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WHITTINGHAM,
NORTHUMBERLAND, June 1815.

MY DEAR SISTER – We are at length again in our own country, and gradually approaching – home, I was going to say – but approaching our friends at Kirkham and our children, and delighted I shall be to see you all again; for though we have been upon the whole as much favoured by the weather as in so long a tour it was reasonable to expect, and though all we have seen has been new and interesting and has afforded us much pleasure in the seeing, yet we begin, some of us, to feel in our bones and joints the number of miles we have travelled, and long for a little rest, a week's allowance of which will, I think, be requisite to enable us after our 700 miles' tour to commence a still longer journey. I shall not pretend to give you much account of our tour, for as no fewer than four journals are writing, some account of our tour will no doubt be published soon. To be short, after returning from Loch Lomond and Loch Long, we made for Callander, the point most convenient for seeing Loch Katrine for a party like ours. It is a ten miles' ride, but there is much to interest before you reach your destination – here a brook, there a bridge, and here again a flat extensive meadow – but which, from the association of *The Lady of the Lake*, made us open our eyes and fix our looks as if we would count every daisy in "Laurie Mead," and every pebble at the bottom of "Coilantogle Ford, Clan Alpine's outmost guard." At length we passed the lovely Loch Achray and reached the Trossachs, from which time we should have been delighted if the "Lady" had never been written. We returned to Callander to sleep, the next day to Stirling, the next to Edinburgh, where four days enabled us to see all that was worth seeing, or at least all we were anxious to see. One curiosity I must mention. We had Lord Breadalbane's piper to give us a specimen of real authentic Scotch music, the sweetness and delicacy of whose tones made our two "Bessys," who came down to listen, scamper upstairs with their fingers in their ears as if the very d—l was at their heels. On our road southward we have seen Rosslyn Castle and Chapel, Melrose Abbey, and Kelso Abbey. To-day we shall see Alnwick Castle. Durham Cathedral and Raby are then the only sights we look for before we reach Kirkham, which we hope to do on Thursday, which, as I am informed, is the day. I shall write to Miss Curren to meet us with the children, and if you can do with us, we mean to take up our abode with you for the few days we shall continue in Lancashire. I am anxious to get settled before the winter is upon us, and the wet cold weather we have had for a few days past makes one feel more distinctly the necessity of this. I shall expect to find a letter from you at Lancaster. My wife joins me in best love to you and T.H. and all the young ones. – Believe me, dear Cicely, your affectionate

THO. LANGTON

P.S.-- I am glad to hear so good an account of Zachary,² and hope I may be able to contribute my mite to his improvement. We are all well except for colds and coughs. My wife has not had more of her complaints than usual during the journey, I think, and Mrs. W—³ seems to me to have enjoyed the journey as much as any of us, and has been, on the whole, in pretty good spirits.

¹ Comprising pages 6 - 9

² Zachary Langton (an elder brother), citizen of London, Master of the Skinners' Company, born at Kirkham, 1762.

³ Probably his sister-in-law, Mrs. William Langton, daughter of Joseph Starky of Redvales. Mr. Langton died in 1814.