

**PROMENADE FROM
DIEPPE TO
THE MOUNTAINS OF
SCOTLAND**

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Promenade from Dieppe to the mountains of Scotland by Charles Nodier

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CHARLES NODIER

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PROMENADE.

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FROM DIEPPE TO THE
MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND.

BY CHARLES NODIER.

1572
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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, LONDON.
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PREFACE.

IF the reader expects to find a book of travels in this work, I beg he will throw it aside : It is nothing but the pocket-book of a man who passed rapidly through a country quite new to him, and who writes his sentiments rather than his observations.

There is no country more deserving of the attention of a traveller than the mountains of the west and

north of Scotland. They have inspired, however, so little curiosity in French travellers, that Chantreau disdained to make any progress through them, and the learned Faujas de Saint-Fond, who thought only of geology, sought and saw nothing in them but stones. Knox, whose studies, entirely relative to political economy, were confined to the fisheries, speaks of nothing but fishes. Gilpin is a landscape painter more than a traveller. Abstracting from the prejudices of a morose old man, whose imagination had long lost all its colouring, there are many useful and interesting things in Johnson's Tour, as in all his works. Pennant alone has raised a monument perfect in all its parts; but I suspect these two last authors have not had the

honour of a complete translation into French.

There is still room, therefore, for an excellent book on Scotland, unless it has appeared without my knowledge; but, independently of the qualities necessary for making an excellent book, one must have seen again and again the country one proposes to describe before one can flatter oneself with being able to give a just idea of it to others. This little volume only promises what it can give—the hasty sketch of a rapid promenade. May it even give what it promises!

However, as my journal is become a sort of work, and is now surrendered to the opinion of the public, for which it was not composed, I must shelter myself from

the risk of a reproach—which would give me more pain than any critical attacks—that of ingratitude towards individuals from whom we received signal marks of politeness and benevolence, all of whom I should delight to mention, if the multiplicity of attentions and services did not render the task too difficult. I shall only name among our own countrymen, Count Caraman, French Chargé d’Affaires in London; Mr. Hugot, Consul in Edinburgh; Mr. Herman, Commercial Agent at Glasgow; and on the other hand, Lord Fife in London, General Duff in Scotland, and our invaluable friend, Mr. Hulmandell, whose solicitude for our wants and pleasures surpasses all expression. I will add, in my own name, to this list, the