

**LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS:
BEING THE REAL
CORRESPONDENCE OF A LADY;
BETWEEN THE YEARS 1773 AND
1807. IN THREE VOLUMES. VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649211623

Letters from the mountains: being the real correspondence of a lady; between the years 1773 and 1807. In three volumes. Vol. II by Anne MacVicar Grant

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANNE MACVICAR GRANT

**LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS:
BEING THE REAL
CORRESPONDENCE OF A LADY;
BETWEEN THE YEARS 1773 AND
1807. IN THREE VOLUMES. VOL. II**

LETTERS
FROM
THE MOUNTAINS.

VOL. II.

LETTERS
FROM
THE MOUNTAINS;
BEING THE REAL
CORRESPONDENCE OF A LADY,
BETWEEN THE YEARS 1773 AND 1807.

— "Mystery tells
With many a proof of recollected love."

THOMSON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for LONGMAN HURST REES & ORME, Paternoster-row;
J. HAYWARD, Piccadilly;
And Mrs. COOK, Bury-street, St. James's.

1807.

82547

DA
880
H667
v.2

LETTERS

FROM

THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER I.

TO MISS EWING.

Fort Augustus, June 10, 1774.

MY DEAR BELL,

I WILL make no excuses for having your two entertaining letters so long unanswered; but rather shew my gratitude, by giving you, as well as I can, some account of my late excursion, which has helped a little to divert the chagrin I felt at my ever dear Miss Ourry's departure. But I must thank you for your sincere sympathy with a grief, that to

VOL. II. B many

many would appear romantic or exaggerated, or might at best be considered as the result of a retired life, little acquaintance with the world, and the necessity which a weak mind feels of having some thing, or some body, to lean upon. She made my sorrow more excusable by seeming to feel, nay, really feeling, as much herself. Mine might be accounted childish, because I was, as you well know, womanly in appearance, while a mere child in years and judgment. But this was by no means the case with her. Had you but known her, you would be convinced that it is not merely the pleasure of agreeable society that I mourn over; but that her mind was firm, rational, and enlightened, and her friendship a real benefit as well as honour to me. I know I tire you, but you must have patience, for you will hear a great deal more on this subject, if you indulge me in saying, as usual, what is nearest my heart, and uppermost in my fancy.

This is the best place in the world for cultivating friendship; and therefore, in spite of all the privations to which it con-

demns me, I will love it; because there is little to scatter the recollection of the days I wish to live over again, or to divert me from self-culture, the only object that now remains to me. Do you remember my mentioning an agreeable neighbour in one of my former letters, who lives a mile off, in a situation equally singular and beautiful? I mean Miss Christina Macpherson. She is an acquisition in her way, sensible and sincere, though uncultivated. She possesses a fund of genuine humour: and I believe has a regard for me. With this agreeable companion I went down to Inverness in May, making a very pleasant and picturesque voyage down our fine lake in the galley.

I got your kind letter just as I was coming away, but delayed answering it till I could tell you something of my travels. We meant to stay but a few days; but, betwixt kindness and contrary winds, were detained three weeks. Your extreme delicacy with regard to your Dunbar jaunt might be an example to me; but I resolve to do good for evil, and carry you north,

though you would not give me an ideal jaunt to the south. Come with me then to the capital of the Highlands. The town is most agreeably situated at the very threshold of this rugged territory; the mountains of which rise with abrupt grandeur to bound the prospect on one hand, the plain being of four or five miles extent, while a large bay of the sea limits it on the other. From the odd looking hill of Tommin-a-heurich, which rises in the middle of this plain, the fertile shires of Ross and Murray indulge the eye with a boundless view of gentlemen's seats, seated generally under the shelter of eminences, and surrounded with wood plantations, (for the gentry here are great improvers,) whence we overlook extensive fertile plains, and

" Softly swelling hills,
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his hand."

Yet, over and above the partiality which we are apt to contract for our place of abode, we found a sameness in that extent of lowland that did not compensate for the variety
afforded