read an hundred pages of Knox's Tour through the Highlands in 1786. Said prayers. Went to bed. Thought of M-g-t.

Friday. June 15. (1793) Loitered in bed till ten o'clock. Did not pray, Read Hume's Epicurean, and some part of Hayley's Essay on History. Wrote some part of my Essay on the Seasons. Corrected a proof-sheet of my Tour...Visited Dr. Blair with the Dedication of the Seasons.

Tuesday, July 10. (1793) I have continued my studies. Have been lascivious. Have written less. Have been more negligent of religion. Have received a kind letter from my father. Have lived soberly and frugally. I spent the day in visiting the minr. at Ratho.

October, 1798 A number of years have elapsed without any regular contribution of my journal. I have lost my mother and all my surviving sisters. I have brought my History of Scotland to a close; have discharged my debts; and am about to repair to London with prospects of great literary success. My moral habits are somewhat improved, and my passions somewhat calmed. I have suffered much. The death of my youngest sister Mary has been more severe than any former blow I have felt.

Saturday, Dec. 21. 1798. My stay has been prolonged. I finished a small abridgement of the Voyages of Peyrouse and Vancouver, with tolerable neatness and accuracy. I have nearly brought my History of Scotland to a close. I have studied with diligence. I have endeavoured, not with full success, to correct my habits of sloth, sensuality,

foolish passionateness, vainglorious boasting, and breach of promise. I still cherish the remembrance of my dear, dear sister. I have not written to my father. I have read nothing but for amusement or immediate composition, nothing for extension of knowledge or enlargement of mind. I hope now to go to London in eight days. I must read religious books, be frequent in prayer, study harder and with nobler aims, take better care of my money, fix myself in certain habits of steadiness and frugality. I must write to my father, I must prepare to be useful to my nephew and niece. I must take care to keep from debt. I must be just, that I may afterwards be benevolent. God pity and help me.
