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BRITISH TOURISTS;

OR
TRAVELLER'S
POCKET COMPANION,

THROUGH
ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND,
AND IRELAND.

Comprehending the most
CELEBRATED TOURS

IN THE
British Islands.

My genius spreads her wing,
And flies where *Britain* courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend, that scorn *Arcadian* pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd *Hydaspis* glide.

Goldsmith's Traveller.

BY WILLIAM MAVOR, LL.D.

VOL. III.

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T O U R
THROUGH
DIFFERENT PARTS
OF
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND
AND
W A L E S,



BY RICHARD JOSEPH SULLIVAN, Esq.

Performed in 1778.

THERE is such an air of easy gaiety and benevolence, so much mildness and philosophy, run through Mr. Sullivan's Tour*, that to alter the structure of the composition would be to injure the fame of the author; and to lessen the interest in his remarks. We have therefore been induced to give a fair, connected abridgement of his letters, as far as possible in the spirit and manner of this truly amiable writer, warmly recommending the original to those who wish for farther gratification.

* Originally published under the title of Observations made during a Tour through parts of England, Scotland, &c. In series of Letters.

After descanting on the benefit of travel, and the propensity of the human mind to change, our author gives a catalogue of travellers, either through choice or necessity, arranging them in the following ludicrous manner.

Chemists and musicians, naturalists and tooth-drawers, astronomers and quacks, philosophers and taylor, poets and frizeurs, travellers of ton, heirs apparent of diseases, titles, and distinction, spendthrifts laughing at their creditors, and dilittanti skimming the shores of knowledge for a gaping world; and, last of all, travellers by compulsion, who are in search of health, and those of sentiment, among whom Mr. Sullivan may justly be classed, who seek for happiness, and enjoy the blessing wherever they find it.

He next makes some judicious remarks on the fatal effects of an overgrown capital, which never fails to encourage dissipation. On the misery of seduction, both to the deluder and the deluded, he speaks with feeling and truth; and having slightly reviewed the antiquity, consequence, and amusements of London, he sets out on his tour, in which we accompany him with pleasure and improvement.

Leaving London, June 1778, by way of retrograde motion, in our route to Bath, we stopped at Richmond, in Surry, between nine and ten miles from London, a place so delightfully situated, that it is impossible to see it without pleasure and admiration. The town itself, it is true, is low, and void of prospect; but, take it altogether, the vicinity of the park, the extensive views from the hill; the beautiful windings of the Thames, and the innumerable villas, which are lavishly scattered on its banks, and there is

not, perhaps, a more beautiful spot in any corner of the globe.

The park, which is certainly the most elegant of any belonging to the crown, was made in the reign of Charles I. and inclosed with a wall, said to be eleven miles in circumference.

On the ascent of Richmond Hill are wells of purging mineral-water; and on the top of it is an alms-house, for the support of ten widows. There is another alms-house, endowed with above 100*l.* a year, besides two charity-schools; one for fifty boys, the other for fifty girls.

From Richmond, crossing the Thames, we proceeded to Runnemede, celebrated for the conference held there between King John and his barons; and where, after a debate of a few days, the king signed and sealed the Magna Charta of our liberties.

Our next stage was Windsor, distant twenty-two miles from London.

William the Conqueror, charmed with the convenient situation of this place for hunting, built a castle here, which has ever since been the favourite retreat of some one of our princes; but the castle, which now is in being, was built by Edward III.; and his method of conducting the work is recorded as a specimen of the slavery of the people in that age; for he assessed every county in England with a certain number of masons, tilers, and carpenters, as if he had been levying an army.

This building, however, has undergone several alterations and improvements, particularly with respect to the platform, which surrounds it, called the Terrace, added by Queen Elizabeth.

both. It was remarkable for containing the kings of France and Scotland at one time, as prisoners of Edward III. St. George's Chapel, in which the knights of the most noble order of the garter are installed, is one of the most beautiful and stately Gothic buildings in the world. In the choir are the stalls of the twenty-six knights of the order, and the banners over them, with a throne for the sovereign. As the knights die, their banners are taken down, and their titles and coats of arms are engraved on little copper-plates, and permanently nailed to the stalls. This order, from its institution, has been reputed the most honourable of any in the world.

Not long before this institution, Edward IV. founded a college for twenty-six alms-knights, to the honour of St. George and Edward the Confessor, and styled them the Poor Knights of Windsor, all of whom were to be gentlemen, wounded in the wars, or impaired by indigence or age. They are now reduced to eighteen, with an allowance of 40*l.* per annum each.

From the terrace you enter into a beautiful park, which surrounds the castle, and is called the Little or Home Park, to distinguish it from another adjoining, of much larger extent. Windsor Great Park, as it is called, lies on the south side of the town, and is fourteen miles in circumference. It is well stocked with deer, and a variety of game. The forest is of great extent, computed thirty miles, and was appropriated to hunting, and the keeping of the king's deer, by William I. In this track of land are several agreeable towns and villages, of which Wokingham is one of the principal.

Here

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to meet again.
 Not chaos like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
 Where order in variety we see,
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves, a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day;
 There interspers'd in lawns, and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise, that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light, the russet plains extend;
 There wrapt in clouds, the blueish hills extend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees, and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.

POPE'S WINDSOR FOREST. .

In the apartments of the castle, which are commodious, and, in the old style, elegantly furnished, are many capital paintings of the first masters*. In a closet is the banner of France, annually delivered, on the second of August, by the Duke of Marlborough; by which tenure he holds Blenheim Palace, built in the reign of Queen Anne, as a national reward to the great Churchill, for his many glorious victories over the French.

At this place also, it is recorded, Cromwell secretly called a council of his chief officers, in order to deliberate concerning the settlement of the nation, and the future disposal of the king's person. In the conferences held on this subject, and which always commenced with devout prayers, poured forth by Cromwell himself, and

* The various princely improvements at Windsor, under the auspices of his present majesty, do equal honour to his taste and munificence. This palace, with its accompaniments, is now worthy of being the residence of the first monarch on earth.

other inspired persons, (for the officers of his army received inspiration with their commissions) was first opened the daring and unheard-of counsel of bringing Charles I. to justice, and of punishing, by a judicial sentence, their unhappy sovereign for his mal-administration.

At the distance of about two miles from Windsor Castle, stands the College of Eton, in Buckinghamshire, separated from Windsor by the Thames, over which there is an old bridge. It was founded by Henry VI. for the maintenance of a provost and seven fellows, one of whom is vice-provost; and for the instruction of seventy king's scholars; who, when qualified, are elected, on the first Tuesday in August, to King's College, Cambridge; but they are not removed till vacancies fall in the college, and then they are called according to seniority. The school is divided into upper and lower, and each into three classes. There is a master to each school, and four assistants to each master; there being seldom less than three hundred children, besides those on the foundation, who board at the masters' houses, or elsewhere, within the college bounds.

The vast number of great men which not only Eton, but the other public seminaries of learning in this country have produced, has often led me to the long-disputed point, whether a public or a private education is preferable. To many men the advantages of a public school are demonstratively evident; but much, as in most cases, may be advanced on both sides. Public schools, as society now is regulated, are certainly possessed of many recommendatory essentials in the point of education. The masters are generally men of

the first abilities: the diet of the pupils is carefully attended to, and their learning is less neglected, than the number of boys, and the variety of their talents, would at first give one reason to apprehend. A private tutor, on the other hand, undoubtedly, has it in his power to give more attention to his scholar's education than the master of a large academy. He can watch over the progress of the understanding, and, by constant care, can take advantage of every effort of the mind, and turn it by culture to its proper end. The morals too he has rigidly under his inspection. The man, therefore, cannot but spring up in theoretic perfection; but the passions will have hitherto been silent, because they will not have had sufficient objects to stimulate them to action; and the passions may properly be called the very elements of life, as they influence our every action; and no one can be considered as good or bad, virtuous or vicious, till they have had scope to display themselves in, and shew their native bias.

On the contrary, the man who has been early sent to school, enters at once into a world in miniature, similar to the one in which he is afterwards doomed to move. The whole circle of the passions is there to combat and be combated with. Love, hatred, jealousy, revenge, ambition, courage, cowardice, in short, all the most opposite sentiments of the human heart, are there to be found in their different degrees. The dispositions of his fellow creatures thus come experimentally to be made known to him. He soon perceives the delights of goodness, as well as the turpitude of baseness. Pride makes him emulate his superiors. He feels an exultation in rising to be

foremost of his class. His incitements to morality become equally strong: Applause attends him in every step of his career. Self feels its native dignity, and is pleased in the exertion: he rises to be a man with a knowledge of books, and, what is of much more consequence, with a knowledge of his species.

In another light, likewise, the advantages of public are apparently infinitely superior to those of private education. The tramping together draws forth the exertion of children's bodily as well as mental faculties; their nerves in this manner become strong: by feats of strength they gradually acquire degrees of courage: their little spirits become imperceptibly inured to resent an injury, and to protect the oppressed. Exercise gives an invigorating principle to their system; and they break into the world with health, with spirit, and with understanding, fit to encounter the innumerable vicissitudes which are incident to their existence *.

From Windsor, where we dined, we struck into the high Bath road, and halted at Maidenhead Bridge; so called, according to Leland; from a head kept there of one of the eleven thousand virgins who accompanied St. Ursula to Germany,

* It is evident Mr. Sullivan gives the preference to public schools, and, in general, with good reason. For boys intended for the professions of a public life, there can be no comparison of advantages; but in the humbler walks of life, private education is certainly best adapted for youth. It tends to check ambition and extravagance, and to give ideas consonant to that moderate sphere in which by far the greater part of mankind are doomed to move. Take a boy from a public school, and place him behind a counter, he will feel himself degraded. At the university, or in a public office, he knows himself to be in his element.

where they all suffered martyrdom. The distance of this place from Taplow, a small village to the northward of it, is about one mile. Here is a house belonging to the Earl of Inchiquin, which, from its appearance, has more the air of a monastery, than the habitation of a nobleman. From his lordship's garden at Taplow, you enter immediately upon the grounds belonging to his seat at Cliefden. This place is remarkable, both on account of its beautiful situation, and because it was the ordinary residence of the late Prince of Wales, father to the present king. The house was built by John Sheffield, duke of Bucks, and in much the same style as her majesty's palace in St. James's Park*. The house and gardens, though they may have been praised, are certainly far from elegant. The former consists of two stories, neither magnificent nor convenient; and the latter of parterres, and circumscribed avenues of close-set trees, which impress one with an idea of a place allotted for the dead, more than of an improvement destined for the recreation of the living. The situation, indeed, is fine, particularly the back front, which, on one side, looks upon a highly-cultivated, champaign country, and on the other upon an extensive wood, running along a hill, which is washed by a beautiful winding of the Thames.

The capabilities of this place, to adopt the language of a celebrated gardener, are certainly great; and the present Earl of Inchiquin, it is said, has appropriated a large sum towards im-

* It was lately consumed by an accidental fire, together with the furniture and many valuable pictures, and has not since been rebuilt.

proving it. The two houses are distant from each other about two miles and a half, with sylvan walks of communication.

After viewing Chiesden, we returned to our inn, whence we prosecuted our journey to Bath. In our way, indeed, we halted a few hours to pay our respects to the mitred and parliamentary Abbey of Reading, and one of the most considerable in England. King Henry I. laid the foundation, anno 1127, and his body was buried in it*; though, according to Dr. Ducarel, in his Anglo-Norman antiquities, his heart, eyes, tongue, brains, and bowels, were deposited under a handsome monument, before the high altar, in the ancient priory church of the Bonnes Nouvelles, at Rouen. The last abbot of Reading was Hugh Farringdon, who, refusing to deliver up his abbey to the visitors, was attainted of high treason; and, in the month of November, 1539, with two of his monks, named Rugg and Onion, was hanged, drawn, and quartered. This happened on the same day on which the Abbot of Glastonbury suffered the like sentence, for the same provocation.

The following anecdote of one of the abbots, as related by Fuller, is worth preserving. "King Henry VIII. as he was hunting in Windsor Forest, either casually lost, or (more probably) wilfully losing himself, struck down, about dinner-time, to the Abbey of Reading, where, disguising

* Of the Abbey of Reading there are now very few remains, but still enough to shew its amazing solidity and extent. A few years ago, when the county-prison was built on the site, several coffins were dug up, one of which was supposed to contain the dust of Henry I. but of this there was no certainty.

himself, (much for delight, and more for discovery, to see unseen) he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the king's guards; a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sirloin of beef was set before him, (so knighted, saith this tradition, by this King Henry) on which the king laid on lustily; not disgracing one of that place, for whom he was mistaken. 'Well fare thy heart,' quoth the abbot; 'and here, in a cup of sack, I remember the health of his grace, your master. I would give an hundred pounds on the condition I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and squeazie stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken.' The king pleasantly pledged him, and heartily thanked him for his good cheer; after dinner departed, as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after, the abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, brought up to London, clapt into the Tower, kept close prisoner, fed for a short time with bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food, as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself, when and how he he had incurred the king's displeasure. At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, 'That two hungry meals make the third a glutton.' In springs King Henry out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself, the invifible spectator of the abbot's behaviour. 'My lord,' quoth the king, 'presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician to cure you of your squeazie stomach; and

and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same.' The Abbot down with his dust, and glad he had escaped; so returned to Reading, as somewhat lighter in purse, so much more merrier in heart, than when he came thence.'

Bath is one hundred and seven miles from London. This city took its name from its natural hot-baths; for the medicinal virtues of which it has long been celebrated, and much frequented. Even in the time of the Romans, it was famous for its salubrious waters. Upon the spot where the cathedral now stands, a temple is said to have formerly been dedicated to Minerva, who was the tutelar deity of those springs, and from thence the ancient Britons called this city *Caer Palladur*, i. e. The City of the Water of Pallas. It was afterwards called by the Saxons, *Accmannesceaster*, which signifies the City of *Vale-tudinarians*; and upon Lansdown Hill, near this city, there are still to be seen the remains of a fortification, thought to have been thrown up by the Saxons in the year 520, when they defended themselves against the victorious King Arthur. Bath stands in a valley, upon the north bank of the river Avon, and is encircled by hills forming an amphitheatre. It is surrounded by walls, which, though slight and almost entire, are supposed to be the work of the Romans. It contains five hot-baths, called the King's Bath, the Queen's Bath, the Cross Bath, the Hot Bath, and the Leper's Bath. There is also a cold bath.

The King's Bath is sixty feet square, supplied by many hot springs that rise in the middle of it. In this bath there is the figure of an ancient British king, called *Bleyden* the Soothsayer, with an

an inscription, importing, that he discovered the use of these springs three hundred years before the Christian era.

The Queen's Bath is separated from the King's Bath only by a wall. It has no spring of its own; but receives its water from the King's Bath.

The Cross Bath received its appellation from a cross that formerly stood in the middle of it. Its heat is also less than that of the King's Bath, because it has fewer springs.

The Hot Bath was so called from having been formerly hotter than the rest; but was not then so large as it is now.

The Leper's Bath is formed from the overflowings of the Cross Bath; and is appropriated for the use of the poor.

The Cold Bath is supplied by a fine-cold spring. The hot springs were fenced in by the Romans with a wall, to separate them from the common cold springs, with which this place abounds. As this city lies in a valley, surrounded with hills, the heat of these waters, and their milky detergent quality, are ascribed to the admixture and fermentation of two different waters filtrating through two of those hills, one called Claverton Down, and the other Lansdown. The water from Claverton Down is supposed to be sulphurous or bituminous, with a portion of nitre; and the water from Lansdown is thought to be tinged with iron ore. These waters, so justly celebrated, are recommended in various disorders, particularly those denominated chronic.

The town itself is remarkably elegant and clean, especially those buildings called the Crescent and the Circus, and which are inhabited by people of consequence. The former is prob-

bably one of the most beautiful structures in the world*. The rides about Bath are agreeable; but the hills up to them are so steep and wearisome, that it requires no small degree of resolution to take that exercise which the physicians invariably recommend. No place in England, in the proper season, affords so brilliant a circle of good company as Bath. The aged, the young, the infirm, and the hale, all resort to this vortex of amusement. Ceremony, beyond the essential rules of politeness, is totally exploded: every one mixes upon an equality; and the entertainments are so wisely regulated, that although there is never a cessation of them, there is never a lassitude from bad hours, or from an excess of dissipation. In the morning, the rendezvous is at the Pump-room; from that time, till noon, in walking on the parades, or in the different quarters of the town; thence to the Pump-room again: from the Pump-room to a fresh stroll, and then to dinner; and from dinner to the rooms, where dancing or the card-table concludes the evening.

Every thing being regulated at Bath, with respect to the accommodation of strangers, there is no danger of imposition; if a person will but take the trouble to purchase a small pamphlet †, which clearly points out the different customs and usages of that town.

* Since the period of our author's tour, Bath has been so much enlarged and embellished, as to become one of the finest cities in the world.

† To every traveller we would earnestly recommend local printed guides. The expenditure of a shilling or two frequently saves twenty, and besides gives information that cannot so readily be procured by a stranger.

On one side of the road to Claverton Down, is Prior Park, a seat of the late Mr. Allen; situated almost on the summit of Charlton Hill. This place has been much admired, but will ever derive its principal celebrity from its being the residence of the benevolent and generous Allen, the friend of Pope, and of mankind.

Having satisfied our curiosity at Bath, we determined on the route we should take into the more distant parts of Somerset and Wiltshire, and proceeded as far as Pensford, a small, inconsiderable town, situated on the river Thew. From Pensford we continued our journey to Catterworth; near which is Bow Ditch, where there are still the remains of a Roman camp, almost in a circular form*, and, being on the summit of a hill, commands a fine prospect. Within a small distance are some considerable coal-pits, together with the remains of a place of druidical worship. From Catterworth we proceeded on our way to Chutenham, a small, indifferent looking village; and thence to the Mendip Hills, distant about three or four miles.

Never did travellers begin a jaunt with more unpropitious omens than we did; the morning was darkened with heavy, lowering clouds; the places we had planned for observation were, in general exposed to every inclemency that possibly affect us; and, to mend the matter, the major part of our present little society consisted of ladies. Fortune, however, befriended us when we least expected it; for scarce had we come in view of the delightful Mendip Hills, covered to a vast extent with heath and fern, and charm-

* This figure is very usual for a Roman castrametation.

ingly dotted with sheep, and a variety of cattle, than the clouds began to wear away. A threatening fog at first began to gather round us; but this soon dispersed, and by the time we reached the summit, the sun had taken possession of the day, and every thing assumed a face of re-animated beauty. The landscape was most delightful. On the one side were towering hills, whose sides we were traversing, and whose loftiest brows slowly declined; while, on the other, the highly cultivated lands of Somerset, smiling in all the luxuriance of art and nature, burst upon our view. I do not exaggerate when I say, we were lost in admiration. Proceeding slowly on, and cautious of not losing a single object which might present itself, we descended the hills. On the right, and in the front, with hills, woods, and dales, delightfully intermixed; and on the left, with the town of Wells, and a bold romantic prospect of the tower of Glastonbury at a distance. To Wells we next bent our course.

This city is sixteen miles from Bath, and one hundred and twenty-seven from London: it is situated at the foot of the Mendip Hills; and is a clean, pretty town. John de Villala, the sixteenth bishop of this see, removed his residence and spiritual authority to Bath; but the contest between this church and that of Bath, being afterwards compromised, it was determined that the bishops should thereafter be styled bishops of Bath and Wells, and that the canons of each should, on the vacancy of the see, appoint deputies to elect the bishop, who was to be installed in both churches. Its church, at first a monastery, was built by Ina, king of the West

Saxons; and in the year 905, was erected into episcopal see. The west front of the cathedral seems to have been magnificent, being an entire pile of statues; but the taste being wildly Celtic, or Saracenic, it does not strike a common observer with either elegance or simplicity. The cloisters adjoining to it are spacious and fine. The chapter house is a rotund, supported by a pillar in the middle; and the vicars' dwellings in the close, are commodious. The bishop's palace, with its walls and mote, has the air of a castle; but, altogether, it presents a most favourable aspect to a traveller. The deanry is a fine house; and there are likewise good habitations for the prebendaries: but the cathedral, by much, as of course it should be, the finest building. The exterior carries a venerable and awful appearance, and the inside is carefully attended to, both with respect to neatness and conveniency. On one side of the altar stands a monument of Bishop Still in his episcopal robes, and on the other an emblematic representation of Miss Kidder, who, in the year 1703, fell a martyr to filial affection. The young lady was daughter of a bishop of the same name, who, with his wife, were both crushed to death, in the town of Wells, by the fall of a chimney. The catastrophe so afflicted the daughter, then no more than sixteen years of age, that it disordered her senses, and she died distracted a few months afterwards. She is represented in the attitude of looking at two urns, supposed to contain the ashes of her parents.

In one of the aisles is shewn, the tomb and representation of Bishop Beckington, who, in

impolitic fit of religious phrensy, attempted to fast during lent. It is said to be well authenticated, that, for an extraordinary number of days, some say thirty-nine, he absolutely did refrain from food. His punishment was what his presumption was entitled to. He fell a victim to it: nor did commiseration attend his fall. Scattered up and down the church are also many ancient monumental figures, dug out of the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey; but transplanted to Wells. The windows, too, of this cathedral are curious, although the principal one of the chapel is rather too much crowded with stained and whimsically-ornamented glass.

Thus having observed the body of the cathedral, we next ascended to the library by a flight of stairs. Like most of those of orthodox societies, it is filled with folios of law and polemical divinity: but the fathers apparently sleep in quietness on the shelves. Turning over the pages of these subtle, but absurd remnants of human imposition, I was suddenly called by one of the ladies, who, with much exultation, told me of a book which had been put into her hands by the person who was our guide, and who informed her, it was the wonder of all wonders; nothing less than a book composed, printed, and bound, before the invention of paper, of which Europeans so much boast. How such a matter as this could possibly exist, or, if it did exist, how it could have found its way into the library of Wells, was a point not easy to determine; but judge my surprise, when I found it neither more nor less, than a Chinese octavo. Never did people laugh more heartily than we did, at the extravagance of this literary imposition.

But our guide was still tenacious, and would not believe us, when we told him what it was; neither could we reconcile him to the doctrine, until we offered to procure him a hundred similar productions, and to submit them all, if he pleased, to the learned of the diocese for their decision. This gained us at length some credit; and he then, with confusion and disappointment in his countenance, vowed he would throw it aside, and never more be the instrument of imposition on the credulity of the public. It appeared to have been presented by a waggish doctor, who perhaps meant to play on the ignorance of his brethren.

Concluding our observations at Wells, we proceeded to a famous cavern in the Mendip Hills, called Okey-hole, one of the most celebrated natural curiosities in that part of England. The distance of this cavern from Wells is about two miles. Arrived at the bottom of the hill, we enquired for a guide; and having procured one, whose age and visage most inevitably would have condemned her to the flames a century ago, we followed her up a narrow path of a cliff, the perpendicular height of which could not be less than two hundred feet; the old woman herself bearing a lanthorn in one hand, and a bundle of lights in the other. The ascent was wonderfully fine and romantic. Being arrived at the distance of about fifty yards from the place where we left our carriage, we found ourselves close to the entrance of this dreary cavern. The first order we received from our regenerated hecate, was to leave our hats behind us. Handkerchiefs were of course tied round our heads, and a lighted taper was then

presented to each of the party. Thus prepared to encounter the gloomy horrors of the scene, we formed ourselves in the order in which we were to enter, following our tottering conductress. On entering the cave, we perceived a vast number of large stones, confusedly scattered about, over some of which, we were told, lay the path-way of our journey. As you advance, the cavern widens, and continues to increase, until you come to about thirteen steps, which you descend into a narrow passage, in which is shewn the tomb, as they call it, of the Old Witch of Okey, who resided at this place. This tomb is a mishapen piece of rock; incrusted. From the passage you enter into the kitchen, and from the kitchen into an immense cavern called the Church, many parts of which are upwards of forty feet high. Here the footing is indifferent; for the rocks being irregularly scattered on one side, and the river Axe winding itself along on the other, you scarcely can find room to make your way either with firmness or safety. Nothing can be conceived more awful than the appearance of this chasm. The spar too, which is as it were brilliantly placed along the confines of the river, with crystal drops, like diamonds, pendant around it, are beauties with which it is impossible not to be highly delighted; particularly when contrasted with the surrounding scenery.

The next objects of admiration are, the arm-chair and the cooler, both of them fine incrustations; the former shaped in the rural garden style, with ribs, and the latter surrounding a small basin of delicious water. From the passage which immediately leads from this, you descend

eight steps, and continue till you come to another figure of spar, denominated the Lyon's Head, and situated in the corner of a prodigious cupola, called the Servant's Hall. This hall has the appearance of being the loftiest of all the chasms. Hence we proceeded to what is styled the Great Hall, passing in our way the hall chimney, a narrow cavern of considerable height. This hall has infinitely the largest area in the cave, being in the figure of a rotunda, and measuring in its centre about the height of five and twenty feet. The ceiling is exquisitely even; and the echo, as may be supposed, prodigiously distinct and awful. Here indeed we might say, we experienced something of the effect of the sublime and beautiful. As we advanced, we had gradually met with new and surprising objects; here we had them as it were gathered together in one point of view.

Exploring with silent admiration, and reflecting on the wonderful operation of those parts of matter, which, in a convulsion, must certainly have formed this cavern, we determined on ascertaining the truth of what we had heard advanced, relative to the body of water, winding at our feet, and which was once considered as the source of the river Axe. Our guide, however, soon satisfied us on this head, by saying, that when the Axe was low, many people had traced it from the place where we then stood, to a considerable distance beyond; that it did not rise even in the hill in the body of which we were, but that it had its source in a neighbouring one, whence it proceeded through other caverns into that of Okey.

Satisfied in this point, and pleased with every thing we had met with in the cave, we returned in the manner we had entered; nor did we do this sooner than was necessary, for the humidity and coldness of the place, together with the unwholesomeness of the air, rendered a change of climate necessary. Take it all in all, however, no man of curiosity should visit Somersetshire without seeing Okey-hole.

Returning from the cave by the path-way we had ascended, at the bottom of the hill, we stopped at a manufactory of paper, worked by the waters of the Axe; which we examined under the direction of the proprietor.

Wearied not a little with what we had already seen, and reflecting on that which was yet to be observed, we thankfully quitted our new acquaintance, and getting into our carriages, proceeded to the village of Glastonbury, distant from Wells about six miles.

Glastonbury, for riches and grandeur almost without a rival in England, was early in repute among the West Saxons, as appears from Nennius and Geoffrey of Monmouth, who both tell us that our great Arthur was buried there; and Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived in the time of Henry II. says, he saw his coffin dug up. King Ina, the West Saxon, founded the abbey, and it continued to receive so many donations, that, in the time of Canute the Great, they obtained a charter, whereby every person, even the king himself, was excluded from coming within any part of its bounds without leave of the abbot. Some idea may be formed of the ancient grandeur of this monastery, from what yet remains of the different buildings. There were constant-

ly one hundred monks resident in the cloisters; and the abbot had seldom less than three hundred domestics, many of whom were sons of the principal nobility. Its revenues exceeded those of Canterbury or Durham. It stands in a peninsula near the river Bry, called the Isle of Avalon; and, ever since the dissolution of religious houses, the chief support of the town has consisted in the great numbers of people who have resorted thither to visit the ruins; but the inhabitants having removed many of the stones to repair their houses, the number of travellers has of late years decreased. The church was a prodigious pile of building, and great part of the walls of the choir is still standing. Two of the great pillars that supported the middle tower are yet remaining, but mostly overgrown with ivy; and part of the high altar in the choir, where the West-Saxon kings were buried, is still to be seen; but in the same ruinous condition as the church. Indeed, such are the devastations made by the devouring hand of time, and the depredations committed by avarice, that the chapel of St. Mary, on the north side of the church, has been converted into a stable, the manger being placed on the altar. Near this chapel of St. Mary, was a smaller chapel, built by King Edgar; but the walls are almost totally destroyed. The floor was of stone, and many of the Saxon nobility were buried under it, in coffins of lead, which have since indeed been taken away, and melted into cisterns.

The only thing that remains entire of this magnificent structure, which was erected to bid defiance to the ravages of time, is the Abbot's Kitchen, built wholly of stone; but converted

to a use for which it was never intended, and probably in a few years it will experience the same fate with the rest of the apartments. As many pilgrims visited Glastonbury, the abbots found it necessary to build an inn for their reception, where they were furnished with all the necessaries of life, in a truly royal style. It is still standing in the town, and known by the sign of the George, having the arms of the Saxon kings over the gate.

On a hill, called the Torr, adjoining to the town, was formerly a church dedicated to St. Michael, where Richard Whiting, the last and most celebrated abbot, and whose hospitality was so great, that he often entertained five hundred horsemen at a time, was hanged by order of King Henry VIII, together with two of his monks, for having dared to let fall some hasty expressions, when the king's commissioners arrived to seize upon his revenues. The history of his condemnation and execution reflects eternal disgrace on the memory of that tyrannical monarch.

The shepherd being slain, the sheep were easily dispersed; nor were there many religious men found afterwards to oppose the king's tyranny. Henry, like a conqueror, invaded, threw down, plundered, and demolished all; but, the possessions and revenues of the monasteries he, for the most part, distributed amongst the nobility, that they might never after be reclaimed or restored to the church by any of the princes his successors, exchanging some for other lands and revenues, and disposing of others for ready money; and he compelled the Catholics, against their wishes, to buy those spoils of the church, to the end he might, by that means, oblige them

to defend his unjust act. Such was the end of the monasteries and monks in England. almost a thousand years after they had brought the Christian faith into that island; increasing with it, and being advanced by the generosity of all the kings.

It would be reckoned unpardonable in this place to omit the mention of the Glastonbury Thorn, which, in the dark and ignorant ages of popery, was denominated Holy. The monks tell us, that when Joseph of Aramathea arrived at this place, and preached the Gospel to the natives, he took up his residence on the hill called Torr, where many people flocked to hear him, though, as may be reasonably supposed, the greatest part doubted of his mission. But the holy man, conscious of his innocence, yet eager to vindicate himself from the imputation of imposture, struck his stick into the the ground, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven; prayed that God would remove their unbelief by some signal act of his power. The prayer was no sooner heard than complied with; for, behold a miracle! the staff took root, spread out its blossoms, and the obstinate Britons immediately embraced the faith of Christ. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, however, an over-zealous Protestant, not having the fear of God before his eyes, hewed down one of the branches of this holy thorn, and having brought his destroying axe to another, aimed a dreadful blow, which happily did not escape with impunity; for one of the chips, we are told, flew into his eye; and blinded him; while the axe itself, as in revenge for being put to such horrid purposes, fell on his foot, and wounded him in a terrible manner. The last attack that

was made on it, (for frequent were its sufferings) was in the civil wars between Charles I. and his parliament, when the whole tree, even to the roots, was torn up by the soldiers of Cromwell, who considered it as a relic of idolatry; but some slips having been afterwards engrafted on the other shrubs, there are still remaining three of the trees for the observation of the curious. It is certainly of a remarkable species in this country; but is very common in the Levant and Asia Minor. "It differs," says Mr. Miller, "from our common hawthorn, by putting out its leaves early in the spring, and flowering twice a year; for, in mild seasons, it often flowers in November and December, and again at the usual time of the common sort; but the stories which are told of its budding, blossoming, and fading, on Christmas-day, are ridiculous, and destitute of foundation*.

The whole of this place of Glastonbury is worth seeing. One cannot, however, but regret the inattention which is paid to the ruins, and the violation of the ashes of the dead. Regard should, no doubt, be had to the comforts of the living; but some little respect should be shewn to the relics of the dead.

Leaving Glastonbury, we proceeded to Somerton, situated on a branch of the Parret, it is a post town, and was once much celebrated. The county took its name from it. It is a healthy place, though so near the moors; but, in wet winters, people have been known to come from the Parret in boats to the very doors. It is re-

* The present Glastonbury Thorn is only a variety of the *Crataegus Oxyacantha* of Linnæus.

markable for having in its neighbourhood a moor of twenty thousand acres of ground for grazing the cattle of such as have a right to common. From Somerton we continued our journey to Ilchester, one hundred and twenty-nine miles from London, situated on the Ivel. Some say the castle was built by the Romans to curb the Britons, after Boadicea's insurrection, and that the Roman foss-way passed through the town. That Roman coins have been dug up at Ilchester, and that it was a populous and important place about the time of the conquest, is unquestionable. It is noted for having been the birth-place of the famous Friar Bacon.

From Ilchester we proceeded to Yeovil, called Evil or Ivil, a very neat and handsome little town, situated on a branch of the Parret, one hundred and twenty-three miles from London.— Nothing remarkable occurred to us during this little progress from Glastonbury. A fine view, indeed, presented itself on leaving Somerton; but it soon vanished, and the remainder of the road was neither fine nor picturesque. From Yeovil, our next stage was Milbourne Port, a small, inconsiderable town on the borders of Somerset; and thence our road lay to Shaftesbury in Dorsetshire. This place stands upon a hill, in the post road to Exeter, fourteen miles from Salisbury, and commands a prospect both of Somersetshire and Wiltshire. It is supposed to have been built in the eighth century, and to have been enlarged by Alfred. King Edward the Confessor lies buried here. However it has but a miserable appearance; the houses are old and dirty, and the streets are narrow and ill paved. Here we continued one night, and next

morning set off for Wardour Castle, a seat of Lord Arundel's, in Wiltshire. The entrance to the grounds, by the road we came from Shaftesbury, was wild and picturesque, but in a state of improvement. Proceeding along this road, which has a gentle winding round a hill, the new mansion opens to the view. Its appearance, from this point, is truly magnificent; and the grounds are swelled and disposed of to advantage. The site of the edifice, however, is too low. In many points of view it appears buried. The next objects, as you advance, are the ruins of the old castle, distant about a mile from the road. This pile has still the appearance of Gothic magnificence. In the civil wars it was rendered conspicuously remarkable by Blanch, relict of Thomas Lord Arundel, who died in the garrison of Oxford attending King Charles I. having held out the castle with but five and twenty men against the parliamentary army of thirteen hundred, and surrendered it at last only on honourable terms: terms which were not kept, as both she and her children were iniquitously imprisoned, and despoiled of a property estimated at 25,000*l.*

The new seat, more than a mile distant, is built on a heavy plan, one hundred and sixteen feet long, and, including the two wings, three hundred and forty-seven, with very little sweep; but the inside repays the want of beauty, on the out. The rooms are large and well disposed, and the furniture simply magnificent. The staircase is grand, and the offices on the ground floor both handsome and convenient.

The ball or grand drawing room, as it is styled, is fifty-four feet long, twenty-seven broad, and

twenty-

twenty-seven high; and a smaller one adjoining to it, is of those dimensions which are suitable to the connection. The views from this latter room are, however, better than those from the large room, especially from the side window. The music room is pretty, with an elliptic, or flat arch. The common dining room has the look of elegance and neatness. It is well proportioned, and the furniture is happily chosen. Among other pictures in this room are the following:

A storm and a moonlight, by Verney; a portrait, by Vandyke, most highly animated; some family pieces, by Sir Peter Lely; a Hugo Grotius, by Rubens; and a St. Michael leading Peter out of prison, by Michael Angelo.

From the music-room you enter the saloon, which opens upon the grand staircase. This room has no paintings worthy of observation, excepting one of the Lady Arundel, who defended the castle. This picture cannot but attract the kindest attention, as the countenance beams forth softness and humility.

In the library, which is a handsome room, are two paintings: one of Etna and Vesuvius, in the rages of an eruption, by Voltaire; and a duke of Saxony, who, when living, must have been most hideous, by Giorgione.

The corridors leading from the common hall to the apartments in the wings, are elegant and grand. Passing through one of these, you come to a bed-chamber, in which are some paintings.

Lady Arundel's dressing room, the next in order, is handsomely fitted up. The chimney-piece

is of old Mosaic, brought from Italy; and the paintings are worthy observation.

A closet adjoining to this room is likewise possessed of many curious articles; particularly, a beautiful Mary and child, by Raffaele; a holy family, well coloured and finely grouped; the descent from the cross; and a representation of the Graces, most exquisitely finished in ivory.

Between this and the next apartment is an anti-chamber, in which are the following capital performances: Our Saviour taken from the cross, by Spagnoletto; a holy family, by Albani; a head, by Camanci; a country lad playing upon a bagpipe, by Michael Angelo Carravagio; and a Regulus quitting Rome, the artist unknown.

From this apartment, you enter the dressing-room of Lord Arundel, which is decorated with some capital performances, by the most celebrated masters.

We now quitted the house, and turned our observations to the pleasure grounds. On entering the shrubbery, a little to the right of the house, we opened a fine view of the old castle of Wardour, whose sides and back were closely surrounded with groves, extending along the hill. Proceeding onward through a variety of windings, elegantly conceived, we continued down a hill, one side of which we found we had but just ascended. We then got to the bottom of a vale, most rurally picturesque, from the sides of which a wood arises to the summit of the hill; and from this vale, through the bosom of the wood, advanced to what is called the Terrace. The beauties of this walk have met with general admiration: nor am I indeed surprised at

at it; for they are certainly such as afford the most pleasing imagery to minds intent upon rural gratification.

Getting into our carriages, we continued our journey to Fonthill, the seat of Mr. Beckford, in Wiltshire. On entering these grounds, there is nothing remarkable that strikes a traveller. A shrubbery is continued on the left, which leads into a narrow road, walled in on each side and shaded with trees, which seemingly terminates at a river. On coming to the end of this road, however, you suddenly turn to the left, which leads you to the back-front of the house. The appearance of this building, when you approach it, is certainly grand. The whole is of stone dug out of neighbouring quarries, and the plan is elegant and superb. The entrance is peculiarly handsome, as are all the rooms. The style of furniture, it must be confessed, is rather gaudy; but the whole is rich, and has been fashionable in its day. The paintings are too numerous to specify; but many of them are by the very first masters.

From viewing the house, in which, besides the pictures, there is an original statue in marble of Marcus Aurelius; a full length figure of the late Mr. Beckford, by Moore; and several chimney-pieces, finished in an elegant manner, by the same artist.

We next proceeded to the shrubbery. Nothing worthy of observation is to be met with, either of nature or of art, in the improvements. The shrubbery continues round the park, for nearly three miles, in the same regular zig-zag. The grounds, however, though not variegated, are pretty. The river is not inelegantly shaped;

nor does any part convey the idea of a want of care or cultivation*.

From Fonthill, our next stage was Hindon; where we dined; and thence, in the evening, to Stourton, where we slept; resolved to devote the next morning to Mr. Hoare's celebrated grounds at Stourton Park. The early morn, however, was ushered in with deluges of rain. The wind was high, and a dreary gloom scudded along the fields: in short, every thing promised as unfavourably as the most adverse stars could possibly denounce; but this momentary disappointment was only to enliven us the more to joy. About ten o'clock the atmosphere began to clear; and the whole country, in an hour, bore the vivid colourings of nature. Properly prepared, off then we set, opening to our view, almost immediately from the inn, a beautiful cross, an elegantly-winding river, with an airy bridge thrown across it; an obelisk erecting its head above the trees, and the pantheon, all charmingly disposed of to the right; while the left presented the Temple of Apollo and an inspiring grove gently ascending to the summit of the hill. From this, passing along, we came to the venerable remains of a mouldering arch, thrown over the road, and then proceeded along the borders of an arm of the rivulet to the banks of a beautiful cascade, happily formed in the bosom of a wood. Still continuing our progress along a winding road, through flowery meads, swelled in a happy taste, we next opened a prospect of woods and water, summer-houses and pavilions, all most charming.

* The recent improvements at Fonthill are of the first order, and of necessity leave every former description imperfect.

ly diversified and picturesque. Thence passing through a grove, and along the borders of some delightful fields, we came to an extensive wood, where some cottages are interspersed, and where Alfred's Tower is seen to rear its lofty head on the very summit of the hill. Proceeding onward, we got into the wood, crowned with the profusest charms of luxuriant nature; while, to the left, a little monastery discovered its slender spires through the verdant foliage of the trees. Hence we descended almost imperceptibly into a vale, whose sides on either hand were covered with fern, heath, and a variety of shrubs; and thence we entered the bosom of a deep-sequestered wood, the road through which led us, by a gentle ascent, to a rustic pile, called the Convent.

From the convent we descended the opposite side of the hill, and then entered into an extensive wilderness, which led us to the summit of the brow, on which the tower of Alfred is placed, commanding an almost boundless view. This tower is of a triangular form, of modern date, and built of brick. The perpendicular height is one hundred and fifty-five feet; and the number of steps, to the top, two hundred and twenty-one. Nothing can be conceived more striking than the prospects from every side of this structure, round one turret of which, for the benefit of the view, a gallery has been railed in. Over the portal, on the outside, is this inscription:

“ Alfred the Great, A. D. 879, on this summit erected his standard against Danish invaders; to him we owe the origin of juries, and the creation of a nival force. Alfred, the light of a benighted age, was a philosopher and a Christian, the father of his people, and the founder of the English monarchy and liberty.”

Leaving the tower, we transferred a meadow, till we came to the head of the river Stour, which has a little building around it, called Peter's Pump. From its source it winds in a gentle stream. Still proceeding on our way, we entered on a lawn, exquisitely green, and on either side bounded by a grove, which leads to an avenue on the brow of the hill; the left formed by a regular range of trees, and the right by clumps of evergreens and holly. From the end of this avenue are some delightful views. In the vale, the natural windings of the river are carefully embanked, and terminated by the Temple of Apollo; and, along the opposite hills, the groves are gracefully planted and diversified. From the avenue, we again entered on the lawn, at the end of which is an obelisk, encircled by a range of elms; and thence through another avenue to the house, which, though a good one, has no appearance of correspondent magnificence. The lawn, however, before it, together with the prospects which it commands, are most enchantingly fine and picturesque.

Among other productions of art, in the hall, are an animated painting of Carlo Maratti, represented in the act of drawing the portrait of the Marquis Palvoginio; an Augustus and Cleopatra, by Minx; a Henry the Fourth of France, and Madame d'Etrés, done in the school of Paul Veronese; also several good busts.

In the drawing-room are, a highly-finished landscape, by Mr. Bampffield; a view of the middle of St. Peter's, by Paul Vanneni; two fine paintings, by Wotton.

In the cabinet room, a Grecian lady, by Angelica Kauffman; the departure from Egypt, by

Carlo Moratti; the meeting of Jacob and Esau, by Roza de Tivoli; a morning and evening, by Lucootelli; a holy family, from the school of Raffaele; the marriage of St. Catharine, a most beautiful and highly-coloured painting, by Barrocci of Urbin.

In the state bedchamber, Noah sacrificing, on his descent from the ark, by Imprioli; Rachel and Laban, by the same master.

In the dressing room to that chamber, a setting sun and a moonlight, by Verney; a landscape, by Dominicini; a landscape, by Gasper Pouffin; our Saviour restoring the blind to sight, by Sébastian Ricci; and seventy-nine miniature pictures, many of them of English monarchs, found in the cabinet of Pope Sixtus V.

In the library, a fine marble bust, by Rysbrack; and an admired painting of Venus, Mars, and Cupid, from Corregio.

In the palm-tree room, an exquisitely-finished piece of Elisha restoring the widow's son to life, by Rembrandt; Penelope, by Angelica Kauffman; David with Goliath's head, by Mola; the triumphs of Bacchus and Ariadne, by Dominicini; a Bacchanalian subject, by Titian; a virgin and child, by Leonardo de Vinci; St. John's head in a charger, by Carlo Dolci; the rape of the Sabines, by Nicholas Pouffin; and a celebrated painting of our Saviour, the Virgin, and St. John, from Raffaele.

In the saloon, the judgment of Midas between Pan and Apollo, by Sebastian Bourdon; the departure of Helen with Paris, from Guido; and Hercules and Minerva, from Paul Veronese.

Pleased with the paintings, and satisfied altogether with the style and furniture of the house,

we finished the tour of the pleasure-grounds, visiting the pantheon, the grotto, and the temples of Flora and Apollo, and soon after set out to Longleat, a seat of Lord Weymouth.

Here we have a different scene. The approach to the house through the park, with the shrubbery to the left, is grand, and the appearance of the structure itself both venerable and superb.

The paintings are in general good, especially a head of the unfortunate Jane Shore; in which the artist has transfused into the looks every mingled passion that ought to characterize this unhappy woman.

In passing through the grounds of Lord Weymouth, one is struck with the capabilities they possess. Very little of art is required; nature has done her share; not indeed in the wildest, or in the grandest style, but in such a mode as must make Longleat beautiful, whenever it becomes a peculiar object of its owner's attention.

From Longleat we took our departure for Warminster, in Wilts, six miles from Frome. This town stands on the Deveril, near the source of the Willy-bourne, and had formerly certain privileges, which exempted it from tax or tribute. From Warminster we continued our route to a small village, called Deptford, and thence to Stonehenge.

Stonehenge, about six miles from Salisbury, is justly reckoned one of the wonders of this island; and it certainly fills the mind with astonishment. Antiquaries have been greatly divided in their opinions with regard to it: at present, they seem to acquiesce in the opinion of Dr. Stukely, that it was one of the grand temples of the British Druids.

It is situated near the summit of a hill, and consists of the remains of two circular and two oval ranges of rough stones, having one common centre. The outer circle is one hundred and eight feet in diameter, and, when perfect, consisted of thirty upright stones, of which there are seventeen still standing, and seven more lying upon the ground, either whole or in fragments. The upright stones are from eighteen to twenty feet high, from six to seven feet broad, and about three feet thick; and, being placed at the distance of three feet and a half from each other, are joined at top by imposts, or stones laid across, with tenons fitted to mortises in the uprights for keeping them in their due position. Of the imposts, or cross stones, there are six still standing, each of which is seven feet long; and about three feet and a half thick. The upright stones are something tapered towards the top; but the imposts are quite plain: all the uprights are fixed in a kind of sockets, dug in a chalky soil, with small flints rammed in between the stone and the socket. The inner circle, which never had imposts, is somewhat more than eight feet from the inside of the exterior one, and consisted originally of forty stones, about half the dimensions of the uprights of the outer circle. Of the forty original stones which composed this circle, there are about nineteen left, and of these only eleven standing. The walk between these circles is three hundred feet in circumference; and from this walk the structure has a surprising and awful appearance. At the distance of about nine feet from the inner circle is the outward oval range, which is supposed to be the principal part of the work, and by most writers styled the Cell, or Adytum. The stones

stones that compose it are stupendous, some of them measuring thirty feet in height. This range consists of five compages, being formed of two uprights, with an impost at top like the outer circle; and of these compages three are entire, but somewhat decayed. The inner oval is composed of twenty stones, each about six feet high; and near its eastern extremity is a stone of coarse blue marble, about sixteen feet long and four feet broad, which lies flat upon the ground, and is supposed to have been an altar. This work is inclosed by a ditch about thirty feet broad, and upwards of one hundred feet from the outer circle. Over this trench are three entrances, the most considerable of which faces the north-east. At each entrance, on the outside of the trench, there appear to have been two huge stones, set up in manner of a gate, and parallel to those, on the inside, two other stones of a smaller size. The whole number of stones of which this structure consisted is computed to be just one hundred and forty.

A tin tablet, on which were some unknown characters, supposed to be Punic, was dug up near this place in the reign of Henry VIII. but is unfortunately lost; for probably it might have conveyed some useful information to the learner. The common name, Stonehenge, is Saxon, and signifies a stone gallows, to which those stones, having transverse imposts, bear some resemblance. In Welch, it is called Choir Gour, or the Giants' Dance.

About half a mile north of Stonehenge, Dr. Stukely discovered a hippodrome, or horse course, crossing a valley. It is inclosed by two ditches, running parallel east and west, three hundred

and fifty feet asunder; it is one hundred thousand feet long. The barrows round this monument are numerous and remarkable, being generally bell fashion. These were sepulchral monuments, as appear from many that have been opened. About Stonehenge, likewise, there are a vast number of barrows. The heads of oxen, deer, and other beasts, have been dug up in and about the ruins, together with arches, wood, and other undoubted relics of sacrifices.

From Stonehenge we continued our journey to Salisbury, a city which has risen out of the ruins of Old Sarum, distant eighty-three miles from London. It is a large, clean, well-built town, situated in a valley, and watered by the Upper Avon on the west and south, and by the Bourne on the east. The streets are generally spacious, and built at right angles. The cathedral, which was erected in 1258, is one of the most elegant and regular Gothic buildings in the kingdom*. It is in the form of a lantern, with a beautiful spire of freestone in the middle, which is four hundred feet high, being the tallest in England. The length of the church is four hundred and eighty feet, the breadth seventy-six feet, and the height of the vaulting eighty-four feet.

This magnificent pile was begun early in the reign of Henry III. when the circular began to give place to the pointed arch, and the massive column to yield to the slender pillar. The vault-

* This cathedral has lately been beautified and improved, under the auspices of Dr. Barrington, then bishop of that see, and by the taste and skill of Mr. Wyatt.

ing is highly pitched between arches and cross springers only, without any farther decorations.

Salisbury, besides the cathedral, has many other public buildings. It is, however, situated too low. The soil is exceedingly moist; and the Avon runs through its streets in canals lined with brick, which must infallibly add to its humidity.

From Salisbury we proceeded to visit the remains of Old Sarum. This place stands at the distance of one mile north of the city of Salisbury, and was formerly the see of a bishop, who had a castle and a cathedral here; but King Stephen, having a dispute with the diocesan, seized the castle, and put a garrison into it, which was the first occasion of the ruin of this ancient city; for, not long after, Bishop Poor translated the episcopal seat to the valley below it, where the city of Salisbury now stands. Old Sarum is now reduced to the single remnant of a wall, and yet it sends two members to parliament, who are elected by the proprietors of certain adjacent lands. This town is as ancient as the old Britons.

From Old Sarum we continued to Wilton, the celebrated seat of the Earl of Pembroke; three miles distant from Salisbury. An indifferent road brought us to the edifice, substantial in appearance, but rather calculated for conveniency than show. We had superior objects, however, to mere architecture, to attract our attention; wherefore, after the purchase of a catalogue, and the entrance of our names in the porter's book, we proceeded to the investigation of a most valuable collection of antiquities: a collection, indeed, not to be equalled by any person's in England, or, perhaps, by any subject's in Europe.

In the court, before the grand front of the house, stands a column of white Egyptian marble, from the Arundel collection; the shaft weighs between sixty and seventy hundred weight, of one piece; the height is thirteen feet and a half, and the diameter twenty-two inches. Julius Cæsar set it up before the Temple of Venus Genitrix. The statue of Venus standing on its top is highly esteemed.

In the front of the house, on each side of the entrance, are two statues of black marble, out of the ruins of the palace of Egypt, in which the viceroys of Persia lived many years after Cambyses had conquered Egypt, and returned to Persia.

In the porch, (built by Hans Holbein) leading into the vestibule, is the busto of Hannibal.

In the vestibule are, the bustos of Theophrastus and Caligula; Affinius Pollio, with an elegant turn of the neck, and strong expression of the muscles; Julia, third wife of Augustus, of incomparable fine Greek sculpture; and Cælius Calvus.

Here are likewise two columns of the Pavnazzo, or peacock marble, both of them with holes in the capitals, which served for urns.

The different apartments, and the staircases, are replete with the finest pieces of sculpture, or the choicest productions of the pencil; but in a place so well known as Wilton House, to enumerate them would be useless. It could only be a copy from the local guide. The apartments generally shewn at Wilton are the great hall, the old billiard-room, the white marble table-room, the new dining-room, the hunting-room, the

cube-room, the great room, the colonnade-room, the stone-hall, and the bugle-room.

Wearied not a little with the survey of the curiosities, many of which are exquisitely beautiful, we at length dragged ourselves into the garden, in the hope that more rural subjects would dispel the heaviness, which a close investigation of every bust and picture had unavoidably impressed us with; and there, having refreshed ourselves, we proceeded to Longford, the seat of Lord Radnor. Here we were much delighted. The park and grounds, on entrance, carry the comfortable appearance of neatness and attention. All is order; nor is the house behind hand in perfection. Never was furniture more happily disposed, or elegance and simplicity more perfectly combined. Unfortunately, however, the house stands too low, and the ground is too flat, to admit of a variety of improvement; but, altogether, it is a charming place. Some of the paintings well deserve the notice of connoisseurs. In short, take Longford as a nobleman's residence, and it cannot but be admired by every person who has the good fortune to visit it, either for curiosity or amusement. Rumsey, the next place we proceeded to, is situated on the river Test, which pours itself into Southampton Bay, and is seventy-eight miles from London.

Adjoining to this place is Broadland, a seat of Lord Palmerston. The entrance into Broadland Grounds is immediately from the high road. The park is flat and extensive, planted at irregular and proper distances with clumps of trees, which, in a few years, will give it a much more cultivated appearance. The house, as well as the improve-

improvements, are from designs of the ingenious Mr. Browne.

The apartments are decorated by some excellent paintings; but there is an elegant simplicity in the furniture of the house, which does not afford a less degree of satisfaction to men who are not professed amateurs of the fine arts. All is neatness and unpretending modesty; nor are little matters less attended to, than those which may be supposed to fall more immediately under observation. Of these is the dairy, rurally but tastefully fitted up, placed at the end of a shady walk, on the banks of a little rivulet, whose sides are covered with the drooping willow, and whose waters, artlessly diverted, murmur as they glide to the whispering breeze.

From Broadland we continued our route to Southampton, lying between the rivers Teste and Itching, at the distance of seventy-eight miles from London. Southampton is surrounded by a wall built of hard stone, of a honey-comb appearance. The principal street is one of the broadest in England, and near three quarters of a mile long, well paved on each side, and ending in a commodious quay. Upon the whole, Southampton seems a pleasant, healthy town; and the country around it is well cultivated. It has several gentlemen's seats immediately in its vicinity. It is, likewise, much resorted to in summer for the benefit of sea-bathing.

This town stands near the site of the Roman station of Clausentum. It was consumed by the French; or, as some say, Genoese pirates, anno 1338, being the twelfth of Edward III. during the contest for the crown of France between that monarch and Philip de Valois.

Stowe, in his annals, gives the following description of the destruction of this place: "The fourth of October, fiftie gallies, well manned and furnished, came to Southampton, about nine of the clocke, and sacked the towne, the townsmen running away for feare. By the breake of the next day, they which fled, by help of the country thereabout, came against the pyrates, and fought with them; in the which skirmish were slaine to the number of three hundred pyrates, together with their captaine, a young soldiour, the King of Sicilis sonne. To this younge man, the French king had given whatsoever he got in the kingdome of England; but he being beaten downe by a certaine man of the countrey, cryed Rancon; notwithstanding the husbandman laid him on with his clubbe till he had slaine him, speaking these words: 'Yea, (quoth he) I know well enough thou art a Francon, and therefore shalt thou dye;' for he understood not his speech, neither had he any skile to take gentlemen prisoners, and to keep them for their rancome; wherefore the residue of these Genoways, after they had set the towne a fire, and burned it up quite, fledde to their galleys: and in their flying, certain of them were drowned; and after this the inhabitants of the towne compassed it about with a strong and great wall."

From Southampton we made an incursion into the New Forest, to visit the villa of Mr. Stanley, which much disappointed us. The house is poor, and the furniture not of a very modern complexion; the grounds are fine, and seemingly well adapted to a much more elegant mansion. New Forest contains many sweet situations, and many grand and romantic views. It was formed

by the Conqueror, at the expence of every private and sacred right, to favour his taste for hunting; and in it his son, William Rufus, while pursuing the same pastime, accidentally lost his life.

The next place we came to was the ancient city of Winchester, the capital of the Belgian Britons, and, after the decline of the Roman empire, the chief residence of the west Saxon kings, as well as that of the English monarchs, after the dissolution of the Heptarchy. During the wars between Charles I. and his parliament, this city suffered considerably; but it recovered again at the restoration, the king and his courtiers spending great part of their time there. The bishopric of Winchester is one of the richest in England. The cathedral is old and large, though not beautiful; and is famous for being the burying-place of the West Saxon kings, and for having the remains of William Rufus interred near the high altar. On the south side of the city, William of Wickham founded and endowed one of the noblest colleges for classical learning that was ever established by any subject in Europe. Winchester is pleasantly situated in a vale on the banks of the river Itching; and the plains and downs, in the vicinity under it, both pleasant and healthful.

At this place, however, like other vagrants, we found the stern inconveniency of justice. The assizes were at hand, and the judges expected; so that it was morally impossible to obtain decent accommodation for a night. Driven by necessity, therefore, we pursued our journey with more than half-foundered horses to Abresford, situated on the river Itching, and near one of the Roman highways, part of which remains:

Here, as at Winchester, ill fortune attended us ; no beds were to be had ; lawyers snored in every apartment of the house ; so that we were again obliged, at a most uncomfortable hour of the night, to continue our route to Alton, a neat market town on the road from London to Winchester, where, at last we met with admittance, and tolerable accommodation.

Leaving Alton the next day, we paid a visit to the Duke of Bolton's seat at Hackwood. The park is extensive, and filled with groves of fine old oak, through which are many pleasant walks. The house itself is indifferent, although the back-front is not destitute of elegance in its design.

From Hackwood we proceeded to Basingstoke, a town pleasantly situated in a rich, fertile soil, and formerly surrounded with woods. Thence our journey continued to Overton, a small town, distant eight miles. Adjoining to Overton, we stopped to observe a silk manufactory carrying on at that place by Mr. Stratwell. Nothing in the whole progress of our little journey afforded us more satisfaction. The first process was carried on by children of six and eight years of age, and consisted simply in winding from the skain upon the bobbin ; the second was putting the threads together to be twisted, by other children of a somewhat more advanced age, and by women ; the third in twisting four threads together by a tram-mill ; and the fourth and fifth in sorting and making it ready for the weaver. Though the process in itself is curious, the little creatures, who so innocently, and yet so advantageously, were employed for themselves and their families, were the objects which chiefly rivetted

our attention. They amounted, in all, to about one hundred and forty; independent of which, Mr. Stratwell, who originally projected this manufactory from a principle of benevolence constantly maintains, in an adjoining building, another little group of about fifty children, whom he likewise protects from their infant state. Women he appoints to take care of them; and they are fed and clothed, at his expence, until they are capable of work, when they are entered at the looms, and receive a regular stipend for their daily labour. Delighted at this unusual, but highly praise-worthy and sensible exertion of charity, we begged the permission of the people to let us see the children. We were accordingly admitted into a room, where we observed a party of them gathered round their old mistress, decently dressed, and with health and cheerfulness speaking in their countenances. The sight was affecting, we could not refrain from expressing it; and we thereby gained the blessings of the venerable matron. "God protects them," said she, "and, sure I am, he will reward their generous benefactor with peace and happiness hereafter!" Happy man! thought we, the feelings of his own heart will afford him ample recompence in this life, and, in that to come, may blessings attend him and all his generation! With pleasant emotions we proceeded till we arrived at Witchurch, an ancient borough, situated on the skirts of the forest of Chute.

From thence continuing our route through Andover, Luggershall, and Everley, we at length reached the Devizes, where we slept; resolved to devote the next morning to the inspection of the choice collection of paintings of Mr. Methuen at Corsham, which gratified us to the full.

Most

Most of them are executed by the very first masters.

Exclusive of the pictures, however, there is nothing to be seen at Corsham. The house is a good one, though neither grand nor elegant; and the grounds, though they may be pleasant, are neither sufficiently extensive nor improved, to demand the observation of a traveller. Quitting Corsham, we proceeded to Bath, where we rested a few days.

We next proceeded to Bristol, where we resolved upon remaining some time for the benefit of the waters. Bristol, one hundred and fifteen miles from London, is the second city in the British dominions for trade, wealth, and population. It properly lies in the two counties of Somerset and Gloucester, but in the reign of Edward III. it was erected into a county of itself. Bristol does not make any great figure in history before the Norman conquest. The navigable river Avon runs through it, and forms the harbour.

When we consider Bristol as a place of commercial opulence, we are greatly surprised to find the houses so meanly built, and the streets so narrow, dirty, and ill-paved. This is in some measure owing to an ill-judged parsimony; for the houses being mostly built with the upper stories projecting in the streets, are patched up and repaired from time to time: but this is a very impolitic measure; for, besides the expence attending the different repairs, and the low price of the rents, were a fire to happen in Bristol, it would be attended with the most dreadful consequences. Their method of carrying goods through the city, although in some degree suited to the incon-

conveniencies of the place, is the most awkward that can be imagined; for, instead of carts, which they allege would injure the pavement over the cellars, they use sledges, or sleds, which, rubbing continually against the pavement, renders it smooth, and, in frosty weather, slippery and dangerous. Another instance of their unaccountable prejudice is, with respect to their Exchange, in which the merchants will not transact their business, although an act to build it was procured with much difficulty and expence, and although, by their meeting in the open street, they are constantly exposed to the inclemency of the weather. The whole expence of this building, erected at the public cost, and, in fact, of no utility whatsoever, amounted to fifty thousand pounds. The public nuisance of their glass-houses is likewise another instance of their insuperable obstinacy: the city, from the continual smoke arising from them, being constantly darkened, while the inhabitants are almost suffocated with noxious effluvia.

On the north of the Avon, and issuing from St. Vincent's Rock, is the celebrated mineral spring. The properties of this water are different from those of Bath. They are generally supposed to possess a cooling and a healing quality, to strengthen the stomach, promote an appetite, and assist digestion. They are not, however, recommended in all cases; neither are they to be trifled with, any more than the stronger mineral waters that are to be met with in this kingdom. On a rising ground on the back of the wells is the beautiful village of Clifton, where there are lodgings provided for the reception of company, and where we took up our abode. The prospect
from

from this hill is romantic and delightful; and from the purity of its air and its situation, it has generally been termed the Montpellier of England. Clifton is at all times preferable to any place of residence in or about Bristol; for it not only is convenient for the wells, but is so happily situated with respect to Durdham Downs, that, without fatigue, valetudinarians are in a few minutes conveyed to them, and thereby enjoy an advantage equal, if not superior in effect, to that of the waters. Indeed this the physicians themselves acknowledge; and therefore the sick drive hither for health, and the unailing for amusement.

At the extremity of Durdham Downs is a preposterous building, properly denominated Cook's Folly. It seems to have been erected in the extravagance of caprice. Its form is that of a tower, and its use, I know not what. From Durdham Downs a very pleasant road leads directly to King's Weston Downs, which command a prospect over the Severn, and in their environs contain Blaze Castle, and a seat of Lord Clifford. Blaze Castle has nothing remarkable about it, save a similar, though in some respects rather a better, view than that from the downs. Lord Clifford's, however, has many advantages. The grounds are well swelled in lawn, and the trees, in general, are not inelegantly planted. The house itself is comfortable, though heavy, in the usual style of its architect, Vanbrugh. It is decorated with many family pictures, and other pieces by capital masters. The prospect down, and across the Severn into Wales, is grand and picturesque.

Having visited the most remarkable places in the vicinity of Clifton, we proceeded down the Avon from the Hot-wells to King's Road, at the entrance of that river from the Severn. Nothing can be conceived more highly romantic, than some of the views from the winding of the Avon. At one moment stupendous rocks seem towering over head, at another a wild valley opens to the view. Sometimes the eye becomes charmed with a highly-cultivated country; at others delighted with shipping and the appearances of traffic and industry. On our arrival, however, at King's Road, we found ourselves too late to save the tide to Wales, and were therefore under the necessity of dropping with the stream to a small neck of land in Somersetshire, where in the hospitable bosom of a cavern, we regaled ourselves till the tide of flood told us it was time to prosecute our voyage; when we hurried into the boat with all the expedition that a rocky shore, over which we were obliged to clamber, would admit of, and cheerily plying the oars, in the space of about four hours, reached Chepstow, in South Wales.

Chepstow, one hundred and thirty-three miles from London, is situated near the efflux of the Wye, over which it has a bridge, and was formerly a place of great note. Part of the walls and castle still remain, the latter in tolerable repair. The name is of Saxon original, and denotes it to have been a town of trade and commerce. The Old Venta Silurum, which flourished in the time of Antoninus, is only about four miles distant, and some affirm it rose out of the ruins of that ancient city. It is the port for all the towns that stand on the rivers Wye and Lug; ships of good burden come up to it, the

tide flowing here in a remarkable manner, rising frequently from six fathom to six fathom and a half at the bridge. A beautiful Roman pavement was discovered here in 1689. Chepstow, if ever it was a populous and beautiful town, has now very few vestiges of either; the houses are poor and dirty, the streets narrow, and the inns wretchedly bad.

In the troubles under Charles I. this town and castle were garrisoned for the king; and, according to Rushworth, in October 6, 1645, Colonel Morgan, governor of Gloucester, at the head of three hundred horse, four hundred foot, and assisted by the Monmouthshire men, with little difficulty made himself master of the town; and summoning Colonel Fitzmorris, an Irishman, governor of the castle, soon after carried it by capitulation.

Two miles distant from Chepstow is Piercefield, the seat of Mr. Morris*. On the entrance of this gentleman's ground, the eye is somewhat offended by a long straight walk, which has neither clumps of trees nor avenues to confine or variegate the scene. The house too is but indifferent, and so whimsically placed, as not to admit of a determination with respect to its front until it is examined nearly. The lawn, however, which reaches towards the river, is beautiful, and so carefully swelled and planted, as to afford a most delightful scene. On one side of this lawn, and to the back of the house, is the shrubbery, at the entrance of which is a fine view of the old castle of Chepstow. Here you become involved in the

* Piercefield has undergone some important changes since Mr. Sullivan's tour; but under any master, its native, majestic scenery will ever attract the admiration of persons of taste.

serpentine windings of the wood, and continue so until you reach a grotto in an artificial hill, whence there is a most romantic view of Land-caught Clift, the rivers Severn and the Wye. Still proceeding in the shrubbery, you ascend a small eminence, which opens an enchanting prospect of the town of Land-caught. The neighbourhood of this town, or rather village, as it consists but of a few cottages, is famous for producing the fine Styre cyder. Next you come to a spot which affords a wild and extensive view, On the one side Land-caught village, on a beautiful ascent from the river Wye, rears its little head with the cliff of the same name, serving as a back ground to the picture. On the other, Chepstow, with its ivy-mantled towers, the lordly Severn receiving its tributary streams, and the distant but fertile regions of Gloucester and of Somerset. Still continuing in the shrubbery, which possesses rather too much regularity and sameness to be pleasing, you come to a cave excavated in a rock, from the mouth of which the report of a gun, or any other violent concussion of the air, is heard to reverberate among the neighbouring hills and cliffs, thereby forming a continued echo, until it gradually loses itself in the distant woods. How far this shrubbery may answer the expectations of other visitants I will not determine; for my part, I must confess, I was disappointed. If extent alone, with a number of trees, can render a place worthy of admiration, it certainly possesses those advantages, with the additional ones of good prospects here and there. Nature has indisputably thrown together all those points, which, taken either separate or together, form pleasing views; and yet the

whole has such a sameness, that the imagination wearied, as well as the sight, pants for a scene more variegated and enlivened. Most people are pleased with the effect of wood and water properly diversified, and they are certainly warranted by the true criterion of taste; a plain meadow, however, has to me beauties, surpassing many even of the most celebrated artificial improvements. And never did this unfashionable predilection so feelingly impress itself as on our quitting the shrubbery and entering an extensive field ready for the scythe, and wildly interspersed with trees. This meadow, adjoining to the shrubbery, extends itself to the high road, and from the top of it, where a turret has happily been erected, yields one of the finest prospects within the precincts of Piercefield. From the meadow you enter into a small shrubbery, which leads to an inclosed spot, called, from its frightful eminence, the Lover's Leap; the perpendicular height of which is computed three hundred feet. At the bottom is a beautiful wood, spreading itself along the sides of the adjacent hills, while the Wye serpentizes between in the most elegant and striking form.

After viewing Piercefield, we returned to Chesham, where we were obliged to take up our abode for the night; but early the next morning, mounting our carriages, we set out for the abbey of Tintern, a most beautiful ruin, situate in the bottom of a vale, about six miles distant. Never did the eye behold a more venerable object than this abbey. The ruthless hand of time has effectually despoiled it of its proudest ornaments. Nothing remains now but walls, some of the arches, and the stone casements of the windows:

but yet such is the charming simplicity of the whole, the ground, spread with a verdant turf, while festoons of ever-green tendrils, climbing through the interstices of the Gothic pillars, throw an awful solemnity round its head, that one might easily conceive the fervor of enthusiasm which frequently pervades the mind in contemplating a subject of this nature.

This abbey, dedicated to God and St. Mary of Tintern, was founded by Walter Fitz Richard de Clare, lord of Cærwent and Monmouthshire, in the year 1131. William, earl of Pembroke and marshall of England, who married the daughter and heir of Richard de Clare, surnamed Strongbow, gave divers lands and privileges to the abbot and monks, who were of the Cistercian order, on condition they should pray for his and his wife's souls, and for those of his wife's ancestors. Roger Debigot, duke of Norfolk, added to these benefactions. It has been famous for the tombs and monuments of several great personages, particularly the above-named Richard de Clare Earl of Pembroke, called Strongbow, and Walter Earl of Pembroke, who was taken prisoner in Banbury fight, and beheaded. The length of the abbey from east to west is two hundred and thirty-one feet, and the breadth from north to south one hundred and fifty-nine feet, the pillars are twenty-four, and the windows eighty-four.

The road from Chepstow to Tintern, or at least from the commencement of the cross road, is very narrow, rugged, and steep; but it still is pleasing from the romantic hills, covered with trees, which rise from the road to a considerable height on either side. In all events, a traveller

of curiosity would amply be repaid for a tiresome journey, by views in which so much simplicity and elegance are combined.

Returning from Tintern, we struck into the high Newport road, and in the parish of Kerwent, about five miles from Chepstow, were informed of an ancient relic of the Romans. We accordingly repaired to the garden where this curiosity was to be seen, and were conducted to the door of a small building, in which we found neither tables, chairs, nor any thing else for even a momentary accommodation: neither could our conductress, who was an illiterate Welch girl, say to us much more in English, than to desire us to walk in. On our entrance, however, we were shewn the object of our enquiry: a tessellated Roman pavement in high preservation, around which the room had recently been built.

Though possibly upwards of sixteen hundred years have elapsed from its first being laid, we yet found the colours incomparably brilliant. The borders, together with the ornamental compartments of the centre and the sides, were perfect, and astonishingly clear; and an uniformity ran through the whole, except at one end, where there were a few rows of Roman plain brick. The general opinion is, that this beautiful piece of Mosaic was the entrance to a bath. However this might have been, it is assuredly a valuable relic, and well worthy of the care it has met with from Mr. Lewis, the proprietor of the estate. It is to be regretted, however, that the room was not built a little larger; with a rail round, which would have prevented idle people from breaking off little bits of the pavement, and from parloining them, as matters of curiosity.

After having amused ourselves with this tesselated carpet, not so much for its extraordinary beauty, as for its being the production of that proud people, the Romans, we proceeded through a delightful and highly cultivated country to Newport, a small town, situated on the river Usk, betwixt the mouth of that river and the Carleon. The road from Chepstow to this place is excellent, and the prospects on either side lively and picturesque. Newport contains nothing worthy of remark; except its loosely-planked bridge, by no means very agreeable for a stranger to pass. The inns too are indifferent. From Newport we continued our route through Monmouth, and thence into Glamorganshire, where we again halted.

Cardiff, at which place we put up, is tolerably well built, on the river Taff, and is esteemed one of the most considerable towns in South Wales. Both the assizes and county courts are held in it; and the river is navigable for vessels of burden. The castle, however, is the only object worth a traveller's attention: it carries the appearance of having been in former times a large and stately edifice. It was built by Robert Fitz-Haimon, a powerful Norman baron, about the year 1100, and has been famous for the captivity of Robert Duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, who, by order of his brother Henry I. was confined here for eight and twenty years; and for the death of Robert Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry I. who died there 1147. The situation of the castle itself is so low, and the country around so devoid of prospect, that a worse spot for either health or pleasure, could not well have been pitched upon. By what te-

nure this castle is held by Lord Cardiff, we could not discover. It must, indeed, be somewhat singular, else his Lordship would scarcely be induced to lavish such considerable sums as he now does in repairs and alterations; which, by the bye, ill assimilate with the original design. The largest room of this castle seems to have been the magazine raised in the centre of the ground; on an artificial eminence: it is an exact polygon of twelve sides, of a diameter of seventy-four feet. The inn at Cardiff; called the Red House, was by much the best we met with in our tour through Wales.

From Cardiff we proceeded to Landaff, a place of great antiquity, as appears from its having been the seat of a bishop about the time the Romans left the island. At present, it is but a small decayed place, without any thing worthy of notice, except the cathedral.

The ruins of the castellated mansion of the Bishop of Landaff are still indeed to be seen. It is conjectured to have been built about the year 1120. Mr. Wotton speaks thus of this building: "The Bishop's Castle stood, before it was demolished, south-east of the church. It was heretofore a very stately building, if we may judge by the gate-house, which is still remaining. It was destroyed by Owen Glendower, who made great devastation in this country when he rose in arms against Henry IV. He, at the same time that he destroyed the episcopal mansion, burned and demolished the archidiaconal castle, which was also a noble edifice.

Passing through Landaff, we proceeded along the beautiful borders of the Taff to an old ruin on the side of a romantic hill, called Red Castle.

The prospects from this castle, distant seven miles from Cardiff, are fine and picturesque, especially from the windows of an arched room in the centre. Much of it, however, has already tumble down, and the remainder seems to totter. The pathway to the castle is carried, in serpentine windings, through a shrubbery, charmingly wild in its present appearance, but probably in its younger days the effect of art and cultivation. Still continuing our journey along the verdant confines of the Taff, we next arrived at the celebrated bridge of Pontipriethe, commonly called New Bridge. This bridge, erected at a considerable expence, has but one arch, the span of which is one hundred and forty feet, and the height thirty-six feet; and justly challenges the admiration of strangers. The river too, that winds on either side, transparent as a mirror, and hung with variety of trees, together with the multiplicity of hills which surround it, clothed in green, are assemblages of such choice and variegated beauties, that we could scarcely tear ourselves from a scene so charmingly romantic.

The next place of our intended observation, was Caerphilly. From Pontipriethe we accordingly set out, and after remeasuring some part of the road we had already travelled, we turned into a cross road, so rugged, steep, and difficult of ascent, that we were under the necessity of dismounting from our carriages, and of walking to the summit. Our descent, however, on the other side, rewarded us for our fatigue, being delightfully pleasant the whole of the way to Caerphilly. This town is situated among the hills, on the banks of the river Rimney, where there are still the remains of a castle, which, for

strength and magnificence, is only inferior to Windsor. The hall is seventy feet in length, thirty-four broad, and seventeen high. The ascent to it is on the south side, by a large staircase, eight feet broad, with a vaulted roof, supported by twenty arches, rising gradually, and the entrance is near the west end; opposite to which on the north is a chimney ten feet broad, with two Gothic windows on each side, continued in length from the floor to the roof of the building. Many curious figures are carved on the sides of these windows, and there are seven triangular pillars, placed at equal distances on the side of the walls, each of them being supported by three bustos.

Some have imagined that this was a Roman work, called Bullæum Silurum; but nothing can be more extravagant, as the whole of the architecture is Gothic, and it was, no doubt, the principal residence of one of the kings of South Wales, although history is silent as to the time when it was built. The situation of this stupendous edifice, the strength of the walls, and the grand proportions of the rooms, give us some idea of the customs of the inhabitants, and the sumptuous manner in which those princes lived, in days of yore. Some coins have been found here, but none of them of remarkable antiquity, being either Saxon, or such as seem to have been struck about the time the Romans left the island. The circumference of such parts of this castle as can be traced, is computed at two miles and three quarters. Many of the walls, and some of the roofs are still remaining, especially one half of a high tower, which has declined about eleven or twelve feet from its original situation,

and now goes by the name of the Hanging Tower, from its extraordinary position. The stairs in this castle, as well as in most other Gothic structures, are spirally formed. The cement is infinitely stronger than any of modern composition; and the whole erected with stone, instead of brick. The old name of this castle was Sanghennith.

Camden speaks of it thus: "The river Rhymny, coming down from the mountains, makes the eastern limit of this county, whereby it is divided from Monmouthshire; and in the British, signifies to divide. In a moorish bottom, not far from this river, where it runs through places scarce passable, among the hills are seen the ruinous walls of Caerphilly Castle, which has been of that vast magnitude, and such an admirable structure, that most affirm it to have been a Roman garrison; nor shall I deny it, though I cannot yet discover by what name they called it; however, it should seem to be re-edified, in regard it has a chapel built after the Christian manner, as I was informed by the learned and judicious Mr. J. Sandford, who took an accurate survey of it. It was once the possession of the Clares, earls of Gloucester; but we find no mention of it in our annals, till the reign of Edward II. for at that time, the Spensers having, by underhand practices, set the king and queen and the barons at variance, we read that Hugolin Spenser was a long time besieged in this castle, but without success."

After viewing Caerphilly, we found it convenient to put an end to our excursion into South Wales; and accordingly returned by a different road, through Glamorganshire to Newport, where

we embarked, and after a five-hours row across the Severn, at length arrived at King Road; and thence proceeding up the Avon, landed at Bristol Hot-Wells, highly delighted with our excursion*.

Bidding adieu to Bristol, in the month of August, we proceeded to Thornbury, in Gloucestershire, a town situated on the banks of a rivulet, on the eastern side of the Severn, and distant one hundred and twenty miles from London. This place is supposed to be of great antiquity, and was formerly endowed with many privileges. It is now, however, only worthy of regard for the remnant of an old castle, or rather palace, begun by the great Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Henry VIII. but left unfinished, that nobleman having fallen a victim to the enmity of Cardinal Wolsey. Great part of this elegant structure is still standing, in high preservation. It has mostly been built with square stones, and parts of it in a more elegant and airy form than is usually seen even in modern buildings. The whole manifests taste and judgment. The walls and windows are wonderfully slight, though durable; the roofs are well pitched, and the rooms are of good proportion. One part of the ruin is still inhabited; and, from one wing of it, throws forth a reverberated echo, which has a surprising, and, at the same time, a very pleasing effect.

* From the subsequent letter, it appears that a lady in Mr. Sullivan's party here paid the debt of nature. We are sorry that the nature of our work does not allow us to insert some pretty elegiac verses, written by our author on this occasion. To dissipate melancholy, the tour was soon after resumed.

In a word, this castle is entitled to observation, not only for the elegance of the building itself, but likewise for the prospect of the Severn and South Wales, which it commands in an eminent degree.

Leaving Thornbury, we proceeded to Berkeley. This is in every respect inferior to the former; nor is the castle, though kept in better repair, in any wise comparable. It was erected in the reign of Henry II. and is still, in general, perfect. It was not, indeed, in its first design, elegant or grand; but whatever it might have been then, it is now destitute of even the commonest pretension to magnificence.—Neither are the grounds or the prospects to be spoken of; the whole being as indifferent as they well can be. How travellers can be so infatuated themselves, or how they can venture to play with the credulity of the world, in loading objects with praise, that, in fair description, are unworthy of them, is to me astonishing. Some people may be delighted with mouldering chairs and a faded tapestry; and, perhaps, in so doing, may shew the exquisite perfection of their gusto. But, in the name of common sense, what is there to be admired in an old oaken, japanned bed, daubed with gold, the work of some needy upholsterer, in 1330, or of one of a similar complexion, honoured by the royal limbs of Charles I. or of that on which Sir Francis Drake composed himself in a crazy ship, or Lord Berkeley slumbered on in his cruises in the Channel? These are venerable relics to be sure, and ought to be preserved, together with the archives, in the museum of the family; but, truly, they are little
attractive

attractive of the observation of common personages*.

Almost adjoining to the castle, is the parish church, a respectable-looking building. Unfortunately, the parishioners found a church was somewhat uncouth without a steeple. A steeple was, therefore, agitated in a vestry, and it was solemnly resolved it should be erected. How vain are all the determinations of mortals! the church could not bear the steeple; and it was built at the distance of about twenty yards only from the edifice it was intended for.

Berkeley is farther noted for having been the place where the unfortunate Edward II. was confined, after he had been dethroned, by the machinations of his queen. He had, indeed, been deposed by his subjects; and was the first instance in this kingdom of the assumption of that great authority. He was compelled formally to relinquish his crown into the hands of his son Edward III. on which occasion the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a sermon on these words:

“The voice of the people, the voice of God.”

The deposed monarch was at first confined in Kenelworth Castle, where he was obliged to lead

* We confess we are of a different opinion from our author in this respect. A bed made four hundred years ago is in itself a curiosity; but if it has been used by some person of eminence, the sight of it is doubly interesting. The modern spirit of improvement has left few remains of ancient furniture as decorative, and if Berkeley Castle still presents us with some, there are not many persons who would wish to see them destroyed. Some of our dearest delights are retrospective; and we are often, with a melancholy satisfaction, pleased to combine what is left with what is for ever lost.

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a melancholy life. He wrote from time to time to his queen, entreating her to render his imprisonment more easy, but nothing was capable of moving that inexorable monster of a woman, from whose hands at least he deserved a milder fate. From Kenelworth he was removed to Berkeley Castle, and in his journey was subjected to a thousand indignities; he was even crowned with hay, and never permitted to sleep. His enemies hoped thus by vexation and fatigue to put an end to his days; but though they were served with a most barbarous zeal by his merciless guard, yet the goodness of his constitution prevented them from succeeding.

Thomas Berkeley, lord of the castle, from the humanity and greatness of his nature, was inclined to have relieved him from the burden of his miseries, but he was prevented; they would not even suffer him to have access to the king's person. In this dismal manner the devoted monarch languished, till the bloody order at length came for his murder. The keeper then entered his room, while he was in bed; and laying a pillow on his face, to drown his cries, with a cruelty not to be paralleled, thrust a horn pipe up his body, through which a red-hot iron was passed, which threw him into agonies not to be described, and soon put an end to his miserable existence.

From Berkeley we proceeded towards Tetbury, stopping within two miles of it to take a view of the ruins of Beverston Castle. This castle is of great reputed antiquity, and possibly may have been strong; a moat still surrounds it. Some Roman antiquities have been dug up here, but there are not sufficient proofs of its having been a

Roman station. Tetbury is situated at the distance of ninety-nine miles from London. It is a populous town, and healthy; but, in dry summers, is deficient in that essential article, water. The Avon has its source in the vicinity, in a place called Magdalen Meadow; but, to our great surprise, we found that the stream was dried up, as it in general is in the summer season. How far this, therefore, can be called the source of the Avon, I will not pretend to determine. The spring, indeed, is always at work; but then it does not overflow its own little basin, until the rainy season commences.

In the course of our progress hitherto, we have met with the ruins of some venerable castles; and as we go on, we shall probably encounter more. It may not be amiss, therefore, to look a little into the subject of castles, and to ascertain a few data relative to them. Castles, the ruins of which are now remaining, are in general supposed to be of no higher antiquity than the time of the Conqueror. Those which the ancient Britons, Romans, or Saxons had erected, are not now to be traced. They were almost either all destroyed, or crumbled to dust, before William's invasion of England.

The estates conferred by William on his military followers, led to the erection of the profusion of castles, with which this devoted land was crowded in the feudal ages. Daniel maintains, that about the middle of King Stephen's reign, there were one thousand one hundred and seventeen castles. And Seldon finishes this picture of multiplied tyranny, by saying, each owner of a castle was a kind of petty prince, coining his own money,

money, and exercising sovereign jurisdiction over his people.

These nests of devils, and dens of thieves, as Matthew Paris styles them, were ordered to be demolished, by an agreement between King Stephen and Duke Henry, afterwards Henry the Second, in the year 1154. But this agreement was in general evaded: nor did the barons and great men quit these dreary lurking places, until a change took place in the art of war, occasioned by the invention of gunpowder; which rendered their battlements and towers of less avail, than when, with impunity, they were enabled to insult both their sovereign and his subjects.

In Charles the First's reign, an enquiry was made into the state of the castles; and many of them, during the civil war, served as places of defence. But, since that unhappy epoch, they have fallen a prey to time, weather, and ruthless delapidation. They now serve for us to look at; and with an exultation of heart, to pride ourselves in the change of manners, which guards the privileges and liberty of the peasant, with the same pertinacity that it does the possessions and honours of the proudest peer of the realm.

Leaving Tetbury, we entered upon the high road; at the third mile-stone of which we turned to the left, and, after a short progress, found ourselves in the extensive and beautiful woods of Lord Bathurst, through which there are elegant lawns for seven or eight miles together. If, at any time, straight walks can be pleasing or agreeable, it is at the moment a man is in the midst of an unknown place, and he thereby is presented with a clue to extricate himself from the difficulties by which he is surrounded. : This we found

to be our case in the wood and park, of which I am speaking; for having undertaken the journey without a guide, we most probably should have been entangled, had we not followed the directions that were thus rectangularly afforded us. According to modern ideas, however, there are too many unbroken avenues in the wood of Cirencester. As it is, indeed, it possesses a great degree of beauty; nor do I ever remember to have enjoyed a more pleasant ride, in any of the countries I have traversed. The mansion is immediately adjoining to Cirencester; nor is it remarkable for any thing more, than that of having been the abode of Allen, Lord Bathurst, who was justly esteemed the favourite of the Muses.

The sense to value riches, with the art
 T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
 To balance fortune by a just expence;
 Join with economy, magnificence;
 With splendor, charity; with plenty, health.
 Oh! teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth,
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

POPE.

Cirencester is an ancient and well-inhabited town. When the Romans were in this island, they settled a colony at this place, and fortified the town with strong lofty walls and a castle, the remains of which are still to be seen; and many antiquities have at intervals been dug up. On searching after some of these, we found that all of them, excepting a small piece of Mosaic, had fallen into decay, or had been entirely lost, from the ignorance of the people. We visited, however,

ever, the Mosaic work; where, instead of any thing in perfection, we found a fragment of it most unaccountably doomed as a threshold to a door leading from the hall of an indifferent house to the kitchen. The injury, which it must have received in such a situation, is evident; but that which on enquiry we found to be still worse, was the obstinate boorishness of the proprietor of the spot where it was discovered, who, divested of every principle of taste or consideration, in a fit of contradiction, demolished a whole pavement of it, together with the remains of an elegant Roman bath, although earnestly entreated by those of better taste to save them from destruction.

Cirencester, when the Romans left England, was garrisoned by Britons, and defended on several occasions, and for many years, against the Saxons. It at length submitted. In 879 it was taken by the Danes; and afterwards had a share in the revolutions of the times.

From Cirencester we took our departure for Fairford, stopping in our way to take a view of the old Fosse, or Roman highway, which, at an immensity of trouble, was continued from Cirencester to Broad Campden. Fairford is situated on the river Coln, eighty-one miles from London, and is noted chiefly for its church, which is possessed of a remarkable fine collection of painted glass*. The figures and countenances of some of these paintings are admirably execut-

* The work of Albert Durer, taken, in its way to Rome, by a ship belonging to John Tame, Esq. merchant of London, and by him presented to his native place, where he built a church to receive it, and in which his ashes repose.

ed, and the drapery in general is flowing and well softened. The perspective, likewise, is tolerably good, especially in the representation of an old castle in one of the back grounds. Hell, with its appendages, is, however, the best performance. The devil really cuts an awful figure; while the animated characters around him shew the plenitude of his power, and the different species of his punishments. In one quarter, shrews hurdled away in wheelbarrows; in another, a party driven off in a cart. Here a harlequin monkey, branched about the head, just emblem of a petit-maitre; and there, a Dives gnawing his own existence, and panting after wealth. The whole group, in short, exquisitely ludicrous, and the colouring glowing and full of richness.

Quitting this scene, we proceeded to a seat adjoining to the town, belonging to a widow lady of the name of Lamb*. Modern compilers have loaded this place with praise for its improvements; but we found none of them. The era of ill-taste is discernible throughout. On the one side, a row of methodistical yews, starched and prim as Whitfieldites; and on the other, a sluggish stream, tortured into the resemblance of an inverted J. Much, indeed, might be done at this place; for Nature has not been deficient; and, in reality, she wants but the assistance of a little art to make her appear in all the pride of loveliness.

From Fairford we again returned to Cirencester, and thence proceeded towards Gloucester. Nothing remarkable occurred in the route, excepting a prospect, which most delightfully open-

* Now the property of John Raymond Barker, Esq.

ed itself on Hampden Common; about the one hundred and first mile-stone from London. Nothing could surpass the view we here enjoyed either in richness or diversified imagery. On the right, a deep vale, highly cultivated and picturesque; and on the left, another of a more considerable extent, with a grand romantic winding of the Severn, and a range of lofty mountains serving as a back ground. The town of Stroud too, which presents itself, happily situated on a small river of the same name, whose banks, for a considerable extent, are covered with the seats of manufacturers, presents a scene of comfort and opulence not often to be paralleled.

The distance from Stroud to Gloucester is about eight miles, hilly most of the way. Not having arrived at Gloucester till late at night, and the next day being Sunday, we resolved on taking an excursion to Cheltenham, distant about ten miles, and famous for its scorbutic mineral waters. The road to this inconsiderable town is as bad on the side of Gloucester as it is possible to conceive. Rugged for the first seven or eight miles, and a complete heap of sand for the remainder, inso-much that it inevitably must be the bed of a river in the rainy season. Cheltenham is situated on a flat, sandy soil, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. The springs have the reputation of being salubrious, and the air of being healthful. Altogether, however, it is but a poor place*. No rides, no amusements, nor any walks,

* Such is our author's account of a town, which is now become one of the most fashionable and elegant watering places in the kingdom, if we except Bath. Within the last twenty years, indeed, it is almost entirely rebuilt, and nearly doubled

walks, excepting about the Spa, where there are one or two straight malls, terminated through a vista of elms by the steeple of the church. It is, indeed, of great antiquity, as appears from Doomsday Book, where it is mentioned as one of the royal manors. But age, though respectable, is not always captivating.—Here, having met with some of our friends, we passed the day, and in the evening returned to Gloucester.

Gloucester is a large and populous city, eligibly situated on the banks of the Severn, and distant from London about one hundred and two miles. It was formerly remarkable for being dirty; it is now quite the contrary. The streets are new paved, and the signs, which hung over passengers' heads, are entirely taken down, or placed against the houses, in like manner with those of London. This kind of improvement is commendable in the inhabitants: it shews a care likewise in the magistrates, which it is to be lamented is not more generally prevalent.

The cathedral of Gloucester, although much celebrated, is but an inelegant, heavy pile of building. The outside is handsomely ornamented, but the inside is clumsy. The roof, which is generally handsome in Gothic structures, is here indifferent, and the supporters of it are so far from being elegant or light, that the pillars measure at least, one with another, eight feet in diameter.

In the time of the Romans, Gloucester was one of their stations, and governed by a pro-

bled in population and the number of houses. Its amusements are various and elegant; its waters have gained the highest celebrity, and travellers will have no reason to complain of the badness of the roads which lead to it in any direction.

consul. And Camden says, that the famous Roman way, called Ermin Street, which begins at St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, and reaches to Southampton, passes through this city. Formerly it had many manufactories; but Bristol hath since supplanted it; and there is now nothing remaining worthy of observation, except that of pins*. In this small branch it is astonishing the number of people who are employed: for, independent of the digging the ore out of the earth, the smelting it, and afterwards the forming it into wire, in which state it comes to the pin-makers, there are at least fourteen or fifteen different processes, before the little article is completed.

Tewksbury, the next town we visited, is situated at the conflux of the rivers Severn and Avon, and is distant ten miles from Gloucester. It is a large, clean, and well-inhabited town, and has a church, erected in the year 715, which is in high-preservation, and is the largest in England that is not cathedral or collegiate. The pavement of it, however, like that of many other churches that we have met with, is indifferent †.

* It has also a glass manufactory; and the new canal will, when completed, render it a port capable of receiving ships of considerable burden. In short, Gloucester bids fair for becoming a commercial city at the expence of its great rival, Bristol.

† Tewksbury church has, within the last few years, been beautified, as it is called, to a very great degree. Some of the improvements are truly elegant; but we cannot help reprobatating that want of taste which has suffered the ancient coats of arms, blazoned on some of the monuments, to be scraped off, and the shields white-washed!

The only manufactory now carried on at Tewksbury is stocking-weaving.

Here a battle was fought anno 1471, in the reign of Edward IV. between Margaret and her son's forces, against that sovereign; it was the twelfth which had happened, from the commencement of the quarrel between the two Roses. Margaret lost three thousand men on that day, and was herself taken prisoner. The Prince of Wales was likewise made captive; and being brought into Edward's presence, it is said, behaved worthy of his high birth and pretensions. The King was astonished at his resolution; and still more, when asking him how he came to be so rash, as thus to enter his kingdom in arms, the prince replied, "He had come to recover his own inheritance, which had been unjustly usurped." But Edward was unmoved by those sentiments of generosity, which are congenial to magnanimous souls. On the contrary, he is said to have struck him on the mouth with his gauntlet, and turned from him. This was, as it were, the signal. The Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, we are told, with the Earl of Dorset, and the Lord Hastings, fell with merciless hands upon the royal youth, and stabbed him to the heart. He lies buried, with many noble personages, in this church.

With him and his mother the House of Lancaster failed, excepting a single branch in the person of the Earl of Richmond. The elevation of this nobleman afterwards conciliated all discordant pretensions, and stopped the farther effusion of blood. The Field of Bosworth groaned with the wounds of civil strife. It was there Richard fell.

From Tewksbury, proceeding on our journey, we arrived at a seat of Lord Coventry, in Worcestershire, called Crome Court. The entrance of this place bespeaks nothing extraordinary. It has powers, however, which might be highly improved. On getting to the park-gate, the first striking object is a part of a sheet of water, which at a great expence has been carried on for the distance of a mile and a half, but apparently at first with too much regularity. It afterwards, indeed, winds and spreads itself with elegance along the park, and in some views is charming. The house, which, though heavy, has the look of a modern building, is large, but situated too low. The rooms are handsome and convenient; especially a drawing-room, hung and furnished with Gobelin tapestry, the finest, perhaps, in England. The grounds are elegant, and kept in the finest order.

On leaving the house, you turn through a shrubbery, filled with a choice assemblage of plants to a small building on an eminence, called the Rotunda, whence is a prospect of hill, wood, and dale, and of every beauty that can give richness to a scene. Nature has, in this view, poured out a profusion of her bounties. Still continuing through the shrubbery, which affords a pleasant variety, you arrive at a neat modern-built church, in the Gothic style. Here the scenery diversifies, and opens a somewhat more extensive prospect. No situation could have afforded more conveniency for the mansion, nor could the eye have wished for a more commanding view. His lordship, however, found the house where it now stands, and contented himself with altering a few of the rooms, and in general, with giving it a fashionable

fashionable exterior. Leaving the church, you enter a shrubbery, which is much inferior to the preceding; but at the end is adorned with green-houses, amply stocked with a variety of exotics. From the green houses, you pass through a nursery of young trees of all denominations, and come at length to a machine, which, by the labour of one horse, supplies the canal with water in the summer season. Quitting this, you descend on one side of the church into another shrubbery, in the same degree of order, but superior in beauty to that which commences at the house; and about the centre of it come to another green-house, considerably larger than the former, and serving the purpose of a lively apartment, upon the removal of the plants into the open air. Thence proceeding, you pass under the high road, and enter upon a highly delightful and picturesque walk along the borders of the river. Here, indeed, Mr. Brown has exerted his taste and judgment with the greatest success; for, instead of a marshy piece of ground, as he found it, it is now worked into a beautiful sheet of water, with several little islands irregularly interspersed. To one of these islands, where a small pavilion is erecting, there are two bridges, over both of which we passed. And thence for a considerable way tracing the confines of the water, and encountering fresh beauties at every step we advanced, we at length arrived at a small boat, which, worked by the aid of pulleys, carried us across the water, and landed us within a few paces of our carriage. Altogether, this feat of Lord Coventry's is worthy of attention. Much pains have evidently been taken in the laying out
of

of the grounds, and the whole is kept in the most proper order.

From Crome-Court, we proceeded to Upton, a small town on the banks of the Severn, and thence continued our route to the Malvern Hills. Here, as at Cheltenham, we found a party of valetudinary friends. The spring at Malvern is perfectly transparent and cool. It is reckoned good in many cases, especially where a disease has made no greater lodgment than to be merely cutaneous. One house accommodates the whole of the company; they pass their time agreeably enough: the terrace along the hills affords them a delightful walk; and the air is exquisitely pure.

On the approach to the Malvern Hills, they appear much more elevated than they really are: still, however, they are lofty; and, rising in the midst of a level country, strike one with a degree of grandeur, which in any other situation they would be divested of. All matters are judged of by comparison. Shenstone, if I mistake not, had a view of Malvern from the Leafowes. Tender-hearted being! had he but approached them in the manner we did, he certainly would have realized the beauty of his own imagery, "My hills are white over with sheep," they being to the very summit covered with them. The evening itself too was still, and in short every thing breathed the air of calmness and serenity.

Soon after we reached the old and venerable city of Worcester. This town has been long famous in the annals of this country; Romans and Saxons have successively flourished here, and in more modern times, it has been signalized by the decisive engagement of Oliver Cromwell with his

royal opponent, supported by the Scots. An engagement which afforded him what he called his *crowning mercy*. So elated was he, that he intended to have knighted in the field two of his generals, Lambert and Fleetwood; but was dissuaded by his friends from exerting that act of regal authority. His power and ambition, however, were too great to brook submission to the empty name of a republic, which stood chiefly by his influence, and was supported by his victories. He now became solicitous to assume the title as well as the authority of a king, an office he had with so much apparent zeal contributed to abolish.

The population of Worcester is considerable. Some of the streets are spacious and well-built, and many of the edifices are fine; in particular the cathedral is in high preservation, and of great antiquity. Like many others, however, of early erection, it is in the heavy style of Gothic architecture, though superior in elegance to several in this country. The whole nave is paved with large square stones; and an uncommon degree of neatness is observable through every part of it. The monuments, however, are but few in comparison with those in other cathedrals. That erected to the memory of Bishop Hough, the work of Roubilliac, is well worthy of observation*. Besides this, there is nothing worthy of attention in Worcester, excepting the manufactures of China and of carpeting. On visiting the fift, we found a degree of suspicion to run through the overseers. The materials of which the ware is com-

* Our author seems to forget that the pusillanimous and unfortunate King John lies buried here. If his tomb is not the object of veneration, it is at least of curiosity.

posed, is scrupulously kept a secret, even from the workmen, who are employed in the forming of the utensils. We discovered, indeed, that soapstone and glass make two of the principal ingredients; but it was impossible to learn precisely the different processes they undergo. The following operations we were in some degree made acquainted with.

The grinding the materials; the sifting them when formed into a liquid; the drying that mixture by a furnace into a consistency like dough; the trading and turning it; the rough forming it into utensils by means of a wheel, a very curious process. A man with a round piece of ebony before him, turning horizontally by means of a small hand-wheel, which is kept in motion by a boy, fixes a lump of clay upon the wood, and then with his fingers moulds it into form almost as quick as thought: these lumps being first compressed and squeezed into proper sizes for his use. The chipping, pareing, and giving these utensils their first polish; the forming and putting on of handles, spouts, and ornaments; the baking, which is done twice; the painting, or printing, the latter of which is kept a secret; the dipping or glossing it in a whitish liquid; and the burning-in the colours. Every part is curious, and should be looked at with attention. One hundred and sixty men are employed in this manufactory in the city of Worcester.

Leaving the china, we visited the carpeting manufactory. This, though probably simple, was yet more complicated to our ideas than that which we had just seen. The first operations are familiar enough; but how the threads were formed into patterns, or how those patterns were

wrought into a complete whole, was more than we could comprehend, although the people shewed us, and, to the best of their ability, endeavoured to dissipate our stupidity.

Bidding adieu to Worcester, we proceeded to Whitley, a seat of Lord Foley. This place disappointed our expectations. From the elegance of this nobleman's town residence, and from Whitley's having been the constant residence of his forefathers, we expected to have found something superb. The house, however, is indifferent: it is large; but far from magnificent. The apartments are low, and some of them so overcharged with gold, that they immediately indicate the taste of other times: in one of them is a picture of John Lacy, in the characters of Parson Souple, Sandy, and Monsieur Device; and in another, a well-executed painting of Flora; nymphs and shepherds; and a Father Dominic.

The church, which adjoins to the house, is really an elegant building; the whole is beautified at a great expence; the sides are white and gold; the ceiling is divided into handsome compartments, with good scripture pieces, and the glass windows exquisitely painted by Price, in 1719. Uncommonly handsome as this edifice is, its situation would not be agreeable to many. Being the parish church, the graves and tombstones are absolutely in the area of the house. This I noticed to the old lady who conducted us through the apartments; on which she very sagaciously observed, "If people are shocked at the sight of mortality, it is very easy for them to shut the windows."

The grounds are evidently neglected, though they present many facilities of improvement, whenever Whitley shall become the favourite residence of its owner.

From this place we proceeded to the banks of the Severn, which we crossed in a ferry-boat; and thence passing through Ombersley, and along the borders of some improvements at Westwood, we next arrived at Droitwich, a town remarkable for its salt-springs. On visiting these springs, we found that the brine was thrown up from pits, some of which are one hundred and sixty feet deep. The pay of the poor creatures engaged in this manufactory, and whose persons and children bear evident marks of poverty and distress, is no more than a shilling a day, one with another, although for this they are constantly deprived of rest.

Droitwich was famous for its salt-pits even in the reign of Alfred; and we find an account of them in Doomesday Book, where the town is spoken of as a place of great repute, and one of the royal demesnes.

From Droitwich we continued our route to Bromsgrove, a fair and populous town, distant from London about one hundred and twenty-three miles. The next day, passing by Hagley, we proceeded on to Enville, a seat of Lord Stamford's, in Staffordshire. This mansion is unfortunately situated too low; and has neither prospect nor airiness, being, in fact, buried at the foot of a hill. Had the present possessor razed it entirely to the ground, and erected another on some more chosen spot, instead of the additions and improvements, which, at a considerable expence, he is making, it would, perhaps, have

been economy in the end, and certainly would have rendered his residence more attractive.

In the front of the house, in the true old style, spreads a large, triangular piece of water, which possesses little beauty. From a pavilion, called the Boat House, on one side of this pond, there is a good view of a cascade tumbling down a valley, well planted with trees. Passing from this, along the banks of the water, you are conducted into a shrubbery, which winding along the stream formed by the cascade, and afterwards by the cascade itself, affords a wild and romantic assemblage. Still continuing in the shrubbery, you soon come to another fall, but devoid of all the essential beauties of the first. Behind this, the grounds begin to swell in a pleasing manner; the woods carefully to spread, and the whole to form an agreeable variety. But still you are without prospect; nor is the scene much diversified even from the top of the hill. The next object you meet with, after leaving the cascade, is an indifferent building in the wood, called the Chapel, whence you have a glimmering of the water through the foliage of the trees. At length you get to what is denominated the High Meadow, from every side of which the eye wanders over the most variegated and commanding prospects. This view, indeed, is charming. Leaving the meadow, we descended into another part of the wood, to a rotunda, which has neither prospect nor elegance. Here the walks begin to widen, and to bear the appearance of care, and still increasing towards the bottom, conduct to a billiard-room, built in the Gothic style, and afterwards to a lawn, interspersed with trees, and a variety of shrubs. On the whole, Enville has

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certainly beauties; but it is capable of so many more, that the eye of taste is dissatisfied with what exist.

We next returned to Hagley, which is really a terrestrial paradise. The mansion was newly built by the late Lord Lyttelton, whose memory will ever be revered. It is large and commodious, and most exquisitely fitted up. Nothing tawdry, nothing expensive, but all conceived with the happiest taste, and most admirably executed. In passing through these rooms, I could not but feel a glow of veneration at every step we took.

On entering the hall, the first thing which strikes is an artless simplicity and neatness. Presumption seems to have been entirely banished from the house. On two pedestals in the hall are the marble busts of Rubens and Vandyke; and on one side, the busts of Heliogabalus and Maximim.

In the saloon, whence there is a beautiful view of the park, is the original picture of Charles the First's family, by Vandyke; and in the drawing-room, which is elegant, and furnished with English tapestry, are the portraits of his friends and co-patriots, Lord Bath, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Cobham, Lord Hardwicke, and Mr. Henry Pelham.

This room conducts to the Long Gallery, which, of all the rooms I have seen in England, is the most to my fancy. It is completely furnished with chairs, tables, and brackets of carved work, done by an artist in the neighbourhood of Hagley. The following are some of the pictures with which it is adorned: Oliver Cromwell and the Duke of Monmouth; a virgin and child, by Vandyke;

Vandyke; Lord Brounker, by Sir Peter Lely; Countess of Exeter, by Vandyke; Sir Charles Lyttelton, by Sir Peter Lely.

In an adjoining parlour are Lord-keeper Lyttelton, by Wright; Judge Lyttelton, a copy, by Paine, from a picture in the Middle Temple Hall; and Sir Richard Lyttelton, by Pompeia Baptistia.

From this room we entered the library, filled with the choicest collection of books, and ornamented with the marble busts of Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, left to the late lord as a legacy by Pope, together with the finely-executed pictures of Pope himself and his dog Bounce; of Thomson and West.

Passing from this room, we scarcely fancied any other worth looking at, although all are admirably proportioned, and ornamented with some choice works of art.

Leaving the lower floor, we ascended to the bedchambers, which we found elegantly arranged and furnished; but what was our sad surprise when, in one of the humblest apartments of the range, our old conductress told us that there her good Lord had died.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.

YOUNG.

Awe and reverence immediately seized hold of us. We contemplated in silence the place in which so good a man had winged his soul to immortality. The floor seemed hallowed as we trod.

Charmed with the house, we next entered the park; but here my pen is inadequate to the task of description. Conceive, however, a beautifully-enamelled lawn, swelled in all the elegance of art and nature, for a distance of about four miles; while hill, dale, and grove, delightfully interspersed, render it as perfect an elysium as possibly can be conceived. The church, which is the nearest building to the house, is totally concealed from it; a close, embowering wood shades it entirely. In this are the simple monuments of George Lord Lyttelton himself, and of his beloved Lucy.

On that of the latter, are the subsequent beautiful lines, from the elegant pen of her husband:

“ Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
 Tho’ meek, magnanimous; tho’ witty, wise;
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been,
 Yet good as she the world had never seen;
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentlest female tenderness combin’d.
 Her speech was the melodious voice of love;
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
 Her form each beauty of her mind expressed,
 Her mind was virtue by the Graces dressed.”

Leaving the church, you ascend a finely-sloping hill, with trees on each side, forming a beautiful amphitheatre, at the top of which is a monumental pillar, inscribed to the memory of the late Prince of Wales. From this spot, sacred to gratitude, you proceed through various ways, each displaying some new beauty, till you arrive at the seat of Thomson. This is a spot dedicated to that poet; the inscription on it bespeaks an approbation

approbation of the man and of his works. Hence you ascend to a tower erected on the brow of a hill, bearing the mouldering appearance of antiquity, and commanding a most extensive prospect. The whole, indeed, of the heights in this park afford a fine assemblage of objects; a fertile and highly-cultivated country in every quarter, interspersed with woods, and bounded by the Clent Hills, the Malvern Hills, the Black Mountains in Wales, the Wrekin, and the Radnor Tump. From the tower you arrive at the root-house, or hermitage, in which are the following lines from *Il Penseroso* of Milton:

And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew,
 Till old experience doth attain
 To something like prophetic strain;
 These pleasures melancholy give,
 And I with thee will chuse to live.

Winding along this embellished path, you come to a seat inscribed to Quiet and the Muses. Here all is still and shady. Nothing breathes, saving echo, to the tinkling rill. The spot was a favourite of Pope's. It bears his name, and immediately conducts you to an urn inscribed to his memory. Beneath, and at the other side of the lawn, is a truly charming spot. The woods surround it; water, in murmurs, wanders at its side; and carefully-formed vistas present a happy disposition of pavilions. Wildness predominates every where; but, behind, another scene appears, to the full, as lovely; a rustic glen, in all

The simplicity of nature, receives the bubbling of three lucid streams. These, wandering through the dale, at length lose themselves; but again bursting from the thicket, they form a cascade, and foam down a precipice, immediately in front of a building dedicated to Mr. Pitt. This glen has charms beyond description. All in all, Hagley has the advantage of every thing I have yet met with.

The evening being far spent when we quitted Hagley, we proceeded to Birmingham, where we slept, and early the next day set off for Shenstone's Walks*, as they are there called, in a temper of mind more easily felt than described. We felt a degree of veneration as we approached the spot. The first entrance strikes with delight. The improvement is almost at the bottom of a deep glen, well planted with trees, and laved by a little stream. The priory gate gives you admittance. This, by a narrow walk, conducts you along the sides of a translucent wave, formed by a small fall of water from a rude eminence, until you come to a pool, which, it must be confessed, is less happy, both in figure and termination, than the other embellishments of the place. Proceeding from this spot, you pass by another stream, which leads to the wood-house, rustically formed, and presenting a prospect of a cascade in its back ground, which has, I think, the finest effect I ever saw. This cascade is not forced from an eminence in one large column; it foams in a continued declension from a great distance, and is broken here and there with artless simpli-

*The Leasowes, the original property, and the creation of Shenstone.

city. Hence you proceed to a statue, erected to Faunus, with these lines :

Come, then, my friend, thy sylvan taste display;
Come, hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay.
Ah ! rather come, and in these dells disown
The care of other's strains, and tune thine own.

Leaving this, proceed along the brow of a corn-field, which yields a prospect of Brierly Castle, and an extensive, fertile country, and from the top of the hill there is a fine view of Hagley, the Wrekin, and of a highly picturesque and variegated country. Passing along a meadow, in which is a resting-place under a beech-tree, that commands a good prospect, you enter the lover's walk, a simple pathway through rather an indifferent wood. This walk leads to a piece of water, and then winds to a long, straight avenue, at the end of which is the Temple of Pan. Here descending, you come to a seat, inscribed to the late Lord Lyttelton, which affords a pleasing view. The grounds swell picturesquely round it, and the murmuring of the water that falls in sight gives it a great degree of brilliancy. And here, bidding adieu to prospect, you descend into a glen, and soon arrive at Virgil's obelisk, surrounded with trees, and so delightfully situated with respect to a transparent stream, which runs rapidly beneath, that you cannot but fancy yourself in the abodes of the sylvan deities. Near to Virgil's is the seat of his brother poet, Thomson, if possible, better placed than the former. The cascade here tumbles in artless majesty; the stream rushes impetuously along; and the obelisk, peering through the trees, gives a solemnity and melancholy grandeur to the scene.

In contemplating the whole of this spot, the work of a favourite of the Muses, we could not but lament that his means had been too small to enable him to carry the improving bent of his genius into full execution. Two hundred and fifty pounds a year were by no means sufficient. Few can live upon that sum; much less bring a place from barrenness to be generally admired, and at the same time keep up a noble independence in society.—Peace be to thy ashes, thou gentlest of human beings!—Thou didst this. Heaven ne'er smiled upon thee; but thou didst smile upon the wretched. The tear of pity was ready at their sufferings. What thou hadst, thou gavest:—Charity herself could not have yielded more.

—————Nor, Shenstone, thou
 Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace!
 Who knew'st, perchance, to harmonize thy shades,
 Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
 Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
 To pastoral plaint, or tale of slighted love.

MASON.

From the Leasowes we again returned to Birmingham, and in our way stopped to ascend a whimsical tower which has been erected within about two miles of that town. The prospect from this tower is abundantly fine; but the structure appears too high and too slight for durability.

Arrived at Birmingham, we paced it nearly from one end to the other. This place is really wonderful; for, although it sends no members to parliament, and is without a magistracy, it is one of the largest and most populous towns in the kingdom. It is situated in Warwickshire, and on the borders of Staffordshire. The houses

are well built; the streets are broad and well paved; and the spirit of industry is so universally predominant, that scarcely a child is unemployed.

Messrs. Bolton and Fothergill carry on the greatest manufactory at this place. Their house and works are about two miles distant from the town: we went to see them. To attempt an account of the various articles which are made there, would be futile: a traveller has not time to visit them with deliberation, much less to describe them*.

From Birmingham we departed for Litchfield. In our way to this town, we observed an elegant mansion, situated on the confines of Sutton Wood. On sending our compliments to know whether we might have permission to see it, we received the most polite answer, in the affirmative, from Doctor B——y, the gentleman to whom it belongs. Nothing could exceed the civility with which he conducted us through every apartment of the house, nor the earnestness with which he pressed us to take some refreshment. In this respectable pillar of the church, indeed, we experienced hospitality in its genuine form; no study, no affectation, all the pure effusion of the heart.

Leaving this hospitable mansion, we proceeded to Litchfield, a large and handsome town in Staffordshire, one hundred and nineteen miles from London, and thence to Burton, situate on the river Trent, and famous for its ale. Almost

* The Soho Manufactory is famous throughout Europe; and Mr. Bolton will long be remembered as one of the most ingenious and enterprising men that ever this country produced.

all these inland towns, we had lately visited, have a communication with London, Bristol, and Hull, by means of navigable canals.

Quitting Burton, we continued our route to Derby, the principal town in the county of that name. Derby is pleasantly situated on the river Derwent: it is a well-built town, and boasts of a perfection in many manufactures. The Cicerone, who conducted us to the places worthy of our curiosity, was a brisk old man of eighty-five years of age. His remarks, in general, were shrewd and applicable, though simple in the extreme. First of all, he would conduct us to an old house of a late Lord Exeter, where the Pretender's son had taken up his residence in 1745, and where he remembered him; then he insisted on our seeing the spot where he had heard the proclamation of James Stuart, as king of England; and then to other places of equal celebrity. In short, the garrulous old creature drove us at last to the necessity of entreating him to lead us to the silk, china, or some other manufactory: Lumbe's manufactory for silk is erected on the banks of a rapid branch of the river. It is famous for its machinery; and no less so for the manner in which that machinery was purloined from Sardinia. From the silk manufactory we walked to the houses, where marbles and petrifications are wrought into ornamental figures, and thence would have proceeded to the china-shops, but that our old Cicerone, stopping and looking at the sun, cried, "Come, come, gentlemen, if you have a mind to see Lord Scarfsdale's, you must go directly; it is now noon, and travellers have admittance but from ten till two." Off to Lord Scarfsdale's we accordingly set; nor were we

at all displeas'd with our old friend for hurrying us. The approach to this palace, for a palace it certainly is, is through an avenue of old lofty oaks, over a bridge, which brings you immediately in front of the mansion. Here you first pause. The building is sufficiently large to admit of every idea of grandeur and of magnificence. It is situated on a gently-declining hill, with woods and lawns diversified, and a winding rivulet running in front. On entering the house, you get into a most superb hall, the sides and ceilings of which are most beautifully ornamented, and the whole supported by four and twenty massive, fluted pillars, of variegated alabaster. Here, indeed, the *coup-d'œil* is most beautiful. In a word, the whole strikes as if it were designed for a more than mortal residence; nor are the other rooms of the mansion inferior, either in their proportions or decorations. Some of the paintings are very fine.

In the drawing room, which has the most magnificent appearance of any apartment I have ever yet seen, the pillars and pediments to the doors and windows are of the most beautiful kind of alabaster.

In the library, a well-proportioned room, is a choice collection of books. The music saloon is a most elegant apartment. Altogether this house is really magnificent: the hand of taste is evident in every part of it; nor can it be otherwise, when known to be the work of Messrs. Adam; neither does any cost seem to have been spared in rendering it complete. The grounds, however, are not in unison with this grandeur and chastity of design; there is an attempt at prettiness, which lessens the effect of the whole.

Leaving this place, which no traveller should omit visiting, we returned to Derby, and joined our little old man, who merrily conducted us to the china-ware manufactory. In our way we could not but remark the britkness with which he trod, and the degree of ease with which he kept pace with us. This led us to enquire in what manner he contrived to keep himself so hale and firm. "Ah! my good gentlemen," said he, "if you would but follow my course, I could almost promise you equal success to that which I have met with: Three score and ten years have I regularly drank tea, and scarce any thing else. Wine and spirituous liquors have had no charms for me; tea has been my constant beverage: nature, from use, has preferred it to any other liquid, and I never forced her. Some people, indeed, say, tea is unwholesome: it may be so; and it may be, as it is called, a slow poison: but this I know, and from experience I can pronounce it, that if it be a poison, it is a very slow one, for it takes a long time in killing me*." Here we could not refrain from laughter; the thought was waggishly turned, and the old man seemed to enjoy it heartily. Here we parted. A look of cordial farewell was mutually interchanged. He wished us happiness; and we as fervently prayed that the sweetest comfort might still attend him in his journey.

* No argument can be drawn for or against the use of tea from a solitary instance; but if it is admitted that the constitutions of the people of this country, in general, have undergone a complete change for the worse, since this plant was commonly introduced as a beverage, for an aliment it cannot be called, little more need be said on the subject. To the advocates for tea, we beg leave to recommend an attention to Mr. Hapway's Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston.

Asburn, our next stage, is situated on the borders of Stafford and of Derbyshire. Here we halted for a night, and the next morning proceeded to Okeover, a seat belonging to a gentleman of that name, where we found nothing worth our observation, besides a few pictures.

From Okeover we proceeded to Ilam, a seat of Mr. Porte. On entering this gentleman's grounds, which alone deserve notice, you get into a deep glen, on either side well covered with trees, while the river Manifold rolls with rapidity at the bottom. Hence, continuing your progress, you come to a rude seat in a rock, famous, as being the spot where Congreve, then scarcely nineteen, wrote his *Old Batchelor*. Thence descending by a number of steps, you continue along the path way, at the side of which are many considerable trees growing through the interstices of the rocks; and from this spot you get upon a flat, where you are encircled by a range of beautiful and lofty wood, except at one end where the Thorp Cloud, at the entrance of Dove Dale, peeps through the trees. Hence, continuing along the borders of a canal, you come to the spot where the rivers Hems and Manifold issue from two apertures in a rock, at the distance of fifteen yards from each other, after losing themselves in different parts of the country, and at five miles distance from each other. Many people might be led to suppose, that by shewing themselves so very close to each other at Ilam, it was probable they joined in their subterranean passage; but this is put beyond a doubt by experiment*. The gardener

* See Mr. Bray's Tour in the former volume, where the same fact is stated.

being a man of a more extensive way of thinking than generally falls to the lot of people of his class, threw above two gross of corks into the Manifold, where it loses itself, and watching the next two days unremittingly in his master's grounds, he at length found about two dozen of them issue from the chasm of the Manifold; the others being stopped in their progress, or ground to pieces by the sharpness of the rocks. And farther to ascertain this, he told us, a similar trial had been made with the Hemps, and that it answered in the same manner. At Ilam, they join their stream to that of the Dove, and there form a river.

From this place we proceeded to Dove Dale, so called from the river of that name. The approach to this place, along the side of Thorp Cloud, has been much admired. On entering the Dale, you follow the course of the river, which winds beautifully, and is clear and transparent as a brook. The rocks too, on either side, misshapen and grotesque, with a profusion of wood scattered up and down, give a wild and romantic variety to the scene. Not far within the Dale is shewn the frightful eminence, whence a clergyman of dignity and a young lady fell with their horse. The divine was bruised in so horrid a degree, that he died two hours afterwards; but to the great surprise of every one, the lady and the horse were entirely uninjured by the fall.

The Staffordshire side of the Dale, the Dove dividing it from Berbyshire, is well clothed with trees; while the opposite shore, which is totally bereft of wood, is barren and rugged, and presents a striking contrast. A chasm to the right

soon opens itself. Hence you have a delightful view of the traversings of the river, and of an assemblage of rocks, which, almost shrouded by the trees, gives an idea of a mouldering monastery. From this spot, the rocks still continue; some stupendous, and others rent asunder, in an astonishing manner. Proceeding on, you come to a grand arch in a rock, called Reynard's Hole, whence you have a wild diversified scene before you, and passing through it, you next ascend Reynard's Hall and Reynard's Kitchen. Leaving this, continue along the river for the distance of about two miles, and then return by the same path. Before I quit the Dale; I must not forget a cold fountain, which, issuing immediately into the river from a spring almost on the same level, renders it difficult sometimes to be found out. The water, however, is transparent and sweet, and resembles, in a great measure, those of Malvern.

From Dove Dale we returned to Ashbourn, and thence, taking fresh horses, we proceeded to Buxton, through a country as barren and desolate as can well be conceived. Bounded on every side by stone fences, which at the best give but a wild appearance, and freed from every vestige of cultivation. Strange that such a waste of land should be found in a country remarkable for the industry of its inhabitants.

Buxton is a small, inconsiderable town, surrounded by hills of a most sterile aspect. Of late years it has been rendered, however, of some consequence by its mineral springs, one of which is cold and the other hot; and, as chemical people say, possessing the efficacious qualities of both the Bath and Bristol waters. The resort of company

to Buxton is considerable: for at three or four houses, which are entirely fitted up for the accommodation of strangers, they reckoned to us at least three hundred. Here, as at Malvern, the lodgers in each house board together.

About a mile from Buxton is the first wonder of the Peak, called Poole's Hole.

This cavern at the entrance is small, and promises but little; after advancing, however, a few paces, and creeping as close to the ground as you possibly can, you come to a chasm, where you are shewn Poole's saddle and his turtle, both of them good incrustations. Passing hence, you come to other fine pieces of spar, variously twisted round the rocks, called Poole's Tripe and his Woolfack, both inimitably honeycombed in the finest kind of white petrification: whilst a spring of clear, transparent water issues from one side, and an exact resemblance of an elephant strikes you at the other. From this place, creeping upon all fours, and ascending a most slippery path, you open a prodigious dome, sixty or seventy feet high, where you perceive an extraordinary large piece of spar pendent from the roof, called the Flitch of Bacon; and, staring in the side, the fanciful resemblance of old Poole himself. Hence you come to the Lion and the Lady's Toilet; the former spreading upwards, and the latter hanging down in all the carelessness of ease and elegance. These, however, conduct you but to greater beauties; the Dark Lantern, as it is called; a vast quantity of incrustation falling down in folds, and the roof sparkling with transparent pieces of petrification of the shape of icicles. From this you come to an apartment, at least fifty feet high, in which you have a small black figure in spar, resembling

resembling a mouse, and a range of organs, 'as it were, immediately above it. Leaving this, you get to the Queen of Scots Pillar, so called from the unfortunate Mary, when she visited this place; a column, most beautifully surrounded with curtains of fine incrustation, airily displayed. Here most people chuse to stop; but, urged by the spirit of curiosity, we dared to venture farther. Cotton, indeed, throws a damp upon the mind when he speaks of this attempt; for, in his words,

“ Over the brook you're now obliged to stride,
 And on the left hand by this pillar's side,
 To seek new wonders, though beyond this stone,
 Unless you safe return, you'll meet with none,
 And that, indeed, will be a kind of one.” }

On, however, we went; the place so steep, craggy, and slippery, that had it not been for fast grasps, we should never have been able to have got to the top. Here we stopped some time in admiration. A candle, judiciously placed, without our knowledge, at the very extremity, peeped like a star on a fine cloudy night, while another, as properly set at the bottom, whence we had ascended, had as singular and as awful an effect.

Hence, still adventuring upwards, you pass by the Lady's Pillion and a curtain, both of them beautiful incrustations; and thence passing through the eye of St. Andrew's Needle, and keeping his throne to the right, you pass over a heap of irregular rocks to a passage, most emphatically and justly stiled, Break-back Passage. Here, crawling again, you at length come to the practicable end of this extensive cavern, at

the distance of two thousand and seven feet from the entrance.

Quitting Poole's Hole, we rode to the fourth wonder of the Peak, some of the others not being worthy of attention, called Elden Hole: Here we indeed had matter for affright; a tremendous yawning gulph, bottomless, as it is said, opens its wide mouth on the side of a hill. The noise of stones, or any other body thrown into it, gradually, and as at a distance, dies away; Nothing has ever been heard of, that has fallen into it; all is inscrutable to man. Trials upon trials have been made with respect to its depth; but all without effect. Cotton tried a line and plummet two thousand six hundred and fifty-two feet, but could not touch the botton; neither could he at that time hear the water. We, however, fancied the contrary; for two stones, out of a prodigious number, which we plunged into it, most certainly immersed themselves in that element.

Many stories are told of accidents which have happened at this place; cattle frequently tumble into it. But nothing can be more dreadful than the acknowledgment of a villain, who, when on the scaffold for the perpetration of some other horrid deed, confessed having thrown an unfortunate traveller into it, whom he had robbed, and who had entrusted himself to his guidance. Another instance of an untimely fate happened to a poor hind, who, eager for money, engaged, for a sum, to go to the bottom. His errand proved fruitless; vapour, or fright, disordered his senses: he was drawn to the top, and expired in madness in a few days.

Satisfied with the dreadful appearance of this place, we again mounted our horses, and, climbing over the hill, descended on the other side into the high road leading from Manchester to Sheffield, and passing by Mam-Tor, or the Shivered Mountain, we came to a most romantic turn at the foot of some stupendous hills. Here, proceeding along, we perceived a small oval aperture in a rock, which we found tenanted only by birds. Continuing our journey to a lead mine, called the Staffordshire Speedwell, we put ourselves under the guidance of the manager, and very shortly perceived an opening on the declivity of the mountain, which, by one hundred and seven steps, almost perpendicular, brought us to a river, where a boat was ready, with a person in it, and some candles, that he begged we would take charge of. Taking possession of the candles; therefore, and entrusting ourselves to this second Charon, off pushed the boat, when, by sticks placed on either side in the rocks, at the distance of about six feet from each other, he shoved us along for a considerable distance. Unusual as this subterranean navigation was, it yet was exceedingly awful and sublime. Coasting along in this manner, our attention was suddenly called off by a melodious noise, which, reverberating along the concave of the roof, lost itself with us in the sweetest notes. At length we came to the spot whence it issued; and here indeed our wonder increased. A little boy of about ten or twelve years of age, placed in a niche where he had just room to move, was driving, with a bellows, a supply of fresh air to the farther extremity of the river; and in this situation was warbling forth his notes. Nature had

blessed him with a charming voice, and, regardless of his destiny, he worked and sung his eight long hours, the period allotted him to labour. Passing this inhabitant of these nether regions, we onward continued our way, and at length, having traversed between sixteen and eighteen hundred feet, came to the end, where we found three hale and cheerful men busied at their occupations.

In the rocks of this cavern are several veins of lead: the expence, however, has been too great to work it in its natural state; the idea of a water conveyance, therefore presented itself. This channel was accordingly planned; and here, as in other useful projects, the world became indebted to the public spirit of the Duke of Bridgewater. The whole of this passage, excavated in the solid rock, being carried on with his assistance. The miners blow it up, and clear the space by contract.

It was not until we had joined the miners, that we found the vast consequence of the air conveyed to them by the bellows which I have mentioned. The atmosphere, as they proceed along in these subterraneous works, becomes dank and thick, and without a constant rarefaction, it would certainly destroy them: nevertheless, these people are exceedingly healthy, and full of good humour. It was now time for us to return; we accordingly found our way back in the manner we had entered, and thence proceeded to Castleton, a town situated immediately under the Peak of Derby, where we took some refreshment, and then walked to the principal of the wonders, called Peak's Hole.

The approach to this cavern is grand and tremendous; a river issuing from its mouth, and a range of rocks, rearing their heads to the skies, surround you. One of these is measured two hundred and fifty-one feet perpendicular. Being arrived at the entrance, which is forty-two feet high, and one hundred and twenty feet wide, the attention is caught by cottages scattered up and down in this dark abode, and a multitude of women and children spinning at wheels.

The next thing to which the guide calls the attention, is the Flich of Bacon, a large incrustation hanging on one side, which you quickly pass by, and then come to a small door, which affords a most stupendous view of a concave. On, however, you go, stooping till you get into the Bell House, and thence passing along, you come to the river, on which there is a boat, into which you get, and lying at full length, are thus ferried over, or rather carried up a winding stream, till landing, you fancy yourself arrived in the first apartment of the infernal deities. Nothing can be more stupendous than the appearance of this dreary vault. The length of it is two hundred and seventy feet; the width two hundred and ten, and the height one hundred and twenty. Stopping here to enjoy the gloomy horrors of the scene, a number of candles are dispersed, which twinkling like stars, afford an awful assemblage.

Leaving this, you get to a winding of the river, which you pass upon the shoulders of your guides, and thence arrive at Roger Raine's House, so called from drops of water, which incessantly filtrate through every part of it. From this you continue to the Chancel, where calmly proceed-

ing, you are suddenly accosted by the voices of a choir of men chaunting in a niche above you, at the elevation of about fifty-seven feet. Here we stopped. The air was slow and solemn; every thing conspired to turn the mind to meditation. Nature appeared in awful, though frightful majesty before us; in a word, we could not but fancy ourselves transported to another world.

From the Chancel you continue to the Devil's Cellar. Hence you proceed by a sandy hillock, descending gradually one hundred and fifty feet, and at length come to the Half-way house, as it is called, where you have a fine transparent run of water. Passing on, you proceed through three most regular, naturally-formed arches near the borders of the river, whence you fancy you hear the rumbling of a cascade: and then crossing the river, come to another range of equally as beautiful arches, which conducts you, with the river on your right, to the hanging rock.

From this spot you get to the place where the current rolls rapidly along, and passing through another range of arches, and Tom of Lincoln, so called from its resemblance to a bell, you at length get to the extremity of this wonderful place, two thousand two hundred and fifty feet from the entrance, and six hundred and twenty-one feet beneath the surface of the hill.

This, however, is not supposed to be the end of the cavern; and experiments are accordingly making, by blowing away the rocks, to open a communication with the cavern already mentioned, through which the same river is supposed to flow.

Before I quit this spot, I must not omit mentioning the staggering effect of a blast, as they

style it, occasioned by a small quantity of powder crammed into a rock, and set fire to. The explosion is wonderfully grand; heaven and earth seem coming together. All visitors are treated with this salute. This crash over, we returned to the door at which we had entered, and were once more blessed with a peep of day, bursting into the cavern, illumining the objects in a much more sublime manner than they had hitherto presented themselves*.

Tired not a little, we anxiously desired to return to our inn; but we were told, other objects still solicited our attention. Accordingly we were conducted to the summit of the Peak, and shewn the old castle, parts of which are in good preservation: but there sitting down to rest ourselves, we were unexpectedly and most gallantly serenaded by a band of music from the opposite hill. Nothing could have been more happily timed; neither could there ever have been people more desirous of being soothed than we were. The day had been a day of labour; quiet was necessary. So that enjoying the welcome sounds, and admiring the serenity of the evening, we peacefully laid ourselves on the grass; and in that sweetest of all careless indulgencies, banished the languor of fatigue.

Having heard of a three-mile cavern, and being by this time pretty well familiarized with danger, we were determined next day to explore it. Summoning therefore a *posse-comitatus* of all the miners about Castleton, we in brief told them our intention. Astonishment at first prevented them from thinking us serious; none but

* For a farther account of this celebrated cavern, see Mr. Bray's Tour.

two or three had ever ventured upon a trial; and even custom had not reconciled the others to so hazardous an enterprize. A promise of reward, however, prevailed upon the whole, and they agreed to attend us in the morning. Having made the preliminary preparations, and left some memorandums, and a card of direction to our friends on the inn table, in case of accidents, we sallied out early the next morning, accompanied by a chosen set of our guides, and repaired to the top of the mountain, where the fissure opens itself about three feet in diameter. Provided by the miners with proper dresses, we then stripped ourselves of our own outward apparel, and putting on each a pair of canvas trowsers, a flannel jacket, and over that a canvas frock, with a handkerchief round our heads, and a miner's cap, we proceeded one by one down this dread abyss, for the distance of about four hundred and twenty feet perpendicular.

Imagination can scarcely form a descent more perilous. The only steps or things to hold by, are bits of oak stuck into the sides, when the cavern was first discovered; fortunately all was firm, and we arrived at the bottom unhurt. Here ranging ourselves in order, with a large bundle of candles and torches, independent of the candles which each of us carried, we proceeded with tolerable facility through two or three lofty and most beautifully enamelled caverns of spar. Thus we conceived an earnest of future delight, and the tablets were accordingly set at work; but, alas! how great was our mistake. Here our difficulties were to commence.

Following the guide, who besides another who was with us, was the only one of the party who

had ever penetrated before, we forced our way with infinite struggles, through a narrow space between two rocks, and thence getting on our hands and knees, were, for the full distance of a mile, obliged to crawl without ever daring to lift up our heads; we still, however, hoped for something better. On we accordingly proceeded, till a dreadful noise, rumbling along the horrible crevices of the cave, gave us to understand we were near a river: to this, we hurried as fast as we were able. But description is inadequate to any thing like a representation of the scene. A vast ocean seemed roaring in upon us; in some places bursting with inconceivable impetuosity, and at others falling through dreadful chasms, burst into shaggy forms to give it vent: through this our journey was to continue. A cry of light, however, alarmed us: the confinement of the air, and the narrowness of our track, had extinguished all our torches; the candles too, all but one small end, were totally expended. We knew not what to do. In vain the miners shouted for the supply which was to have come behind; no answer was returned. Our fate seemed inevitable, but the principals of the party, fortunately, expressed no fear. In this extremity, a gallant fellow, who yet was ignorant of the place, suddenly disappeared, and after groping for a considerable time in the dark and dismal horrors of the place, at length returned to us with a supply of candles, having discovered his companions, to whom they were given in charge, almost petrified with fear, and unable to follow us from apprehension. Relieved in this manner from a death which seemed to wait us, in its most horrid form, we onward proceeded with a fresh re-

eruit of spirits ; and plunging into the river above our waists, cautiously picked our steps, and, at length, after a four-hours most unspeakable fatigue, arrived at about three hundred yards beyond the spot, where the subterranean passage we had the day before explored, was expected to find an entrance into this dreadful place.

But here we were obliged to stop ; a fall into a yawning gulph, from which I was providentially saved by the corner of a rock catching me by the knee, had hitherto given me an inconceivable degree of pain : it now became intolerable. Out, however, I was to crawl. The retreat accordingly began ; but no anguish could surpass what I felt. Often did I wish to remain where I was ; no succour or assistance could be given me : every man was painfully busied in the charge of his own safety. At length, having almost worn out the other knee, I was compelled to call out for help, as we happily came to the first opening where I could be raised. Languor and faintness from what I had suffered, had totally deprived me of my strength : I was seated on a rock, where I breathed a little freer, and being refreshed in a few minutes, I tottered through the rest of the cavern, with occasional help, and in that manner got to the blessed sunshine of the day.

Altogether, the depth we had descended was about one hundred and forty fathoms, or nine hundred and eighty feet, and the length about three miles, according to the miners' calculation. Neither at this distance were we at the end ; a passage still continued, but so filled with water, and so full of peril, that the miners themselves were averse to farther trial. And here, having made this dangerous experiment myself, I would

caution others from being so unpardonably led by curiosity, as to tempt destruction, where, independent of the dangers of maims, cuts, and fractures, the falling of a single stone might bury him in eternity for ever*.

Leaving Castleton, and passing Maunsel Dale, and Haddon Castle, an old seat of the Rutland family, we came to Chatworth, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The approach to this house is pleasant, and the edifice itself, with the river Derwent running in front, is happily situated, and makes a good appearance. The beds and chairs in the apartments of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, when she was a captive here under the care of the Earl of Shrewsbury, are melancholy memorials of fallen greatness. Compassion for the fate of this unhappy fair one made us review this part of the mansion with much veneration. The rest was little above the common standard of mediocrity; although with a little trouble, I will not say as to the expence, it might readily be rendered not only convenient, but superb. There are but few good pictures here; but the Flight into Egypt, by Hannibal Caraccio, well deserves notice.

The grounds are naturally well adapted to the boldest beauties; and attention seems to have been paid to them. The old duke planted a considerable extent of ground, and his son is now employed in the same laudable species of improvement. Nature has done a vast deal;

* We earnestly join in the prudent advice of our author. It is sometimes necessary and sometimes honourable to brave danger; but nothing can be more foolish or even contemptible in the eye of reason, than to risk life from mere wantonness or useless curiosity.

water is in plenty; and where the temple dedicated to that element is placed, a delightful distribution of it might easily be made.

Continuing our route from Chatsworth towards the village of Matlock, we traced a beautiful valley, highly romantic and picturesque. Either side is bounded by hills and stupendous rocks, with cottages here and there interspersed, and a profusion of wood, sometimes irregularly scattered, and at others, spreading in the closest foliage, with the river Derwent rolling itself pleasantly in the centre of the dale. In this beautiful Spot lies Matlock Spa, celebrated for its medicinal qualities. From the lodging houses immediately descending, you arrive at the margin of the river, closely embowered by trees, irregularly planted in a shrubbery, and thence proceeding through a winding path, you pass a cascade precipitating from the right, and then come to a considerable water-work, erected for the purpose of draining a lead mine on the opposite shore. Our late disasters did not prevent us from another attempt into the bowels of the earth. Our subterrene progress, indeed, was short, so that we quickly returned; and then again, on the opposite side to Matlock, continued through shady walks, till we came to a flight of steps which led us to the top of the hill, which commands an enchanting prospect.

From Matlock, our next stage was Chesterfield, a large, well-built town, with a navigable canal. Proceeding, we visited Sheffield in Yorkshire; but this was so thoroughly dirty, and mean in appearance, that after viewing its manufactories, which, by the way, are inferior to those of Birmingham, we advanced to Doncaster; passing

passing by Coningsborough Castle, an ancient pile, with many parts of it in good preservation, and admirably well situated. Doncaster is a neat and populous town: the houses in general are good, and the streets are well paved. In the church, an old Gothic building, is a monument of an earl of Doncaster, with this whimsical inscription:



Howe, Howe, who is here?

I Robin, of Duncastere,
And Margaret, my feare,
That I spent, that I had.
That I gave, that I have.
That I left, that I lost.

A. D. 1597.

Quoad Robertus Byrks, who in this world did reign
Threescore years and seven, but liv'd not one.

Doncaster is a place of great antiquity, as appears from the Itinerary of Antoninus, which says, the Crispinian horse were stationed here while the Romans were in Britain; and that the governor of the province generally resided in its castle, that he might be near the wall to repel the incursions of the Scots and Picts.

Leaving Doncaster, we came to Ferrybridge, thence to Tadcaster, and from Tadcaster to York. The extent of this town is very considerable; being an archiepiscopal see, and always giving a title to one of the royal family, it has ever been peculiarly attended to. The streets are tolerably broad and well-built. The river Ouse runs through the centre of it, and is covered with vessels of considerable burden. Along the borders of this river, a public walk, well planted with trees, for the space of about a mile, has been carried for the recreation of the inhabitants. Notwithstanding the size and antiquity of York, there

there is certainly nothing in it that is worthy the observation of a traveller, except the cathedral or minster, as it is called; and the castle. The minster is very large; the extent five hundred and twenty-five feet; the breadth one hundred and ten feet; and the height ninety-nine feet. The nave is four feet and a half wider than that of St. Paul's, and eleven feet higher. The chapter-house is likewise a monument of good taste and workmanship; it is sixty-three feet in diameter, of an octagonal form, arched, and without a pillar in the centre to support it. The assembly-room, though much admired, is indifferent: the architecture being exceedingly heavy.

The Romans had a temple at York dedicated to Bellona, and three of their highways crossed the city. It was also the favourite residence of the Emperor Severus, and here he resigned his breath, leaving his kingdoms to his two sons. Here too William king of Scotland paid homage to Henry II. in 1174, resigning the ancient independence of his crown.

Bending our course still northward from York, we proceeded through a pleasant country to Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Castle. On opening the mansion, it presents a grand appearance: the approach, however, is too straight and formally planted. At the entrance of the park, which is through an arched gateway lined and flanked with towers, you come to an eminence, and thence to an obelisk, charged with inscriptions.

The dissimilarity of the two wings of the house strikes every traveller; and surely it is a palpable solecism in architecture. The hall is a grand

and uncommon room; in it are full lengths in marble of Augustus Cæsar and Aurelius, Ceres, Commodus, Scipio Africanus, Marc Anthony, and two females, supposed to be wives of Roman emperors.

The apartments are decorated with numerous family portraits, and many other pieces by distinguished masters, besides several works of virtu.

The museum is filled with antique bustos, urns, bronzes, sarcophaguses, tables, and many other articles curious and worthy of observation. Besides which, there is a gallery one hundred and sixty feet in length, in which is a considerable collection of pictures, medals, spars, &c.

In a conspicuous situation in the park, stands a mausoleum, with a chapel upon its top. This repository of the dead has something awful and magnificent about it.

The path to it winds through the park; the building itself is surrounded with massive pillars, and covered by a dome of good workmanship. From the mausoleum you proceed to Diana's Temple, and thence, continuing along a handsome terrace, come to the front of the house, which is elegant and superb. In short, Castle Howard is a seat suitable to the dignity of the family to whom it appertains.

Leaving Castle Howard, we proceeded to Scarborough. Filled, like all other watering-places at this season of the year, we found at first some difficulty in procuring a lodging: but this being at length acquired, the time we stayed glided pleasantly along. The waters are in many cases reckoned salutary; but the bathing is the chief inducement for company to resort thither;

which, together with the freshness of the sea-breezes; the regular airings on the beech, in a pure, marine atmosphere, and the cheerful evening recreations at the rooms, are such powerful helps, that few people go there valetudinary who do not experience their good effects.

From Scarborough, which has nothing worthy of attention, except the castle, built by the Earl of Albemarle in the reign of King Stephen, upon a high point of land to the northward of the town, and which must have been, in former days, of much consideration, we made an excursion, in an irregular route, over the wolds of Yorkshire, to Driffeld, and thence to Beverley. This town, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, is one hundred and seventy-nine miles from London, and is remarkable both for the cleanliness of its streets and houses, and for its minster, which, though greatly inferior in size to many in the kingdom, is in point of beauty and symmetry, perhaps, superior to most.

Leaving Beverley, we continued our route to Hull, a large and populous sea-port town in the same county. This place, situated conveniently on the German Ocean, drives a considerable trade with the Baltic, the United Provinces, and all the northern nations: for this purpose a Trinity House has been established on the most laudable foundation. No town can boast of a greater appearance of industry than Hull; the whole mass of the inhabitants seems pervaded by some one principle of commerce or another.

From Hull, passing through Fursby, Cave, and Howdon, we arrived at Thorne, a town situated on the confines of the marshes, which have nothing in them but what is dreary and unplea-

fant, saving the trunks of trees, the relics of former ages.

From Thorne we proceeded through Courick, Snaith, Carlton, Cammelforth, and Selby, crossed the Ouse in a ferry-boat; then to Escirk, Fulford, York, and again visited Scarborough.

After a short stay at this northern watering-place, in September we began our progress to the north. Passing through Thornton and Pickering, two inconsiderable villages, we came to Helmsley, a fair-looking town, with the remains of an old castle, in tolerable good preservation. Adjoining to Helmsley is Duncombe Park, a seat belonging to Mr. Duncombe, and well worthy the attention of a traveller. The approach is good; and the house itself, although the wings, like those of Castle Howard, are of different constructions, is both commodious and elegant. The paintings, in general, are fine, as are the statues and bustos; a dog, in marble, by a celebrated Grecian artist, is, to connoisseurs, the finest and most valuable part of the collection. The terrace at Wardour Castle has already been mentioned with eulogium, but that at Duncombe Park excels it. Lord Arundel's, it is true, is more extensive; Mr. Duncombe's, I must confess, I think more beautiful. Surrounding it is a deep vale covered with trees, and a river gliding through it, while a rich hanging wood on the other side gives a wildness, and at the same time a richness to a landscape, romantic in the extreme.

It being dark when we left Duncombe Park, and having a cross road to encounter, we had some reason to doubt of the success of our expedition to Thurst that night; which place, indeed,

deed, having lost our way, we did not reach till eleven o'clock.

From Thurik, by an exceeding good road, and through a fertile and well-cultivated country, we proceeded to Rippon, a place distant from London about two hundred and eighteen miles. This town is large, though not populous. The church, or minster, is a massy edifice; but not remarkable for any thing, save the charnel-house, in which some remnants of mortality are most piously and methodically arranged.

In the vicinity of Rippon, and at the distance of about three miles, stands Studley Park, the seat of Mr. Aislaby*.—The approach to this spot through the park, which naturally swells with much elegance, and is well planted with trees, is highly agreeable and picturesque. The house itself is large and commodious; the prospects from the lawn before it are exquisite. On the one side, the town and minster of Rippon; on the other, Fountaine's Abbey; while an obelisk, a pavilion, and a temple, present themselves in different places in front. Descending from the house by a gradual slope, you come to the garden, as it is called, although, in reality, it is only a part of the park more carefully improved. The hanging-wood that overshades the pretty little river that washes this spot, is beautiful in the extreme. Placing yourself near the figure of a dying gladiator, the prospect is really charming. Proceeding on, you open a fine, old bridge, with a river rushing through it, and the back ground so darkened by trees, as to give the

* This charming seat is mentioned with due commendation by every traveller.

idea of a cascade foaming through a cavern. At the foot of the bridge, you open a beautiful assemblage of new objects most elegantly diversified; the banquetting-house, cold-bath, rotunda, and a small pavilion, peering above the trees. Crossing the bridge, you then come to the reservoir, an extensive sheet of water, on the banks of which are several elegant recesses. Turning to the left, you reach the Temple of Piety, whence you have a pleasing view of the opposite shore, well swelled in lawn and planted. From the Temple of Piety you ascend the hanging-wood, and, passing through a rustic arched way, come to the tower, whence there is a prodigious assemblage of variegated objects. From this spot, continuing to the right, at every step you open through artless vistas, Fountaine's Abbey, the banquetting-house, and the other beauties of the place. Farther on you come to a seat, where the reservoir shews itself immediately beneath; with a beautiful hill on the other side covered with trees, jutting itself into its bosom, and binding it in a circular form.

Leaving this, you come to a spot where you catch a view of the finest ruin that it is possible for imagination to conceive. On the left, a modest river gently glides along its side, tufted with oak and evergreen; on the right, rocks and woods romantically shew themselves in natural wildness; while in front a fine lawn extends itself to where the abbey rears its awful head in all the pride and dignity of age. It is built in the most beautiful style of Gothic or Saracenic architecture; the tower and all the walls are still remaining, the roof alone being gone to ruin. Entering the door, instead of a chancel, you find

yourself in a grove: Nature having sportively scattered through it an enchanting assemblage of shrubbery and trees. The sward, too, through which they shoot, is exquisitely green: no depredation has been wantonly committed on Fountaine's Abbey; time and age alone have brought it to its present state.

The sanctity of the monks of this abbey was in former days in such repute, that it became endowed with most ample revenues. Lord Henry de Percy, one of the principal commanders under Edward the First, in his wars with Scotland, was interred before the high altar of this abbey in 1315; and the Percy family were considered as hereditary benefactors of the establishment.

By an inscription over one of the portals, it appears to have been finished in 1202. The length of the grand aisle is three hundred and sixty feet; the cloister garden is quite entire; the chapter-room and library are beautifully filled with trees; the refectory is in high preservation; the cloisters in the same situation, as well as the dormitory; and the whole, in short, such as beggars every faculty of description.

Leaving this charming spot, return by the opposite banks of the river, and thence through an elegantly-winding walk, till you come to a seat, which yields a number of scenes, picturesque and diversified; and thence to a handsome building, called the Banqueting-House. From the banqueting-house, you descend to the cold-bath, and thence, through some delightful walks, to the gate at which you entered the garden, and which conducts you, by another road, through the park, to the first entrance.

Not satisfied with this spot, which contains the united beauties of Stourton Park, Hagley, and Tintern Abbey, Mr. Aislabe has purchased another place within six miles of it, which possesses all the wildness of Matlock and the Leasowes; this is Hackfall. Never was there seen a finer assemblage of wild and variegated nature.

The vale itself, with a beautiful river running through it, is surrounded with woods, rocks, cataracts. Much pains have been taken with the walks and terraces from one end to the other. Many little buildings have likewise been erected in it, together with some ruins, which are admirably well placed. Altogether, it is one of the most romantic, and, with a little more expence, might be made one of the most charming places in the kingdom.

From Hackfall we proceeded to Marsham, a neat and improving town, and thence to Richmond. The environs are pleasant and well cultivated; but the town itself possesses no particular attractions. The castle, however, is well situated on an eminence north of the Swale. It was built by Alane, earl of Bretagne, surnamed Rufus, nephew to William the Conqueror, who, as a reward for his gallant behaviour at the battle of Hastings, created him Earl of Richmond, and bestowed on him this shire. The charter is preserved by Camden, and is expressed as follows: its brevity is remarkable.

“ I William, surnamed the Bastard, king of England, do give and grant unto thee my nephew Allan, Earl of Bretagne, and to thy heirs for ever, all the villages and lands which of late belonged to Earl Edwin in Yorkshire, with the knight's fees and other liberties and customs, as
freely

freely and honourably as the same Edwin held them. Dated from our siege before York."

Leaving Richmond, we proceeded, through a rich and beautiful country, to within a few miles of Bernard, where we stopped to admire an elegant bridge, about eighty feet in span and forty feet in height, thrown across the Tees. That river here runs with prodigious violence; bounded on either side with rocks, and declining considerably, it forms a grand and natural cascade, almost as far as the eye can reach.

Bernard is but a poor town; neither is the castle, though it certainly was extensive and well placed upon the banks of the Tees, at this period, either curious or remarkable. It was built by Bernard Baliol, great grandfather of John Baliol, king of Scotland, and from its founder, it took the name of Bernard's Castle.

From the amazing rapidity of the Tees at the bridge I have mentioned, judging that the celebrated fall of that river must have increased, both in velocity and expanse, from the late heavy rains, we almost immediately set off in hopes of seeing it that evening; but night overtook us on the way. The roads in many places were nearly impassable; so that by the time we got to Middleton, about ten miles from Bernard, we found it inadvisable to attempt any farther progress. At Middleton, therefore, we halted, and the next morning early we proceeded to the cataract, which, in every respect, came up to our expectations. An immense column of water tumbling for a considerable distance over huge, massive rocks, at length precipitates itself down a frightful precipice of about sixty feet perpendicular height; roaring in its fall, and throwing up

such a quantity of spray, as to wash the rocks all around. Here again it takes a quiet course; but, after a little progress, another precipice again forms a fall as beautiful as the first, though far less sublime.

Bleak as the morning was, for the country all around was wild and desolate, and the air pinchingly cold, we continued in admiration of this sport of nature for some time, and at length returned well satisfied with our excursion. On our return, our guide desired us to step on one side, to observe a bridge that has been laid across the Tees at about a mile from the fall, and which is constructed literally to hang in chains. As may be supposed, it is ricketty and unpleasant to a passenger, though steadied as much as possible by side-chains, which are fastened to the rocks beneath.

Returning to Middleton, we proceeded over a large tract of moor-land to Stainthorpe, a neat, little town, and thence to Raby Castle.

This castle was built by John de Neville, soon after the year 1378; at which time a licence for its erection was granted by Bishop Hatfield; a duplicate of which is still preserved in the archives of the see of Durham.

After the accession of Henry II no one could build a castle without first obtaining the royal licence; but the county of Durham being a palatinate, a power of granting such licence belonged to the bishop, who was there considered as viceroy.

Raby Castle, however, brilliantly as it may have been spoken of, is certainly not magnificent: it takes up, it is true, a vast extent of ground, and is kept in exceeding good repair; but still it

does not answer one's expectations. The park and other improvements are extensive; but nothing farther. It is altogether worth seeing, and Lord Darlington seems desirous of making it more so, by the plantations he has made around it.

From Raby Castle we proceeded to Bishop Auckland, a large and populous town, where the Bishop of Durham has an excellent park and palace, and thence to Durham. This town is charmingly situated on a hill, whose skirts are washed by the windings of the Wear, and over which there are three good bridges. The cathedral is a large edifice, though not so grand as might be expected in the bishopric of Durham*. It was founded about the year 995, on a desolate spot, called Dunholme, which, according to the legend, was miraculously pointed out. The shrine of St. Cuthbert for ages drew numerous devotees to the place.

The walks about Durham are rural and romantic; the banks of the Wear afford ample space, and the inhabitants have not been inattentive to their improvement. The Bishop of Durham is a temporal prince, being Earl of Sadberg, a small town near Stockton; which he holds by barony. He is sheriff paramount of the county, and appoints his deputy, who makes up his audit to him without accounting to the Exchequer. He is also a count palatine, lord of the city, and appoints all officers of justice and other inferior magistrates.

* It is now under the improving hand of Mr. Wyatt, with the auspices of the venerable bishop of the diocese.

A castle was built at Durham by William the Conqueror, about the year 1072, to serve as a retreat, or place of safety for the bishop, in case of sudden invasions, to which at that time, its situation, both with respect to the sea coast and Scottish borders, made it subject. Leland, in his Itinerary, thus describes the castle: "The castelle stondith stately on the north est side of the Minstre, and the Were runneth under it. The kepe stondith aloft, and in state, buildid of eight square. Bishop Fox did much reputation of this dungeon; and he made beside in the castelle, a new kychen, with the offices, and many praty chambers."

Leaving Durham, we bent our course towards Newcastle, stopping in our way at Cocken, a seat belonging to Mr. Carr, delightfully situated on the Wear, and abounding with natural advantages, which have not been fully improved; and at a little distance from it, at Lumley Castle, a large mansion belonging to Lord Scarborough; but which contains nothing worthy of observation, except a good painting of Sir Thomas More. Near to Cocken is Finchale Abbey, an old monastery, once honoured with the residence of St. Godric.

Chester-le-street, our next stage, was in former days a considerable Roman station. From thence to Newcastle our road was a few miles.

Newcastle, situated on the banks of the Tyne, is a large and populous town. The town itself, though containing good buildings, is far from handsome. Conveniency formerly was attended to, more than elegancy: a different spirit has now, however, taken place, and a few years more

more will perhaps see it upon an equal footing with other more modernly beautified towns.

The principal riches derived to Newcastle are from its coal works, and these it has enjoyed from the days of Henry III. The charter to the town of Newcastle by that monarch, licensing the inhabitants to dig coal, being the first mention we have of that mineral in England. Vast numbers of colliers are consequently employed, and these in their frequent voyages to London, and different parts of England, encountering every vicissitude of season and of weather, rear up a supply of mariners for our navy of the utmost importance to our national strength. North Shields, the Gravesend of Newcastle, absolutely swarms with them.

The castle at Newcastle was built by Robert Curthose, son of William the Conqueror, anno 1080, on which account the town took the name of Newcastle; before that period, it was called Monkchester. At the distance of about ten miles from Newcastle, the Tyne disembogues itself into the German Ocean. The remains of the castle at this spot still shew it to have been a place of considerable strength.

To have been at Newcastle, and men of curiosity too, without seeing a coal pit; would have been a sin of the most unpardonable nature. To a pit, therefore, we repaired, and, as good fortune would have it, to the largest in the county. Arrived at the spot where our expedition was to commence, we found a prodigious large fire engine at work, draining the water from the pit; and adjoining to it a circular aperture, of a tolerable diameter, filled with smoke. To dress ourselves was the first operation; that being done

done in the true fashion of the place, we next prepared for a descent into this suffocating hole. A piece of board, about one foot and a half long, and about the breadth and thickness of three inches, was fastened at each end to a rope reeved through it. This sling, or horse, being hung upon a hook at the end of an iron chain, which was itself fastened to a rope, each of us (for two went at a time) with a leg through it; and our arms twisted round the chain, were in that manner turned off like malefactors at Tyburn, and gently lowered by the operation of six horses employed for that purpose, till we found ourselves at the end of about five minutes safely landed on solid ground, and with a huge fire burning on one side, to keep the air in proper temperature.

All safely lodged in these nether regions, we began to explore the pit, with as little inconvenience, saving black faces, as if we had been moving in a drawing room. The quantity of coal in these places is really wonderful. A good vein generally runs seven feet high, and in depth *ad infinitum*. They do not, however, take all away: prodigious pillars of the same stratum are left between every apartment that is worked, to support the roof. The apartments are never above four yards wide, and the pillars are always ten yards in breadth and twenty yards in depth. Seeing a dozen of these apartments, you, in fact, see the whole; they are all worked upon the same principle. Their extent, as you may suppose, is great; they run into each other, and in time will probably undermine the greatest part of the country. What surprised me the most, were the horses I found living there, in

good

good condition, and many of which are worked for ten or fifteen years before they are rendered incapable of service. The miners do not continue in the pits above twelve hours at a time.

Well satisfied with this trip, we began to ascend in the same manner we had descended, and in a short space found ourselves cheerfully seated in the fields again. A whimsical fellow, however, knowing the moment we should begin our journey upwards, set out at the same instant downwards, and, meeting us half way, accosted us in a pleasant strain, with "How do you do, Gentlemen?" Unable to discern any thing whatever, and knowing ourselves suspended, we could not conceive where the man could have placed himself: but we were soon informed it was a concerted scheme, on purpose to surprise us with a salutation.

The coal, which is in such abundance dug from these pits, is wound up in baskets, and these baskets again are emptied into carts, which are placed upon cylindrical wheels; and in those carts, with great expedition, though with very little labour, it is carried along by sleepers, to the warehouse or wharf, where it is again thrown into barges for exportation. Leaving Newcastle, we proceeded to Morpeth.

This place and its vicinity were, in former days, notorious for the lawless banditti, called Moss Troopers, who infested both England and Scotland. Those borderers plundered each country indiscriminately. Pursued by the English, they fled into Scotland. Pursued by the Scots, they took refuge in England. Nor would the animosity of the two nations suffer them to unite their common interest against their common ene-

tries. Various methods were tried after the Union to root out the Moss Troopers; but, so formidable were they grown, that in the fourteenth of Charles I. an act of parliament was purposely passed for their suppression. The counties were even authorized to levy money within their respective jurisdictions; and to arm men for the apprehending and bringing them to justice. From Morpeth we continued to Alnwick, at the extremity of which is Alnwick Castle, a building which at once unites all the magnificence and grandeur of the old taste with all the elegance of modern improvement. It belongs to the Duke of Northumberland, and is kept in the most perfect order. The apartments are all happily fitted up; mostly in the Gothic taste; and the grounds for twenty miles together, to the infinite honour of the present possessor, are laid out in the most advantageous manner*. It being somewhat late in the afternoon when we arrived at Alnwick, his grace sent to request we would favour him with our company in the castle. We accordingly waited upon him, and were most courteously entertained.

Alnwick Castle is situated on the south side of the river Alne, on an elevation that gives great dignity to its appearance, and in ancient times rendered it a most impregnable fortress. It is believed to have been founded in the time of the Romans, although no part of the original structure is now remaining. But, when part of the dungeon, or castle keep, was taken down to be repaired, some years ago, under the present

* With what different optics did our author and Mr. Pennant view Alnwick; yet each, no doubt, wished impartially to convey the impression he felt!

walls was discovered the foundation of other buildings, and some of the stones appeared to have Roman mouldings. Malcolm III. king of Scotland, and his eldest son, Prince Edward, lost their lives before this place.

The castle properly consists of three courts or divisions; the entrance of which was defended with three strong massy gates, called the *Outer Ward*, the *Middle Ward*, and *Inner Ward*. Each of these gates was in a high-embattled tower, furnished with a portcullis, and the outward gate with a drawbridge also; they had each of them a porter's lodge, and a strong prison, besides other necessary apartments for the constable, bailiff, and subordinate officers. Under each of the prisons was a deep and dark dungeon; that of the inner ward is still remaining in all its horror.

The ground plot contains about five acres within its outer walls, which are flanked with sixteen towers and turrets, that now afford a complete set of offices to the castle, and retain many of their original names, as well as their ancient use and destination.

From Alnwick, our way led to Belfort; and from Belfort, the next day, we travelled through a wild country to the river Tweed, over which we crossed by a strong stone bridge to Berwick. From thence we proceeded to Prefs Inn; and from Prefs Inn, by a pleasant winding road, round a capacious bay, to Boxbourne and Dunbar. From Dunbar we again continued our journey to Haddington; and from Haddington, through a highly-cultivated and fertile country, with the Frith of Forth on our right, and a range of romantic hills in our front, to Leith and Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, the well-known and often-described capital of North Britain, is pleasantly situated on two hills, and is distinguished by the names of the Old and the New Town. Over the hollow, which separates the one from the other, a bridge has been thrown, at much expence. The castle of Edinburgh is well situated, and in those days, when fire-arms were not used, was probably impregnable. Holyrood House, or the Abbey, as it was anciently called, is a large, but inelegant building, famous, however, for having been the place of residence of the monarchs of Scotland.

In the apartments, at present possessed by the Duke of Hamilton, the furniture and hangings of the rooms are preserved in which the unhappy Mary lived, and, in particular, of that in which her favourite Rizzio was murdered. The room itself, where he received the first wound, and where he clung round his royal mistress for protection, is small. Hence he was dragged, and with innumerable stabs, expired in an adjoining chamber. The blood to this hour remains on the floor; nay, so deeply has it penetrated, that the boards, although repeatedly plained, are still the recorders of that murderous deed.

The university, which is an indifferent pile of building, was founded in 1582 by James VI. on the ruins of a Carthusian monastery, built at the sole expence of the citizens, who still pay the salaries of the professors, except of a few who have been added by government. Besides the principal and professor of divinity, there are professors of all the liberal arts and sciences; so that it is at present the most flourishing university in Scotland, and, with respect to the study of the different branches of science, equal, if not

superior, to any in Europe. The Lord Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh are its perpetual Chancellors, and by them all professors are nominated, except such as are paid by government. The New Town of Edinburgh is indisputably constructed upon an elegant and convenient plan: the houses are large and well built; the streets broad, and the whole breathes an air of cleanliness and taste.

Leaving Edinburgh, we crossed the Frith of Forth at Queen's Ferry, and thence proceeded along a good road to Kin-Ross, situated upon the pleasant banks of Loch Leven.

This celebrated loch is about twelve miles in circumference. In one of the islands is a convent, in which Andrew Winton, a monk, wrote his Chronicle, the original copy of which is lodged in the British Museum. But that which renders the lake most remarkable, was the confinement of Mary on another of the islands, where she signed an instrument, by which she renounced all title to the crown, and transferred the government to her infant son. From this place she was released by George Douglas, brother of the Laird of Lochleven, who conveyed her away in a small boat, which he rowed himself, the 2d May, 1568.

From Kin-Ross we proceeded, through a delightful corn country, most industriously cultivated, to the town of Perth, built on the borders of the river Tay; the approach to which is exquisitely neat and pleasant.

Our next stage was Dundee; there we did not remain long, but crossed the country to pay a visit to an old and valuable acquaintance, who lived at the distance of about fifteen miles.

Much as we had heard of Scots hospitality, we yet did not conceive that it ever could have been carried to the extreme in which we found it. Our first intent, was merely to stay a night with our friend; instead of which, the neighbouring gentlemen leaguering themselves together, agreeably detained us a considerable number of days. No sooner had we visited one, than another threw in his claim; and thus, loading us with a profusion of unmerited, though most gratifying kindness, they baffled our firmest resolves, and compelled us to enjoy as much satisfaction, as enlightened, well-bred, liberal society could afford: and to finish all, some of the principal gentlemen insisted on accompanying us through the Highlands, and actually did so.

The first place we visited was the castle of Glamis, distant from Dundee about eight miles. The appearance of this old mansion is much more singular and venerable than it is magnificent; it is built in a hollow, with a multitude of turrets starting from its nodding top. It was the favourite residence of Macbeth, who assassinated Duncan about the middle of the eleventh century. This place and this deed are immortalized in the page of Shakespeare.

From the extirpation of the Picts, till the death of Macbeth, Angusshire seems to have been the principal residence of the Scottish kings. The church of Glamis stands near the house; and in the church-yard are two stone monuments set up in memory of King Malcolm, who was assassinated there.

From Glamis, passing by the spot where the Picts made their last stand, a peninsula in the bay, and by the celebrated hill of Birnam; on which

which, by the way, there is not a single stick now growing; we proceeded to Dunkeld, a handsome town in the Highlands, where the Duke of Athol has a pleasant winter residence. The situation of this place, surrounded by hills, many of them covered to the summit with wild, luxuriant oak, and a variety of other trees, and washed by branches of the Tay and Braun, is highly picturesque; especially at the spot called the Hermitage, where the Braun, rushing down a precipice, foams through a glen, confined by a wood of the most exquisite foliage, and at length falls into the Tay. From Dunkeld, about two miles, stands the Rumbling Bridge, as it is called. This is a romantic fall of water, which by its velocity has formed an arch in the centre of a rock through which it now passes, and over which, in former days, the Highlanders, at the hazard of their lives, were obliged to find their way. At present there is a bridge erected immediately above it, the perpendicular height of which, together with the noise of the fall, the impetuosity of the torrent, the roaring of the Braun for a considerable distance over a series of cataracts, and the wildness of the hills around, form altogether such an assemblage of striking objects as are rarely to be paralleled.

Leaving Dunkeld, which was formerly an episcopal see, as the remains of its cathedral testify, we proceeded to Taymouth, a delightful seat of Lord Braedalbane, in the valley of that name: on either side bounded by hills covered with wood, and in front by Loch-Tay, which extends itself for the distance of sixteen miles. The pains which have already been taken with this place, pregnant as it is with natural advantage

tages, are evident; and in time, it will probably be one of the finest places in the kingdom. The beauties of the loch, the river Tay running out of it, and winding through his lordship's pleasure-grounds, the romantic girting of the woods, and the roaring of a cataract from the summit of one of the highest hills, are beauties so surpassing most things to be met with, that Taymouth must inevitably stand high in the estimation of all true lovers of the sublime.

About one mile from Taymouth lies the Hermitage; a deep dell on the southern side of the loch, down which a huge stream rolls from a prodigious height in awful majesty, bursting over heaps of misshapen rocks, and sprinkling the forest trees, which profusely sprout around it.

I have already mentioned the attention we experienced on entering Scotland; here we had a fresh instance of it from a quarter we did not expect. Hearing of some gentlemen being arrived at Taymouth, Lord Braedalbane sent his compliments by his park-keeper, with a present of some game, which he had sent him out on purpose to procure. This politeness we acknowledged as it deserved: the next day, however, a fresh supply of venison, moor-game, and fruit, made its appearance; and shortly after, a gentleman of consideration in the country, and intimately acquainted with his lordship, paid us a visit, and went round the improvements as our conductor. This being over, we dined together, and on taking our leave in the evening, received an abundance of civility from our new acquaintance; an unaffected apology for not being able to accompany us on the road, and to entertain us at his own house, which was distant about sixteen

sixteen miles; with a request, that in case of not being well accommodated at the inn nearest to his house, we should pass over to his seat, and take possession of it for any length of time we should think proper. The inns, however, we found tolerably good; so that we were not compelled to trespass on his friendly intentions towards us.

But disinterestedness is not exclusively confined to the better sort; the poor even share it in this country, and, according to their humble means, are as anxious to shew their hospitality and friendship, as those of the amplest extent of fortune. Many Highlanders would be offended at the offer of a reward; accept of their services, appear satisfied, and they are ufuriouſly repaid for every thing they can do for you; nay, what is more surprising, this extends itself to many of the lowest servants; one of whom, from Lord Braedalbane, having been pressed to accept of some acknowledgment for the trouble he had been at to oblige us, flew out of the house with all imaginable trepidation, resolutely declining the offer, and seemingly hurt that he should be supposed capable of accepting a pecuniary gratification*.

From Taymouth we continued along the northern side of the loch, in our way passing by innumerable falls and cataracts which constantly feed it, and thence, crossing a river, arrived at Killin, at the western extremity of the lake. It being late in the evening when we left Taymouth, the night had far encroached upon us

* Well might Mr. Sullivan express his surprise at this instance of disinterestedness in a nobleman's servant: it would almost be a phenomenon in one part of the island.

when we had got half way ; the moon, however, shone with unusual resplendency ; the lake was transparent as a mirror ; all wore, in short, the appearance of harmony and peace. In this manner, surrounded by the most charming and heart-felt objects of the creation, and serenely riding along, a voice suddenly aroused us, chanting a love-lorn song to the bright mistress of the night. I was agreeably surprised to find it proceed from a young damsel of about seventeen, with two little boys reclining themselves on the grass beside her, and a few harmless kine, charmed as it were, with music, listening with earnestness behind. The sight was bewitching : innocence taught her not to be afraid ; she continued her song, and seemed to be inspired the more she saw that we were pleased with her exertions. We instantly accosted her in terms of kindness and affection ; she answered in the same tone. She asked us to drink a little milk, which we cheerfully accepted, and then, to oblige us, resumed her song. This being finished, she rose, and took her leave, while our best wishes accompanied her as she retired. She shrunk from the offer of a reward for her civility, and we had only silently to withdraw from the spot where we had been enchanted with her voice.

Quitting Killin the next morning, we crossed a river which empties itself into the loch, and passing by the ancient and venerable burying-place of the Macnabs, and through a wild and mountainous country, came to Taindrum, where we halted, and thence to Daulmally, in the shire of Glenorchy. Our visit here was chiefly intended to Mr. M——, the minister of the

place; a gentleman of erudition, and one from whom we were given to understand we should receive convincing proofs of the authenticity of the celebrated poems of Ossian. With respect to the antiquity of those wonderful flights of genius, we had no reason whatsoever to hesitate in our belief. Mr. Macpherson, the translator, and one whom we are proud to list among our friends, had frequently told us they were indisputably the works of that bard; that for himself, he had no other merit than in the translation, and here and there in keeping up the unity of the piece. From Mr. M—— we had a corroborating testimony; his language was, "I believe most sincerely those poems to be genuine; many of them, from an acquaintance with the subject, I am convinced to be so; nor have I the least doubt with respect to the others." Neither did he confine himself to a mere *ipse dixit*, but in brief gave us an account of the manner in which he knew Mr. Macpherson had procured a knowledge of some of the most celebrated passages. Thus satisfied by this reverend personage, we took our leave*, first having received from him an elegant version of an ancient Erse poem, the labour of himself, or of a friend.

Before we left Daulmally, we paid our respects to the church-yard, in order to see some curious sculptured stones, brought from the island of Icolmkill, or Iona, "The sacred storehouse and guardian of the royal bones of Scotland," as Shakespeare calls it; and the place where, when

* After all, the authenticity of Ossian's poems are disputed. See note on Dr. Johnson's Tour in the former volume.

christianity was first introduced into Britain, its preachers are said to have retired, and instructed their pupils, whom they afterwards scattered abroad as missionaries through Scotland and Ireland. But the whole was mystery to us. Rudely engraved, the characters in general hieroglyphical; some indeed Celtic, but too much defaced for even adepts in that language to understand. But a little pebble, brought from the same place, and given to me by the minister, is a gift of inestimable value: this stone, in every respect similar to a cat's eye, is, in the opinion of the Highlanders, of wonderful efficacy, not only in this, but in the life to come.

Guarded then in this manner, though not so invulnerably as the Grecian hero, off we set for Loch-Awe, along whose beautiful banks we took our delighted way; but soon turning to the left, we struck off for Inverary; in our route ridiculously experiencing an instance of that curiosity for which the Highlanders are as much celebrated, as for their kindness and civility.

A poor fellow driving along his cart upon a steep bank, and having a newspaper in his hand, probably very old, as it was very torn, never once adverting to us, who were passing by, nor to the situation he was in himself, greedily kept poring over the paper, until cart and all, gradually declining, at length tumbled to the bottom. Neither could this accident divert him from his purpose; for no sooner was it replaced, than he resumed his attention to the paper with as much ardor, as if his very existence had depended on its contents.

Inverary, the next place we came to, is situated on Loch-Fine, or rather on an arm of the sea, within sixty miles of the Western Ocean, and is the county town of that name. Adjoining to it stands the park and castle of the Duke of Argyle: the former extensive, well stocked with deer, and surrounded for thirty miles by a wall; and the latter, though very large, both heavy and inelegant. Altogether, however, it must be confessed, the situation is grand and magnificent. Heretofore the loch was remarkable for the great quantity of herrings, which were annually caught in it, sometimes not less than eight hundred boats being reckoned at a time on that service. But now the fisherman's "occupation is gone": the herrings have all deserted it.

Deluged with rain almost the whole year round, his grace of Argyle, as we were told, is obliged to strew some of his meadows with tarpaulins to dry his hay; and in harvest time to range his sheaves of corn upon pegs, in granaries erected on purpose, and there to let them ripen with air, instead of sunshine*.

From Inverary, passing through a country as wild as ever nature formed; rocks piled on rocks, and mountains nodding to a fall, and yet scattered to their tops with sheep, we at length came to Tarbet, situated on the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond.

Loch Lomond, the largest in Scotland, being thirty miles in length and nine at its greatest

* The difference between the western and the eastern coast of Scotland, in respect to the weather, is very remarkable. On the latter a long continuance of dry, serene weather is very common; in the former, it is rarely fine for a week together.

breadth, and consequently in Great Britain, is beautiful beyond description. From Tarbet, proceeding along its banks, nothing can be more charming and picturesque. This very celebrated and extensive lake contains seventeen thousand eight hundred acres of fresh water; its depth being from twenty and forty fathoms, to one hundred and twenty fathoms. The south end is twenty-two feet above the level of the sea, and is five miles distant from the river Clyde, into which the large river Leven, which issues from the lake, discharges itself. The islands here and there interspersed, are exceedingly beautiful and magnificent; they are in number about thirty, and produce a vast variety of trees and shrubs, with different kinds of grain. Many animals and birds are likewise found here, and in the lake are surprising quantities of fish of different kinds, salmon in particular.

At the north-east extremity of the loch, and nearly at the foot of Ben Lomond, which, by the bye, is one of the highest mountains in the Highlands, stands Rob Roy's Prison; so called from a rock at the bottom of a tremendous hill, on which the Macgreggors in former times used to drop those of their clan, who were guilty of capital offences, and where the culprits either perished from want of food, or from the lake, in which, from despair, they plunged themselves. And at the south-east end of it is the spot where the Macgreggors and Colquhuns fought; in which the latter were almost totally destroyed. During this dreadful conflict, thirty-six young men of the college of Dumbarton, and of the best families of Scotland; planted themselves on the hill as spectators: apprehensive for
their

their safety, the Macgreggors, or rather their chief, went to the young students, and, lest they should suffer from their curiosity, lodged them in a barn, under the care of a person of his own clan, with orders, it is said, to treat them with the utmost tenderness and care; but this wretch, however instigated, or for whatever purpose, inhumanly butchered the whole party. To wipe off this bloody stain from the clan, the miscreant was punished by the Macgreggors themselves with death. But this was not sufficient: the circumstance appeared so black, that they were to a man proscribed, their estates confiscated, and the name blotted from the records of the kingdom. They have since, however, been restored to their name by act of parliament, and released from any farther persecution by legislative authority.

Scattered on either side of this beautiful lake, are several seats belonging to noblemen and gentlemen of the country, especially one, the property of the Duke of Montrose, not far distant from the Grampian Hills; and on the islands likewise, so exquisitely clad in the sweetest charms of nature, are still the ivy-mantled remains of former superstition. About midway, on the margin, stands a neat and pretty village; here we embarked in a boat, rowed to the southernmost end of the loch, where we landed, and proceeded towards Dumbarton, passing by a monumental pillar, inscribed to the memory of Smollet, on the banks of the Leven, whose beauty he celebrates in the following lines:—

“ On Leven’s banks, while free to owe,
And tune the rural pipe to love,

I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.
 Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I went to lave;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source,
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
 While lightly pois'd the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood:
 The springing trout in speckled pride,
 The salmon, monarch of the tide,
 The ruthless pike, intent on war,
 The silver eel, and mottled par,
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
 And edges flower'd with eglantine.
 Still on thy banks; so gaily green,
 May numerous flocks and herds be seen,
 And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale;
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,
 And industry imbrown'd with toil,
 And hearts resolv'd and hands prepar'd,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard."

Nothing is remarkable at Dumbarton, except the castle, situated on the Clyde, upon a lofty and singular heap of rocks, and affording an extensive and variegated prospect. From Dumbarton, where the remains of the Roman wall are still visible, and near which the Grampian Hills begin, we continued our route to the city of Glasgow. This town, however it may be classed with respect to Edinburgh, the metropolis, is certainly superior to it: the situation is better, the houses are more elegantly built, and the streets are as broad and as clean as almost any in Great Britain. The university, too, is a fairer looking building than that of Edinburgh;

nor has it been less famous for the great men whom it has produced.

A few miles from Glasgow stands the celebrated ironfoundery, called Carron. This place appears wonderful to a stranger. How far the powers of mechanism can go in the great style, is here tremendously displayed: hell itself seems open to one's view; nor do the bellows afford a less horrid noise than the yelling of all the infernal deities put together.

Hence we proceeded to Edinburgh, where we rested ourselves, and reflected with no small degree of gratitude and satisfaction on the pleasures we had received during our Highland tour.

Bidding adieu to our fellow travellers through the Highlands, in October we left Edinburgh, and proceeded through Kelso, a neat and pretty town, situated on the Tweed; and thence, through a country generally rich in corn, to the ancient city of Carlisle. The castle of Carlisle is old and ruinous: it was taken by the rebels in 1745, but was afterwards retaken by the Duke of Cumberland. The cathedral is spacious, but inelegant, and built of a red freestone, which gives it an indifferent appearance*.

From Carlisle we proceeded to Penrith, the eminence above which affords one of the richest prospects in the kingdom. The church of Penrith is a handsome new building, well galleried, and ornamented in the modern style. In the church-yard is a curious monument, apparently of antiquity, concerning whose original design

* For a more particular description of Carlisle, see Mr. Pennant's Tour.

the learned are much divided, though it is generally considered as a sepulchral memorial.

Just without the town stands the castle: doubts have arisen about this likewise. It is certainly very old; what farther it has in its favour, I will not pretend to say.

About half a mile from Penrith stands Arthur's Round Table. This is said to be of great antiquity; but there is no tradition when, by whom, or for what purpose it was made*.

About half a mile distant from this stands Maybrough: a place evidently of druidical worship. It is situated on the flat surface of an inconsiderable hill; having one large stone immediately in the centre, eleven feet high, and, near its middle, twenty-two feet in circumference. Around this plain an uncemented wall is continued in an exact circle.

Leaving this place we proceeded to Lowther Hall, a seat belonging to the baronet of that name. The grounds are unimproved; the house is indifferent, and the roads in so bad a condition, that a carriage stands a good chance of being shattered at every foot it is moved †. The manufactory, however, of carpeting at this place, patronized immediately by Sir James himself, and founded for the relief of between twenty and thirty orphans, whom he constantly maintains, is worthy of attention, and does honour to his humanity. The style of this work is in imitation of the Gobelin tapestry.

Quitting Lowther Hall, we returned to Pen-

* See Pennant, &c.

† What a revolution has twenty years made in the state of the roads! There are few places in England now where a carriage may not pass without difficulty.

rith, and thence proceeding along the beautiful windings of the Emont, and passing by the hill Dunmorlet, covered to its very summit with oak and evergreens, we at length arrived at Uls Water. This lake, surrounded entirely by wild hills, saving the margins, which are well cultivated, and in many places planted with wood, is nine miles long, and about one mile over at its greatest width. The different views which its serpentine curvatures afford, are highly picturesque, especially towards its extremity. About the centre of the lake, a small piece of land juts wildly out, on which Mr. Robinson has erected a house, whence he has a delightful and most romantic prospect.

From Uls Water we proceeded towards Keswick, standing in a beautiful vale on the confines of the Lake of Derwentwater.

This lake has long been esteemed the most beautiful of any in England, and for its size it is probably deserving the eulogium. To labour at its description is, however, needless. Many pens have already been employed on that subject: mine, therefore, shall confine itself to a poetical transcript, which, making allowances for the exuberance of fancy, will exhibit a just and not exaggerated picture.

“ To Nature’s pride,
Sweet Keswick’s vale, the muse will guide;
The muse who trod th’ enchanted ground,
Who sail’d the wond’rous lake around;
With you will haste once more to hail
The beauteous brook of Borrowdale.
From savage parent, gentle stream,
Be thou the muse’s favourite theme;
O soft, insinuating, glide
Silent along the meadow’s side;

Smooth o'er the sandy bottom pass,
 Resplendent all through fluid glass,
 Unless upon thy yielding breast,
 Their heads the painted lilies rest,
 To where, in deep, capacious bed,
 The widely liquid lake is spread.
 Let other streams rejoice to roar
 Down the rough rocks of dread Lodore;
 Rush, raving on with boist'rous sweep,
 And foaming rend the frightened deep.
 Thy gentle genius shrinks away,
 From such a rude, unequal fray;
 Thro' thy own native dale, where rise
 Tremendous rocks amid the skies,
 Thy waves with patience slowly wind,
 Till they the smoothest channel find:
 Soften the horrors of the scene;
 And, through confusion, flow serene;
 Horrors like these at first alarm,
 But soon with savage grandeur charm,
 And raise to noblest thoughts your mind;
 Thus by thy fall, Lodore, reclin'd
 The cragged cliff, impending wood,
 Where shadows mix o'er half the flood,
 The gloomy clouds with solemn sail,
 Scarce lifted by the languid gale
 O'er the capp'd hill and darken'd vale;
 The rav'ning kite and bird of Jove,
 Which round the aëreal ocean move,
 And, floating on the billowy sky,
 With full, expanded pinions fly,
 There flutt'ring on their bleating prey,
 Thence with death-dooming eye survey
 Channels by rocky torrents torn,
 Rocks to the lake in thunder borne:
 Or such as o'er our heads appear,
 Suspended in the mid career,
 To start again at his command,
 Who rules fire, water, air, and land;
 I view with wonder and delight,
 A pleasing, though an awful sight,
 For seen with them, the verdant isles
 Soften with more delicious smiles;

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More tempting *twine* their opening bowers,
 More lively flow the purple flowers,
 More smoothly slopes the border gay,
 In fairer circle bends the bay,
 And last, to fix our wand'ring eyes,
 Thy roofs, oh Keswick! brighter rise,
 The lake and lofty hills between,
 Where giant Skiddaw shuts the scene." DALTON.

The length of the lake is not quite four miles; its circumference about ten: altogether it affords a profusion of wild and romantic scenery. Mr. Pennant says, Loch Lomond in Scotland, and Loch Lene, or Killarney, in Ireland, are powerful rivals to the lake in question; and that were a native of either of these kingdoms to demand his opinion of their respective beauties, he would answer as Melvil did Queen Elizabeth, "that she was the fairest person in England, and his mistress the fairest in Scotland." This is a compliment, however, I cannot subscribe to, neither will I to Mr. Cumberland's decision, that Uls Water is superior to them all. Probably the weather was unfavourable, when these gentlemen visited the places which they condemn: men are apt to be led away by first impressions. A considerable distance of time, likewise, between the sight of two places, gives the last which is seen a great advantage over the first. Within a few days I saw both the Uls, Derwentwater, and Loch Lomond, and that too on the clearest days and with the finest weather; and thus qualified, I cannot refrain from pronouncing, that Loch Lomond is in every respect superior to them both. Nay, farther, that Loch Tay, Loch Awe, and even Loch Leven, in Scotland, have advantages which neither the Uls nor Derwentwater possess.

Within a few miles of Keswick, at a place called Borrowdale, a vein has been discovered of black lead, or what is, in that country, called wadd. The shaft is now covered with water, so that we could not see it; we, however, obtained a piece of the mineral.

The road from Keswick to Ambleside is the most enchanting and picturesque that can be conceived; woods, lawns, and fields, environed by hills, mark it in all its progress. The Lake of Thurlmere first presents itself, and then the Lake of Grasmere, the valley of which is thus described by Mr. Gray: "The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin, discover, in the midst, Grasmere Water; its margin is hollowed into small bays with eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with a parish church rising in the midst of it, hanging inclosures, corn-fields, and meadows, green as emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water; and just opposite to you is a large farm-house, at the bottom of a steep, smooth lawn, embosomed in old wood, which climb half way up the mountain's sides, and discover above a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, nor glaring gentleman's house, or garden-wall, break in upon the repose of this little, unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest and most becoming attire."

Leaving this, we proceeded, by Rydall Water, to the Lake of Windermere. This is an exten-

five piece of water, interspersed with islands, the lands on either side well cultivated, and the whole exhibiting a choice assemblage of the richest and most variegated beauties.

At this place we took our leave of the lakes, and, continuing our journey over the Moors, came to Kendal. This is the largest town in Westmorland, and consists of good streets excellently paved: it is distant two hundred and fifty-six miles from London. The ruins of a castle on the farther side of the river are scarcely worth seeing. From Kendal we proceeded to Burton, on the borders of Lancashire, and from Burton to Lancaster, the chief city of that county.

Lancaster is a large and populous town, well built, clean, and abounding in good houses. The castle is remarkable; it is very ancient, but still in high preservation, and its situation commanding.

Leaving Lancaster, we proceeded to Preston, a considerable and well-inhabited town, and thence to Liverpool. This town, next to London, has the greatest appearance of wealth and industry of any in the kingdom; every street is crowded with people, the docks and river are filled with shipping, the quays are piled with goods, and the merchants and traders carry the ostensible marks of riches in their looks.

From Liverpool we proceeded, through Prescot and Warrington, to Northwich, a considerable town in Cheshire. In the neighbourhood of Northwich, salt has been made from springs for many years; it was not, however, until lately that the pits of rock salt were discovered, and that they were worked to advantage. We descended into one of these pits, in a bucket, about

two hundred feet. When we reached the bottom, we were astonished. In former excursions, room had scarcely been allotted to us for other purposes than merely to crawl upon our knees as brutes; here another scene exhibited itself. Conceive an extensive area of solid rock, level as if it had been worked by the nicest hand of masonry; the roof in the same manner rising to a dome, with a cupola in the centre, and the whole supported by the most regular colonnades, five and forty feet in height, eighteen feet in thickness, and distant from each other about four and twenty feet; this, too, all of rock salt, and glittering with transparency. Of all the subterranean curiosities in this island, this is probably the best worth seeing. The quantity of rock beneath, the miners are not able to ascertain; dangers irremediable would attend the trial. It was once made, but with a melancholy consequence: water gushed in, and with such irresistible impetuosity, that it filled the cavern, and destroyed every creature who was in it.

From Northwich we again turned towards the North, passing through Althlington, and thence to Worley, where we had the satisfaction of embarking on the Duke of Bridgewater's canal. Extensive as this cut undoubtedly is, it is still rendered more worthy of admiration from its being effected by the exertions of a single individual, and that, too, at an age (his grace being no more than one and twenty when he began it) when gaiety and dissipation, in general, supersede every other consideration. The windings of this artificial river, in its subterranean navigation, are about eight measured miles; many parts through the simple excavations in the rocks,

others arched with masonry and brick-work. The coal-pits, to which these lead, are at present worked to much advantage. Upon the whole, it is a wonderful and stupendous work, deserving much praise, and highly meriting applause and imitation.

From Worsley we proceeded to Manchester. This town stands near the conflux of the rivers Irk and Irwell, three miles from the Mersey, and one hundred and eighty-two miles from London. The buildings, manufactures, and trade of this place surpass all others in the county. The fustian manufactory, called Manchester cotton, for which it has been famous for upwards of one hundred and fifty years, has likewise been much improved by several inventions of dyeing and printing.

From Manchester we continued our progress, through Rochdale and Halifax, to Bradford, and thence to Leeds. This is an ancient and populous town, situated on the banks of the river Aire, and has long been famous for its woollen manufacture; the selling of which on a market-day, in the cloth-hall, is curious.

Within two or three miles of Leeds stand the venerable ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, built by Henry de Lacy, anno 1147, and dedicated to the Virgin. By the ruins it appears to have been a stately fabric, and, excepting Fountaine's Abbey, is, I think, inferior to none we had hitherto met with.

“ Time's gradual touch
 Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
 Which when it frown'd with all its battlements,
 Was only terrible; and many a fane
 Monastic, which, when deck'd with all its spires,

Serv'd but to feed some pamper'd abbot's pride,
And awe the unletter'd vulgar."

MASON.

Leaving Leeds, we proceeded, through Wakefield and Barnsley, to Wentworth Castle, a most charmingly-situated place, belonging to the Earl of Strafford, and thence to Wentworth House, the usual residence of the Marquis of Rockingham, which though large, and of a fair appearance, has nothing above the common style to recommend it to consideration. . Some of the pictures in it are excellent.

Hence we proceeded, through Rotherham and Worksof, to Worksof Manor, a prodigious pile of unfinished building, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, and thence to Welbeck, a seat of the Duke of Portland. Here we found an appearance of every thing that was comfortable; the house itself not large, but convenient, furnished with modesty, and much more for utility than ornament. Several of the pictures are finished in an exquisite manner, and in high preservation.

From Welbeck we continued our journey to Mansfield, once remarkable for an ancient custom of the manor, by which the heirs were declared of age the day on which they were born; thence to Lord Byron's, in Sherwood Forest, and then to Nottingham. This town stands on the Lind, near its influx into the Trent, one hundred and twenty-four miles from London. The castle, supposed to have been built by William the Conqueror, is a ruinous, old building, erected on a vast acclivity. In divers parts in and about the town are large, commodious apartments cut in the solid rock, many of which afford the best

kind of ale cellaring, for which Nottingham is famous.

From Nottingham, continuing our journey, we proceeded to Loughborough and Leicester, situated on the Roman military way, called the Fosse, and thence, through a fine pasture country, to Harborough, Oulden, Newport, and Wooburn. At this last place the Duke of Bedford has an extensive park, with a large, commodious house; nothing, however, singularly grand or magnificent*; and from hence, without any farther remark, we made the best of our way to London, highly gratified with what we had seen in our long tour, and pleased at the comparisons of the present with the former state of Britain; a comparison as delightful to the patriot, as instructive to the philosopher.

* Wooburn has received some splendid improvements since the period of Mr. Sullivan's tour.

TOUR
IN IRELAND,

Made between the Years 1776 and 1779.

BY

ARTHUR YOUNG, Esq. F. R. S.

THE beneficial labours of Mr. Young, in the service of agriculture and his country, will long be preserved in the memory of a grateful posterity, and entitle him to the highest distinction from his contemporaries.

His tour in Ireland embraces a wide field of remark on the civil and agricultural state of that island, and therefore only to a very limited degree falls within our plan; yet we should feel ourselves wanting in attention to the public, did we not enrich our collection with a summary of the scenes that fell under the review of such an intelligent author, particularly as travels in the sister island are neither numerous nor satisfactory.

On June 19, 1776, Mr. Young arrived at Holyhead, on his first visit to Ireland, and, after a tedious passage of twenty-two hours, arrived next day at Dunlary, about four miles from Dublin, which city far exceeded his expectations, in its grandeur, regularity, and accommodations. The

front of the parliament-house is grand, and the apartments are spacious and elegant. "I was so fortunate as to arrive just in time," says he, "to see Lord Harcourt, with the usual ceremonies, prorogue the parliament."

Trinity College is a beautiful building, with a large society. The new Exchange will do honour to Ireland. Other public and private buildings shew a thriving capital, the population of which is computed at two hundred thousand souls.

Next day after his arrival, our author was introduced to the lord lieutenant, with whom he had some conversation on the subject of his intended tour. After this interview, he saw the Duke of Leinster's house, the barracks, which are of vast extent, and closed the day at the Rotunda, a building in imitation of Ranelagh, with a band of music.

Having viewed Lord Charlemont's house in Dublin, which is equally elegant and convenient, and decorated with some fine paintings, he set out for his lordship's villa at Marino, near the city, one of the finest spots for picturesque effect that can possibly be conceived.

Fish and poultry," says Mr. Young, "are plentiful and cheap in Dublin. Good lodgings are almost as dear as in London, nor are they equal in cleanliness. During the winter session of a parliament, there is a good society in Dublin; and a great round of dinners, balls, and suppers, some of which are very elegant. But, amidst all this splendor of the great, the common people present a most wretched and painful contrast, both in their dress, lodgings, and style of living."

Leaving Dublin, Mr. Young passed through Phoenix Park, at the bottom of which the Liffy forms a number of charming landscapes, and pursued his way to Luttrell's Town, a most beautiful domain, enriched with woods, and washed by the Liffy.

The following day they visited Mr. Clements, at Killadoon, who has lately built an excellent house, and successfully planted round it. Next morning breakfasted with Colonel Marlay, at Cellbridge, a gentleman who, having served with honour in the wars, had devoted his time, since 1763, to the improvement of his estate, which appeared to be in a high state of cultivation. The farms here are generally about one hundred acres; and the medium rent of the county is from 20l. to 100l. a year.

Proceeded through Lauglinstown, the former farm of Mr. Baker, to whom the Dublin Society, with a liberality that did them honour, made an allowance of 300l. per annum, to enable him to make experiments; yet it appears he had not sufficient capital to carry his own ideas into execution, or to answer the expectations of his patrons.

Viewed Lucan, the seat of Agmondisham Vesey, esq. on the banks of the Liffy, the grounds of which are exceedingly beautiful. The character of the place is that of a sequestered shade; for distant views are wholly excluded. Leaving Lucan, they visited Leixlip, celebrated for its salmon leap, and then St. Wolfstan's, a beautiful villa, environed by cheerful grounds.

From thence they proceeded to Castletown, where Mr. Conolly has the finest seat of any in Ireland. It is a large, handsome edifice, raised in

the middle of an extensive lawn, environed with plantations, most delightfully disposed, and commanding some charming views.

Cartown, at no great distance, is a seat of the Duke of Leinster, and the park is singularly beautiful, and extremely varied. His grace has nearly sixty thousand acres of land, all his own property, lying round his residence; and "Ireland," says Mr. Young, "is obliged to him for spending the revenue on the spot that produces it. At a small distance from the park is the new town of Manooth, built by the duke on a regular, uniform plan.

Reached Kilcock, and next morning waited on Mr. Jones, of Dollestown, from whom our tourist obtained much useful agricultural information. Potatoes are very generally cultivated here. Poultry abounds both in the cabins and farm-yards.

From thence they took the road to Summerhill, through a cheerful and rich country. The cabins in this track are well built of clay, and comfortably warm; nor are many of the cottars without one cow at least.

In the evening of the same day, visited Lord Mornington's at Dangan. The plantations here are extensive; and a fine sheet of water is forming, with five or six islands in it, so as to resemble a natural lake.

June 29, proceeded to Slane, the country uniformly pleasant, particularly that part of it which lies on the banks of the Boyne. Here our tourist had the pleasure of finding the Right Hon. Mr. Burton, a gentleman who had zealously interested himself in the objects of his design.

Slane Castle, on the Boyne, is a very beautiful place. The grounds are bold and variegated, rising round the mansion in noble hills or beautiful inequalities of surface, with an outline of flourishing plantations. Under the castle flows the Boyne, broken by islands, with a very fine shore of rock on one side, and wood on the other.

Next day they took a ride to view the circumjacent country, passing through several well-cultivated farms, and returned to the castle to dinner.

Monknewton, about half way between Drogheda and Slane, formerly belonged to the rich abbey of Melifont, whose beautiful Gothic ruins still attract the eye of taste, but is now chiefly the property of John Baker Holroyd, esq.* of Sheffield Place in Sussex, to whom Mr. Young confesses himself under many obligations, and who deserves great praise for meliorating the situation of his tenants, in letting his lands to the immediate occupiers, by which means the middleman, or under-letter, is abolished. It is impossible, within our limits, to do full justice to a man who combines great knowledge with great attention to whatever can contribute to the welfare of his tenantry. It seems, land lets near Drogheda at two or three guineas an acre.

July 1, leaving Slane Castle, took the road towards Kells, calling at Gibbstown to see the stock and farm of Mr. Gerard. Reached Lord Bective's in the evening, through a charming country, and was no less delighted with the mansion and its accompaniments. The house is

* Now Lord Sheffield.

a large, plain, stone edifice, the body of which is one hundred and forty-five feet long, and each of the wings one hundred and eighty. Some of the apartments are spacious. The plantations are numerous and extremely thriving. "This nobleman," says Mr. Young, "confirmed what I had heard before, that the way to make our firs equal to foreign, is to cut them in June, and lay them three or four months in the water." The general rent of this neighbourhood is about 20s. an acre. The cottars plant great quantities of potatoes, which produce abundantly.

Proceeded to Drueftown, the seat of Barry Barry, esq. and from thence to Pakenham Hall, where Lord Longford gave them a kind reception. This seat is pleasantly situated, with much old timber growing round it.

"In conversation with Lord Longford," says Mr. Young, "I found that in some respects the lower classes were in good circumstances, in others, indifferent." They have in general plenty of potatoes, flax for their linen, and most of them a cow, some two. All have a pig and numbers of poultry, which, together with the family, inhabit the same cabin. Fuel is abundant, and fish cost no more than the trouble of catching; yet, to reverse the picture, they are ill clothed, make a wretched appearance, and are much oppressed by the great renters of land. In consequence, they are ready to take very unfair advantages, and to purloin whatever they can lay their hands on.

A few miles from Lord Longford's, the road leads up a mountain, and commands a beautiful view of Loch Derrevaragh, a noble expanse, eight miles long, and in some places two

miles broad. Afterwards they passed under the principal mountain, which rises abruptly from the lake, with a bold outline, while the water fills the whole extent of the vale.

When they reached Mullingar, it was a fair for cattle and wool. This town has few attractions. On leaving it, they took the road to Tullamore, and, in the way, stopt at the Earl of Belvidere's, a most striking situation. The house is perched on the crown of a beautiful, little hill, half surrounded with others, variegated and melting into each other. Altogether it is a singular place, and the eye from hence is charmed with a fine lawn of undulating ground, fringed with wood, and dotted with single trees and clumps; while, to fill up the canvass, Lake Ennel, many miles in length and two or three miles broad, winds beneath the windows. This expanse of water is spotted with islets, and a promontory of rock, fringed with trees, shoots into it, beyond which rise distant hills.

Part of the bog of Allen lies in the way to Tullamore. This track, if drained, would make excellent meadow. The road over it is formed by cutting a drain on each side, and covering it with gravel. Tullamore is tolerably built, but contains nothing remarkable. Passing through it, they proceeded to Captain Johnston's, at Charleville, from whom a considerable share of information, relative to the rural economy of the district, was obtained. Cottages, with half an acre of land, let for 20s.; with two acres, for 40s. The prevailing religion is popery. Much bog has been reclaimed by draining; and, to encourage this, the Dublin Society has been liberal in its premiums.

On the 6th of July, went to Rathan, where the Earl of Shelburne had placed a Norfolk bailiff for the management of a farm, a design that does honour to the nobleman who formed it. "I found him," observes Mr. Young, "just what I could wish; neither disgusted with the country nor the people, but on the contrary, pleased and animated with the prospect of improvement before him. He was going on perfectly well in draining, and Lord Shelburne has a fine field to work upon, having not less than four thousand acres of bog in this vicinity."

From Rathan proceeded to Glebe, and from thence to Shaen Castle, near Mount Mellick, passing near large tracks of mountain, waste, and bog. About Shaen Castle, farms of forty or fifty acres are very common, and scarcely any rise to more than four hundred. Flax and potatoes are usually raised by the poor for their own use. The land lets, on a medium, at about 13s. per acre; but the grain is not very good. Dairying and feeding sheep are most productive. Some capital improvements in drainage have been effected here.

Leaving Shaen Castle, took the road towards Athy, and breakfasted at General Walsh's. It appears, this gentleman is a considerable farmer, and a greater improver.

Much good wheat and bear grow in the way to Athy. Passing that town, followed the course of the river Barrow for some time, which, winding through a beautiful valley, dispenses verdure and fertility as it flows.

Visited Mr. Vicars, at Ballynakill, a considerable grazier, who farms near two thousand acres. Cabins let here for 20s. each, and the pasturage

of

of a cow only 30s. more. The average rent of the county of Carlow is about 15s. an acre.

Passed on to Brownhill, the seat of Mr. Brown, a good convenient house, in an open situation, commanding an extensive prospect. Tillage is much increased in this vicinity; and in the front of Mr. Brown's house is a mountain, which is cultivated far up its sides. This has been chiefly effected by cottars, who pay the high rent of 10s. an acre for what they are going to improve.

Next day, July 9, leaving Brownhill, took the road to Laughlin Bridge, calling on a Mr. Butler, at Ballybar, a very active and intelligent farmer, on a large scale. From thence they proceeded to Captain Mercer's mill, at Laughlin Bridge, one of the most considerable in Ireland. It is large and convenient, and grinds fifteen thousand barrels a year. Corn is generally kiln-dried here, so that none of the wheat has the same bright colour as in England. Very ingenious machinery is used to facilitate the labour in every operation carried on here, some of it the invention of the proprietor of the mill.

Nothing interesting presented itself till they reached Kilsaine. The country is bleak, and destitute of wood, but, in some places, produces very good wheat. Here our author visited Mr. Bulke; and, after a night's repose, took a ride with him to view the environs, where corn is produced in great abundance.

Mount Juliet, the seat of Lord Carrick, in this vicinity, is delightfully situated on a fine declivity, at the foot of which runs the Nore, and commands a view of some extensive plantations that cover the hills on the other side of the ri-

ver. The Nore is a very fine stream, and has a good accompaniment of well-grown woods. Some spots are highly picturesque.

About Kilfaine, farms generally run from one to two hundred acres. The soil is a dry, sound, gravelly loam, with many stones, much inclinable to sand. The greatest part is rented at about 20s. an acre, and finer turnip land, in our author's estimation, the world does not produce. Dairying is productive here; a good cow will yield three gallons and a half of milk a day. In hiring and stocking a farm, one year's rent is requisite; and all the leases are for twenty-one or thirty-one years. Much land is in the occupation of under-tenants, who hire of middlemen, but generally under old leases. A cabin and an acre of land let for about three guineas. The cottars commonly have a cow, pig, and poultry. In respect to their condition, they subsist principally on potatoes, and their cattle always lodge with them in the same cabin, though their children are very numerous.

There is a practice here of several little farmers taking a large farm in partnership. They must be equal in stock, and pretty nearly so in circumstances. Every field is equally divided among them, and though they mutually assist each other, they never throw the whole into one stock, and divide the profit; probably from suspicions of each other's integrity.

Leaving Kilfaine, Mr. Butke, with whose management Mr. Young expresses himself much pleased, accompanied them to Woodstock, the seat of Sir W. Fownes. The road is the most charming that can be conceived. From Thomastown, it leads, on the east side of the river,

through some beautiful copse woods. The river Nore winds at the bottom; and beyond this the country opens, and, for six or seven miles to Innisfeague, the way runs along a declivity, shelving down to the river, which takes a winding course, and presents a great variety of features. Narrow slips of meadow, of a beautiful verdure, in some places line the shore, and unite with the cultivated fields, which spread over the adjoining hills, almost to their very top.

On coming in sight of Woodstock, the scenery is striking; the road mounts the side of the hill, and commands the river at the bottom of the declivity, finely feathered with trees; while the borough of Innisfeague, in a most picturesque situation, bounded by hills, gives a finish to the landscape.

Crossing the bridge, they passed through the town, and ascended to Mount Sandford, at the top of an almost-perpendicular rock, overgrown with brush-wood. At the bottom is the river, which, at this spot fills up the vale, but winding by degrees, it presents various reaches, intermixed with little tufts of trees.

Of Woodstock, there is a very fine view from the top of one of the hills. The house stands in the centre of a sloping wood, of five hundred English acres, hanging down to the river, which flows at the bottom of a winding glen. Advancing towards Ross, the views are very fine. Descending to the ferry, is a noble scene of the Barrow, a vast river with bold winding shores, sometimes opening and sometimes shutting, in the most sublime and beautiful style. The town itself is built on the side of a hill down to the water's edge, and ships of seven hundred tons burden

may, without difficulty, navigate it. Yet, with all these advantages, trade is languid, and only a few brigs and sloops belong to the place. This vicinity was long the scene of the infamous exploits of the White Boys.

From Ross, took the road towards Wexford, and found the land, though good, much lower rented. Much of it is over-run with furze (the *ulex Europæus*). Lay at Taghmon, at an ordinary inn, where they found neither rack nor manger in the stable.

On the 12th of July, sallied from the inn in search of adventures in these noted baronies, of which they had heard so much. They were completely peopled by Strongbow; and have still retained a sort of Saxon dialect. "I had been told," says Mr. Young, "that the inhabitants were infinitely more industrious and better farmers than in any other part of Ireland; but, in the barony of Bargie, I was much surprised to see nothing more than common. In some respects, I observed the vilest husbandry, which was exhausting the land with successive crops of corn, and then suffering it to cover itself with weeds and grass by degrees." Potatoes are the food of the common people only during the winter: the rest of the year they have oatmeal. Farms in Bargie run from forty to one hundred acres.

Hearing that in the barony of Shelmal there was a part of it inhabited by Quakers, who, to use the words of an Irish farmer, "were very cunning, and the d——l an acre of bad land would they hire." Mr. Young was anxious to visit these sagacious *friends*. All the way, the cabins were generally much better than in other

parts of Ireland. Some of them had two or three rooms, with windows and chimneys, and separate styes and sheds for the pigs and cattle.

At St. Margaret's they introduced themselves to Colonel Nun, who furnished our author with much local information, respecting this distinct race of people. In general they are quiet and industrious to an uncommon degree: in many years, a robbery is not heard of among them. The little farmers live very comfortably and happy, and many of them possess property. They pursue agriculture with assiduity; and speak a broken Saxon language, with little knowledge of Irish. Their features and the cast of their countenance vary much from the aboriginal inhabitants. The women and girls are more comely, and their whole mode of living is different from that of the people by whom they are surrounded.

From St. Margaret's, they proceeded through the barony of Forth to Wexford. Men as well as women covered their heads with straw-hats, which gave them a singular appearance. Wexford has about a dozen small ships belonging to its port: a bar at the mouth of the river prevents large ones from getting in.

Crossing the harbour, they passed over much sandy land by the sea-side, covered with fern, or furze and fern mixed. Visited Lord Courtown's, who gave our author a reception highly flattering. The seat at Courtown is an agreeable one. The house is within six hundred yards of the sea, and yet it is embosomed in trees of the most luxuriant growth. The environs consist of undulating lands, which give a pleasing variety to the scene; and a river, with one margin sylvan and the other rocky, flows through the garden,

and falls into the sea at a small distance from the house.

The Earl of Courtown is a practical farmer, and adopts a very judicious mode of culture. The crops are very productive.

July 14, being Sunday, they attended divine worship at the church, and found a large congregation, which is not often the case, except in a mass house. After service took a gallop on the strand, which is a fine, firm sand for miles. The common Irish were swimming their horses in the sea, to cure the mange, and preserve them in health.

The peasants live here on oatcakes, when potatoes are not in season; and little farmers frequently indulge in meat. Fish, particularly herrings and cod, are a principal article of subsistence.

Next day leaving Courtown, took the Arklow road, passing some fine woods and a various corn country. Reached Wicklow, situated near the sea, and from Newry Bridge walked to Mr. Tye's, a neat, well-wooded farm, intersected by a river.

In the evening got to Mount Kennedy, the seat of General Cunningham, who has a domain of about ten thousand Irish acres, surrounding his house. The grounds are delightfully varied, and present a most enchanting surface. In the middle of the lawn, is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the kingdom: An immense arbutus, or strawberry tree, being blown down, one branch which parts from the body near the ground, vegetates and throws out many lateral branches of great size. The trunk is six feet and upwards in

in circumference. Killarney, the region of the arbutus, produces nothing of equal dimensions.

Next morning rode to Drum, a large track of mountains and wood, on the general's estate. A vast, rocky glen, one side bare and hideous, the other a fine mountain, covered with shrubby wood, leads to the bottom of an amphitheatre of mountains, which exhibit some majestic scenery. Every feature which enters into the the composition of the landscape is great, and united, forms a display of natural magnificence: From hence a riding is cut through a hanging wood to a cottage, from the windows of which are three distant views, each of great, though unequal, beauty. This building is extremely well placed for effect, and forms a most agreeable retreat.

The peasants in this district manufacture flannels and friezes to a considerable extent, from the wool of the country: a woman can earn three-pence a day by spinning. On the mountains many goats are kept for the milk, and numbers of the people of Dublin resort hither, to enjoy this salubrious beverage.

Much land is laid to grass round Mount Kennedy, and all done in the completest manner.

Taking leave of the general, went through the glen of Downs in the way to Powerscourt. This glen lies between two vast ridges of mountains, covered with wood, and is only wide enough for the road, and a small gurgling river that runs by its side. The scenery is most magnificent. On the top of this ridge to the right, Mr. La Touche has a banquetting room. Passing from this sublime scene, the road leads through cheerful grounds of corn, and then to a vale of charming verdure brok-

en by inclosures, and bounded by two rocky mountains. The whole ride is interesting and varied.

Powerscourt is advantageously viewed from the edge of a declivity in the road. Its situation on the side of a mountain, half way between its bare top and an irriguous vale at the bottom, is one of the most picturesque that can be imagined. In front, and spreading among woods on either side, is a lawn, whose surface is beautifully varied in gentle declivities, bending towards the river, and sprinkled with trees in the most happy style.

After breakfasting at Tinnyhinch, they drove to see the celebrated waterfal of Powerscourt. The entrance of the park, between two vast masses of mountain, covered with wood, is extremely fine. Following this vale till the ridges of the mountains close in one vast amphitheatre of wood, at the height of many hundred feet, bursts the cascade from a rock, and tumbling down the side of a very large one, forms a singularly beautiful scene. At the bottom is a piece of velvet turf, on which grows a clump of oaks, and through their branches and trunks shew the water in its fall with an effect more picturesque than can be imagined. These few trees and this small lawn give a finishing to the scene.

Went to Inniskerry, and after enjoying a most delightful view over Powerscourt from the edge of a declivity, entered the romantic Glen of Dargle, where the high lands almost lock into each other, and scarcely leave a passage for the river, which foams impetuous, as if forcing its way. The Dargle is nearly a mile long, and in its whole extent presents such a union of grand and romantic features as are scarcely to be paralleled

led in Ireland, or indeed in Britain. Every thing here unites to raise one great emotion of the sublime, or to soothe with the calmness of repose. Horrific scenes are so blended with the pensive, that the mind feels a different impression as it opens each successive view. In one place is a horrid precipice, with the deafening roar of water; in another the shade is so thick as to exclude the day, and to form a spot for melancholy to muse in.

Quitting the Dargle, soon reached Dublin, and in a very short time set out again to Lord Harcourt's, at St. Woolstan's, where our tourist met Colonel Burton, and from that gentleman received a packet of recommendations to the north of Ireland.

Taking leave of his excellency the lord lieutenant, passed through Manooth, Dunboyne, and Kilrue, and the following morning reached Baron Hamilton's, at Hampton, near Balbriggan. His house is new, and eligibly situated on a fine shore, with a full view of the Mountains of Mourn, at a considerable distance, and of the Isles of Skerry in its vicinity.

This track is called Fingal, and is inhabited by a people called Fingalians. They were originally an English colony, and speak nearly the same language as in the barony of Forth, but rather more corrupted, with an admixture of Irish words.

Visited Balbriggan, in company with Baron Hamilton, a small sea-port belonging to that gentleman, and under his particular patronage. It subsists by its fishing-boats, which he builds; and has a very fine pier, where ships of two hundred tons can lay their broadsides and unload.

This is a noble and patriotic work, which was likewise erected at the expence of the baron.

Leaving Balbriggen, proceeded to Ballygarth, the seat of Mr. Pepper, a place very agreeably wooded; and standing in a rising ground above a river. The proprietor keeps a considerable domain in his own hands, and has practised several branches of husbandry with attention and success.

On the 20th of July, entered Drogheda, a well-built, commercial town, on the Boyne. It was market-day, and many people were assembled. Proceeded to the field of battle on the Boyne. The view of the scene, from a rising ground that overlooks it, is eminently beautiful. It is a vale losing itself in front between bold declivities, crowned with thick woods. Through the vale winds the river, and forms a pretty island, with various imagery. On a rising ground, to the right of the river, stands an obelisk, recording the signal victory gained near this spot. "I seated myself," says Mr. Young, "on the opposite rock, and indulged the emotions, which, with a melancholy not unpleasing, filled my bosom, while I reflected on the consequences that had sprung from the fate of the day. Liberty was there triumphant. May the virtues of our posterity secure that prize which the bravery of their ancestors won!"

Returning part of the way, proceeded to Cullen, where Baron Forster gave Mr. Young the most flattering reception, and favoured him with much valuable local information. The baron has been a great improver, and has reclaimed five thousand acres, which appeared to have been doomed to perpetual sterility. To effect this, he

was not only liberal in his expence, but took the most sedulous care to encourage industry in others, without which money is only squandered away.

July 21, left Cullen, and passing Rossy Park, went on to Atherdee, the vicinity of which is a beautiful sheet of corn land. Proceeded to Dundalk, a town full of new buildings, with every mark of increasing wealth and prosperity.

From Dundalk took the road to Ravensdale, with an intention of calling on Mr. Fortescue, but found him absent. Here they saw many good stone and slate houses, and some bleach-fields. Mr. Fortescue's seat, on the side of a mountain, with fine hanging woods on each side, and a beautiful lawn in front, is extremely romantic and agreeable. A pretty river winds through the vale below.

Breakfasted at Newry, a well-built, flourishing town, in which, however, we are told, that only about half a century ago, there were nothing but mud cabins. Its rise has been owing to the canal communicating with Loch Neagh, by which ships of a hundred and fifty tons can come up to the town.

Take the road to Market Hill, which was equally rough and disagreeable. "It is a turnpike," says our author, "which, in Ireland, is synonymous for a vile road, the cross ones being the finest in the world. It is the effect of jobs and imposition which disgrace the kingdom."

Reached Armagh in the evening, waited on the primate, and, in company with his grace, next day visited some of his noble and spirited works, which have perfectly changed the face of the neighbourhood. The archiepiscopal palace is simply elegant. It is ninety feet long by sixty

wide, and forty feet high. The style is light and pleasing; and the offices, which are ample and convenient, are thrown back behind a plantation. Around the palace is a spacious lawn, skirted by young plantations, commanding some charming views. The landscape from the palace is enriched by the barracks, the school, and a new church at a distance, all which are so placed as to be ornamental to the whole country.

The barracks are a large and handsome edifice. The school is likewise a building of considerable extent, wholly at the primate's expence; as is the church, of white stone, with a tall spire; the more striking objects in a country where spires are rare, and churches in general are very ordinary fabrics. This benevolent metropolitan has also erected a public library, and in various respects ornamented the city. To the establishment of a public infirmary he likewise amply contributed. In short, within the short space of seven or eight years, it is said, he expended not less than 30,000*l.* a noble instance of munificence, when it is considered that he was not improving a paternal estate, but laying out his money for the public good alone.

About Armagh the farms are very small, few exceeding sixty acres, and, in general, they run from five to twenty. Rents are from five shillings to fifteen shillings an acre. Much flax is raised. The food principally potatoes and oats. Many subsist on potatoes and salt and water for three months together; but as few of the labouring poor are unconnected with manufacture, when it is flourishing, they live somewhat better. Many emigrations have taken place from this vicinity, which, however, were stopped by the
commence-

commencement of the American war. The prevailing religion is Catholic, with some Presbyterians.

Quitting Armagh, took a ride to see the country by Killilean Hill, Fellows Hall, Woodpark Lodge, Lilloony, Tinan, and Glaslough, the whole a continued picture of rural beauty. The hills wave in every outline that can be conceived, and the face of nature is altogether cheerful and inviting.

Next day returned through Armagh, and passed Sir Capel Molyneux's domain, which appeared extensive and fine. Dined at Mr. Workman's, at Mahon, and learned the state of agriculture in his neighbourhood.

In the evening reached Lurgan, and visited Mr. Brownlow. This gentleman has a well-improved domain, some parts of which command views of Loch Neagh, and of the surrounding country. A small lake belongs to the spot.

Being market-day at Lurgan, they went the following morn to see the manner in which the linens were disposed of. Cambrics are sold early and during the whole morning; but as soon as the clock strikes eleven, the drapers jump upon stone standings, and the weavers flock round them with their pieces. The draper's name and the price are written on the pieces he buys, and the seller carries them to the quarters of the purchaser, and waits his arrival. At noon the market ends, and then another hour is allowed for measuring the pieces, and paying the money. This is the mode of transacting business in all the linen markets. Three thousand pieces a week are sold here, at the average of thirty-five shil-

lings each, making 273,000*l.* per annum, and this is all manufactured in a circuit of a few miles.

Leaving Lurgan, they proceeded to Warrenstown, and the same night reached Hillsborough, passing through Dromore, a miserable nest of dirty, mud cabins. The Earl of Hillsborough has marked the approach to his town by many small plantations on the tops of the hills, through which the road leads. The inn, of his lordship's erection, is a noble one for this country. The new church, also built at his expence, has few rivals in the island. It is a very handsome, stone edifice, in the form of a cross, properly ornamented; and has a spire, which forms a fine object to the whole country. The step to the communion-table is of one stone, twenty-one feet long and two broad.

Reached Lisburn, and paid their respects to the Bishop of Down, who obligingly sent for a draper, to answer enquiries respecting the linen manufacture. Continued their route to Belfast, through a fine flax country, at intervals beautified with bleacheries on the banks of the river Laggan. Passed by Lord Dungannon's, at Bever, whose plantations appear very fine, and in the evening got to Belfast, where, being disappointed in delivering his letters of introduction, from the absence of the parties to whom they were addressed, our author determined to proceed for the present; and accordingly next morning took the road to Portaferry, by Newton, an increasing and flourishing place, belonging to Mr. Stewart, a gentleman who has paid a liberal attention to the improvement of his estate.

Reached Portaferry, the town and seat of Mr. Savage, who exerted himself to the utmost to fa-

cilitate the enquiries of our tourist. The herring-fishery is extensively carried on here. It begins the 12th of July, and finishes the end of September. This little port has a considerable trade; and the whole barony of Ards are fishermen, sailors, and farmers by turns.

The barony of Ards is, in general, a wet, strong, clay soil, with a good deal of bog. Land lets here about ten shillings an acre, and the medium size of farms is about forty. The wife and daughters spin the flax; the husband and sons weave it; for most of the inhabitants are engaged in this extensive manufacture. Along the coast much sea-weed is collected and burned for kelp. The surrounding country, particularly that on the confines of Strangford Loch, is beautiful, and the views are grand and extensive. From Mr. Savage's door, on one side, may be seen the mountains in the Isle of Man, on the other the mountains of Mourne, which possess something of a bold, and even terrific character.

Crossed the straights in a boat, and waited on Mr. Ainsworth, the collector of the customs, who furnished some particulars respecting the agriculture and civil state of the barony of Lecale. The linen manufactory is very generally carried on throughout the barony. To the port of Strangford, which includes Downpatrick, Dundrum, Killilea, Killock, Portaferry, Comber, and Newton, there belong a considerable number of vessels, besides fishing-boats. All up the channel and into the loch, there are thirty feet water; so that a man of war of the first rate might lie within fifteen yards of the shore.

Visited Castle-Ward, the seat of Lord Bangor. This is a handsome, modern edifice, with two

dissimilar fronts, one being Gothic, the other Grecian. From a temple in the pleasure grounds is a fine wooded scene, including a prospect of the peninsula of Strangford and the bay.

Proceeded to Downpatrick through a various country, with fine views of Down Bay on the left. Lodged at Redemon, and next day returned to Belfast, where they were fortunate enough to find one of the gentlemen to whom they had been recommended, and obtained all the information they wished.

The principal imports of Belfast consist of rum, brandy, geneva, and wines; coals, iron, timber, and hemp; sugars, wheat, and flax-seed. The chief exports are beef, butter, pork, and much linen cloth. About fifty sail of ships belong to this place. A vessel of two hundred tons may come up to the quay, half loaded. The population is estimated at nearly fifteen thousand souls. Many emigrations to America have taken place from hence; chiefly of the idle and profligate, so that they are not reckoned any loss to the country.

Leaving Belfast, took the way to Antrim, and by the way visited the bleach-green of Mr. Sinclair, which appeared to be a very complete one. Crossed the mountains by a new road to Antrim, and found them to their very summits a rich loam, capable of high improvement.

From Antrim to Shaen's Castle, the road winds by the extremity of Loch Neagh, commanding a noble view of that fine expanse of water, which appears like a perfect sea. The castle is beautifully situated on the lake, and from its windows affords some of the most delightful prospects over this waste of waters. The possessor, Mr. O'Neil,

was well acquainted with the favourite pursuits of Mr. Young, and gratified him fully by his information respecting the vicinity.

On the 3d of August, passing Randalstown, had a continued view of Slamish, a remarkable mountain, rising from a range of other mountains. Under it, in the vale, is a bog of great length. Other bogs in this track are naturally capable of improvement.

Reaching Lesly-hill, they found Mr. Lesly, a warm admirer of agriculture, and a practical farmer, on a large scale. He had reclaimed much bog-land by draining, and a judicious system of manuring. The produce from this kind of soil had been very great, and furnishes a stimulus to others who possess such domains, to follow the same practice of improvement. "I should remark," says Mr. Young, "that Mr. Lesly's crops of wheat were the finest I had seen in Ireland, nor do I remember finer in England. He has burned great quantities of marle and clay into ashes, in a kiln of his own invention; and I saw two immense heaps so completely consumed, that I have not a doubt but the mode in which it is performed is perfect." It appears Mr. Lesly had some years practised the drill husbandry, but not finding it answer, he wholly gave it up.

The surrounding country is broken into very small farms, and the rent of land is on an average about twelve shillings an acre. The food of the poor is potatoes, oatmeal, and milk. They generally keep a cow or two, and occasionally can indulge in meat.

Next day accompanied Mr. Lesly to his brother's, about three miles from the Giant's Causeway, and after some enquiries respecting the

state of that coast, proceeded to view this great natural curiosity in the vicinity. "The Giant's Causeway," observes Mr. Young, "is certainly a very great curiosity, as an object of speculation upon the manner of its formation; whether it owes its origin to fire, and is a species of lava, or to crystalization, or to whatever cause, is a point that has employed the attention of men much more able to decide upon it than I am, and has been so frequently discussed, that nothing I can say would be new. When two bits of these basaltic rocks are rubbed together quickly, they emit a strong smell, like that of burnt leather. Neither the scenery of the causeway, nor of the adjacent mountains is very magnificent, though the cliffs are bold; but for a considerable distance there is an evident disposition in the rocks to run into pentagonal cylinders. I believe," continues our author, "the causeway would have struck me more, had I not seen the prints of Staffa."

Returning to Ledy-hill, next day they set out for Coleraine, where the Honourable Mr. Jackson assisted their enquiries in the most obliging manner. The salmon fishery here, in the river Ban, is the greatest in the kingdom. From the sea to the rock above Coleraine, where the weirs are placed, the fisheries belong to the London Companies, the greatest part of the rest to Lord Donegal. The eel fisheries here let at 1000l. a year, and the salmon at as much. The whole fisheries on this river do not produce less than 6000l. a year. They have been known to catch one thousand four hundred and fifty-two salmon at one haul. Our author saw them draw out three hundred and seventy at once. The fishery
employs

employs eighty men, and the general expences are calculated to equal the rest.

The linen manufacture is extensively carried on about Coleraige. Farms run from six to fifteen acres. The country, from this division of land, is extremely populous, notwithstanding emigrations. The whole county of Derry belongs to the London companies, and the bishop, except some trifling properties.

Mr. Jackson's seat stands in a pretty domain, on the banks of the river, and has received many improvements. The timber, particularly oak and fir, used in building, has been dug out of his own bog, at the depth of twenty feet from the surface. All the trees lie exactly east and west.

Proceeded to Newtown-Limmavaddy, by way of Magilligan, for the purpose of seeing the new house building on the sea-coast, by the Bishop of Derry. It is large, and stands on a bold shore, in a country where trees are extremely scarce.

At Magilligan is a rabbit-warren; which yields on an average three thousand dozen a year. The flesh is sold at 2d. a couple, but the skins fetch from 5d. to 6d. a-piece.

From Limmavaddy to Derry there is but little uncultivated land. Reached Derry at night, and had two hours to wait in the dark for the ferry-boat.

Next morning went to the bishop's palace, to leave the letters of introduction, his lordship being on a voyage to Staffa. "I felt at once," says Mr. Young, "the extent of my loss in the absence of his lordship, who, I had been repeatedly told, was, of all others in Ireland, the best qualified to give me a variety of useful information,
and

and that with the most liberal spirit of communication."

In company with Mr. Alexander, one of the principal merchants of Derry, visited Loch Swilly, to view the herring-fishery. In the barony of Inishoen, which belongs to Lord Donegal, it seems the middlemen double the rent they pay to his lordship, upon the occupying tenant. The size of farms here are from ten to twenty acres. The soil is a stony gravel, mixed with clay.

Rowed from Fawn to Inch Island, across the loch, the scenery amazingly grand. Inch is a most beautiful island, enriched with cultivation, and thick set with cabins. The water is of great depth, and the harbour is safe for any number of ships. Amazing quantities of herrings are caught on the coast, in which business many men and vessels are engaged.

On the 8th of August left Derry, and took the road by Raphoe to Clonleigh, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Golding. The view of Derry, at the distance of a mile or two, is charmingly picturesque. It seems to be built on an island of bold land, rising from the river, which expands into a fine basin at the foot of the town. The adjacent country is hilly; but wood is wanting to complete the landscape.

Raphoe contains nothing remarkable. "The bishop," says our tourist, "is a considerable farmer, and cultivates and hoes turnips. The dean has also done the same."

Having obtained the wished-for information from Mr. Golding, they proceeded to Convoy, and from thence to Ballymaffey. Advancing towards the mountains, cultivation gradually declines,

clines, till at last dreary sterility alone is seen. Yet even the waste is very improvable, and might be converted into a track of exuberant fertility.

August 10th, reached Mount Charles, and, in company with Lord Conyngham's agent, took a ride to the coast, to examine the state of the fisheries, particularly about Inver Bay, Macswine's Bay, and Killibeg's Bay. The shore is deeply indented by these and other inlets; the lands are high and bold, and the scenery is to the last degree romantic. Upwards of three hundred boats are employed in fishing, within a moderate extent of coast. In Inver Bay alone, there is a summer fishery, which commences the latter end of July, and ends the beginning of September. All the other places are winter fisheries, which begin in October and end in January. Sometimes a hundred thousand herrings have been caught with two nets in one night; but such draughts are certainly rare. It is, however, not unusual to clear cent. per cent. during the season.

In all the bays on the coast, many whales are seen during the months of March and April, generally of the bone species, with some spermaceti. A whale-fishery has been attempted here with various success. The public spirit of Mr. Nesbit, who first engaged in it, was not properly seconded by his associates, or the business might have turned out very productive.

In this district much linen yarn is spun, but very little cloth woven, except for the use of the people. A considerable quantity of flax is raised, but chiefly from foreign seed.

The soil about Mount Charles is various; stiff blue clay, much bog, and a range of high mountains, which breaking the clouds with a westerly wind, sometimes inundate the country. Land throughout the whole country does not let for more than 2s. 6d. an acre; and the farms in general are very small.

Leaving Mount Charles, they proceeded to Donegal, and then to Ballyshannon, in the way observing several beautiful landscapes, which wanted nothing but the shade of wood to make them perfectly delightful. The hills swell in various outlines, and die away insensibly into each other.

Before they got to Ballyshannon, they remarked a bleachery, which indicated weaving in the neighbourhood. Viewed the celebrated salmon leap, the scenery of which is fine. The fall is noble and the margin of the river very bold, consisting of perpendicular rocks, with grass of a beautiful verdure to the very edge. Before the fall, in the middle of the island, is a rocky island, on which is a curing house. The town is prettily situated on the rising ground on each side of the river.

Crossing the bridge, stopt to see the salmon leaping up the rocky barrier. The water seemed to be quite alive with them. Came to Belleck, a little village, with one of the most beautiful cascades any where to be seen. The river, in a very broad sheet, flows from behind some woods, and breaks over a bed of rocks, in a shelving direction, then foaming under the bridge, afterwards becomes more tranquil, and takes a beautiful bow under a rock, crowned with wood.

At night reached Sir James Caldwell's, where the reception was such as to leave an indelible impression on the mind of our author. This gentleman gave a very satisfactory account of the civil and agricultural state of the vicinity: middlemen are very common here, to the injury of the landowner and the oppression of the occupier; yet population is said to increase very fast, and industry becomes more conspicuous. The poor subsist chiefly on potatoes and milk, oatmeal and herrings. "All," says Mr. Young, "have a bellyful of food, such as it is, and their children eat potatoes all day long; even those of a year old will be roasting them." Every householder has a cow or two, and some poultry. Six persons, a man, his wife, and four children, will eat eighteen stone of potatoes in a week. The rent of a cabin, garden, and one acre, is about twenty shillings.

The vulgar here are remarkably addicted to thieving, though living is so extremely moderate. Wild fowl are cheap beyond belief, and many kinds of the most excellent fish cost only the trouble of catching them.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the approach to Castle Caldwell. The promontories of thick wood which shoot into Loch Earne, under cover of a great ridge of mountains, have the finest aspect that can be conceived. The whole domain is a promontory, three miles long, projecting into the lake, and is composed of a charming assemblage of wood and lawn. A bay of the lake breaks into the eastern extremity; and in the lake itself are several islands, one of which, named Bow, is three miles long.

On the right, the lake assumes the appearance of a fine river, with two fine islands dividing it, and constitutes one of the most glorious scenes that imagination can form. It is scarcely possible to do justice, by the most vivid description, to the various beauties of this charming expanse of water, and its romantic shores: almost every step opens some new beauty, or scenes formerly observed are thrown into a different perspective, or are heightened by contrast. The mountain of Turaw is a noble feature in the landscape, from various points. "It was with regret," says Mr. Young, "that I turned my back on these charming scenes."

Leaving Castle Caldwell, they went on board a six-oared barge, with colours flying and music playing, and proceeded to Inniskilling. The heavens were favourable, and a clear sky and bright sun gave all the beauties of the lake in their full splendor.

Eagle Island first saluted them, others soon passed in review, particularly Herring Island in Inniskakil, Rabbit Island, about forty acres of pasture, rises boldly from the water: Innismac Saint is about the same magnitude, then succeed a cluster of woody islands, which rise in perfect hills from the water's edge; and are so thickly planted, that the lake is cut by them into winding straights, more beautiful than fancy can paint. Wherever the shore is seen, it is rising land, in some places wood, in others cultivated hills. Passing those sylvan glories, they came to Gully Island, an area of one hundred acres, covered with noble forest trees. "What a spot to build on," exclaims our author, "and form a retreat from the business and anxiety of the world!"

world! nature here is blooming. It is in the midst of a region where one could think she has almost exhausted herself in producing scenes of rural elegance. It belongs to Lord Ely: I envy him the possession. The only thing it yields its owner is a periodical profit from despoiling its beautiful groves. Shelter, prospect, wood, and water are here in perfection. What more can be wished for in a retreat, if an unambitious mind gild the scene with what neither wood nor water can give—*content!*!

Pass the pendant grounds of Castle Hume, Car and Ferry Islands disclose themselves, and at the bottom of a bay, overhung with woods, the castle itself peeps out. It soon fully opens, accompanied on each side by a fine wood. The lake then takes the form of a bay, between some pretty cultivated slopes on one side, and Devenish isle on the other. This spot is partly very rich, and the land lets at 5l. per acre.

Landed at Inniskilling, and reach Castle Cool, the seat of A. Lowry Corry, esq.

Next day rode to the Topped Mountain, from which is a commanding prospect of many counties, while Loch Earne, forty miles in length, lies like a map stretched out below. The great sheet is towards Castle Caldwell; that towards Belturbet is so thickly strewed with islands, that it appears like an assemblage of groves.

August 15th, proceeded to Bellisle, the charming seat of the Earl of Ross. It stands on an island of Loch Earne, consisting of two hundred acres, every part of it hill, dale, declivities, and woods. The sheet of water before the house is three miles over, bounded in front by a sylvan isle, and a bold, circular hill, forming the deer park.

Lord Rofs has formed some fine walks round the island, from whence there is a variety of prospects. A temple on a gentle acclivity commands some delicious landscapes, nor are those from the grotto less attractive.

After a short stay, rowed to Knockinny, the deer park; proceeding through a maze of woody islands, land in Lady Rofs's, a charming spot of forty acres, cut into walks in the most chaste and elegant style.

As they approached Knockinny, a pretty bay opened upon them with romantic shores, and from the hill on the island is a view of nearly a dozen sylvan isles, with Bellisle appearing embosomed in woods.

The fish in this part of the lake are perch, pike, trout, bream, &c. "It is extraordinary," says our author, "that perch should appear in all the lakes of Ireland and in the Shannon, at the same time, about seventeen years ago." Large flights of swans sometimes appear here in winter, and are the infallible forerunners of a severe season.

Reached Florence Court, the seat of Lord Inniskilling, situated on an eminence under a great ridge of mountains. From this nobleman Mr. Young experienced the politest attention, and obtained the most satisfactory intelligence as to the objects of his tour.

Next day, August 18th, took the road for Swadling-bar for Farnham. That Spa of the north of Ireland is a small village, which affords but indifferent accommodation for the numbers that resort to it. Passed several fine lakes, which abound in this country, and enjoyed a prospect of some beautiful seats.

The woods of Farnham make a noble appearance at a distance. Rode with the Earl of Farnham along the borders of his lakes, which are uncommonly beautiful, extensive, and varied. On the whole, his lordship's residence is one of the finest places in Ireland, in our author's opinion: the water, wood, and hill are all in a great style, and present a variety of capabilities. This nobleman is an active and intelligent agriculturist, and has reared some fine plantations. Some of the silver firs here are twelve feet in circumference at the bottom. Of this wood boats have been built, which are as durable as the best oak.

The soil about Farnham is a good loam: the rent of land in general much under twenty shillings. Farms are let from fifty to one hundred acres, and sublet in very small portions. "Here let it be remarked," says Mr. Young, "that they very commonly plough and harrow with their horses drawing by the tail. Nothing can make them desist from this practice, and they insist that, take a horse tired in traces, and put him to work by the tail, he will become quite fresh again. Indignant reader! this is no jest of mine, but cruel, stubborn, barbarous truth. It is so all over Cavan."

Leaving Farnham, passed Cavan to Granard. Reached Ballynough, the seat of Mr. Newcomen. The linen manufacture begins to spread through this district: the farmers, however, make a dreadful, ragged figure. They live chiefly on potatoes and milk, with very little oatmeal, and scarcely ever taste meat, except on Easter Sunday and Christmas day.

Proceed to Stroketown, the seat of Thomas Mahon, esq. Passed through Longford, a cheer-

less country, almost overrun with morafs, some of which, however, would be very improvable, particularly on the banks of the Shannon. Crossing that river, entered Connaught. The first opening of Stroketown, woods are very noble, they are extensive, of majestic growth, and give a richness to the view, which is a perfect contrast to the dreary scenes behind. This part of the country is not populous. The sheep walks are rich and very good. The country being divided into inclosures by stone walls, one shepherd is sufficient for a large flock. Sufficient flax is raised for the use of the inhabitants, and weaving is creeping on by degrees.

Mr. Mahon has been a great planter. Silver firs arrive at a great size, as do beech. This gentleman remarked, that though deer injure other trees, they never meddle with beech, a circumstance deserving attention.

"At Clonell's, near Castlereagh," says Mr. Young, "lives O'Connor, the direct descendant of Roderick O'Connor, who was king of Connaught seven hundred years ago. His monument, with the ensigns of royalty, is in Roscommon church. I was told, as a certainty, that this family were here long before the arrival of the Milesians. The possessions, formerly so great, are now reduced to three or four hundred pounds a year, this family having suffered more by the revolutions of so many ages, than even the O'Neils and O'Bryens. The common people, however, pay him the greatest respect, and consider him as the prince of a people involved in one common ruin."

Another ancient family in Connaught, is Macdermot, who calls himself Prince of Coolavin, in Sligo,

Sligo, and though this gentleman has not more than one hundred pounds a year, it is said he will not allow his children to be seated in his presence. Mr. O'Hara, of Nymphsfield, is also one of the descendants of the Milesian race, and is still in possession of a considerable estate in Sligo, the remains of former vast possessions.

Leave Strokettown, and take the road to Elphin, through a continuation of sheepwalks. Waited on the Bishop of Elphin, who furnished some general and particular information. From this place proceeded towards Kingston: viewed the lake, whose extent is five miles by four, one of the most delicious scenes in Ireland. It fills the bottom of a circular valley, bounded by lofty hills, and contains some charming little islands, one of which was the residence of Macdermot, whose ancient mansion still remains. Nothing can be more picturesque than some of those islands. The lands in this vicinity are very rich in pasture, and feed numbers of cattle and sheep.

Having dined at Boyle, they took the road to Ballymoat, crossing an immense bog, ten miles long, and three and a half broad, forming an area of twenty-two thousand four hundred acres, and easily susceptible of improvement. Of this extensive track of sterility, Sir Lawrence Dundas is the principal proprietor.

Reached Ballymoat in the evening, the residence of the Hon. Mr. Fitzmaurice, "where I expected," says our tourist, "great pleasure in viewing a manufactory, of which I had heard much ever since I came to Ireland; and I was gratified in the most liberal manner."

It seems that twenty years ago Ballymoat, the property of Lord Shelburne, was a wild, uncultivated region, without industry, manufacture, or civilization, and the people all Roman Catholics.

His lordship being desirous to operate a change, contracted with Protestant weavers, on purpose to establish a manufactory; but his benevolent plan was in part frustrated by the rascality of some of the contractors. After various spirited attempts to resume or extend the manufacture, each of which was attended with loss to the proprietor, Mr. Fitzmaurice, brother of Lord Shelburne, in the year 1774, determined to take the management of the business on himself, and animated with a liberal spirit of enterprise, overlooked the disadvantages to which a gentleman was exposed, in his connection with low mechanics and manufactures. He not only set many looms agoing, but established a bleachery at a very considerable expence, built cottages for his weavers, and erected machines to facilitate the labour in the various branches of manufactures in which he was engaged. "That Mr. Fitzmaurice," observes Mr. Young, "with great activity and a good understanding, can make himself master of the business, nothing but contradiction can dispute; but I question much whether the most sagacious draper in Ireland would make much profit, if he wove the cloth as well as bleached it. The uniting in one person the several branches of manufacture, will rarely be found advantageous." These reflections are just, and time has verified their propriety.

Taking leave of Mr. Fitzmaurice, proceed to Mergra, the seat of the Right Honourable Joshua

Cooper, where our tourist was received with the utmost politeness, and obtained the most satisfactory information. Land lets here for about 15s. an acre, and farms in culture are very small. Much of the country is bog or grass land. The food of the poor is potatoes, milk, and herrings, with oaten bread in summer; all keep cows, and some poultry. Whisky is a general beverage. Thieving disgraces the lower ranks, and lying seems to be natural to them.

Sligo is the only sea-port of the country, from which a moderate trade is carried on, but which has been progressively advancing.

August 26th, proceeded to Ballafadore. The river here breaks over rocks in the most romantic manner in many falls, for the space of two hundred yards, before it comes to the principal one, which is twelve or fourteen feet perpendicular. The surrounding scenery is bold, and the features of the mountains are great.

Went on to Tanrego, the seat of Lewis Irwin, esq. Most of the gentlemen in this track are descendants from the soldiers of Cromwell. In the barony of Tyrera, flax is universally cultivated. All the females spin, but the number of weavers is inconsiderable.

Called on Mr. Brown at Sortland. In this vicinity is a vast bog, ten miles long and two or three over. One thousand one hundred acres of this track, which nevertheless appears very improvable, are rented at 4l. a year. Much kelp is made on the coast.

August 27th, proceeded to Ballyna, the seat of the Right Hon. Mr. King. The views of the surrounding mountains are very fine, particularly

those

those of Donegal and Knockaree. The river adds much to the picturesque effect of the place.

At Ballyna is a salmon fishery, one of the most considerable in the kingdom. About eighty tons of fish are salted, besides what are sold fresh.

Next day, waited on the Bishop of Killala, from whom our author obtained the desired information respecting that vast, wild, and impenetrable track of mountain and bog, the barony of Erris. The only cultivated part of it is the peninsula, called the Mullet; the rest is a dreary and almost impassable waste, with very few patches of cultivation. There is neither post-house, market, nor magistrate, in the whole barony; which is also the case with another barony in this county, Costello. "A post-house and a market," remarks our tourist, "are excellent things; but a justice may well be dispensed with." Not a single tree grows in the barony of Erris. A lad, a native, about twenty years of age, going once with his father to Killala, for the first time saw a tree, and exclaimed in wonder, "Lord, father! what is that?"

Taking leave of the bishop, directed their course by Foxford and Tubercurry to Castlebar, through a very indifferent country. Our author mentions three customs observed in these parts, neither of which display sense or humanity. They harrow by the tail; the driver of a team walks backwards, and, in the true Irish style, strikes the horses in the face to make them get on; and lastly, instead of threshing their corn, they burn it in the straw. Here, too, both men and women are hired to howl at funerals, which they do in a most horrid manner.

In the lake of Castlebar is the char and the gillaroo trout, whose gizzard stomach has been so much canvassed. The chief property here belongs to Lord Lucan.

In the evening, reached Westport, the seat of Lord Altamont, whose house is very beautifully situated on a gently-rising eminence from a fine river, which makes two bold falls within view of the windows. Behind is a perspective of the bay, with several headlands projecting into it, one behind another, and two or three cultivated islands; the whole bounded by the great mountain of Clara Island, and the vast region of Crow Patrick on the right. From other points, the landscapes are equally noble and striking.

“ In Lord Altamont,” says Mr. Young, “ I found an improver, whose works deserved the closest attention.” His lordship has converted much waste into cultivated land, with the best success, and by peculiar modes of process deserving imitation.

Lord Altamont's great grandfather found the estate a continued forest; and for three hundred years it appears probable the plough had not been used. There is a tradition, that this part of the country was depopulated by a plague, and that in consequence it became overrun with wood. At present, however, this is so far from being the case, that there is no wood to be seen on any of the hills, except immediately about Westport.

The poor in general, in this neighbourhood, live on potatoes and milk for nine months in the year, and the other three on bread and milk. The increase of population is very great; for,
though

though the fare is humble, all are able to procure a sufficiency.

"Among Lord Altamont's labourers," says Mr. Young, "is one Mowbray Seymour, whose great grandfather was master worker of the mint in the tower of London." There are still many Mortimers and Piercys, and not long ago a Plantagenet resided in the county of Sligo.

Rode to Rosshill, by the way enjoying some fine views of the bay, in which numerous islands are dispersed; and next day proceeded to Newbrook, over a various country, passing Castle Burk and the ruins of a fine abbey.

September 1st, reached Tuam, and dined with the archbishop. In the evening went on to Moniva, and visited Mr. French, a gentleman who has paid much attention to the improvement of his domain, and has reclaimed much bog and moor by the most ingenious modes, and on the most rational principles. Nor has he only signalized himself as an agriculturist; he has also promoted the linen manufacture, and contributed by every means to meliorate the condition of the people, and to improve the face of the country. Among his other benevolent and patriotic plans, that of a charter school, maintained at his expence, deserves to be particularized. In this establishment, from twenty to forty children are constantly supported, clothed, and taught to read, write, spin or weave.

On the coast of Conna Marra, in this district, is a spring fishery of sun-fish. One of them is reckoned worth 5l. and if three are caught by a boat in the season, it is reckoned a good adventure. Much sea-weed is used here for manure,
and

and the farmers in general seem to have a proper idea of their business.

Leaving Moniva, took the road to Woodlawn, the seat of Frederick Trench, esq. passing many bogs of considerable magnitude, perfectly improvable, and that without any extraordinary expence or exertion.

Woodlawn is a modern residence, in the English taste. The mansion stands on the brow of a rising ground, overlooking a lawn, swelling into gentle inequalities, amidst which winds a stream expanded with much taste, and prettily planted on its banks. The house is on an excellent plan, and unites comfort with elegance. The proprietor has considerably added to the value of his domain, by draining and other improvements, according to the nature of the soil he had to contend with. Some of his experiments shew the man of reflection, and their success evince his judgment.

The size of farms is very various here, but most of them are sub-tenanted. Every poor man raises a little flax, but not enough to employ the women in spinning, their universal vocation. They still live poorly, though their circumstances have been bettered within a very few years.

Next day visited Kiltartan, the seat of Mr. Gregory. His house is new built, and has numerous offices; and, to embellish and improve the environs, he has taken some hundreds of acres into his own hands. Walling was his first object, and of this he has executed many miles in the most perfect manner. His plantations promise not only to enrich his immediate vicinity, but to be an ornament to the country.

Proceeded

Proceeded to Drummoland, the seat of Sir Lucius O'Brien, in the county of Clare. Before quitting the county of Galway, however, it may not be amiss to remark, that in various respects it is inferior in beauty to many other parts of Ireland. The mountains are not of sufficient elevation to form picturesque objects, and there are few woods, except in the immediate vicinage of gentlemen's seats. Drummoland, however, has a pleasing variety of grounds about the house. It stands on a gentle acclivity, at the bottom of which is a lake of twenty-four acres, in the midst of a noble wood of oak, ash, and poplar. Behind, beautiful hills rise in commanding height, over which plantations are spread in charming diversity. From these hills are very fine views of the junction of the great rivers, Fergus and Shannon, each of which are about a league wide before they unite.

Much improvement has taken place in this track, and much waste land is yearly reclaimed. The cider orchards produce the cakagee. An acre of trees will yield, on an average, six hog-heads a year, seldom failing to that ruinous degree they frequently do in England. "I never," says Mr. Young, "beheld trees so laden with apples, as in Sir Lucius O'Brien's orchard: he expected a hog-head a tree from several."

On the 8th of September, left Drummoland, and proceeded through Clonmelly to the hill above Bunratty Castle, to enjoy a view of the Shannon, than which nothing can be more grand. The prospect has a noble outline in the bold mountains of Tipperary, Cork, Limerick, and Kerry.

The

The castle of Bunratty is a very large edifice, the seat of the O'Briens, princes of Thomond : it stands on the banks of a river, which falls into the Shannon immediately after.

Proceed to Limerick, through a cheerful country, along the banks of the river. This city is delightfully situated, partly on an island formed by the Shannon. The new division, called Newton Pery, is well built, and uniformly regular. A communication is preserved with the rest of this town by means of a bridge built at Mr. Pery's expence, to whom a considerable part of the city belongs. Here are docks, quays, and a custom-house ; and, in short, every appendage and indication of a flourishing place.

The exports of this port are beef, pork, butter, hides, and rape-seed. The imports are rum, sugar, timber, tobacco, wines, coals, bark, and salt. The customs and excise have been doubled within sixteen years.

Between 1740 and 1750, there were only four carriages in and about Limerick, and, four years preceding Mr. Young's tour, there were seventy coaches and post chaises within the city and one mile of it. As a proof how reasonable the principal articles of living are, a gentleman can keep a carriage, four horses, three men and three maid servants, a good table, a wife, three children, and a nurse, for 500*l.* a year.

Leaving Limerick, proceeded to Anns Grove, the seat of Mr. Aldworth, who furnished our tourist with a variety of particulars, relative to the state of the vicinity. Farms in immediate occupation are very small ; and the poor subsist chiefly on potatoes, and, for one half of the year, have no addition to their humble fare but pure

water. Several, however, can kill a pig at Christmas, and in general their situation appears to be mending. Much wool is produced in this district, part of which is worked up into friezes and serges: but immense quantities are sent to Cork and other places.

Took a ride with Mr. Aldworth to Mr. Hyde's, on the banks of the Blackwater. The situation is truly desirable, and the whole scenery is well improved and cheerful.

"It was with regret," says Mr. Young, "that I left so agreeable and liberal a family as that at Annsgrove, nor should I forget to mention that every thing about the place had a much nearer resemblance to an English than an Irish residence, where so many fine places want neatness, and where, after great expence, so little is found complete."

September 12th, went to Doneraile, and in their way visited a woollen manufacture at Kilbrack, chiefly for serges, which are in a great measure exported to Scotland.

The environs of Doneraile are much improved, well wooded, and have a pleasant aspect.

Lord Doneraile's mansion is situated on a beautiful rising ground, sloping down to a vale, washed by a small river. From the higher grounds are some rich views; nor are plantations wanting to cover asperities, or to give a more mellow outline to real beauties. Near the house is a shrubbery intersected with paths leading to different points of the domain, particularly to a cottage, from whence there is a finely-wooded scene. His lordship; it appears, is a good practical farmer, and has much improved his estate.



The following day went to Colonel Jephson's at Matlow. About ten miles off are collieries, where coal is sold very cheap. On the river Blackwater are tracks of champaign, producing excellent pasturage, but subject to occasional inundations. The banks of this river, from its source to the sea, are equally remarkable for beauty of prospect and fertility of soil.

Next visited New Grove, the seat of Mr. Gordon. It is an entire new improvement, being a few years back only a waste moor or mountain. But besides the laudable spirit this gentleman has displayed, in giving a new aspect to the face of the country, he has also established a linen manufactory and a bleach mill, on a complete plan and extensive scale.

The succeeding day visited Blarney Castle, the seat of Mr. Jeffreys, a gentleman who has been animated with equal zeal to distinguish himself as Mr. Gordon, and who, in addition to a linen manufactory, has established one for stockings and woollen goods, besides mills for paper and dressing shamoy leather.

The town of Blarney, which has likewise risen under the auspices of Mr. Jeffreys, is a quadrangle, with every necessary appendage. In short, our limits do not permit us to enumerate all the public-spirited undertakings of this great benefactor of his country. The exertions and munificence of a private individual would have done honour to the highest rank and the most liberal fortune; and it must give satisfaction to every generous mind to hear, that he was likely to be repaid with interest for his trouble and expence. The vicinity of his domain to Cork was certainly favourable to his views of improvement.

In company with Mr. Jeffreys, went to Dunkettle, the seat of Mr. Trent. The road leads very beautifully on the side of the harbour, under a bold shore, on which stand many villas, shaded with plantations.

On the south side of the river, the soil is a fine lime-stone, champaign for a mile or two, and then swelling into very gentle hills. On the north side, which is much better planted, the ground rises in bold ascents, adorned with many beautifully situated villas.

Leaving Mr. Trent's, proceed to Cove by water. The view of Lota is charming. As the boats leave the shore, nothing can be finer than the retrospective landscape; the back woods of Lota; the house and lawn; and the high, bold inclosures towards Cork, with the city itself in full view, form the finest shore imaginable. In a word, it is almost impossible to do justice to every change of scenery which, in rapid succession, presents itself in this short navigation.

After seeing Mr. Jeffreys and family on ship-board, for a voyage to Havre, our tourist returned in the evening to Dunkettle. This, in the opinion of Mr. Young, is one of the most beautiful places in Ireland. It is a hill of some hundreds of acres, broken into a great variety of ground by gentle declivities, finely undulating and varied by groves and clumps judiciously disposed. This hill, or rather cluster of hills, is bounded on one side by a reach of Cork Harbour, which it advantageously overlooks; and on the other, by an irriguous vale, washed by the river Glanmire, the opposite shore of which possesses every variety that can unite to form peasing landscapes from Dunkettle grounds. A hill

thus

thus situated, and consisting in itself of so great variety of surface, must necessarily command many pleasing views, and Mr. Trent, with true taste, has projected a walk round the whole domain, to bend with the inequalities of the ground, so as to take the principal points in view.

The house contains some excellent paintings, some of them by the very first masters.

September 17th, proceeded to Castle Martyr, the seat of the Earl of Shannon, one of the most distinguished improvers in Ireland. The mansion is old, but has received many modern additions. The grounds are well laid out, and consist of wood and lawn, charmingly intersected by a winding river. An old castle, entirely covered with ivy, forms a most picturesque object from some points of view.

Amply gratified by the liberal attention of the Earl of Shannon, and the free communications of such an able judge in the science of agriculture, Mr. Young proceeded, on the 20th of September, to Castle Mary, the seat of Mr. Longfield, a gentleman who keeps a considerable quantity of lands in his own occupation, and has farther benefited his country, by introducing the linen manufacture.

In the vicinity of Cork, the Roman-Catholic religion is almost universal. Potatoes are the common food. Flax is sown in patches, but not generally. There is a woollen manufacture about Castle Martyr; but not more than a fourth of what is spun in this part of the kingdom is worked up at home.

Went on to Rostellan, the seat of the Earl of Inchiquin. It commands a beautiful perspective

of Cork Harbour, the ships at Cove, the great island, and the two others, which guard the opening of the harbour. Some recent additions have been made by his lordship to the old castle.

From Rostellan, proceeded to Lota, the seat of Mr. Rogers, which they had before viewed to the best advantage in the passage from Dunkettle to Cove.

Reached Cork in the evening, and waited on the dean, who received our author with the most flattering attention.

Cork is a very populous place, and, being market day, the streets were so thronged as to be almost impassable. It is intersected by many canals in the Dutch style, with quays before the houses. The finest buildings are on Morison's Island; the old part of the town is very close and dirty. Its imports and exports are very considerable, and no less than seventy or eighty ships belong to the port. The population is probably not much under a hundred thousand souls; and there are no fewer than seven^h hundred coopers in the town, fully employed in making barrels of beech or oak. The quantities of beef, pork, and butter, exported from hence, is almost beyond belief. The woollen manufacture is also very flourishing here; but the greatest part is sent out of the country in yarn. Bandle, or narrow linen, is fabricated in the western part of the country for home consumption. Knit stockings are also made in the vicinity of Cork. The weavers generally live in towns, and, of consequence, can only have small gardens; but, generally speaking, the situation of the manufacturing poor had been meliorated within a few years.

Leaving Cork, proceeded to Coolmore, the seat of Archdeacon Oliver, distinguished by his successful application to agricultural pursuits, and who has introduced the English system of farming, much to his own advantage and the general improvement of the country. In reclaiming waste land, he has been eminently successful. Land here lets from 8s. to 20s. an acre; and farms run from 50l. to 300l. per annum. The poor people have mostly a few acres of land with their cabins, which they plant with potatoes and wheat. Not many of them keep cows, but only a few miserable-looking sheep, which they milk.

“Before I quit the environs of Cork,” says Mr. Young; “I must remark, that the country, adjacent to the harbour, is in my estimation preferable, in many respects, for a residence to any I have seen in Ireland. It is the most southerly part of the island; commands great beauty of prospect; presents an animated, busy scene of shipping; affords great plenty of fish and wild fowl; and possesses every advantage which can arise from the vicinity to a great city.”

September 24th, took leave of Mr. Oliver, and proposed to take the road to Killarney, by Bantry and Nedeen; but, finding that part of the road was then impassable, they changed their route, and went by Macroom, afterwards falling into the Nedeen road, which led them over the wildest and most dreary mountains that fancy can picture. The various horrid forms in which the mountains rise and the rocks project, the roaring of torrents down their sides, with here and there a cabin or a patch of cultivation amidst this scene of wildness, keep the mind of the

traveller in a constant state of agitation and suspense. In one place, the road is ridiculously carried straight up the ridge of a mountain, and it is necessary to have assistance at this place, which Sir John Coulthurst, of Knightsbridge, kindly supplied.

Towards Nedeen, the country, on the banks of the Kenmare, becomes champaign, and produces much good grass and corn. Nedeen itself is a little town, well situated on that river, and is the property of Lord Shelburne, who possesses no less than a hundred and fifty thousand Irish acres in Kerry. The country is all a region of mountains, inclosed by a vale of flat land on the river. The common people here live in the humblest style: their religion is generally Roman Catholic.

There are considerable fisheries on the coast of Kerry, but some kinds of fish are very uncertain in their visits, which damps the spirit of adventure.

Killarney, about twelve miles distant, is the principal market for wheat; but ships of one hundred and fifty tons burden can sail up to Nedeen, now called Kenmare. Lord Shelburne is making some capital improvements here, and has settled some English farmers in the vicinity. The climate of Kerry is so very mild, that it is not unusual to leave potatoes in the ground during winter.

Leaving Nedeen, passed a track of mountain bog, of the most improvable nature, but soon after entered the wildest and most romantic country that they had ever seen; a region of steep rocks and mountains, which continued for nine or ten miles, till they came to Mucrus. In this stupendous

scenery there is something magnificently wild, and calculated to impress the mind with a species of terror. All the track has a rude and savage air, but parts of it are indescribably interesting.

“From a height,” says Mr. Young, “I looked forward to the lake of Killarney, and backward to the river Kenmare, surrounded by the most tremendous mountains that can be imagined, ed, of an aspect savage and dreadful. From this scene of wild magnificence, I broke at once upon all the glories of Killarney.” The most active imagination can sketch nothing in addition to this landscape. A fine sheet of water, islands of wood amidst the expanse, the rich inclosures on its banks, all combine to strike the eye of taste with an irresistible charm.

Arrived at Mr. Herbert's, at Mucrus, to whose polite attention they were indebted for the pleasure of the tour of the celebrated lake of Killarney. This delicious spot, which vies with the finest in the British dominions, has been frequently described in the most flowing colours, by such as have resided some time in its vicinity, and have, therefore, been the better able to trace its beauties. Our limits do not allow us to follow Mr. Young in his various excursions round its precincts; but in a track so much beaten, it is unnecessary to enlarge*. The whole is an assemblage of beauties, diversified however in kind and degree. The painter cannot do adequate justice to them, how then can description? The eye of taste alone can take them in, appreciate them as they deserve, and pourtray them on the tablet of fancy.

* See Twiss's Tour in Vol. II. of this work.

“On the whole,” remarks our author, “Killarney, among the lakes that I have seen, can scarcely be said to have a rival. The extent of water in Loch Earne is much greater, the islands are more numerous, and some scenes near Castle Caldwell of greater magnificence. The rocks of Keshwick are more sublime, and other lakes may have circumstances in which they are superior; but when we consider the prodigious woods of Killarney, the immensity of the mountains, the uncommon beauty of the promontory of Mucrus and the isle of Innisfallen, the character of the islands in general, the single circumstance of the arbutus, which grows here with unequalled luxuriance, and the remarkable echoes—it will appear, on the whole, to be in reality superior to all comparison.”

On the 30th of September, they took their leave of the hospitable mansion of Mucrus, and passing through the town of Killarney, went to Castle Island. In their way to Arbella, crossed a boggy hill, of great extent, covered with myrica gale, or bog myrtle, and coarse grass. It might be drained and improved at a comparatively trifling expence. About Castle Island, the land is excellent, and from that place to Arbella, the soil is as good as the management is bad.

The state of the poor in the whole county of Kerry is wretched in the extreme; principally owing to the infamous system of letting the land to farmers, who subset it in small quantities, and grind the very face of the cottars, who are, in a manner, annexed to the soil.

Proceed to Ardfert by Tralee. To the west of the latter are the Mahagree Islands, famous for
their

their corn products. All of them are under the plough.

Arriving at Ardfert, in company with Lord Crosby, visited the mouth of the Shannon, at Ballengary, the site of an old fort. It is a vast rock, separated from the land by a chasm of prodigious depth, through which the waves drive. The rocks of the coast assume the boldest style, and are hollowed into caverns by the furious billows of the Atlantic. The Shannon is here eight miles over, and presents a noble view, forming, perhaps, the finest estuary of any river in Europe.

Ardfert lies so near the sea, that single trees, or rows, are unable to live; yet about Lord Glendour's house, at this place, are some fine plantations, extremely flourishing.

Leaving Ardfert, went on to Liscowell, stopping in the way to visit Lixnaw, the ancient seat of the earls of Kerry, now a scene of desolation. "I was told," says our tourist, "a curious anecdote of this estate, which shews the wonderful improvements that have taken place in Ireland. The present Earl of Kerry's grandfather agreed to lease the whole estate for 1500*l.* to a Mr. Colliis for ever; but the bargain went off on a dispute, whether the money should be paid in Dublin or Cork; yet these very lands now let for 20,000*l.* a year."

Passing Liscowell Bridge, proceed to Woodford, the seat of Mr. Fitzgerald. Close to the house is a fine, winding river, under a bank of thick wood, crowned with a castle. The proprietor of this place, it appears, is making considerable rural improvements.

Next day, visited Tarbat, the residence of Mr. Leslie. The house appears to great advantage,

on the edge of a beautiful lawn, hanging down to the Shannon, which is here two or three miles broad. The union of wood, water, and lawn, gives an air of grandeur to the place:

In their way to Altavilla, they passed over a very disagreeable country, and being disappointed in finding the proprietor at home, without delay, they proceeded to Adair, where the Palatines were settled, about the commencement of this century. These people still preserve some of their original customs: they appoint a burgo-master, to whom they refer all disputes, and hitherto preserve their native language. They are very industrious, and of consequence are better fed, lodged, and clothed than the common Irish peasantry. Of the zeal of the women to co-operate in the laborious toils of their husbands, some jocular reports are spread. In a very pinching season, one of them suffered herself to be yoked against a horse, and in that condition finished a journey at plough. The native Irish women, on the other hand, cannot be induced by any reward to assist even in making hay.

October 7th, went on to Castle Oliver, by Bruff, passing through a very fine track of rich, reddish loam. Castle Oliver is almost entirely a place of Mr. Oliver's creation. From a house surrounded with cabins and rubbish, he has converted it into an elegant residence, on a fine lawn, surrounded by thriving woods. The park is also much improved, and affords some charming views. The seat is ornamented with some capital paintings.

A colony of Palatines was planted here some years ago, who have introduced much tillage, and prove better farmers than the Irish. They

still live partially on four-crou't; but, by degrees, are assimilating with the people among whom they dwell.

Leaving Castle Oliver, passed through Kiltennan and Duntreleague, in their way to Tipperary, through a various country, not destitute of picturesque effect.

After halting at some places of little consequence, paid a visit to Lord Clanwilliam's; and then proceeded to Lord de Montalt's, at Dundrum, a seat ornamented in the modern style of improvement, to which it has been brought from the antiquated taste of former times, wholly under his lordship's auspices. This nobleman is also a great and a successful cultivator.

The following day, passed through Cashel, where is a ruin, situated on a rock, supposed to be of the remotest antiquity. Proceeded towards Clonmel, the best-lying place in the county of Tipperary, built on the banks of the Suire, a river navigable for boats of ten tons burden. It is a populous town, and is noted for being the birth-place of Sterne.

Three miles beyond Clonmel is the seat of Sir William Osborne. "From a character," says Mr. Young, "so remarkable for intelligence and precision, I could not fail of meeting information of the most valuable kind." This gentleman, with a liberal spirit, has encouraged settlers on his domain, and, in consequence, has effectuated improvements equally beneficial to himself and them.

One-third of Waterford mountain-land lets for sixpence an acre, and the rest for about seven shillings. Tillage does not much thrive on this coast: but there are some good dairies.

Tracing the Suire, passed through Carrick to Curraghmore, the seat of the Earl of Tyrone. This is one of the finest places in Ireland. The mansion is large, and stands on a rising ground in a vale, environed by very bold hills, which rise in a variety of forms, and present some noble and striking scenes.

In company with his lordship, proceeded to Waterford, a place of great trade, particularly with Newfoundland. Several extensive manufactures are established here; and the herring-fisheries on the coast are almost inexhaustible, though less attended to than they deserve. The new church in this city is a beautiful fabric; but the finest object is the quay, an English mile in length, and almost unrivalled in its accompaniments.

Leaving Waterford, they proceeded to Passage, and put their baggage on board the packet, in expectation of sailing directly; but not having the full complement of passengers, were obliged to wait. After passing a very unpleasant night on board, took a walk next morning to Ballycanvan, the seat of Mr. Bolton, and in company with Mr. Bolton, jun. rode to Faithleghill, a place commanding some of the boldest and most romantic views of any in Ireland. The intervening space is the sole property of Mr. Bolton, who has signalized himself as one of the most intelligent and public-spirited country gentleman in the island.

Having bid adieu to this gentleman and his son, at last, on the 20th of October, the cargo of passengers being complete, though the wind was unfavourable, they set sail; but had not been long at sea before they encountered a violent

lent gale, and with difficulty they were able to keep off the coasts. After a tedious passage, however, of nearly two days, though the run is frequently performed in twelve hours, they landed safely at Milford Haven, and thus finished a long tour, in the sister kingdom, of more than fifteen hundred miles.

With regard to the manners and customs of the Irish, Mr. Young observes, that there are men of 5000*l.* a year, who live in houses that a person of 700*l.* a year in England would disdain; but confesses that many new buildings are every day rising, which bid fair, in a few years, to do away the reflection he passed; namely, "that he should suppose, thirty years ago, there were not ten dwellings in the kingdom fit for an English pig to live in."

The tables of people of fortune are elegantly spread, and differ in nothing from those of England. The flavour of their venison, however, is inferior, and the vegetables in general are more insipid, owing to the climate, which is extremely moist. Claret is the common wine; but drinking and duelling, which have been so generally imputed to the Irish, as reigning vices, are no longer peculiar to them. It is true, they sit longer at table than the English; but every one, in good company, is at perfect liberty to please himself in his potations; nor is duelling more frequent than in England. Perhaps, when the Irish became refined into sobriety, they likewise lost that stimulus to quarrelling and single combat, which once disgraced the island; intoxication and a spirit of disagreement have ever been inseparable. Improvements in national manners, as well as in the face of the country, are rapidly

going forward; and our prayer is, that they may increase more and more.

“The character of the Irish,” concludes our tourist, “is, on the whole, respectable. Those persons from whom it is candid to take an estimate, do honour to their country. They are a lively, learned, and ingenious people. Their talents for eloquence is felt and acknowledged in the parliaments of both kingdoms. Our own service, both by sea and land, as well as those of the principal monarchies of Europe, speak their steady and determined courage. Every unprejudiced traveller, who visits them, will be as much pleased with their cheerfulness as obliged by their hospitality; and will find them a brave, polite, and liberal people.”

TOUR

T O U R
THROUGH
MONMOUTHSHIRE
AND
W A L E S,

BY

HENRY PENRUDDOCKE WYNDHAM, Esq.

DURING the summers of 1774 and 1777, Mr. Wyndham made the tour, of which we have given the following summary; and if succeeding travellers have been more circumstantial, or taken a wider range, to this gentleman belongs the praise of first paving the way, and of making it fashionable. Antecedent to the period of Mr. Wyndham's journey, many of the grand scenes in Wales were little known, and travellers for pleasure in that country were few. How is the case now altered! Scarcely a summer passes, but the opulent or the curious, from the most distant parts of the kingdom, visit the principality, and volume upon volume is written, to record its minutest beauties, whether natural or artificial, On the foundation which Messrs. Wyndham and Pennant laid, it was easy to build; yet we are far from denying the merits

of those who have assisted in raising the superstructure, and it will be our pride to shew what has been effected by some other hands, before our present labours close.

Mr. Wyndham commenced his tour by the passage of the Severn, from Aust to Beachly, and from thence proceeded to Chepstow, through a neck of land, washed on one side by the Severn, and on the other by the Wye.

The shores of the Wye are bold, rocky, and sylvan, but on the approach to Chepstow, the castle, built on a high, perpendicular cliff, becomes the prominent feature in the landscape. This building occupied several acres, and its ruins are still very considerable, and evince its former grandeur. The chief gateway has a venerable aspect, and is of Norman architecture. In some parts of the building Roman bricks, probably brought from Caerwent, are intermixed with other materials.

Even as late as the civil dissensions in the last century, this castle was considered of the greatest importance by both parties. A garrison was continued in it after the restoration, and here Henry Martin, one of the judges of Charles I. paid the debt of nature, after a rigorous imprisonment of several years.

The town of Chepstow is large and populous; and is supposed to have risen on the decline of Caerwent. Part of the old priory church still serves as the parish church of the placé. The circular arches of the nave, supported by square, massive pillars, remain entire; but those of the ancient choir and of the cross aisle are only to be traced by the remains of their foundations. The
entrance

entrance of the west front is a beautiful specimen of Norman architecture.

Tintern Abbey stands on the banks of the Wye, at a few miles distance. "No monastical ruin in Great Britain," says Mr. Wyndham, "presents a more beautiful perspective than the inside of the abbey church. The fine, large arches which supported the tower, and the stone frame-work of the great window, over the west entrance, are still entire." The present remains are carefully preserved, and the fallen ornaments of the vaulted roof, and the broken monuments of abbots and benefactors, invite the eye by the facility with which they may be examined. The length of the nave is two hundred and thirty feet, and that of the cross aisle one hundred and sixty.

This abbey was founded in 1131, but our author thinks the present church was begun some years posterior, as it affords an elegant specimen of the pure Gothic style, constructed on one uniform plan.

Between Chepstow and Tintern, the passage by water is the most beautiful and romantic that can be conceived. The views from the Wye are highly magnificent, the rocks rising on each side to a stupendous elevation, sometimes perpendicular and naked, and sometimes covered with woods to the very brink of the stream. The beautiful peninsula of Llancof, almost surrounded by the Wye, lies between, and intercepts the continuous view, but gives new charms to the scene, by the varied features of the encircling hills, on the top of one of which are the well-known gardens of Piercefield, which reflect and receive a lustre from the Wye.

After visiting Moinscourt, where some ancient inscribed stones are to be seen, and Llanfair Castle, now so entirely overgrown with ivy, that not a stone of it is visible, they proceeded to the site of the once-famous Castle of Stughil, formerly the residence of the Clares, earls of Pembroke, of whom Richard Strongbow, the conqueror of Ireland under Henry II. was the last.

Descended into the shady vale of Mounton, surrounded with craggy declivities, and feathered with trees; and passing Caldecot, arrived at the ancient Caerwent. This was a considerable station in the time of the Romans, but at present is a miserable village, and retains no vestiges of its former greatness, except here and there some fragments of the old walls. It stands on a gentle elevation, and the great road from Caerdiff passes through its centre.

While our author was making his second excursion through Wales, the following discovery was produced at Caerwent.

The servants of Mr. Lewis, of Chepstow, on planting an orchard, within the south-west angle of the old walls, struck on a Mosaic pavement, about two feet below the surface of the soil. The proprietor, with a laudable spirit, immediately ordered the whole to be cleared, and, for its preservation, erected a stone building over it.

This pavement is twenty-one feet six inches long, and eighteen feet four inches broad. A border, edged with the Greek scroll and fret, surrounds the whole. The pieces of which this antiquity is composed are nearly square, and about the breadth of a common die, consisting of blue, white, yellow, and red colours; by a judicious mixture of which, the entire pattern is as strongly

marked, as if painted on canvass. "In my opinion," says Mr. Wyndham, "this pavement is equal to any of those which have been so carefully preserved in the palace of the king of Naples, at Portici. It might possibly," adds he, "have been the floor of a temple, as we may reasonably consider it as too costly an ornament for a private building."

The country round Caerwent is pleasantly inclosed, and towards Caerleon, the prospects are varied and extensive.

Of Caerleon, Giraldus Cambrensis*, to whom our author frequently refers, gives the subsequent description.

"It is called Caerleon, or the City of the Legions, because the Roman army used to winter here. This city is of great fame and antiquity, and was strongly fortified by the Romans with walls of brick. Many remains of its ancient magnificence are still extant; such as splendid palaces, that once emulated, with their gilded roofs, the grandeur of Rome. Immense baths, ruins of temples, and a theatre, the walls of which are still standing, prove it to have been originally built by the emperors. Here we still admire, both within and without the walls, subterraneous buildings, aqueducts, and vaulted cisterns. The city is finely situated on the banks of the navigable Wye (Ōsca), and is surrounded with a pleasant variety of woods and pastures."

* This writer accompanied Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, through Wales, in 1188, who wished to excite a crusade, for the recovery of the Holy Land, which had lately been lost. Giraldus is fabulous, as far as religious legends are concerned, but was faithful in his account of the country.

Various antiquities, at different periods, have been discovered among the ruins of Caerleon; and even at this time the fund is not exhausted.

The Roman walls are still visible, and near the centre of a field, adjoining to the west wall of the town, are the vestiges of the theatre mentioned by Giraldus."

Little of the castle, which was built in Norman times, now remains; but on climbing up the keep, which is remarkably lofty, our author had the good fortune to discover a stone, on which is cut a bas-relief of Venus, with a small dolphin sporting in the palm of her hand. This is an undoubted sculpture of the Romans.

Many of the Roman bricks, recorded in the Britannia, are scattered about the town; and in the house of a shoemaker, Mr. Wyndham was shewn a large brick tile, twenty inches long and seventeen broad, with an inscription on it, which he explains as referring to the legion of Claudius Augustus.

A gentleman of this place is in possession of a Roman ring, in gold, discovered some years since. It is a small intaglio, finely engraved, and represents Hercules combating with the lion.

"The present Caerleon," says our author, "is a melancholy contrast to the ancient: scarcely a decent house is now to be seen in its streets."

Pontypool and Uske, both disagreeable towns, are situated among the hills. The former has been celebrated for its japanning manufactory, which is now on the decline.

Newport is a considerable town, formerly defended by a castle, the shell of which remains.

Leaving this place, over a bridge built on exceeding high piles of wood, and floored with boards,

boards, which rise with the tide, but are kept from slipping by tenons fixed at their extremities, they took the Caerdiff road for a few miles, and then turning to the right, proceeded to Caerphilly.

This town consists of a few straggling cottages, and is environed by mountains of a rude and uncultivated aspect. "Though it is only two miles from Monmouthshire, and is separated from it by a single brook, yet the buildings, manners, and dress of the inhabitants," remarks our author, "are as strictly Welch as those of Merionethshire. The English language is so little understood here, that the landlord of the poor inn was the only person who could speak it, and even he not fluently."

It must, however, be considered that Caerphilly lies in no public road, and therefore it has less connection with the English. The Welch tongue, it appears, is sensibly declining in every place that has an easy communication with England; "and it is possible that within a century," says Mr. Wyndham, "a traveller may meet with as much difficulty in his researches after the remains of the Welch language, as Mr. Barrington did, in his tour through Cornwall, in pursuit of the Cornish, where he found only one old woman, near ninety years of age, that could speak it, and only two other old women who could understand her."

Caerphilly Castle, in its whole extent, is of immense size, and still forms a noble ruin. The grand hall, excepting the roof, is perfect, and its beautiful proportions strike the spectator with astonishment. Its Gothic ornaments are in the purest style of that species of architecture.

The hanging tower, which has been compared to that of Pisa, projects about eleven feet beyond its base.

The vestiges of a draw bridge appear on the west side of the original castle, for many comparatively modern additions have been made, which connected it with a large piece of high, level ground, strongly embanked; on the farther side are the remains of a round tower.

Part of the present pile was raised in 1221, and in all probability the great outworks were added by the young Spencer, in the reign of Edward II. who was besieged in it, and made a most gallant defence against the queen's and the baron's forces.

From Caerphilly to the Pont y Pridd, there is a good road, but as they were to retrace a great part of it in their way to Caerdiff, they took a guide to conduct them over the mountain of Eglwysyllian, which affords some very extensive prospects, but is disagreeable of descent towards the bridge.

The Pont y Pridd, reckoned one of the wonders of Wales, consists of one arch thrown over the rapid Taafe, which used, during floods, to sweep away every former structure of this kind.

This arch is the segment of a circle, whose chord is one hundred and forty feet, and is perhaps the largest in the world, which is built of stone. The architect was William Edward, a common mason, who contracted to ensure its standing for a certain number of years. At first he erected a bridge of three arches, which was soon demolished by the impetuosity of the stream. He then conceived the noble design of throwing a single arch over this torrent, which he accord-

ingly completed; but the crown of the arch being very light, was speedily forced upwards by the heaving pressure of the buttments. Still undaunted by ill success, he boldly dared to improve on his second plan, and executed the present astonishing arch, with such judgment and skill as bid defiance to the most violent floods.

“It may be some satisfaction to the reader,” says Mr. Wyndham, “as it was to me, to hear that the county has nobly indemnified, and even rewarded, the heroic perseverance of the Cambrian architect.”

On his second tour, however, our author had the mortification to see that the parapet of this noble bridge was strangely neglected, and that part of it had been tumbled into the torrent, together with the stone on which was engraved, WILLIAM EDWARD, 1750, a name and date which history will preserve in spite of envy or indifference.

About half a mile from this bridge is a natural fall of the Taafe, an object well worth viewing, as is the vicinity. Indeed few scenes are more agreeable than the ride from Pont y Pridd towards Caerdiff, the road passing along the shady banks of the raging Taafe for six or seven miles, while the country is finely diversified by the inequality of the mountains that bound the torrent.

At the opening of the valley of Glamorgan are several iron furnaces, which contribute to the rude grandeur of the prospects.

Caerdiff, situated on an extensive flat near the efflux of the Taafe, is a large, handsome, and populous town. The tower of the church is

eminently beautiful, and is said to have been of the era of the first Edward.

The old walls which surround Caerdiff are very extensive, and considerable portions of them still remain. In the castle, which was originally built by the first Norman invaders, Robert, the eldest son of the conqueror, and right heir to his dominions, was confined by Henry I. and here deprived of sight; he languished for twenty-six years, when death released him from captivity.

Lord Caerdiff* has made several capital improvements in the old Gothic house within the walls of the castle. At the time however of Mr. Wyndham's tour, most of them were only in embryo.

Crossing the river at Caerdiff, by a handsome stone bridge, they quickly arrived at Llandaff, pleasantly situated on a gentle elevation; but though an episcopal see, it is a very poor place. The remains of the old cathedral, however, are very beautiful, and being constructed as early as the year 1120, offer, perhaps, the oldest specimens of elegant Gothic architecture in this island.

The present cathedral is erected out of the ancient, whose surrounding ruins occupy a considerable space. The principal entrance is still through the western front, within which the roofless arches point like a magnificent colonnade to the modern church, which consists of a heterogeneous mixture of architecture, by no means agreeable to the eye of taste.

* Now Marquis of Bute.

In this cathedral are several ancient monuments, and among others of a late date, are two of the Matthews's family, in polished alabaster, which Mr. Wyndham thinks possess uncommon merit, for the age in which they were done: they appear to have been executed about the time of Henry VIII. who it seems patronized several Italian sculptors.

Cowbridge, the next place they visited, consists of one broad and handsome street. "In this place," says Mr. Wyndham, "we first met with the fish called Sewen, which seems to be of the salmon kind, but the flavour of it, in my opinion, is much superior." The southern and western parts of Wales abound so much with this delicious fish, that it frequently sold for 1½d. or 2d. a pound.

The vicinity of Cowbridge is remarkable for the number of its castles, among these the most conspicuous is that at St. Donat's, commanding an extensive view of the Severn. It is of great extent, and was the residence or property of the Esterlings, or Stradlings, (whose progenitor was one of the conqueror's twelve knights) for nearly seven centuries; but the line is now extinct.

The violence of the rains prevented them from inspecting the caverns near Dunraven House, and therefore they proceeded to Wennye Priory. The church is still perfect, and is indisputably of greater antiquity than any other perfect building in Wales. It was finished before 1100 by one of the Norman knights, and contains the tomb of his great grandson *, who was likewise

* Another ancient monument is shewn here, which, according to tradition, is in memory of Paganus de Turberville, one of the twelve knights.

a benefactor to the place. The arches are all circular, the columns short, round, and massive.

Leaving Ogmore Castle on their left hand, they soon arrived at the Pile, and from thence made an excursion on foot, in search of the remains of Cynfig Castle, the supposed residence of Robert Fitzhaman, under whom the twelve knights conquered Glamorganshire. Of this structure scarcely a wall remains, nor does it appear to have been more than a common keep. However, the very face of the country has evidently suffered great revolutions from winds and inundations. Naked sands, blown up in irregular heaps, and subject to changes by every storm, surrounded the site.

Visited Margam Abbey, a Norman edifice, in the best style. It stands at the foot of a high mountain, wholly covered with wood. Part of it is still used as the parish church, and within are several marble monuments, in memory of the Mansels, the former possessors of the abbey.

The chapterhouse is an elegant Gothic building; its vaulted, stone roof is supported by a clustered pillar, rising from the centre of the apartment, which is an exact circle, fifty feet in diameter. The whole is singularly beautiful.

"The orangery at Margam appears," says Mr. Wyndham, "to be better known to the public than the chapter-house. There may be about a hundred of them, and they are in a very flourishing condition; but the largest of them are only about ten feet high, and the thickest part of their trunks from fifteen to seventeen inches in circumference."

In the street of Margam stands an ancient cross, covered with a profusion of sculpture,

representing knots and fretwork. A few characters are visible near some figures, but our author could not decipher them.

Continuing their route under the mountains, they passed close to some copper-works at Aberavon, and after riding a few miles along the beach, they were ferried over the Tavey into Swansea.

This town makes a handsome appearance on approaching it, being built near the mouth of the Tavey, on a semicircular rising bank. The streets are wide, and the population is very considerable. It carries on an extensive trade in coals, pottery, and copper. The works belonging to the latter employ many hands.

Such is the profusion of coals in Glamorganshire, that it is no wonder the copper companies have fixed on this spot for carrying on their business. Limestone is also very plentiful; and there are few estates either here or in Monmouthshire, that cannot command this useful article for manure. The houses, walls and outbuildings in this track are generally whitewashed, which renders them at once neat and healthful.

The remaining walls of Swansea castle are finished with an open, Gothic parapet, through the arches of which the water ran from the tiles, a device which Mr. Wyndham highly commends, as adding to the security of the roofs and the beauty of the appearance.

In our author's second tour, he pursued the road from Briton Ferry, near Swansea, to Neath. This town stands on the banks of a river of the same name, in a spacious valley, and was once defended by a castle, of which some ruins are extant.

The fragments of the abbey lie about a mile below the town: they consist of several arches, a long, vaulted room and a line of pillars.

The spirit of industry, observes Mr. Wyndham, has successfully extended itself through this part of Glamorganshire, and is visible in immense copper-works and iron-forges, in tin-works and coal-mines. Yet the natives seem less solicitous than the English about the comforts of good houses, and the agreeable superfluities of life; for, though Neath is a considerable trading town, it chiefly consists of more miserable hovels than are to be found in the most indigent villages of England.

From Neath they made an excursion to see the cascade near Knoll. This is in a great measure artificial, and as such is scarcely to be paralleled in Great Britain; but our author expresses his wish that art had been more concealed in this design.

The next place they visited was the cataract of Cledaugh, near the forges of Melincourt. The road lies through a deep vale, along the eastern banks of the Neath, between picturesque mountains, from which torrents devolve in rainy seasons.

At the extremity of a wide and gloomy chasm, a black, perpendicular rock, about a hundred and fifty feet high, forms a small segment of a large circle. In the midst of this, the Cledaugh comes pouring down in a white sheet, without a single break, into the basin below. Here it rolls among various irregular crags, and rages down a deep descent, till it falls into the more tranquil Neath, at the distance of two furlongs from the cascade. What enhances the beauty of

this fall, is the deep shade of large trees that spread their branches over it.

Crossing the dreary mountain of Bettus, they soon after descended into Caermarthenshire, stopping at Llandillo Vawr, a small town on the declivity of a hill, washed by the Towy. Near this place the last decisive battle was fought between Edward I. and Llewelin, prince of Wales, in which the king's forces gained a complete victory, and a final period was put to the independency of Wales. This battle was fought in 1282, and afflictive as it must naturally have been at the moment to the ancient Britons, its consequences have been most fortunate to them as well as to the conquerors. The ancient history of Wales is only a tissue of usurpations, depredations, and murders; one chief contended against another, and the miserable people seldom knew the tranquillity of peace, or the comforts of independence.

“So bloody and ireful,” says Sir John Wynne*, in this history of the Gwedir family, were quarrels in those days, and the revenge of the sword at such liberty, that nothing was punished by law. Every man stood on his guard, and never ventured abroad on a visit, without being armed, as if he was proceeding to encounter his enemies in the field.”

The great grandfather of this gentleman, being questioned why he left his ancient seat, and resided in Nantconway, at that time swarming with thieves and bondmen, replied, “that he would rather fight with outlaws and thieves than with his own blood and kindred;” adding, “that

* He wrote about the year 1600.

if he lived at his own house in Evioneth, he must either kill his own kinsmen, or be killed by them."

From hence they proceeded to Dinevawr Castle, the ruins of which stand on the lofty prominence of a fine semicircular hill, mantled with wood, descending to the rapid Towy. It appears to have been built by Rhys ap Theodore, prince of South Wales, in the time of William the Conqueror, and afterwards became the residence of the Southwallian princes.

The ruins are now inclosed in the beautiful park of Newton, the property of Mr. Rice*.

About four miles from Llandillo stands the castle of Caraig-cennin. It is strongly situated on the point of a high, craggy, insulated rock, wholly inaccessible on three sides. Great part of this fortress is still extant, covering nearly an acre of ground, and at a distance appears in the highest degree magnificent, as well as romantic.

"This was doubtless," says Mr. Wyndham, "a British building, as is evident from its plan and the style of its architecture. Might it not," asks he, "have been the citadel of the British princes, and Dinevawr their palace?" The wall in this castle is of a singular kind, consisting of a large, winding cave, bored through the solid rock, to the length of a hundred and fifty feet; yet, with all this extravagant labour, there is scarcely water sufficient for a small family, nor does there appear at present any other resource within the precincts of the fortress.

Continuing their route through a delightful, cultivated country, they passed Druslwyn Castle,

* Lord Dinevawr.

on the left, seated on a large natural knoll, and at Abergwilly, saw the seat of the Bishop of St. David, which, however, has little to recommend it.

In this part of Caermarthenshire, the fishermen use a singular sort of boats, called Coracles. They are generally five feet and a half long, and four broad, a little rounded at the bottom, and nearly of an oval shape, ribbed with light laths and split twigs, in the manner of basket work, and covered with a raw hide, or pitched canvass. A seat crosses just above the centre. These vessels seldom weigh more than twenty or thirty pounds, and are transported from place to place with great facility, by being flung over the shoulders of the owners. When the business of fishing is over, they are generally carried home, and placed with their bottoms upwards against the houses, so that at a distance they resemble the shells of enormous turtles.

These boats, according to Cæsar, are specimens of the original British navigation; and, on one occasion, when the bridges of this great general were carried away by the torrent, he transported his legions in vessels of this construction.

Caermarthen, for a Welch town, is large and handsome, but certainly contains a mixture of decent and very mean inhabitants. The county hall is an honour to the place; it is erected on Doric pillars.

Part of the castle, founded in 1110, is now converted into a gaol; but the ruins contain nothing worthy of remark.

In Caermarthen, and indeed throughout the whole county, they use the dust of culm, or stone coal, mixed with nearly an equal quantity of
loam

loam or clay, and formed into oval balls, as a substitute for fuel. This compost gives great heat, when dried and put on the fire, and has been recommended by Evelyn, where coal or other fuel is scarce. "I could not imagine," says our author, "what could give rise to this economical preparation, where the genuine price of coal did not exceed 3d. a bushel; but still the balls I found sold for less than half that price, and in Wales the old adage, that "saving is getting," seems to be perfectly understood."

Crossing the Towy at this place, by a long, narrow bridge, they proceeded through a less pleasant country to Narbarth, a small town in Pembrokeshire, and two miles farther, passed the Cleddy, near which appear, on the right, the ruins of Llaubaden Castle, and on the left, the rich woods of Slebach.

Picton Castle, which they now visited, is esteemed one of the capital seats in the principality, and has always been inhabited. It has been much modernized; but modern Welch fabrics possess little to engage the attention of travellers, if we except the bridges of one arch thrown over rapid torrents, with which this country abounds.

In a subsequent visit to Wales, our author took another route to Haverfordwest, travelling by Llanstephan, a small fishing village, with a castle, and so on to Llaugharne, the ruins of whose fortress, seated on a low rock, washed by the tide, make a picturesque object.

Carew Castle, in the way to Pembroke, next attracted their notice. Some of the apartments are of great extent and beauty, but no part of the

the present erection seems to be more ancient than the time of Henry VII.

On the road side, near the castle, stands a very ancient, sculptured cross, eleven feet high and eight inches thick. Some Saxon characters are still legible in one square of the sculpture; but our author does not pretend to explain them.

Farther on stands Tenby, on the declivity of a hill; and, viewed from the bay, is extremely picturesque; but wants trees to vary and enliven the scene.

The approach to Pembroke from the river exhibits the town and castle to the utmost advantage. The town is situated on the ridge of a long and narrow rock, gradually ascending, and on its highest point stands the castle, at the brink of the precipice. This fortress is of Norman architecture, mixed with early Gothic, and the principal tower is uncommonly high and perfect. In former days, it was reputed of great strength.

Henry VII. was born here. The natural cavern, called the Wogan, lies immediately under the chapel, and opens towards the river. It appears nearly circular, about fifty-three feet in diameter, and of proportionable height. A communication has been made between it and the castle above.

Part of the ruins of the priory are used as a parish church; and great masses of the ancient walls, and some of the round towers, still environ the town. Several coins of the later emperors have been discovered here, and other antiquities are occasionally gleaned by the curious.

A pleasant walk led them from Pembroke to the Ferry, from whence they sailed, for some time,

time, about the haven of Milford, and then up the river to Haverfordwest.

“The little harbour of Harbarston Haikin,” says Mr. Wyndham, “is in a very flourishing state, and has now two packets, which convey passengers to Waterford, in Ireland, the distance from port to port being no more than twenty-three leagues, while the vessels can sail with almost any wind, and at any time of the tide.”

Milford Haven is well known for its magnitude and security. It is large enough to contain the whole navy of Great Britain, secure from every wind. The sea flows up into several good harbours and creeks, on every shore of it. The coasts, however, are not marked by any bold or picturesque features; they are neither mountainous nor sylvan, but consist of low inequalities of ground, partially cultivated, and varied by large furze brakes.

Haverfordwest is a large, irregular town, built on the declivity of a hill, in such a manner that the back windows of the ground floors in one street frequently overlook the roofs of the houses in another. The castle ruins are very extensive, and form a capital object from some points of view.

Poultry and fish are astonishingly cheap; but our tourist found that the difference of the price of meat and bread, between the one side of the Severn and the other, was extremely immaterial, though the inn charges were incomparably lower here. The common cheese of the country is cheap, but is such a combination of acids, from the milk of goats, sheep, mares, and cows, that few Englishmen would taste it a second time.

It

It soon contracts such a hardness, as to be almost proof against the edge of a knife, and such a rankness, that train-oil is sweet in the comparison.

“Methodism,” says Mr. Wyndham, “has extended its influence even to this remote angle of our island. I have since seen,” adds he, “in the most retired spots of this country, a wretched cottage nearly bursting with the fulness of its congregation, while numbers were swarming about the outside, imbibing, with gaping mouths, the poisonous tenets of the preacher, which

—————“creeping on
Spread like a low-borne mist, and blot the sun.”

The Pembrokeshire women, even in the middle of summer, generally wear a heavy cloth gown, with a hood depending behind, and, instead of a cap, a handkerchief wrapt over their heads, is tied under their chins. Sometimes, though rarely, they wear a small, beaver hat, with a very low crown. In other parts of Wales, however, the women, as well as the men, use large, beaver hats, with deep crowns; and even some of the better sort of people affect this national covering.

From Haverfordwest the road leads through a wretched country, down to the beach of Niwegal; then traverses a mountain, and descends to the romantic little harbour of Solvath.

“Near this place,” says Giraldus, “are now seen trunks of trees standing in the sea, with the marks of the ax as visible on them as if they had been lately felled.” The same author records a storm, which drove the sands from the beach, and exposed land to view which had been concealed for many ages.

The city of St. David's consists of a street, filled with miserable cottages, one of which is an inn. "I had so little idea," says Mr. Wyndham, "this was the bishopric, that I enquired in the street, how far it was distant."

The palace and cathedral lie below the town, and are not immediately visible. The former was erected in the reign of Edward III. and now forms an immense ruin. Several of the apartments are of extraordinary magnitude, the walls of which are all entire. The area of the great court is a hundred and twenty feet square, one side of which is occupied by the bishop's hall, the other by the king's, both of vast dimensions.

The nave of the present cathedral was built in the reign of King John, and shews a majesty of style in its decorations that is uncommonly striking. The roofs are wainscotted with Irish oak, and coeval with the church; yet there is not a single cobweb to be seen on them*.

Several ancient monuments appear both within the church, and among the many ruined chapels that surround it. Edmund, earl of Richmond, father of Henry VII. lies under a raised tomb, near the middle of the choir, and at a small distance is the tomb of Owen Tudor. Giraldus likewise lies buried here; but the officiating vicar neither knew his name nor his tomb. It seems part of the cathedral is unpaved, and graves are frequently raised within it of earth, as in common church-yards. This is not only indecent, but must be inimical to health, from confined effluvia.

* * Our author seems to think that Irish timber is an antidote against spiders.

“There is something innocent and pathetically pleasing,” remarks our author, “in the idea of strewing flowers and evergreens over the grave of a departed friend, which is the universal practice in those parts.” Shakespeare says, in his *Cymbeline*,

“With fairest flowers, while summer lasts,
I’ll sweeten thy sad grave.”

St. David, archbishop of Wales, translated the see hither from Caerleon, about 600, and from him it derived its name; while the ancient appellation, Menevia, was lost. It continued to be an archiepiscopal see till the reign of Henry I. when Bernard, the last metropolitan, professed obedience to the see of Canterbury.

From St. David’s, they made a short excursion to see the rocking-stone in this vicinity, mentioned by Gibson; but it has long since become immovable, and could never have been so curious as some others of this description in the kingdom.

Fisgard, a small port on this coast, stands on the point of a mountain, from which there is a winding road, cut with much labour, down to the harbour, at the mouth of the Gwyn.

There are few inclosures to be seen here. This whole coast is mountainous, with steep and perpendicular cliffs. The road commonly lies in sight of the sea, and frequently commands a prospect of the Irish hills.

Within a short distance of Newport, a mean town, situated under the ruins of a small castle, are several druidical sepulchres, or altars. The upper stones are large, and appear to have been originally supported by four uprights. They are

all within the circumference of about sixty yards, and one of them is nearly perfect.

Finding very indifferent accommodations at Fisgard and Newport*, they proceeded the same day to Cardigan, visiting the old cross in the church-yard of Nefern. This is mentioned by Gibson, but of some other antiquities they could learn no intelligence.

In his second tour through the principality, our author took a different route from Haverfordwest to Cardigan, travelling through Narbrath†. Beyond this they passed a druidical monument on Cilmaenlloyd Heath, and after some time came in sight of Cilgarran Castle, of which two round, roofless towers are still remaining. It is of great antiquity, and was originally fortified by Roger Montgomery, one of the Norman generals at the battle of Hastings.

They were ferried over the Teivy in a coracle, with a dexterity that was astonishing.

Cardigan stands on a gentle eminence above the river, over which there is a handsome, stone bridge. Some slender remains of the castle walls are still to be seen; but by far the greater part of the materials have been removed.

* Their landlord at Newport, asking their opinion respecting one of the ancient monuments in this vicinity, was told, that it was probably the grave of some *great man* among the ancient Britons. "I always thought so," said he, with an air of satisfaction, "and I have no doubt but, in digging, the skeleton of a *huge giant* would be discovered.

† In some parts of Pembrokeshire, it appears inoculation for the smallpox has been practised time immemorial. The hardy native either rubbed the matter of a ripe pustule on his skin, or pricked himself with a needle, previously dipped in it.

Returning

Returning from hence by Coedmawr, they followed a beautiful, shady path, cut for two miles from the precipitous bank of the Teivy, a river which runs in a broad, translucent stream, between the sloping, sylvan hills which bound it. In one place the landscape is broken, but, at the same time heightened, by the lofty, barren rock, on which stand the romantic ruins of Cilgarran Castle. Much of this walk, and its accompanying scenery, bears a strong resemblance to Piercefield.

At Llechryd Bridge, the beauty of the river diminishes, and here they proceeded towards the coast, through a miserable country, that defies the power of cultivation.

The town of Llanarch consists only of a few straggling cottages. Between this and Aberystwyth, the road is intricate, and presents nothing very remarkable, except some druidical monuments and vestiges of encampments.

Aberystwyth* is pleasantly situated on an easy elevation, in the centre of a spacious vale at the efflux of the Ystwyth and Ryddol. It carries on a considerable trade, and in the summer season is much resorted to for bathing, its beach being easy, regular, and sandy, and well adapted for the purpose.

Part of the ancient walls remains, though in a mutilated state; and of the castle only one Gothic tower, which now serves as a land-mark, challenges notice. It was first built by Gilbert Strongbow, about 1107; but rebuilt by Edward I. in 1277.

* Towns whose names begin with Aber, shew they lie near the mouth of a river.

A long, stone bridge, of nine arches, crosses the Ryddol near this place, on the other side of which rises a high and precipitous hill, crowned with a large intrenchment, where it is said Gryffydd ap Rhys encamped his forces, before they were cut off by the English. On a forked hill, just above the opposite side of the town, are two other castlements.

Having determined to explore the interior parts of Cardiganshire, they visited the tin-works above Cilgarran, and then proceeded over a wild and mountainous country to Llanpeter, exhibiting few marks of native fertility, though several of attempted cultivation.

On their approach to Llanpeter, the vale in which it lies appeared rich and woody, but this agreeable illusion was soon dissipated. No other remains of this ancient abbey are to be seen, except part of the wall of the church, and a beautiful door-way, of Norman architecture. Of the tombs of princes and abbots, whose dust reposes here, not a vestige is to be seen, nor even a single inscription to be found.

This celebrated monastery, which was founded by a Southwallian prince in the reign of William the Conqueror, lies in the farthest recess of a mountainous semicircle, surrounded by some sweet, romantic spots. "To the monks of this house it is chiefly owing," says Mr. Wyndham, "that the public now possesses an accurate history of Wales, from the year 1157 to the defeat of Llewelyn, the last reigning prince of Wales." The chain of history antecedent to this is supposed to be derived from more fabulous sources.

Passing a night at Rhos Fair, they continued to travel over mountains, morasses, and through deep glens, frequently washed by rapid torrents, till they came to the Devil's Bridge, the foundation of which is of great antiquity; but in the opinion of our author, it could not be necessary to employ such an architect to throw an arch over a chasm only twenty feet wide. A new arch has been formed on the old one, so that the present may be thirty feet over.

The depth to the water under the bridge is at least two hundred and fifty feet, while the chasm gradually expands itself above the bridge to the height of three hundred feet more. The whole length of this romantic valley is more than a mile, and is so thickly mantled with trees, that the chasm may easily be passed without being noticed.

The river Monach, which joins the Ryddol a little below, in a series of ages, has worn this way through the rock, and forms altogether one of the most singular scenes that can be imagined.

From the surrounding mountains, the highest of which is Plinlimmon, several capital rivers derive their sources; the Severn, with many of its tributary streams, the Wye, the Ystwyth, the Teivy, and others.

Pursuing an exceeding good turnpike-road, sometimes through the mountains, and sometimes along their brows, they came to Llanbadern Vawr, one of the earliest bishoprics in Wales. The present church is spacious, and built in the form of a Greek cross. In the time of Giraldus, there was an abbey here under the jurisdiction of a layman, a profanation which he laments in
feeling

feeling strains; though, perhaps, the revenues were as well applied by a layman as by a monk.

The supposed sepulchre of Talieffin, the prince of British bards, which stood near the highway, about four miles from Aberystwyth, has, according to our author, been entirely destroyed, and the broken stones converted to gate-posts. With the partiality the Cambrians feel for their distinguished countryman, it is astonishing they should be so negligent of their memorials.

About two miles beyond Tal y Bont, the country began to wear a more cheerful aspect than it had done for some space, and they entered a sylvan scene, through which they were conducted, by the sides of two waterfalls, to the banks of the Dovy.

Here the landscape was profuse of beauties. The navigable Dovy, which forms the boundary between North and South Wales, runs through a broad expanse of fine meadows, encircled with a majestic chain of mountains; rich in tillage, pasture, or wood.

Machynlleth, the next place they visited, is situated in a small, verdant plain, closely begirt with mountains, the summits of which are generally enveloped in clouds. Here Owen Glyndwr assembled a parliament, and formally accepted the crown of Wales, in 1402. This man maintained his princely dignity for seven years, in spite of all the efforts of England. The house where his parliament assembled is still to be seen.

Leaving this place, they soon found themselves in a true alpine valley, surrounded by precipices, down which the torrents devolved in thundering majesty. Towards its extremity, the huge mountain of Cader Idris presented one of its naked, craggy,

craggy, and prominent cliffs in the most sublime form, and under this the road passes, within sight of the small Lake of Three Grains; so called from three immense stones lying near it, which are believed by the common people to have been only three grains, which the Giant Idris finding uneasy in his shoes, shook out here, as he stopped to drink.

They now crossed a branch of Cader Idris, and soon after descending, arrived at Dolgelly, a poor town, in a pleasant situation, on the banks of the Avon. The entrance is under a boarded channel, which serves as an aqueduct to a mill, and from which the water is constantly dripping on the passenger's head. Mountains environ it, and publicans crowd it.

Cader Idris rises immediately from the town to a point, and, from the abruptness of its descent, appears more elevated than it really is. In height it is certainly inferior to Snowdon.

The rains falling very heavily, confined them longer in this place than they intended, and a fair being held here, every chamber was occupied. "The scene of riot and drunkenness, which took place," says Mr. Wyndham, "is scarcely to be conceived; it continued not only through the day, but during the night, and till the following noon."

As a proof of Welch hospitality, two gentlemen, one an officer and the other a justice of the peace, pressed our author to their accommodations, from which he was not suffered to retire till two in the morning; but no sooner was he gone, than the same gentlemen sent for his servants, and *enjoyed* their company during the remainder of the night.

A considerable trade in flannels is carried on here, and extends its influence for many miles round. Here the English language is spoken by boys with great facility, by oral instruction. The masters cause their pupils to repeat short sentences, gradually lengthening the talk, and thus speedily qualify them to converse in a tongue, which, if studied grammatically, would have taken them up several years*.

They now passed near the poor remains of Vennar Abbey, and about five miles from Dolgelly, turned to their left to examine a waterfall. It is broken into two broad parts; the upper fall descends about thirty-five feet, into a large basin, and then running along a craggy channel for some distance, comes to the lower precipice, from which it is projected, in a broad sheet, into a second basin below. The last fall is upwards of twenty feet in descent; the whole encircled with impending rocks, and shaded with wood. The spot is romantically beautiful, and they could scarcely tear themselves from it.

In this vicinity are several other remarkable cataracts, the two principal are those of Mochvay and Cayne; each of which has its characteristic and appropriate beauties.

The fall of Rhaidr Du, or the Black Cataract, is on the small stream Velenryd. It rushes down a steep and broad hollow, worn in the mountain, for the space of a hundred yards, before it reaches the precipice, and is then forced through the

* There cannot be a doubt but conversation is the readiest method of learning any language. It is necessary to acquire words first, and then to know how to place them; in the same manner as it is necessary to have the materials of a building before they can be united.

mouth of the cataract, with extraordinary violence, into a pool forty feet below.

As they approached Harlech, the road was almost literally a stair-case. The shell of the castle of Harlech is entire, and presents a most picturesque object, being seated on a very high rock, projecting into the Irish Sea. Its strength must have been very formidable, yet it surrendered to the Earl of Pembroke in the reign of Edward IV. after a short siege.

In order to avoid the perilous track by which they had reached this place, they returned over the sands of Traeth Bychan, which are only passable at low water. For this purpose they hired a Welch guide, who blundered on, without confessing his ignorance of the road, till he brought them to the very brink of a precipice. They had, in every instance, found the guides of this country equally ignorant, conceited, or timid. In one case, a poor fellow, ragged, barefooted, and probably without a penny in his pocket, would not engage to direct them for hire, notwithstanding all their persuasions, lest he should be murdered in the mountains. The temptation certainly was not very obvious to such a treacherous and desperate deed!

The sepulchre near Harlech, called Coeton Artur, mentioned by Camden, still exists: the other monuments, near Michneint Mountain, are much injured by time and violence, and our tourist did not take the trouble of visiting them.

The kind reception they met with at the little inn of Tan y Bwlch induced them to stay several days at this spot. It stands in the parish of Fefiniogg, on the river Dryryd, in a deep and narrow

narrow valley, surrounded by mountains of the most romantic aspect, moderately clothed with wood. The scenery here, were the sky more serene, would, in our author's estimation, make as rich a study for a painter, as the neighbourhood of Frascati or Tivoli.

"In short," says Mr. Wyndham, "if a person could live upon a landscape, he would scarcely desire a more eligible spot than that, on which the mansion of a Mrs. Griffiths stands; but the barrenness of the country on all sides the vale is invincible; no carriage can be used in it; and all the comforts and conveniences of life depend on distant markets."

Vegetation here is stunted, and twenty acres of land would scarcely produce a ton of hay.

Whether it is owing to the climate or the disposition of the natives, the gentlemen throughout the whole principality are said to be attached to immoderate draughts of a heavy, viscid ale, which shortens their days. 'The poor,' says a sensible, observant author, 'through necessity, reap the benefit of the climate, and live to advanced ages, while the richer heir seldom waits long for the possession of his estate, and seldom long enjoys it.'

They now traversed a desolate and cloud-capt country, till, descending to the sands of Traeth Mawr, they were conducted to Pont Aberglaslyn, which divides Merioneth from Caernarvonshire. The scene is grand beyond description: an impending, craggy cliff, at least eight hundred feet high, full of rugged rocks, shadows the broad, translucent torrent, which thunders over the vast fragments torn from the precipices above; while, on the opposite declivity, the disjointed fragments

ments seem scarcely prevented from tumbling into the narrow road that lines the brink of the flood.

The bridge of Aberglaslyn, which connects the two precipices, is a semicircular arch, about thirty feet in diameter. Just above it is a cascade, called the Salmon Leap, about twelve feet high.

Leaving this romantic pass, which continues nearly a mile, they passed through Beddhelert, over a rocky desert, at the foot of Snowdon, to the lakes of Llchwellyn. From the brink of the larger lake rises the immense precipice of Mynydd Mawr, or the Great Mountain. A vale soon after opens, which gradually dilates itself into the rich and pleasant champaign about Caernarvon. This is a neat and well-built town, founded on the Anglesea Strait, by Edward I. who fortified it with a wall and castle.

The shell of the castle is a striking object, of the finest Gothic architecture; and is faced with a bright, durable stone. Strangers are shewn the tower in which Edward II. the first English prince of Wales, was born.

A broad and delightful terrace accompanies the walls of the town; and, from every point that this place can be viewed, it forms a charming landscape, and gives a striking idea of the splendor and magnificence of the first Edward.

On the steep bank of the Steint, about half a mile above the town, stands a square fort, supposed to be the Roman Segontium. It is unquestionably of great antiquity.

Made an excursion to Dolbadern Castle, and, as they approached the ruins, noticed a deep fall of water on the right. The castle is situated on the verge of Llynberis Lake, divided by a nar-

row meadow from another bearing the same name as the castle. Only one tower of the pile remains, or more probably it never was of much greater extent, being placed on the sharp point of a lofty crag. Here Owen Goch was confined by his brother Llewelyn for more than twenty years, but at length released.

In this vicinity, they saw numerous flocks of goats, and also a few scattered sheep, which pick up a scanty support from the turfs amidst the precipices.

A turnpike road carried them to Bangor Ferry, which they crossed to Porthathwy, and, without stopping, they proceeded directly to Beaumaris.

Anglesea is famous for its druidical remains; but our author thinks antiquaries are frequently misled and hurried away by too sanguine an attachment to their favourite pursuit, which makes them attribute to religious uses what was originally intended only for private advantage. The cairns of Wales have drawn forth a profusion of learned disquisitions; "yet I am convinced," says Mr. Wyndham, "that many of these heaps of stones were piled together for no other reason, than that the rest of the field might afford the clearer pasture."

"I shall pass no reflections," adds he, "on the single monuments, or on the circular, upright stones which abound in most parts of this country. They are not comparable to Stonehenge or Abury, either in massiness or regularity."

Our tourist mentions the following ludicrous anecdote, which we preserve as a *bonne bouche* for antiquaries. Being desirous to know what was the vulgar tradition of the use and intention of a very large upright stone, he ordered his guide

to ask a countryman, why it was erected. "For the cattle to rub their a——e against," replied the clown, without hesitation: a more obvious purpose, and perhaps a more useful one, than a F. A. S. would ever have thought of.

Beaumaris is a handsome town, charmingly situated on the Menai Frith; it has a good port, and was defended by a castle, built by Edward I. still in good preservation, and appears to have been of great strength. It is surrounded on all sides at the distance of fifty or sixty feet, with a strong wall, guarded by round towers at regular distances.

Crossing the Menai Ferry, they passed over the sands at low water, and entered on the turnpike road at Llanaber, in Caernarvonshire.

All the borders of the Menai are pleasant and agreeable; but the fine woods at Plas Newydd and Baron Hill, the seat of Lord Bulkeley, above Beaumaris, render them eminently beautiful.

Above the house of Sir Nicholas Bailey, at Plas Newydd, they were shewn a remarkable cromlech, the principal stone of which, an irregular square, is forty feet in circumference, and from three to four in thickness. Notwithstanding its magnitude, it is raised so high on supporters, that cows can take shelter under it. A smaller cromlech closely adjoins to the extremity of the large one.

Soon after Mr. Wyndham returned from his tour, a friend informed him, that a subterraneous gallery was discovered near the hamlet of Brynkelly, eighteen feet long, three broad, and six high. It led to a chamber of the same height, covered with a large, single stone, twelve feet

long and nine wide. A small, round pillar, in the centre of the apartment, seemed to prop the roof; and many human bones were dispersed about the floor, which, immediately as they were touched, mouldered into dust. This sepulchre is probably unique, and is certainly of the highest antiquity.

Bangor is a small town, and contains but few good houses. The present cathedral was built by Bishop Dennis, in the reign of Henry VII.

After travelling for thirteen days, where no carriage could be used, chiefly on little Welch hacks, remarkably handy and sure of foot, they felt all the luxury of a coach, which met them at Bangor Ferry, and carried them to Conway.

Among the mountains they had left, the English language is little understood. The original manners also prevail, unmixed with either ancient or modern civilization. "The village of Rhos Fair and its inhabitants," remarks our tourist, "would quickly convince a stranger, that simplicity in building or clothing is not partially confined to the wigwams and natives of the Cape of Good Hope, or of the Terra del Fuego; and would furnish a stronger confirmation of the opinion, that America was discovered by the Britons in the twelfth century, than the casual affinity of a few words, strained to the same import."

However, it is not necessary to adopt this hypothesis for a solution of the question: all nations were originally simple and uncivilized, the modes of living were nearly similar; and it is only where refinement takes place, and luxury creeps in, that they vary from each other in any essential degree.

At the foot of Penmaen Mawr stands a small inn, the landlord of which designed and superintended the famous road which runs here along the side of a lofty cliff, impending over the sea. This road divides the mountain into two unequal parts, the height above being five times as great as the depth below. No power of man can obviate all the dangers of this stupendous pass. Large fragments, from the precipice above, are continually falling down, and sometimes interrupt the road, or force through the parapet into the Irish Sea below.

Our author was informed by this ingenious landlord, that he had lately attended an English gentleman to the summits of Penmaen Mawr and Snowdon, and that the perpendicular height of the first was found to be one thousand four hundred feet, and of the latter one thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea.

“It may appear extraordinary,” observes Mr. Wyndham, “that I have scarcely taken any notice of the mountains of Plinlimmon or Snowdon, though I was at the feet of both. The fact is, the atmosphere was so constantly obscured during the time I was here, that the upper parts were always hid from our view.”

The top of Snowdon, it seems, is rarely visible, even from Caernarvon, and when they enquired of the inhabitants in what point of the compass it lay, no two people could agree in fixing it precisely to the same spot.

There is an existing tradition, that this mountainous, naked track was once covered with woods, which Edward I. destroyed, that they might not furnish an asylum to the disaffected; but the description of Giraldus, who wrote a century be-

fore that period, confutes this opinion, and shews that Snowdon perfectly corresponds with its present appearance.

However, there is a greater probability for the tradition, which records, that this king ordered all the Welch bards to be massacred. This might be a necessary, but a cruel, policy. The flame of liberty could only be extinguished with the fuel that fed it. The warm and energetic songs of a race of men, almost deemed inspired, could not be heard without a correspondent effect on the multitude. In ancient days the voice and the harp were to liberty what the press is now—the very pillar of its existence. The situation of Conway is exceedingly fine. It stands on the banks of a noble river, which makes a beautiful and spacious vale, while sylvan hills surround it. The present town, however, does not occupy a third of the area of the ancient walls, which are still nearly perfect, and, together with the castle, were erected by Edward I.

Conway Castle stands on a narrow rock, two sides of which are washed by the river. The ruins are of great extent, but the hall is the most remarkable apartment; this is a hundred and twenty-nine feet in length, and thirty-one and a half in breadth. The height from the floor to the point of the Gothic vault, supported by eight pillars, of which five remain, was twenty-two feet. In this noble room are three chimneys.

The ground-plot seems to have been irregular, and adapted to the nature of the site. The towers on the south are partly founded on the rock and partly on its steep and smooth declivity. One of them remains a singular ruin, for the lower part having slid down the precipice,

the upper part still continues perfect and erect, with a projection of thirty feet over the walls below.

As Chester fair was at hand, the inns of Conway were filled with linen merchants from Ireland, and many were obliged to sit up all night, sacrificing to Bacchus; while a blind harper and the voice of the bar-maid encouraged their libations. "This was the only harp," says Mr. Wyndham, "I heard in the principality; both the instrument and the voice were perfectly agreeable, and I did not lament the interruption of my sleep, or wish the harmonic society at a greater distance from my chamber."

Crossing the ferry at Conway, they traversed a hilly country, till they came within eight miles of St. Asaph, when they entered the fertile vale of Clwyd.

St. Asaph is a neat, pleasant town, situated on an elevated bank, between the Elwy and Clwyd. The cathedral is kept in the neatest order, and of itself is a handsome pile of building. The present fabric, after a delapidation of eighty years, was raised by Bishop Redman, about 1480.

The ruins of Ryddlan Castle stand about three miles below St. Asaph. It was a small, square fortress, of Norman architecture, and rebuilt in its present form by Henry II. Here Edward I enacted the famous statute, by which he regulated the government of his newly-acquired dominions.

In a subsequent tour, Mr. Wyndham followed the road from Conway, which leads to Llanrwt, through a romantic country, enlivened with waterfalls.

Llanrwt, though it lies on no public road, has a good inn; a beautiful stone bridge over the Conway connects it with the ancient mansion of the Wynnes, of Gwedir. This bridge was built in 1636, and is said to have been the design of Inigo Jones, a native of this country. It does no discredit to this eminent architect.

The chapel adjoining to the church is also reputed to have been the work of the same genius. In it are the monuments of the Gwedir family, and five or six square brass plates are still to be seen on the pavement, with effigies of some of the race, in the fashion of their times. An open stone coffin, preserved here, said to have been brought from an abbey two miles below, is reputed to have contained the dust of Llewelyn the Great, who reigned fifty-six years, and died in 1240.

At some distance from Llanrwt, is a cataract of the river Wennel, broken into many parts, each of which has its peculiar beauty, and viewed together, form a landscape in the highest degree romantic.

Continuing their progress by a good road, over some heathy hills, when they arrived within a few miles of Denbigh, the beauty of the country began insensibly to increase, and to prepare them for the rich and luxuriant prospects that gladden the vale of Clwyd.

"While we were traversing those heathy hills," says Mr. Wyndham, "we frequently looked back towards the mountainous regions, from which we had so lately emerged; and had now a clearer view of them than usual, though they were not entirely unobscured."

Our tourist laments that he was not able ever to procure any satisfactory information, respecting the situation of the Glyder Mountain, described by Gibson; and he seems to think that its name has since been changed to Wythwar, which lies south of the parish of Clynog.

The town of Denbigh is large, populous, and decently built, on the declivity of a lofty hill, covered with the ruins of a strong castle, founded in the reign of Edward I. The principal gateway is a large and beautiful Gothic arch, over which is a statue of the founder, Henry Lacy, earl of Lincoln.

The town was originally confined to the summit of this hill, and the walls and gates are visible. The parish church still occupies this place.

They next reached Ruthen, a large and well-inhabited town, on the Clwyd, formerly defended by a Gothic castle, of which some fragments remain. Here it may be proper to remark, that most of the towns in North Wales are superior in beauty to those of the South.

Soon after they quitted the charming vale of Clwyd, which for beauty, fertility, and population, is not exceeded by any spot of the same magnitude in the kingdom. It is nearly of an oval form, twenty-six miles long, and eight wide in the broadest part, wholly bounded by a chain of hills, except towards the Irish sea. The banks of the Clwyd which divides it, are charmingly diversified, and are as picturesque as the soil is rich.

Again they entered on a mountainous track, pregnant with coals and lead; and in their descent to Wrexham, had an extensive view of Vale Royal, in Cheshire. At the bottom they

passed Offa's Dyke, which is very visible on each side of the road. It commences at Basingwerk, in Flintshire, and is continued for upwards of a hundred and fifty miles to Chepstow.

In his second tour, Mr. Wyndham took another route from Denbigh, through the mountains and lead mines of Caerwis, and so on to the large and handsome town of Holywell; famous for the well of St. Winifred, and more so for the legend that records her miracles. It is almost needless to add, that the legend is a fiction; and it does not even appear to have antiquity to render it venerable.

The mother of Henry VII. founded the beautiful little cloister, which covers the well, and over that the chapel, now used as a public school. The spring itself is a singular curiosity. It throws out about twenty-one tuns of water* in a minute, and descends down the contracted valley with such rapidity, that it actually works several mills for battering brass and iron, in the short space of one mile, before it falls into the Chester Channel.

The equability of this spring is likewise very remarkable, as it is never affected by seasons or floods, and, from its rapidity, never freezes.

The catholics esteem it for its sanctity, and others for its salubrity. The latter quality gains some credit, from the number of trophies left by grateful patients, to record its virtues. The waters are used both externally and internally, and the basin is promiscuously opened to all comers, male as well as female, who perform

* Pennant.

the ceremony of ablution, veiled only in a linen shirt.

Near the efflux of the Holywell river, stand the extensive remains of Basingwerk monastery. They are situated on a gentle rising, and command a long perspective of the Chester Channel. The richness of the soil, and the happy disposition of the surrounding groves, contribute much to the picturesque beauty of these venerable ruins.

The architecture of Basingwerk seems to be of a mixed nature, but much of it is very ancient. The doors and some of the lower arches are semicircular, simple, and unadorned: the windows are long, narrow, and painted. Little of the church remains except the foundations; but large masses of the abbot's house, of the hall, and refectory are still extant.

This abbey, which was founded in 1131, originally belonged to the templars; but on the dissolution of that order, was given by Edward II. to the Cistercians. The cunning monks invented the fable of St. Winifred, and as this superstition daily gained ground, and was backed by the Roman pontiff, they acquired great wealth from the resort of pilgrims to the holy well.

The poor town of Flint scarcely deserves a visit. It has, however, the remains of a small, square castle, supposed to have been founded by Henry II. History relates that Richard II. was inveigled to this fortress, and there detained, till he was put into the hands of Bolingbroke, who, in consequence of Richard's deposition, succeeded to the throne.

The castle walls are now considerably distant from the reach of the tide, yet we are assured

that ships formerly anchored under them; and within half a century mooring rings were to be seen in the walls.

Falling into the turnpike road at Northop, they travelled through a rich and pleasant country, commanding most delightful and extensive views, and passing under the only remaining tower of Hawarden castle, now inclosed in a garden, they soon after arrived at Chester.

Next day they re-entered the principality, and reached Wrexham, a large and handsome town, delightfully situated in a fruitful country, which has induced many families to fix their residence in the vicinity. The seat of Mr. York, at Erdig, and its accompaniments, claim the admiration of every person of taste and elegance.

The church of Wrexham is a splendid fabric. It was built in the reign of Henry VII. and its tower, a beautiful specimen of the ornamented Gothic, is a hundred and forty feet high. Within are some handsome monuments, and among the rest a very ancient one, representing an armed man, at full length, with his legs extended, and a long sword. On the left arm is a shield, with a lion or wolf rampant, and round it are some large Saxon characters, which have not been decyphered.

In the church of Ruabon are many monuments of the families of Williams and Wynne, and as two of them are by Ryfbrac and Nollekens, they will long serve to rescue this place from obscurity, did it possess no other attraction.

In this parish lies Wynstay, the seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart. The park is replete with charming views, and the house, built on the highest elevation in it, commands

some

some luxuriant prospects over lawns, sinking with gradual slopes, and rising again with swelling inequalities at various distances. Both wood and water combine to heighten the scene; nor is the surrounding country less attractive, being an expanse of rich cultivation, bounded by remotely distant hills.

Their next stage was Chirk Castle, part of whose ancient walls and towers remains, but the court, or quadrangle, within has been modernized, and converted into a splendid seat. It stands on an exalted eminence, commanding an extensive landscape over Cheshire and Shropshire, and was founded by Roger Mortimer in the thirteenth century.

From Chirk Castle they proceeded to Llangollen, along the high banks of the transparent Dee. This is a miserable town, but in point of romantic scenery is almost unequalled. It lies in a small dale, closely environed by precipitous and sylvan mountains. On the conical point of one of which stands the conspicuous ruin of the castle of Dinas Bran.

According to history, this spot was fortified from the earliest ages; but the style of the present remains shew them to have been coeval with Gruffydh ap Madawe, who, deeply engaging in the interest of Henry III. so strongly fortified himself in this almost-inaccessible place, as to be able to resist the repeated efforts of the prince of North Wales to reduce him to submission.

The castle occupied the whole crown of the mountain, about three hundred feet in length, and half as much in breadth; and, notwithstanding its aerial situation, there are two wells within the walls, at no time deficient in water. It is

impossible to approach on horseback nearer than a quarter of a mile of this fortress; and it was, in addition to its natural impracticability, anciently defended by a fosse and draw-bridges.

The bridge over the Dee at Llangollen, is said to have been built by a bishop of St. Asaph, about the year 1400. The river is a noble object from this spot. It rages furiously down the broad, shelving, solid rock, which is worn, by the rapidity of its course, to a black, glossy polish, both above and below the bridge.

Here they found their inn occupied by a company of mourners, just returned from the funeral of a tradesman, and who soon drowned their sorrow in large potations of ale. "Such," says Mr. Wyndham, "is the general conclusion of a Welch meeting, whether it begins with mirth or melancholy."

Our author was informed here, that a funeral was esteemed the most profitable part of the function of a Welch clergyman. The relations and neighbours, it seems, attend the corpse to the grave in large numbers, and make offerings to the officiating priest, in proportion to their respect for the memory of the deceased. This custom is evidently derived from the ancient mass-money; and where benefices are generally small, it is fortunate that the profitable part of the superstition has suffered no reformation.

The next place they visited was the abbey of Vallis Crucis, standing in the centre of a small, verdant meadow, skirted by a pebbly stream, and closely invested with a chain of lofty hills. These beautiful ruins well deserve the attention of the curious investigator of monastic antiquity. The length of the church is a hundred and eighty

eighty feet, and its east and west fronts are in good preservation, while other parts are crumbling to decay, and trees rising amidst the tumbled fragments.

The abbots lodgings have long been converted to a farm-house; though much of the building retains its original form.

Tracing the beautiful meanders of the Dee for some miles, they arrived at the little town of Corwen, memorable for its intrenchments, which were thrown up in 1164, when the native princes of Wales and Powis leagued to oppose the immense preparations of Henry II. and who, by their prudence and Fabian policy, defeated all his designs.

The vale of Ydeirneon, on the verge of which Corwen stands, is of an oval figure, and several miles in circumference, possessing some peculiarly romantic features.

Crossing the Dee, by a handsome stone bridge, they soon began to ascend the high mountain of Cefn Crwyny, crowned with a large intrenchment, and from whose brow is a charming view of the Lake of Bala, with the distant mountains of Cader Idris.

Bala is about four miles long and one broad, of a crystalline clearness, and bounded by a pebbly shore. The environs are beautifully varied, rather than majestic. From this place, the Dee makes a very rapid and constant descent, through a winding channel, for a hundred miles before it reaches Chester.

Beyond the upper end of the lake appear the two Rarans, on either side of the Dee, with their irregular summits, eminently raised above the encircling mountains. Bala abounds in trout

and perch; but the gwyniadd, a fish peculiar to it, is said to be growing scarce, though our tourist had the good fortune to procure two specimens.

The town of Bala consists of one wide street, and considering its sequestered situation, possesses very good accommodations for travellers.

They now traversed the bleak Berwyn Mountains, and as the morning was bright and cloudless, the whole horizon was visible, and displayed a most savage aspect for several miles. No towns or habitations of men were to be seen; and the mountains rose and receded from the eye in constant succession.

At length they entered a valley, the apparent receptacle of all the waters from this part of Berwyn, and proceeded onwards to Llangannoch.

In another journey from Chirk Castle, over a different part of the Berwyn Mountains, which were every where of a melancholy and solitary complexion, they reached the vale of Llanrhaidr, and rode along the banks of the river for nearly five miles, to visit the noble cataract of Pistil Rhaidr.

On their approach, neither the magnitude of the river, nor the first view of the fall, at a distance of two miles, gave them any idea equal to their expectations; but as they advanced, an immense theatre of naked, perpendicular rocks, in a semicircle, opened to their sight, over the centre of which devolved the Rhaidar in a large sheet, from the amazing height of two hundred and forty feet.

“ This cataract,” says Mr. Wyndham, “ may be divided into three parts; the first fall descends about a hundred and sixty feet upon a ridge of the

the precipice; the water then breaks through a large, natural arch of the rock, which is easily passable, and foams into a small basin, about twenty feet lower; and afterwards raging through a deep grove, enters the level of the river."

Several groups of pentagonal pillars, like those of the Giant's Causeway and Staffa, overhung the upper sides of the rock, while the lower parts are separated from them, at unequal heights, by which means their form is distinctly perceivable from below.

There are various other attractions near this romantic spot, and by the liberality of a clergyman, a small building has been erected here, for the convenience of travellers in this precarious climate.

They next reached Llanvyllyn, a neat town, situated in one of the most delightful valleys of Montgomeryshire. From hence, crossing the deep and silent river of Vurnwy, they arrived at Welch Pool, a large and populous town, near the Severn, from the quay of which place it is navigable for at least two hundred miles, to its efflux in the British Channel.

Powis Castle stands on an eminence, about a mile distant from Welch Pool, and is still inhabited. The gardens are laid out in parallel terraces, bordered with yews, and other evergreens, in the antiquated taste.

The prospects from this castle are extensive and fine, commanding a beautiful, spacious vale, and some finely varied hills.

Montgomery enjoys a very picturesque situation, with its ruined castle above, on a high rock, but contains nothing remarkable. Some intrenchments are to be seen in the vicinity.

Their road from thence lay over a hill to the beautiful vales of Newton. The town of the same name is neat and agreeable.

Ascending a mountain, the path over which is intricate and boggy, they afterwards dipped into the Radnorshire dales, and soon arrived at Llandrindod. This route presented nothing to compensate for execrable roads over a melancholy waste.

The mineral wells of Llandrindod lie in a wild, extensive heath, sprinkled with a few trees, and bounded by dreary mountains. There is a lodging house, for the reception of company, which, in a fine season, is tolerably full.

Builth, where they crossed the Wye, is a small town, in a broad and pleasant plain. Of the castle, there are no vestiges, except the keep. It was in this vicinity that Llewelyn, the last reigning prince of Wales, lost his life, after his troops were entirely defeated.

As it was market-day when they passed through Builth, they had an opportunity of seeing how well it was attended; and were astonished to find such a number of people collected together. The chief pride and glory, indeed, of the Welch towns, is the fulness of their markets and the number of their fairs. In a country, thinly inhabited, and where riches and luxury are as thinly disseminated, all the elegancies and conveniencies of life are confined to the towns; and the villagers are obliged to resort to them, on market-days, to supply their wants.

From Builth, they followed a good but unpleasant road to Brecknock, a large, populous, and handsome town, standing on a beautiful eminence, the bottom of which is washed by the

Uske, and bounded on the south by the high mountain of Penervaen, which is a miniature resemblance of Cader Idris, as seen from Dolgelly.

A few remains of Ely tower, on the keep of Brecknock Castle, and some walls, are still extant. The tower derives its name from the Bishop of Ely, who was confined here by Richard III. and who was instrumental in planning the famous union of the two houses of York and Lancaster, by means of which Henry VII. ascended the throne.

The priory church stands on the highest point of the town, and is a large and noble edifice, in the form of a Greek cross. The walks behind this sacred pile are laid out with taste, and are exceedingly pleasant. Some remnants of the old college of Brecknock are still to be seen near the Uske, and several large intréncements are to be traced on the hills in the neighbourhood. The most remarkable is Y Gaer, which, our tourist says, is indisputably Roman.

The turnpike-road now follows the current of the Uske, which runs through a delicious vale. On their left were seen the ruins of Tretower Castle, and those of Crickhowel on their right. The keep of the last-mentioned castle alone remains; for, in this track, materials for building are so scarce, that few remains of antiquity are suffered to remain.

Our author, on another occasion, took a different route from Llanrhaidr, proceeding by Oswestry, Shrewsbury, and Bishop's Castle, in Shropshire, to Knighton, in Radnorshire.

"New Radnor," says Mr. Wyndham, "is such a wretched place, that it cannot maintain a barber." It is situated at the entrance of a narrow

pass, formerly commanded by a castle, and was once inclosed by a square wall, of which some fragments remain.

From Radnor they proceeded to the Hay, near the extreme angle of Brecknockshire, on the banks of the Wye. The old Norman castle here is wholly delapidated.

In their way to Abergavenny, they visited the magnificent and romantic ruins of Llantony Abbey, in the deep vale of Ewys. The abbey church was built in the form of a Roman cross, and the ruins still exhibit a noble appearance. It is said to have been founded in 1137. The length is two hundred and twelve feet, and that of the cross aisle one hundred. Two sides of the high tower are still perfect; and the whole ruin, from whatever point it is viewed, offers one of the most picturesque and romantic scenes in Wales.

A few miles below Llantony, is a remarkable mountain, the sides of which have tumbled down, and strewn the plain below in immense fragments. Several stupendous fissures and chasms also appear in the mountain of Skirid Vawr, in the vicinity of Abergavenny.

This town has some good houses, but the streets are narrow, and, in general, ill built. A few ivied walls, and part of the tower on the keep are the only existing remains of the once-famous castle of Abergavenny.

Mr. Wyndham was induced, out of curiosity, to visit the methodistical college of Talgarth, in this neighbourhood. The students may be taken from the cottage or the field, without distinction of rank or age; "but their abilities," observes our author, "or their *call*, must be indisputable, before

before they can be admitted within the sacred walls." On this occasion, Mr. Wyndham mentions his having once found a preacher in a celebrated methodist chapel, at Bath, who had formerly been coachman in a family of his acquaintance, but who, having taken his degrees in the seminary of Talgarth, had undertaken the guiding of souls instead of horses. Such a metamorphosis, however, is not infrequent.

The environs of Abergavenny are rich and beautiful, and the same agreeable face of nature continues to Monmouth. Ragland Castle, which lay nearly in their road, presents a magnificent ruin, and it is laudably preserved from farther destruction, by the taste and care of the Duke of Beaufort, to whom it now belongs. It is of no very high antiquity, the foundation having been laid in the reign of Henry VII.; but many of the parts are very elegant. This castle was the last that surrendered to the parliament forces in the civil wars.

Monmouth is a very large and handsome town. Its streets are spacious, and adorned with many capital houses, inhabited by families of fortune. It stands at the junction of the Wye and the Monnow, over both which rivers it has a stone bridge. The castle, as well as the town, is of great antiquity. The former gave birth to Henry V. but such is the fate of all sublunary grandeur, even its very ruins are lost.

From Monmouth they revisited Chepstow and Tintern Abbey, and taking boat at Beachly, were wafted over the Severn to Aust, and thus finished their tour of the principality.

JOURNEY

FROM

CHESTER TO LONDON,

BY

THOMAS PENNANT, Esq.

Performed in 1780.

OF the multifarious literary labours of Mr. Pennant, it is impossible to speak in adequate terms. We have already attended him with pleasure and improvement through Scotland; and we now take a shorter tour with him, indeed, but one not destitute of entertainment. Whatever subject Mr. Pennant has touched, it has been his good fortune to illustrate and adorn it. His present route, in the hands of a common traveller, would have presented little to interest or engage; but he has rendered it not only pleasant but instructive.

In March, 1780, our author began his annual journey to London, and leaving Chester, passed through Boughton to Christleton, a pretty village, seated, like most of those in Cheshire, on a limestone rock.

From thence he crossed Brownheath, and soon reached the little town of Tarvin, on the borders of the Forest of Delamere. Against the church-

wall is a monument, to the memory of Mr. John Thomafine, thirty-fix years master of the grammar-school at that place, and who, as his epitaph says, was celebrated for his exquisite penmanship. Among other performances in the graphic art, it is recorded, that he transcribed for Queen Anne the Icon Basilike of her royal grandfather, and finished invaluable copies of several of the Greek classics.

From Tarvin they took the great road, leaving Stapleford on the right, and two miles farther Utkinton Hall, both seats of families of some consequence.

Reach Torperley, a small town, once a borough. In the church, which is dedicated to St. Helen, are some ancient monuments of the Dones and the Crews. "I must not leave this place," says Mr. Pennant, "without letting fall a few tears, as a tribute to the memory of its honest rector, John Allen, whose antiquarian knowledge and hospitality I have often experienced in my way to the capital." From the ancient rectoral house, is an awful view of the great rock of Beeston, backed by the Beckfretton Hills. This insulated rock is composed of sand stone, very lofty and precipitous at one end, and sloping at the other. Its perpendicular height is three hundred and sixty-fix feet from the level of Beeston Bridge. The summit commands most extensive views in various directions, and is crowned with the ruins of a strong fortress, founded in 1220 by Randle Blondville, earl of Chester. It appears to have been a place of very considerable strength. Some of the outworks, of the walls, six or seven rounders, and a square tower, part of the gateway,

way, still remain, besides other smaller appendages.

History records few particulars of this castle, during some centuries after its erection. During the contentions between Charles I. and his parliament, its possession became an object of some consequence, and at that momentous crisis it more than once changed masters; but, at last, after being defended by Colonel Ballard, for the king, to the last extremity, the garrison was obliged to surrender to Sir William Brereton, the parliamentary general; and the fortress soon underwent the fate of other seats of loyalty.

Two miles beyond Beeton, came to the village of Bunbury, which gives name to an ancient family. The church is a handsome building, with a pinnacled tower, the architecture about the time of Henry VII. In it is the magnificent tomb of Sir Hugh de Calvely, with his effigies in white marble, recumbent. He is armed in the fashion of the times, and his figure is represented as seven feet and a half long. He was the hero of Cheshire, and the glory of the county. Trained to arms, he early signalized himself, and for some time fought under the auspices of Edward the Black Prince. He was engaged in various services during a long life, and died in the reign of Henry IV.

At a small distance from Bunbury, they fell into the great road, and soon reached Calvely, from which village the Calvelys derived their name. After passing the low, unpleasant lane, that leads towards Nantwich, reach Acton, a village standing on a gentle rising ground, commanding a great extent of champaign. Before

the conquest, this place was possessed by Morkar, brother to Edwin, last earl of Mercia.

About twenty years ago, the roof and steeple of the church were destroyed, but the whole has been restored in a very handsome manner. Notwithstanding this church was a temporary prison, after the battle of Nantwich, in the civil wars, there is an ancient monument of Sir William Manwaring, still in good preservation. Sir William died in 1399. A Gothic arch, with a large embattled superstructure, covers his tomb, on which the figure lies, in full armour, with suppliant hands. Within the arch above, is a row of half-lengths, with a book opposite to each. These, in the opinion of our author, are intended to represent the chaunters of his requiem.

The tomb of Sir Thomas Wilbraham, bart. and his lady, is also very handsome. He was one of the masters of request to James I. and died in 1660. "This tomb," says Mr. Pennant, "is a specimen of the first deviation from the old form, when a greater ease of attitude began to prevail."

From Acton they went down a gentle descent to Nantwich, about a mile distant. It is a large place, but the houses are chiefly old. The Weaver divides it into two unequal parts. The chief trade is in shoes, which are sent to London. There is also a small manufacture of gloves.

The salt-works in the vicinity of Nantwich have long been famous, and once constituted an important part of its wealth; but other towns, producing the same article, lying more conveniently for commerce, this place has gradually declined. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth here were two hundred and sixteen salt-works, of six leads-

leads-walling each: in 1774, only two works, of five large pans of wrought iron.

The art of making salt was known in early times to the Gauls and Germans; but their process was simple and filthy. They only threw the brine on burning wood, and separated the salt from the ashes, or charcoal. This mode, it appears probable, was practised by the Britons, as numbers of pieces of half-burnt wood have been dug up in this vicinity. The Romans made salt here, much after the modern method.

“The advantages of salt-springs,” observes Mr. Pennant, “are but sparingly scattered over Great Britain: Scotland and Ireland are totally destitute of them. In England there are several, but few that contain salt sufficient to be worked. These in Cheshire, at Droitwich in Worcestershire, and a small work at Weston in Staffordshire, are the only places where any business is done. Droitwich, and those in Cheshire, were worked by the Romans, and had the common name of *Salinæ*.”

From that period to the present, they have been constantly in use. In Saxon times the brine springs were divided between the king, the great men, and freemen. The Welch used to supply themselves from the pits at Nantwich, before they lost their independency: and it appears, that Henry III. in order to distress them during a war, put a stop to these works, that they might be deprived of salt.

The Germans had an idea of a peculiar sanctity attendant on salt-springs, a superstition which they probably communicated to their Saxon progeny; for it is certain, that on Ascension Day, the old inhabitants of Nantwich piously sang a

hymn of thanksgiving for the blessing of the brine. A very ancient pit was also held in great veneration, and, till within these few years, was annually, on that festival, bedecked with boughs, flowers, and garlands, while a jovial band of youths and maids sang and danced round it. In fact, salt, from the earliest ages, has been held in the highest esteem, and admitted into religious ceremonies: it was also considered as a pledge of league and friendship. The Jewish legislator enjoins its use in offerings; and Homer gives it the epithet of divine. Both Greeks and Romans used salt in their consecrated cakes.

But to return from this digression. The church at Nantwich is a very handsome pile. It is built in the form of a cross, with an octagonal tower in the centre. Some of the windows are adorned with very elegant tracery. The stalls are said to have been brought from the Abbey of Vale Royal. The only remarkable tombs are a mutilated one of Sir David Cradoc, and another to the memory of John Maisteron and his wife, dated 1586, with a quaint epitaph.

This town continued firm to the parliament from the beginning to the end of the civil wars. It underwent a severe siege, in 1643, by Lord Biron; but his forces were defeated in a battle fought here with Sir Thomas Fairfax, and Colonel George Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, was taken prisoner on the occasion, and afterwards committed to the Tower, where he was confined for four years.

Continuing their route on the London road, at the fourth mile-stone made a diversion to Wibbunbury, a small village, supposed to have taken its name from Wibba, second king of the Mer-

ians, who died here in 615. The manor was anciently in the family of the Praers.

The church is a very handsome fabric, embattled and pinnacled; the tower is lofty, and on the inside of the timber roof are carved the arms of various benefactors. Part of this pile was taken down in 1591, when many of the monuments were destroyed. Of those remaining are several in memory of the family of Delves, of Doddington, particularly of Sir John Delves, a favourite of Henry VI. and who lost his life in defence of his master in the fatal battle of Tewkesbury, on May 4, 1471. His son, with numbers of persons of rank, after the defeat, took refuge in the abbey. The furious Edward pursued them into the church; but was opposed by a resolute priest, who elevating the host, checked his admittance, till he obtained a promise of pardon. Depending on the royal word, they neglected making their escape, and, on the second day after, were drawn out and beheaded, according to the barbarous custom of the times, without any process. The bodies of the Delves, father and son, were first interred at Tewkesbury, but afterwards translated to this place.

On regaining the great road, passed on the left the seat of the ancient family of Lee, the residence of the ancestors of the Lees, earls of Litchfield.

A little farther stood Doddington, originally belonging to a family of the same name, but which, in the reign of Edward II. passed to the Praers; and in process of time was alienated to the Delves, of Delves Hall, in Staffordshire. It is now the property of the Broughtons. This

track was formerly rich in the seats of families of eminence.

A few miles farther, on the top of a hill, lies Audley. "A reverential curiosity," says Mr. Pennant, "led me once to visit the relics of the Audleys. Those of Lord Audley, who, with his four squires, all Cheshire men, was so distinguished in the battle of Poitiers, lie beneath a plain altar tomb, with his figure formerly on the slab. His squire is perpetuated in a more ostentatious manner, in alabaster, at full length, with his coat of arms on his breast. One of the residences of the Audleys was at this village, and from it they took their name.

"There is a peculiarity in the situation of the house of Hardingwood, adjacent to this parish," says our tourist, "which I cannot forbear mentioning. Whenever the family go to church, which is that of Lawton, they go out of the province of Canterbury into that of York, pass through two counties, three constaberies, two hundreds, and two dioceses."

Proceeding about three miles from Doddington, through a country still little diversified, a portion of Shropshire presents a hilly front, and intersects the road. On the top of the ascent stands the hamlet of Wore, where they made a digression from the highway, to Mucleston, a small village, seated on a rising ground. From the tower of this church, Margaret of Anjou, the faithful and spirited consort of Henry VI. saw the fierce battle of Bloreheath, which proved fatal to the cause of her meek husband. The field was long disputed, and in it Audley fell with two thousand four hundred of his troops, chiefly the

the flower of the Cheshire gentry, whose courage tempted them to engage in the front of the battle. A great stone marks the spot of their leader's death.

Returned into the great road by Winnington Forge and Willowbridge Wells. The last are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and were once in high esteem for their sanative qualities; but they are now deserted, either through experience of their inutility, or by the caprice of fashion.

In the parish of Maer, in this vicinity, is a large piece of water, the head of the river Tern, which falls into the Severn, three miles below Shrewsbury. This spot is remarkable for Saxon antiquities. On a hill is an ancient fortress, or strong hold, belonging to the Britons, or earlier Saxons, called Bruff, corruptly from Burgh; and near the same place, Osred, king of the Northumbrians, a despiser of monks and corrupter of nuns, was slain, in 716, by Kinred, king of Mercia, who probably occupied the fortress. Several tumuli of different figures are scattered over the neighbouring hills and heath.

This tract is gravelly, full of commons and low hills, clothed in heath, which still shelter a few black and red game.

Cross Hatton and Swinerton Heath. The church and seat of Mr. Fitzherbert at Swinerton command a vast view ~~to~~ Worcestershire and Shropshire. In the first is a tomb of a cross-legged knight, and a plain, altar tomb, inscribed,

Dominus de Swinerton et Ellen uxor ejus.

In the school-house here is placed a colossal statue

tue of our Saviour sitting, and shewing the wound in his side to his incredulous disciple. It was dug up near where it stands, and had probably been buried during the time of the Reformation.

Descending a hill, reached Darlaston, a village on the Trent. This river rises near Biddulph, out of Newpool and two springs near Molecop*. At Burton, it becomes navigable, and, flowing through several counties, loses its name in the Humber, the great receptacle of the northern rivers.

Crossing this river, which is here inconsiderable, soon enter on a vast open track, called Stonefield. Here, in 1745, the Duke of Cumberland drew up his army to give battle to the rebels, who were supposed to be marching this way; but he was deceived in his intelligence, and they possessed themselves of Derby.

Parallel to the road runs that magnificent enterprize, the canal, which opens a communication between the Eastern and Western Oceans. This great work was begun in 1766, and its entire length is ninety-three miles. It is carried over the Dove, the Trent, and the Dane, besides several smaller streams; and, exclusive of its various aqueducts, has several tunnels of great length and difficulty.

The architect and engineer was the justly celebrated James Brindley, born in the parish of Wormhill, in Derbyshire, in the year 1716. Destitute of education, but possessed of a mechanical genius, he bound himself at the age of seventeen to a mill-wright, near Macclesfield,

* From its three sources it is said to derive its name:

which business gave him an opportunity of displaying his talents. His improvements in water engines were various and beneficial; but, for the happiness of both, it was his good fortune to fall under the patronage of the Duke of Bridgewater, who had the penetration to discover his merit, and the generosity to reward it. Brindley overcame difficulties, to attempt which at first exposed him to ridicule, and at last gained him universal admiration. Whenever he had a more than ordinary obstacle to encounter, he is said to have retired to his bed, to have excluded the light, and to have lain in contemplation, till, in idea, he had arranged his plan. "A poet," observes Mr. Pennant, "would have said he was visited by his muse in those hours of seclusion: Brindley certainly was illuminated, amidst the darkness, by his attendant genius."

When he found his health and faculties declining, he nobly communicated his plans and designs to his brother-in-law, Mr. Hugh Henshall, whom he had inspired with a kindred genius, and, by this gentleman, what remained of the undertaking has been successfully executed.

Reached Stone, a little town, remarkable for its religious antiquity. Legend says, that Wulfereus put to death here one of his sons, on a suspicion of his favouring Christianity. After the perpetration of this unnatural deed, it is said he was struck with the utmost remorse; and, becoming a convert to the religion he had persecuted, among other works of piety, founded at Stone a college of canons regular, about the year 670. His queen Ermenilda is likewise said to have established a nunnery here. Certain it

is, that the religious were found here after the conquest; and Eufyan of Walton, a Norman, either rebuilt or re-established the house, and made it a cell to Kenelworth. Dugdale gives the contents of a tablet in old English metre, hung up in the priory, which contains the whole history of the house. Scarcely any remnants of this foundation are now to be traced.

Beyond Stone, on the right, is Afton, a large house belonging to Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire. The road from this place, for several miles, passes along a sweet vale, watered by the Trent, and bounded by two hills.

Farther on, stands Sandon Church, on the top of a hill. The manor, in lapse of time, fell by marriage into the hands of the Duke of Hamilton, and a lawsuit, respecting this place, was the cause of the fatal duel in which his grace and Lord Mohun were both killed. It is now the property of Lord Harrowby.

In the church are some curious monuments: the most remarkable is in memory of Sampson Erdeswick, the learned antiquary of the county, who died in 1603, and whose works will perpetuate his name, when his tomb, which he erected in his own lifetime, is crumbled into dust. He is represented, recumbent, in a jacket with short skirts, and spurs on his legs. Above, in niches, are his two wives kneeling.

From Sandon, they directed their course to Chartley, a venerable pile, great part of it curiously formed of wood, embattled atop, and the sides carved. In many places are the arms of the Devereux, with the motto,

In the middle of the court stands a fountain, and the whole building is surrounded with a moat. Several of the windows are ornamented with painted glass; and a bed is still preserved here, the work of Mary Stuart, while she was a prisoner in the house*.

At a small distance, on a knoll, are the poor remains of the castle, built by the Earl of Chester in 1220. Leland speaks of it as a ruin even in his day. The manor is now vested in the Earl of Ferrers.

“In hopes,” says Mr. Pennant, “of finding, in the neighbouring parish church of Stow, the monumental honours usually attendant on great families, I visited it; but was disappointed, as I found only one of this great line deposited in the place.” This was Walter, first Viscount Hereford, grandson of the first Lord Ferrers, and founder of the house of Chartley. He served with honour in the French wars, and died in 1558. He is represented here in robes, with the collar of the garter round his neck, and his head reposed on a plume of feathers wreathed round a helmet. His two wives stand on either side; and, as mourners, six male and six female figures.

The family of Ferrers met death in different places; as is often the case with heroic spirits.

Passed through Weston-on-Trent, noted for its brine pits, the property of Earl Ferrers. Beyond this lies Heywood, and adjoining, a bridge over the Trent, from the middle of which is a view of uncommon beauty; over a delicious vale; watered by the Trent and Sow, and bounded on

* This ancient edifice was burnt down in 1781.

one side by a cultivated slope, on the other by the lofty front of Channock Wood.

“It is difficult,” says Mr. Pennant, “to enumerate the works of art dispersed over this elysium: they epitomize those of so many places. The old church of Colwich; the mansion of the ancient English baron at Wolseley Hall; the house of Ingestre in the Elizabethan taste; the modern seat in Oak-edge; and the lively-improved front of Shugborough, the seat of the Ansons.”

Of the late Thomas Anson, esq. our author speaks in terms of the highest panegyric, nor does he neglect to do justice to his nephew and successor, by whom the unfinished improvements of Shugborough were carried on with effect.

Among the numerous statues that establish the place, an Adonis and Thalia are said to be most capital. There is also a fine figure of Trajan, in the attitude of haranguing his army. The monument at the extremity of the garden, by Schemecher, is eminently beautiful. The scene is laid in Arcadia. Two lovers, in pastoral dress, appear attentive to an ancient shepherd, who reads to them an inscription on a tomb,

Et in ARCADIA ego!

The moral seems to be, that from all that charms the senses, or pleases the eye, death is sure to snatch us, even if old age does not previously blunt our enjoyment. The Chinese house, a little farther on, is a true pattern of the architecture of that nation, copied by the skilful pencil of Sir Percy Brett.

Opposite to the back front of the mansion, on the banks of the Sow, stand the small remains

of the ancient seat, which have been rendered more picturesque by some elegant additions.

"Shugborough," says Mr. Pennant, "was frequently the house which I had the happiness to make my head quarters, and from whence I made many an excursion to the neighbouring places.

Crossing the Sow, begin with Tixal, distinguished by its magnificent gateway, a heterogeneous mixture of Grecian and Gothic architecture. This was built by Sir Walter Aston, knight, who died in 1589. Behind this gateway stood the ancient house, a venerable fabric, in the room of which a brick building is substituted.

Beyond Tixal Heath lies Ingestre, a respectable old mansion, on the easy slope of a hill, and backed by a large wood. The walks are partly bounded by enormous rows of forest trees, and partly lead into the ancient wood of deep and solemn shade.

Ingestre is built in the style of the age of Elizabeth, with great windows in the centre, and a bow on each side. In the great hall is a fine picture of Walter Chetwynd, esq. distinguished as an antiquarian, and more so as a man of virtue and piety. In the church, to which he was a great benefactor, is a mural monument to his memory.

Hopton Heath lies on one side of Ingestre park. Here the brave Earl of Northampton fell in the moment of victory over the parliament forces; and, as Lord Clarendon expresses it, "a great victory had been an unequal recompence for the loss sustained in the general."

Three miles from Ingestre lies Stafford, a large town, seated on a plain, bounded by rising grounds. The streets are well built, and the market-place large and handsome. The town-hall is an elegant building.

The population of Stafford is computed at five thousand. There is only one parish, but two churches. That of St. Mary is a large pile, with an octagon tower, formerly surmounted with a spire. The front is a singular piece of antiquity, rudely carved on the sides and base with Gothic figures. The tomb of Sir Edward Aston and his lady represents them in alabaster, under a large canopy.

The religious houses here were one of Grey Friars, another of Friars Austins, and a third of Black Canons.

The town was originally defended by the river Sow, which bounds one half of it, and by a wall and ditch, which encompassed the rest. Of the four gates, two are still standing. It never was a place of strength, and was taken by Sir William Brereton, the parliament general, in 1643, with the loss only of a single man. The site of the most ancient castle is not precisely known; but the poor remains of the fortrefs that was garrisoned in the civil wars, stand on a little, insulated hill, a mile south of the town.

At Billington, two miles distant, near the extremity of a high hill, steeply sloping on three sides, and commanding a most beautiful landscape, is a large area, surrounded with deep fosses. This was unquestionably a British post, and was probably occupied in after times by the Saxons.

The town of Stafford is governed by a mayor, recorder, ten aldermen, and twenty common councilmen. The members are elected by inhabitants, paying scot and lot.

This place still retains the ancient privilege of Borough English, or the descent of lands, within its liberty, to the youngest son of those who die intestate.

The barony, as early as the conquest, was one of the greatest in England, and was afterwards, like other great feignories, styled the Honour of Stafford. None were such originally, except what were royal.

Leaving Stafford, crossed the Wolverhampton navigation, at Radford bridge. A little farther is Weeping Cross, so called from its vicinity to the ancient place of execution; and, beyond this opens the charming vale of Shugborough, which has already been described.

On the confines of Cank Wood stands Heywood Park, a small but beautiful residence, presenting some romantic features, which reminded our tourist of his native Wales.

Pass through the two Heywoods, and soon reach the church and village of Colwich. "I must imagine," says Mr. Pennant, "the traveller, as well as myself, blinded, if he rode this space insensible of the most elegant view of the vale. It unfolds here, at once, every charm that can captivate the eye, all that I before mentioned in detail.

The parsonage and church of Colwich are both very ancient. In the church is a tomb to the memory of Sir William Wolseley, who was unfortunately drowned in his chariot, on the 8th of July, 1728, by the accidental bursting of a

mill-dam, in the village of Longdon, during a thunder-storm. The horses likewise perished, but the coachman was carried by the torrent into an orchard, where he stuck till the waters abated. Here is also the burial place of the Ansons, in form of a catacomb.

Cross the Trent, at Wolseley Bridge, near the fine pendent woods of Wolseley Park, an inclosure of much natural beauty. The ancient mansion of the family of the same name lies in a low situation, near the river.

Making a diversion from the Litchfield road to the left, repassed the Trent at Colton. The country now alters for the worse, and the soil becomes wet and miry. About two miles farther stands Blithfield, the ancient seat of the Bagots. The house is built round a court, and, externally, has an appearance of pristine simplicity. The best apartments are the hall, library, and the new drawing room. The first is a noble apartment, with a representation over the chimney, in bold sculpture, of king John granting to his subjects the great charter of liberty.

Among the portraits are Lord Treasurer Burleigh. Henry, earl of Huntingdon; his contemporary, Sir Walter Aston, of Tixal, ambassador to Spain, in the reign of James I.; and a half length of Walter, earl of Essex, father to the unfortunate Robert.

Of the family portraits, we shall only mention that of Colonel Bagot, governor of Litchfield, who fell in the cause of loyalty, in the fatal battle of Naseby.

Other pictures deserving notice are, Mary, countess of Aylesford; Mary, countess of Dorset;

fet; a brown beauty of the gay court of Charles II.; William Lagge, first earl of Dartmouth; the eccentric Henry, earl of Bolingbroke; and a head of that great actor, and dramatic poet, Moliere.

The park is at some distance from the house; and some of its oaks are immensely large and valuable. The church stands very near the mansion, and contains several sculptured tombs, some with imaged figures, others engraven, mostly memorial of the Bagots.

“ I found myself,” says Mr. Pennant, “ not very far distant from Whichenoure Hall, and could not resist the desire of visiting the seat of the celebrated Fitch, the desperate reward of conjugal affection.”

In their road, passed the seat of Mr. Lister, of Hermitage, and the canal, near the Trent. On the opposite side of the river is Maveston Ridware, the ancient residence of the Maveston family. Sir Robert Maveston, of this place, took arms to assert the cause of Bolingbroke; his neighbour, Sir William Handsacre, sided with the deposed Richard. They assembled their vassals, and began their march to join the armies near Shrewsbury. By accident they met with their respective followers, not far from their seats. Sir William was slain on the spot, and Sir Robert, proceeding to the field, met with his fate from the gallant Percy. In the sequel, love was determined to obliterate revenge. One of the co-heiresses of Sir Robert gave her hand to Sir William, son of the knight slain by her father; and, with her person and fortune, compensated the injury done by her house to that of Handsacre.

Passing from thence through King's Bromley and Orgrave, reached Whichenoure, or Wichnor, again crossing the Trent, near the junction of the Tame. Near this marshy spot the Roman road passes, and was formed on piles of wood. Many Roman coins have been dug up in the vicinity.

Wichnor house stands at a small distance from the church, and enjoys a most delightful view. It is a modern building, chiefly remarkable for the painted, wooden flitch of bacon, hung up over the hall chimney, in memory of the singular tenure by which Sir Philip de Somerville, in the time of Edward III. held this and some other manors of the Earl of Lancaster, then lord of the honour of Tutbury.

After some previous ceremonies, the happy claimant of the flitch of bacon was to swear in the following terms :

“ Here ye, Sir Philip de Somervyle, lord of Whichenour, mayntayner and giver of this baconne, that I, A. fyth, I wedded B. my wife, and fyth I had her in my kepyng and at wylle, by a yere and a daye after our marryage, I would not have changed for none other, farer ne fowler, richer ne powrer, ne for none other descended of gretter lynage, slepyng ne waking, at noo tyme ; and if the seid B. were sole, and I sole, I wolde take her to be my wife before all the wyemen of the worlde, of what condyctions soever they be, good or evyle, as helpe me God, and his seyntes, and this flesh, and all fleshes*.”

* Blunt's Tenures.

His neighbours then were to make oath, that they verily believed he spake truly, and then the prize was to be delivered to him. "For the honour of matrimony, I wish," says Mr. Pennant, "that it were in my power to increase the list preserved in the Spectator, No 608; but, from the strictest enquiry, the fitch has remained untouched, from the first century of its institution to the present; and, we are credibly informed, that the late and present worthy owners of the manor were deterred from entering into the holy state, through the dread of not obtaining a single rasher of their own bacon." Mr. Levet is now the possessor of this place; and though oaths are certainly held more cheap in the present day than at any former period, it seems not very probable that the manor will ever be forfeited, or any penalties incurred for want of a fitch, when legally claimed.

Repassing the Trent at Colten bridge, reached Rudgley, a small town celebrated for its great annual fairs for coach horses. The church stands a little to the north of the town, and opposite to it is a very ancient timber house, once the property of the Chetwynds, now of the Ansons.

Longdon succeeds; the church of which lies a little out of the road to the left. This village consists of a number of scattered houses, extending for a vast way in each side of the lane, and there seems to be some propriety in the distich,

The stoutest beggar that goes by the way,
Cannot beg through Long' in a summer's day.

Anciently this village was full of gentlemen's seats; and the manor is of great extent.

Winding

Winding up the steep of a high hill, an advanced part of the forest of Cank, made a digression to Beaufert, the magnificent seat of Lord Paget*, placed on the side of a lofty, sloping eminence sheltered above and on each side by beautiful rising grounds, and shaded with trees; but commanding in front such an extensive and delightful landscape, as fully vindicates the propriety of its name.

Beaufert is a handsome stone edifice, built by Thomas, Lord Paget, in the reign of Elizabeth, and of late has been much improved and embellished. The hall is eighty feet by twenty-one; the dining room, forty-two by twenty-seven; and there is a magnificent gallery, ninety-seven by seventeen. In the drawing room is a portrait, by Hans Holbein, of the first Lord Paget, the founder of the family.

From the house they ascended the hill, on the verge of Cank Heath, to an ancient British post, called the Castle Hill. It is encompassed with a vast rampart and two ditches, and commands a most extensive view. Dr. Plott ascribes this work to king Canute; but our author thinks it of earlier origin.

Cank, or Cannock Forest, which some derive from Canuti Sylva, was once a vast track covered with oaks, but is now despoiled of its Sylvan honours.

Again rejoining the great road, passed by Fairwell church, once conventual, belonging to a priory of Benedictine nuns; and, after a short ride, reached the summit of a long but gentle descent, commanding a fine perspective of Litch-

* Now Earl of Uxbridge.

field lying at its foot. The situation, in a fertile and dry soil, enlivened by gentle risings, is most beautiful. The cathedral, with its three spires, is a very striking object in the distant landscape.

Litchfield is of Saxon origin, and owes its rise to Ceadda, or Chad, the great saint of Mercia. This pious man, at first, led an eremitical life, on the spot where now stands the church of his name. In this place he was discovered by Rufine, the son of Wolphere, whom he instructed in Christianity; but the father putting him to death for his new religion, was afterwards stung with remorse, and preferred the apostle. On the approach of Chad's death, angels sang hymns over his cell; and the miracles performed at his tomb confirmed the sanctity of his life. A lunatic, who by accident escaped from his keepers, lay a night on it, and next morning was found in his proper senses. The very earth in which the saint was interred, was an infallible remedy for man or beast. It is no wonder then that he was canonized, and that numbers of devotees resorted to the place.

"The history of our cathedrals," says Mr. Pennant, "is, in its beginning, but the history of superstition, humiliating proofs of the weakness of the human mind; yet all the fine arts of past times, all the magnificent works we now so justly admire, are owing to a species of piety, which every lover of the elegance of architecture must rejoice to have existed"

We are told, that in the days of Jaruman, about the year 666, this cathedral was first founded. Its benefactors and its revolutions have been numerous, nor can we enter into a

detail of them. The building retained its pristine beauty till the unhappy civil wars of the last century, when it suffered greatly by three sieges; for the situation of Litchfield unhappily rendered it a proper place for a garrison.

John Hacket, who was presented to this see in 1661, has the honour of restoring the cathedral from its ruined state, at the expence of 20,000l.; and he has justly a handsome tomb erected in the choir to his memory, with his effigies recumbent in his episcopal dress.

The west front is of great elegance, adorned with the richest sculpture; and the windows and doors are exquisitely finished; but independent of the devastations of fanaticism, many of the ornaments being of a friable species of stone, what the former has spared the weather has impaired.

Here were deposited the remains of many a distinguished name; but the greatest part of the ancient monuments are lost; and of the modern ones it is impossible to give a distinct account in this place. Over the chapter house is a library, instituted by Dean Heywood, containing some valuable books and manuscripts.

The close, or surrounding space, is built on three sides. The palace is a very handsome fabric, and the prebendal houses are commodious. The whole close is of exempt jurisdiction, and quite independent of the city.

The other churches are those of St. Mary, St. Michael, and St. Chad; the two last are curacies dependent on the former.

The Grey Friars had a house here, founded about 1229, by Bishop Alexander, of which establishment

ment some parts are still standing, and are converted into a comfortable dwelling.

A little beyond stands the hospital of St. John, consisting of a master and twelve poor brethren; the founder uncertain; but Smith, bishop of Litchfield, in the reign of Henry VII. was a benefactor, and the same prelate likewise founded the grammar school in this city.

Among other objects worthy of attention in Litchfield, is the cabinet of Mr. Greene, surgeon, consisting of curiosities, ancient and modern, natural and artificial. "A visit to my worthy friend," observes Mr. Pennant, "is the more agreeable, as he takes great pleasure in gratifying all who favour him with their company."

Between the city and the clove, is a large piece of water, and a little to the east is Stowpool. The city is neat and well built, containing about three thousand souls; and has a considerable manufacture of sail-cloth, and some other articles.

Litchfield is governed by a recorder, high steward, sheriff, two bailiffs, a town clerk, and coroner. One of the bailiffs is elected by the bishop; the other from and by the corporation, which has power of life and death within its jurisdiction.

About a mile and a half from Litchfield lies Wall, the ancient Etocetum on the Watling-street way. Some remains of the building are still discernable, and the coins and tiles dug up here leave no doubt of its being a Roman station. Near this place are some tumuli, described in the Archæologia, which Mr. Pennant visited; passing through Fisherwick Park, the seat of Lord

Donegal; Elford, in which is a seat of Lord Suffolk, Croxal, and Thorp Constantine.

At Sekindon, about a mile distant from Thorp, is a lofty, artificial mount, the site of a Saxon castle, with the remains of a great rampart and a deep ditch. Here was fought the celebrated battle between Ethelbald, king of Mercia, and Cuthred, king of the West Saxons, in 755, where the former was slain by one of his own officers.

Four miles farther lies Tamworth, between the conflux of the Tame and the Anker. On account of its pleasant situation, it was long a favourite residence of the Mercian princes, and various public instruments are dated from this place. There are some vestiges of their residence still visible.

Tamworth was totally ruined by the Danes, but restored by Ethelfleda, who in 913 erected a tower on the artificial mount where the castle now stands. The first lord after the conquest was Robert Marmion, on whom the castle and manor were conferred. After the various changes of possessors, it came to the De Ferrers, and the arms of that noble family and its alliances are painted in great numbers round the dining room, which, with the drawing room, is the only apartment either magnificent or convenient.

From the castle, the situation of Tamworth appears to great advantage. It is a large and well-built, borough town, partly lying in Staffordshire, and partly in Warwickshire, and is governed by two bailiffs, a recorder, and twenty-four capital burgessees.

The church is a spacious pile, but of various architecture, being built at different times.

Here are numbers of monuments, some of them ancient, of the lords of the manor, particularly of the Frevilles and Ferrers.

From Tamworth our tourist returned to Litchfield, and resumed his journey on the London road, leaving the beautiful seat of Swinfen on the left, and soon after entered Warwickshire, passing over Sutton Coldfield Common, which is finely bounded on one side by a long-continued range of woods.

Leaving a few villages and seats behind, reached Colehill, a town placed on the steep ascent of a lofty brow, crowned with a handsome church and elegant spire. Here are several fine tombs of the Digbys, the lords of the manor; and beneath two arches are two ancient figures of cross-legged knights, armed in mail. From the fleurs de lis on their shields, they appear to have been Clintons; and Dugdale says, one of them was John de Clinton, lord of this place, who died 1291, the period of the crusades.

The seat of the Digbys lies at some distance from the town, in a fine park. The house is low and uncouth, and seems destined to desertion.

From Colehill, our author proceeded to Blithe Hall, the seat of the great antiquary, Sir William Dugdale, a man, from whose indefatigable labours, his successors in the science draw such endless helps. The place is now in the possession of Mr. Guest, to whom it descended from the immortal Dugdale by the female line. This gentleman very obligingly gratified our tourist, by shewing him an excellent half-length of his great ancestor, painted at the age of sixty, by Peter Bofseler. Other portraits in this house, deserving

notice, are those of Lord-keeper Lyttelton, of Elias Ashmole, whom Anthony Wood styles "the greatest virtuoso and curioso ever known or read of in England;"—of Lord Clarendon, and some others.

From hence visited Maxtoke Castle, which is still very entire. It stands on a plain, in a most sequestered spot, surrounded with trees, and guarded with a moat. The building is square, with a hexagonal tower at each corner, and at the entrance a fine gateway, surrounded with a tower. The gates are in their original state, covered with plates of iron, and over them are the arms of Humphry Stafford, duke of Buckingham, impaling those of his lady, Anne Nevil.

The habitable part forms the residence of Mr. Dilkes, in whose family this castle has been vested for several generations. The noble old hall, and a great dining room, containing some curious carvings, are still in use.

Again digressing from the road, visited Packington, the seat of the Earl of Aylesford. The grounds are prettily sloped by nature, well wooded, and the house is commodious, if not elegant. Among other paintings with which the apartments are decorated, are a beautiful picture of Queen Henrietta Maria, and a portrait of Charles, duke of Somerset, father to the Countess Dowager of Aylesford, in his robes.

The country here begins to change from a gravelly to a clayey soil. At the village of Mireden it is uncommonly deep, but by the improvement of good turnpike roads, this place may again lose its appellation, and resume its ancient one of Alspath, by which it was known so late as the reign of Henry VI. The houses here are neat and prettily situated, and the inn

is not only remarkable for its excellent malt liquor, but for a variety of tasteful embellishments, the works of a former landlord.

The church of Mireden stands on an eminence, and contains a handsome alabaster tomb of John Wyard, in armour and mail, who, according to the inscription, had been squire to Thomas de Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, and knight of the shire, in the reign of Richard II.

Continued their route to Coventry, through Allesly, in which parish stood a castle doubly moated, probably the residence of the Hastings, lords of the manor, in the time of Edward I.

Coventry is a large and ancient city, though the time of its foundation is unknown. It is said, by John Rous, that there was a convent here in very early times, which being destroyed by fire in 1016, on its ruins, Leofric, fifth earl of Mercia, and his countess, Godiva, founded a monastery.

The history of this lady, and her zeal to serve this place, are universally known. It seems the Coventrians were oppressed with intolerable taxes, which she long, in vain, importuned her husband to ease, or remove. At last he proposed, as a condition, from which he imagined her modesty would revolt, that she should ride naked through the streets. She accepted the terms, and being happy in fine flowing locks, spread them in such a manner, as to veil her down to the very feet. Legend says, the inhabitants were all ordered, on pain of death, to shut themselves up during the ride; but that the curiosity of a taylor, overcoming fear, induced him to take a single peep; an incident commemorated to the present day, by a figure looking out of a wall in the High street.

A picture, in which the earl and countess are portrayed, preserves the memory of this female exploit. The former holds a charter of freedom in his hand, and thus addresses the lady,

I Luricke (Leofric) for love of thee,
Do make Coventre toll free.

To the present times Godiva's affection for this city is commemorated, by an annual procession, in which a young woman, dressed in flesh-coloured silk, closely fitted to her person, rides through the street.

From the time of the conquest, Coventry was particularly distinguished, and two parliaments have been held here; one in the reign of Henry IV. styled, *parliamentum indoctorum*; "not," says Mr. Pennant, "that it consisted of a greater number of blockheads than parliaments usually do, but from its inveteracy against the clergy:" the other in the reign of Henry VI. styled, *parliamentum diabolicum*, by reason of the numerous attainders passed against Richard, duke of York, and his adherents.

In very early times, cloth and bonnets, or caps, were the staple manufactures of this place; in the sixteenth century, vast quantities of blue thread were made here, and so famous was it for its dye, that "as true as Coventry blue," became proverbial.

About the beginning of the present century, the manufacture of ribands was introduced here, and this has continued with increasing spirit and extent ever since. It is supposed, that ten thousand people are employed in this light, but elegant, fabric. Some other manufactures have also been established here.

The military transactions of Coventry are few, as it was an open city, with only a castle for many centuries; but, in the fourteenth century, it was walled and fortified, and remained in that state till 1661, when the fortifications were demolished, with marks of disgrace, because the magistrates had refused admission to Charles I. in 1642.

Coventry is seated on ground gently sloping in most directions. In length it is about three quarters of a mile, exclusive of the suburbs. The streets in general are narrow, and the buildings ancient and projecting, so as nearly to meet atop. The population may be estimated at twenty-five thousand souls. The city is watered by two brooks, the Radford and the Sherborn.

The remains of ancient buildings in Coventry are pretty numerous, though modern improvements, or the negligence of some monuments of arts, have lessened their beauty, or limited their extent. Spence Hospital, for lepers, founded by an earl of Chester, out of affection, to a knight of his household, afflicted with the leprosy*, is now reduced to the chapel and the gateway. The priory, though it was once so famous, is only known by its site. At the time of its dissolution, it was very rich, and possessed, among other curiosities, an arm of St. Augustine; but even this arm could not ward off the irresistible blow of Henry VIII. who not only expelled the inhabitants, and seized their revenues, but directed this noble pile to be levelled with the ground. The cathedral, said to have been built on the model of

* This loathsome disorder is supposed to have been introduced from the East, by means of the crusades.

that at Litchfield, was impiously destroyed at the same time, notwithstanding the entreaties of Rowland Lee, the bishop.

The cross too, by the lawless corporation, has been pulled down of late years, though it was justly reckoned one of the finest fabrics of the kind, and a considerable ornament to the city. Of the Grey Friars house, and that of the Carmelites, only enough remains to shew what they must once have been. But leaving antiquities, we shall briefly notice some of the existing public and religious buildings.

1. Immediately within the walls, on the left, stands the church of St. John, a very handsome building, with a neat tower rising from the centre. The inside is cruciform, and the windows are high, and form a long range, with narrow divisions.

2. Behind this is Bablake Hospital, an old building, with a court in the middle, one part of which is occupied by Bond's alms-men, the other is allotted for the blue-boys, a foundation owing to a singular incident. Mr. Thomas Wheatley, mayor of Coventry, in 1556, an ironmonger and card-maker by trade, sent his servant to Spain, to purchase some barrels of steel gads. When the casks were brought home and examined, they were found to contain cochineal and ingots of silver. The honest mayor kept them for some time, in hopes of rectifying the mistake, but no claimant appearing, he applied the produce, as well as his own estate, to the support of poor children.

St. Michael's church is a specimen of the most beautiful steeple in Europe, three hundred and three feet high, and every part so finely propor-

tioned, that the best judges declare it the masterpiece of architecture. This, with Trinity and St. John's, forms the parishes of the city; for it must be remarked, that the Dissenters are very numerous here.

“Trinity church, and its spire,” says Mr. Pennant, “would be spoken of as a beautiful building, was it not eclipsed by its unfortunate vicinity to St. Michael's. Within lies Philemon Holland, school-master and physician, of this city, and styled translator general of his age. On one of his labours a wag made the following distich :

Philemon with translations does so fill us,
He will not let *Suetonius* be *Tranquillus*.

As an instance of his trifling taste, Holland tells us, that he wrote a great folio with one pen, and that he did not wear it out.

With one sole pen I writ this book,
Made of a grey goose quill;
A pen it was when it I took,
A pen I leave it still.

St. Mary's Hall is at present used for corporation assemblies. It was built in the reign of Henry VI. and is a venerable pile, with an embellished gateway. Within is a fine old room, adorned with a noble semicircular window, divided into nine compartments, elegantly painted with figures of several of our monarchs, coats of arms, and other devices, but much injured by time and neglect. Along the walls are ranged a number of Latin verses, with a kind of Sternhold translation opposite. In this building are apartments for the balls and assemblies of the place.

The front of the Drapers' Hall is very elegant, ornamented with Tuscan pilasters, and is an ornament to the city. This is a modern edifice; raised on the site of the ancient hall of the same name.

Bidding adieu to Coventry*, visited Coombe Abbey, the seat of Lord Craven, passing the beautiful and highly-ornamented church of Binley. Though converted to another purpose, this place still retains in part the form of its conventual state. The cloisters are preserved on three sides of the ancient court, glazed in their original style, and their walls enriched with the spoils of the chace.

The accomplished Lord Harrington was the refounder of this house, and his taste is evident in the preservation of the ancient cloisters. For the fine collection of paintings, which decorates the apartments, it is, in all probability, indebted to the heroic William Craven, the most distinguished personage of this family. Among other portraits of eminent persons, are the following: a fine full-length of Gustavus Adolphus, under whose banners young Craven fought; a full-length of James Stewart, duke of Richmond, one of the most amiable characters in the reign of Charles I.; Frederick V. Elector Palatine, the short-lived King of Bohemia; and near him his queen, daughter of James I. to whom, it is strong-

* Our author, before he left the place, visited the chamber noted for the miserable end of Mary Clues, in 1778. This woman, it seems, was very intemperate. By some accident she took fire by the candle, and in about two hours was fairly burnt out to her thighs and one leg, consumed by her own phlogiston, without materially injuring the bed or furniture. A horrible warning to dram-drinkers of either sex!

ly suspected, Craven was afterwards joined in the closest ties, though it is likely the difference of rank prevented the publication of their union; the founder of the family, Sir William Craven, lord mayor of London; two full-lengths of Earl Craven, in armour; Christian, duke of Brunswick; and an elegant figure of Henry, prince of Wales, drawn while that amiable prince was in his boyhood. The historical and fancy pictures are not very numerous, though some of them are extremely fine.

Returning through Coventry, passed the site of the Chartreux, now inhabited by Mr. Inge. Of the ancient building little remains. A little farther, crossed the Sherbourn, leaving Whitley on the right; and about a mile and a half from hence passed the Avon, at Finford Bridge.

Ascend an extensive brow, on the summit of which is a tumulus, called Knightlow, or mount, which gives name to the hundred. Near this spot runs the Roman road. Reach Dunchurch, or the church on the bill; and descending, about three miles farther, pass near Willoughby, through which the canal runs, and gives the whole vale a commercial appearance.

Soon after, entered Northamptonshire, at Brannston*, which, our tourist says, he did not stop to observe. Three miles farther appears Daventry, seated on the side and top of a hill. It is a very populous, incorporated town, and carries on a considerable manufacture of whips.

* This is likely to become a place of some importance, from its being the spot where the Grand Junction unites with the Oxford Canal.

The place is of considerable antiquity, being of some note even at the conquest.

Here are some remains of a priory, now converted into poor-houses. The parish church had been conventual, but of late years was handsomely rebuilt.

From Daventry, they proceeded to examine the noted camps on Brough Hill, in this vicinity. The area is of an oblong, or oval form, about a mile in length, and nearly two in circumference. The whole is surrounded with fosses and ramparts, which are multiplied according to the weakness of the ground. Near this castrametation are several tumuli of the sepulchral kind.

“This post,” says Mr. Pennant, “was probably made use of when the victorious Ostorius was traversing this island, to quell the commotions he found on his arrival in Britain.” Numbers of Roman coins, found near the spot, strengthen the conjecture, that this was a Roman station. It likewise appears to have been occupied by the ancient Britons, the Saxons, and even so late as the reign of Charles I. that unfortunate monarch took possession, and fortified it before the fatal battle of Naseby. As the intrenchments, therefore, have been thrown up at different times, and by different nations, it is no wonder that antiquaries are divided about the original destination, and to what people it is to be ascribed.

Resuming their journey, made another digression to Dodford church, in which are some ancient monuments, particularly one of a crusader.

A few miles from Northampton, on the right, lies the village of Wedon in the Street, supposed by many to have been the ancient Bennivena, though

though our tourist gives reasons why he thinks that name should be transferred to Brough Hill. Wedon, however, was indisputably the residence of the Mercian monarch, Wulfere, and afterwards a nunnery was established here.

From thence Mr. Pennant proceeded to Castle Dikes, remarkable for some ancient works attributed to the Saxons. They appear to occupy about twelve acres of ground, but are so overgrown with wood, that it is not easy to examine them. It seems, a town once stood here, and some remains of buildings are still visible.

Next visited the church of Stow-nine-churches, to see the most elegant, and almost unequalled, tomb of Elizabeth, daughter of John, lord Latimer, and successively wife to Sir John Danvers and Sir Edmund Cary. Her figure is of white marble, recumbent on a black slab; the attitude, that of one asleep, with the drapery flowing in easy folds to the feet. At the feet is a griffin, supporting a shield with the family arms. The whole rests on a white marble altar-tomb, adorned with arms and inscriptions, from which it appears that she died in 1630, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

This noble monument is the chef-d'œuvre of Nicholas Stone, master mason to King James and Charles I. and was erected in the life-time of the lady.

Opposite to this is a handsome cenotaph, in memory of the charitable and benevolent Dr. Turner, president of Corpus Christi College, in Oxford, who died in 1714, and with whose property this manor was purchased, by his executors, for the benefit of the poor widows and children of the clergy.

The country towards Towcester is hilly, and the soil clayey. Pass through Forster's Booth, a scattered street, through which runs the Watling Roman Road, in a direct line to Towcester.

This is a pretty considerable town, seated on a plain, washed by the Tove, from which, and its being a Roman station, it derives its name. The great tumulus, on the east side of the town, points out the site of the speculum, or watch-tower; and many Roman coins dug up round it, prove it to have been an appendage to a station belonging to that people.

Towcester has undergone many vicissitudes of fortune. In the time of Edward the Elder, it was ravaged by the Danes, but restored in 921, and fortified with a stone wall, of which not a trace remains.

The manor now belongs to the Earl of Pomfret, a descendant of the ancient house of Fermors of Oxfordshire. The present church contains nothing remarkable, except the tomb of William Sponne, rector of this parish in the reign of Henry VI. He was a great benefactor to this place.

This town has a manufacture of lace, and a small one of silk stockings; but it derives its principal wealth from being a great thoroughfare.

About a mile to the east stands Easton Neston, the beautiful seat of Earl Pomfret, the wings of which were built by Sir Christopher Wren, and the centre by Hawksmore. It was once deservedly famous for its collection of invaluable statues, which have been presented to the University of Oxford, and will for ever remain a monument of the liberality of the donor.



In the adjacent church are several memorials of the Fermors. Sir Richard, who purchased this manor in 1530, had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of that tyrant, Henry VIII. and, in his old age, was stripped of his possessions, and for some years lived with the grateful parson of Wapenham, whom he had presented. Edward VI. had the generosity to restore him to his estates, which, it seems, his father had intended to do, on the suggestion of Will Somers, first jester, or fool, to Sir Richard, and afterwards to Henry, but was prevented by death.

Journeying southward, soon reached the borders of Whittlebury Forest, of which the Duke of Grafton is hereditary ranger, and has here an elegant seat, called Wakefield Lodge. "In this forest," says Mr. Pennant, "that fierce animal, the wild cat, is still found."

Pass through Potter's Pery, a village which takes its name from a manufacture of coarse earthen ware. Made a diversion to Passenham, where there is a square intrenchment, supposed to have been thrown up by Edward the Elder, and regaining the great road, proceeded through Old Stratford, supposed to be the *Lactodurum* of the Itinerary, to Stoney Stratford, in Buckinghamshire. This town lies on the Ouse, and is built on each side of the Watling Street way. It was almost entirely consumed by fire in 1742, but soon restored. The church is a handsome building, designed by Mr. Irons, of Warwick.

Kept along the Street road to the forty-seventh mile-stone, where our tourist was induced to digress a little to the right, to visit some ancient monuments in Blecheley church. Among them is a fine alabaster tomb of Richard, lord Grey of

Wilton, who died about the middle of the fifteenth century. His son and great grandson were likewise interred here. The monuments of Dr. Sparke, a famous controversialist in the reign of Elizabeth and James, and of Mrs. Faith Taylor, are eminently distinguished for emblem, pun, and quibble, the characteristics of the tasteless days, in which these persons departed this mortal life.

Next visited Fenny Stratford, so called from its situation. The chapel, which is an appendant to Blecheley, was rebuilt and endowed by Brown Willis and his friends, and here that ecclesiastical antiquary lies interred, under a white marble stone, with an inscription of his own writing.

Pass Little Brickhill and Hockley in the Hole, and two miles farther reach the foot of Chalk Hill, formerly a tremendous steepness, but now rendered of easy ascent. "This," says Mr. Pennant, "is the first specimen the traveller meets with of that great chalky stratum, which intersects the kingdom: A line drawn from Dorchester in Dorset, to the county of Norfolk, would include all the chalky beds in the kingdom; for none is found in any quantity to the west of that line*."

Descending the hill, made a diversion about half a mile from the road, to visit Maiden's Bower, a very large, circular camp, surrounded with a great rampart and fosse. Its history is unknown; but our author attributes it to the Danes.

Dunstable, in the vicinity, is a long town, built on each side of the Watling Street, and in-

* Our author seems to forget the Chiltern range, which certainly would not fall within his limits.

tersected in the middle by the Icknield: It is reputed to be the Magiovinum of the Itinerary. Roman coins have frequently been found here, and on a hill, a little to the west, are the traces of a Roman camp.

This town was certainly occupied by the Saxons, if we attend to its name, which imports the "Mart near the Hill." The monkish legend of Dun, the robber, having a stable here, is only worthy of ridicule. Henry I. built a palace here, and incorporated the town. He also founded a priory here for black canons, of which nothing now remains, except the church, and an arch in the wall adjoining. This pile is of singular architecture, both with regard to its front and the position of its steeple; but its original form seems to have been much altered. Over the altar is a large and handsome painting of the Last Supper. There are some tombs, dated between 1400 and 1500, but none of persons deserving to be remembered.

Dunstable derives its chief support from travellers; but an elegant manufacture of straw hats, baskets, and toys, maintains many of the poor, particularly females.

Leaving Dunstable, proceed through Market Street, a village built on each side of the Watling Street, and Redburn, situated in a similar manner. A cell, consisting of a prior and a few Benedictines, from St. Alban's, was placed here before 1195.

The soil in this vicinity is almost covered with flints: the stratum beneath is chalk, which is successfully used as a manure.

About a mile and a half from St. Alban's, made a digression to the right, to visit Gorham-

bury, once the venerable seat of the luminous Sir Francis Bacon, viscount Verulam. The building consists of two parts, dissimilar in their manner, yet neither destitute of classical elegance. On the outside of the part which forms the approach, is the piazza, with a range of Tuscan pillars in front, and within side is another piazza: the first calculated for a promenade in winter, the last for summer.

Over the entrance from the court into the hall are some verses, recording the founder, Sir Nicholas Bacon, with

MEDIOCRIA FIRMA.

The hall is lofty and large, and contains portraits of several personages, the most distinguished in their times for rank, learning, and beauty. Among others, those of Sir Francis Bacon, and his brother Sir Nathaniel; the Countess of Suffolk; Thomas, duke of Norfolk; Wentworth, earl of Cleveland; and a remarkable one of Sir Thomas Meantys, the faithful servant and secretary of Lord Verulam.

All the principal apartments are decorated with paintings, principally portraits, and many of the persons represented are not less eminent than those just mentioned. It is reasonable to suppose, that there are several of the Grimstone family, the present possessors of this mansion. On the picture of Sir Harbottle Grimstone, the chief founder of the name, is this motto, which it ought to be the study of every person to be able to apply to himself:

Nec pudet vivere, nec piget mori.

Leaving this famous seat, proceeded to the celebrated

lebrated Verulamium, entering it at a spot distinguished by a great fragment of the ancient wall, called Gorbambury Block. This was the capital of the country, and the residence of the British princes, before the arrival of the Romans. When the latter had achieved their conquest, they added walls to the ordinary British defence of ramparts and ditches. Many vast fragments of the Roman masonry remain, and the area of the station, according to Stukely's measurement, is five thousand two hundred feet in length, and three thousand in breadth. At present it is inclosed in two fields, but vestiges of the buildings are still to be traced.

This place had the honour to produce Albanus, the proto-martyr of Britain, of whom legend records so much. After various revolutions, it fell to decay, and from its ruins rose the present St. Alban's, so called in honour of the saint, whose relics were miraculously discovered by Offa, king of the Mercians. This prince, in 793, erected a magnificent monastery on the spot, for Benedictine, or black monks; and at last it became mired, or parliamentary. Of this magnificent abbey, however, not a vestige is left, except the gateway, a large, square building, with a fine, spacious, pointed arch beneath. The church, however, was made parochial, and is one of the most venerable piles in the kingdom. It is cruciform; six hundred feet long at the intersection, and the transepts are one hundred and eighty. The height of the tower is one hundred and forty-four feet, that of the body sixty-five; and the breadth of the nave is two hundred and seventeen.

Of a pile so vast, and which unites so many dissimilar parts, it is impossible, in this place, to

give an architectural account. In the inside some of the genuine Saxon style is preserved; but the greatest part has been rebuilt in the style of the times, when repairs became necessary. The choir and high altar are of the most elegant Gothic architecture. The latter is finely sculptured, and was once adorned with gold and silver images. Near it is the chapel of St. Alban, in which stood the rich shrine, containing his relics, and which, for ages, was the object of religious veneration.

On the north side of the high altar is the magnificent chapel of Abbot Ramridge, who was elected in 1496. The fronts are of most delicate, open, Gothic work, with niches above, for statues; and in many parts are carved two rams, with the word RIDGE on their collars, allusive to the founder's name*.

The noble monument of Humphry, duke of Gloucester, attracts universal admiration, both for its intrinsic beauty and the virtuous celebrity of the man to whose memory it was erected. In 1703, the vault was discovered, in which the body was preserved in pickle, guarded by a leaden coffin, cased with a wooden one. Against the wall is painted a crucifixion, with four chalices receiving the blood, while a hand points towards it, with a label inscribed,

“ Lord have mercy on me.”

Abbot Whethamsted's tomb, and many other sepulchral memorials, deserve notice; but in a general description, it is impossible to do justice

* This abbot does not appear to have entertained the same sentiments with Shenstone's virtuoso, who thanked God that his name was liable to no pun.

to their various merits, or even to enumerate the names of those whose dust they indicate.

Almost every chapel has its peculiar beauties, and has been chosen as the place of sepulture of some person, once distinguished. A long inscription against a column mentions, that the body of Sir John Mandeville is buried below. That he was born here, is true; but it appears, that he found a grave at Liege, in 1371. He travelled for thirty-four years in the character of pilgrim, knight-errant, and observer, and left an account of his peregrinations, which, though shamefully interpolated by the monks, bears the marks of authenticity in the ground-work.

The church of St. Michael, built within the precincts of the ancient Verulam, is small, but rendered illustrious, by containing the monument of the great Lord Verulam. His figure is of white marble, reclining in a chair, in the easy attitude of meditation. He is dressed in his furred robes, with a high-crowned hat. "Any emblems of greatness," observes Mr. Pennant, "would have been unnecessary attendants on this illustrious character. The spectator's ideas must render every complimentary sculpture superfluous. The epitaph reflects high honour on the grateful servant, Sir Thomas Meantys, who erected the monument: his master could receive nothing additional."

The town of St. Alban's spreads along the slopes and top of the hill: it is large, and, in general, the buildings are old. It has undergone many changes, and has been the scene of important events for a succession of ages. In the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, this town was the scene of dreadful carnage, and

here the first blood was shed in that fatal quarrel. Two battles were fought at this place with singular animosity: in the first, Henry was made a prisoner: the event of the second released him.

At the bottom of the town is a small, brick house, called Holywell, once the residence of Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, and the place where her treasurer, Godolphin, died. A portrait of the duchess, in white, exquisitely handsome, is preserved here, "in which," says our author, "there are not the least vestiges of her diabolical passions, the torments of her queen, her husband, and herself."

Leaving St. Alban's, passed the site of the nunnery of Sopewell, in which house Henry VIII. was privately married to Anne Bullen; and afterwards proceeding through London Colney, ascend Ridgehill, remarkable for a noble and rich view of the country round.

At South Mithis, enter the county of Middlesex, and soon reach the bloody field of Barnet, marked by a column, to commemorate the decisive battle fought here between the houses of York and Lancaster, which fixed the crown on the head of Edward IV.

"At a small distance," says Mr. Pennant, "stands the pleasant village of Hadley, on the edge of Enfield Chace, where, in my boyish days, I spent many happy hours with my uncle, who, during forty years, was minister of this parish." The living is a donative. The church is built of flints, and over the west entrance is the date 1498, and the sculpture of a rose and wing.

On the top of the steeple remains an iron pitch-pot, designed as a beacon, occasionally to be fired, in case of alarm. Before the time of Edward III.

signals were made by firing great stacks of wood; but in the eleventh of his reign, this species of alarm was used.

Hadley is only half a mile distant from Barnet, a small town on the top of a hill, in ancient times over-run with wood. Near the place is a medicinal well, of the chalybeate kind; formerly in great repute.

From this town is a quick descent to Whetstone, beyond which lies Finchley Common; infamous for its robberies. About a mile farther stands Highgate, a large village, on a lofty elevation, commanding a delightful perspective of London. "Here, in my memory," says our author, "stood a large gateway, at which, in old times, a toll was paid to the Bishop of London, for liberty of passing through his parks. After resting for a small space over the busy prospect, I descended into the plain, reached the metropolis, and disappeared in the crowd."

In another of his annual journeys to the metropolis, Mr. Pennant quitted the common road, near Daventry, and made an excursion to Fawsley, the seat of the ancient family of the Knightleys, standing in an improved demesne, above some pretty pieces of water, winding along a fine, wooded dell. The present house is of various architecture. The hall is a magnificent Gothic apartment, of vast height and extent. In the windows are numerous arms of the family and their alliances. Many of the portraits here are very curious.

In the church, which is dedicated to St. Peter, are several ancient tombs of the Knightleys, but much mutilated. The seats are ridiculously carved with a variety of droll subjects, such as a cat juggling and mice dancing, and other similar devices.

Returning into the London road, crossed it to Flore, or Flower, a pleasant village, but which contains nothing very remarkable. Passed through the village of Upton, about two miles from Northampton, and soon entered that beautiful town, at the west gate, near the site of the castle, of which nothing, except an outer wall and fosse, remains. Opposite to the castle is a great mount, once the foundation of some more ancient fortress; perhaps one of the line of defences which crossed this and the neighbouring counties.

Northampton is mentioned in very early history, and has been the scene of many memorable transactions. It contained a number of religious houses, of which very few traces remain. The hospitals, however, of St. John and St. Thomas still exist.

In 1238, some students withdrew from Oxford, and established a university here: by subsequent migrations, it is said, their number once amounted to fifteen thousand; but taking the part of the barons, Henry III. when he made himself master of Northampton, determined to hang every one of them. His majesty, however, being appeased, suffered the students to return to Oxford, and abolished the University of Northampton.

This town is delightfully situated on an eminence, gently sloping to the river Nen, which bounds it on two sides. The streets are in general

neral freight, and very handsomely built. The market place is singularly elegant.

The church of All Saints, erected after the fatal fire in 1675, which laid the greatest part of the town in ashes, is a magnificent fabric, with a portico of eight Ionic columns.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre was supposed to have been built by the Knights Templars, on the model of that at Jerusalem. The imitative part is round, with a nave issuing from it.

St. Peter's church is a singular building, particularly in the form of its tower. Within are two rows of round arches, carved with zig-zag work, the pillars which support them being alternately single and quadruple.

In former times, Northampton contained three other churches, which are now destroyed.

Among the public buildings, the county infirmary, the county hall, and the town, or guild hall, are most deserving of notice.

From Northampton, visited Castle Ashby, the princely seat of the Comptons, earls of Northampton. It lies about six miles from the county town, in a rich, rather than a picturesque, country. The house is square, inclosing an area, with a beautiful screen, the work of Inigo Jones, bounding one side; and, it appears probable, other parts of the edifice were restored, or improved, under the auspices of this great architect.

One front is occupied by a long gallery, at the end of which is the chapel-closet, containing a picture of Compton, bishop of London and of Lye, the Saxon scholar.

.. The

The drawing-room is remarkably grand : it is fifty feet by twenty-four. The chimney-piece is of enormous size. Of the needle-work hangings, it is only necessary to say, they are the laborious toils of two maiden ladies of the family, who have left this testimony of their notable disposition.

The apartments are decorated with a number of family and other portraits of eminent persons. Here Mr. Pennant discovered, in a garret, the original picture of that illustrious hero, John Talbot, first earl of Shrewsbury ; and his countess, Margaret, eldest daughter of Beauchamp, earl of Warwick.

The most valuable painting, however, is that of George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, who is represented as dead, bearded and whiskered*.

The pleasure-grounds have been laid out by Brown, and the church stands in them, very near to the mansion. The chace-grounds of Castle Ashby are the most splendid appendage any nobleman can possess.

Next visited Easton Mandit, one of the seats of the Earls of Suffex. The house is low, with a quadrangle in the middle. The portraits are numerous and distinguished.

In the adjoining church are some very fine monuments of the Yelverton family.

After seeing Little Billings and Clifford's Hill, again reached Northampton, and soon passed

* This picture is of inestimable value. It actually personifies death. It is impossible to look at it without the mingled emotions of horror and surprise. Never can the writer of this forget the effect of the first view of this awful canvass.

over the river, into the parish of Hardingstone. On each side is a fine range of meadows : those on the left are enlivened by the beautiful plantations and improvements of Mr. Bouverie, whose house occupies the site of the Abbey de la Pré. Near this place was fought the bloody battle of Northampton, the 9th of July, 1460, between Henry VI. and his nobility, in which the latter were victorious.

On the road side, at no great distance from Northampton, stands Queen's Cross, one of the monuments of Edward's affection to his beloved Eleanor. It is of an octagonal form, and is kept in excellent repair. Round this spot Roman coins are frequently found ; from which it is conjectured, that this might have been the site of the ancient Eltavon.

About five miles from Queen's Cross, made a digression from the road, to see Horton church, remarkable for the fine monument of William, Lord Parr, uncle to Catharine, last queen of Henry VIII. He is represented in alabaster, recumbent, with his lady by his side, in right of whom he became lord of the manor.

From Queen's Cross to this place, the country is uneven, neither irriguous nor pleasant ; but its aspect is improving from increasing inclosures. On entering the county of Buckingham, it affords a more agreeable form, and is encircled by the Ouse, which flows through a continuation of meadows, embellished with the spire of Olney church.

About half a mile from the banks of the Ouse stands Goshurst, a seat, begun about the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, and which still preserves a venerable and pleasing appear-

ance. The environs are finely dressed, and swell into extensive lawns. The woods are vast, and cut into fine walks.

Gothurst was the residence of the Digbys for two or three generations. The accomplished Sir Kenelm was one of the lords of this manor, which is now transferred to the family of the Wrights, descendants of Sir Nathan Wright, lord keeper.

Some portraits of the Digbys still retain their place in this mansion, among the rest, Sir Everard and Sir Kenelm. The latter married the beautiful Venetia Anastasia Stanley, whose picture is also preserved here. Her husband was so enamoured of her beauty, that he was said to have attempted to exalt her charms, and preserve her health by a variety of whimsical expedients. Probably she fell a victim to these arts; for she was found dead in bed, May 1, 1633, in the thirty-third year of her age.

From Gothurst, crossed the Ouse to the respectable old mansion of Tyringham, once the seat of a family of the same name. It is now neglected, but not quite unfurnished, and contains some family portraits.

"In the kitchen," says Mr. Pennant, "I found on the wall the rude portraits of the following fish, recorded to have been taken in the adjacent river :

	Feet.	In.	
A carp, in 1648,	2	9	long
A pike, in 1658,	3	7	
A bream, - -	2	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	
A salmon, - -	3	10	
A perch, - -	2	0	
A shad, in 1683,	1	11	

“ These,” adds our author, “ are the records of rural life ; important to those who are, perhaps, happily disengaged from the bustle and cares attendant on politics and dissipation.”

Soon after leaving Tyringham, reached Newport Pagnell, a small town, situated between the Ouse and the Lovet, near their junction. It flourishes greatly by the lace manufactory, which, however, gives a sickly appearance to the females who are engaged in its fabric.

About eight miles from Newport, enter the county of Bedford, on Woburn Sands, seated on the extremity of the range of hills which traverse Buckinghamshire. Near the road side are the noted pits of fuller's earth ; a substance supposed to give British cloth a superiority over that of other nations, and, therefore, its exportation is prohibited. It is a species of marl.

At a small distance from hence lies Woburn. The church was built by the last abbot of Woburn, and belonged to that house. It is still of exempt jurisdiction. The steeple is disjointed from the church : the pulpit is a fine piece of Gothic carving, probably coeval with the abbey.

About half a mile from the town stood the abbey, founded in 1145, by Hugh de Bolebec, a nobleman of great property, in the vicinity. On the dissolution, it was granted to Lord Ruffel, together with other valuable ecclesiastical possessions, of which the family have ever since been masters ; but Woburn was made their principal residence, and the house has been rendered worthy of being the seat of the most opulent British peer.

The present edifice was built by the late duke, and stands in a pleasant, well-wooded park. The apartments contain many capital paintings, and

many portraits of illustrious personages, too numerous to record. One however will be interesting to every heart of sensibility, we mean that of the sad relict of the virtuous Lord Ruffel, and daughter to the good and great Wriothesly, earl of Southampton. She is drawn in her widow's weeds, her head reclined on her hand, and a book by her, with a countenance marked by deep and silent sorrow. There is likewise a head of her husband, who fell a victim to his virtuous design of preserving our liberties and constitution from the attempts of an abandoned faction.

From Woburn crossed the country to Ampt-hill, a small market town, noted in ancient times for the magnificent mansion of Lord Fanhope, and afterwards for being the residence of Catharine of Arragon, during the period that her divorce was in agitation.

Visited Ampt-hill Park, the seat of the Earl of Ossory. The house is modern, plain, and neat, with eleven windows in front, besides wings. The paintings here are select, rather than numerous.

Houghton stands in the immediate vicinity. The house is beautiful, and commands some delightful landscapes. Its proprietor is the Duke of Bedford.

Maulden Church, about two miles east of Ampt-hill, is noted for the octagonal mausoleum of Diana, countess of Elgin. Her tomb, of white marble, is placed in the centre. On it is a sarcophagus, out of which rises a figure of the countess in her shroud. In a niche of the building, is a bust of her husband, with long hair, a short beard, and turnover.

After a short ride, reached the large house of Wrest, the property of the Earl of Hardwick. It stands in a low, wet park, crossed with formal rows of trees. The pleasure grounds, however, have felt the plastic hand of Brown. Obelisks, pavilions, and other buildings, the taste of former times, are dispersed over different parts.

In the quarters of the wilderness are two cenotaphs for the late duke and duchess of Kent, the former possessors of the place. The portraits here are very numerous, and most of them recal the memory of names once high in rank, or otherwise distinguished.

The mausoleum of the Greys adjoins to the church of Flitton, about a mile and a half from the mansion of Wrest. It consists of a centre and four wings. In one is the tomb of Henry, fifth earl of Kent, a fiery zealot, who sat in judgment on Mary Stuart, and with true bigotry, refused her the consolation of her almoner in her last hours, and was brutal enough to give a reluctant assent to her request, of having a few of her domestics to perform their final duties to their dying mistress.

From hence proceeded over a hilly and open country, to Luton, a small town on the Lea. The church is beautifully chequered with flint and freestone. Within is a remarkable octagonal fount, open at the sides, and terminating in elegant tabernacle work. In the top is a large basin, in which the consecrated water was kept, and let down into the fount, by means of a tube. On the top of the inside is a vine, signifying the church, guarded by a lamb, from the assaults of the dragon; allegorically meaning, that baptism is our protection from the assaults of the devil.

Adjoining the church is a chapel, founded by Lord Wenlock, in which are several tombs of that ancient family.

Luton Ho, the seat of Lord Bute, lies near the London road, about three miles from the town, a place that does honour to the taste and magnificence of that nobleman.

From Luton proceeded through St. Alban's to Hatfield, a small town, prettily situated on a gentle ascent. Here was an ancient palace, in the site of which Robert Cecil, afterwards earl of Salisbury, built the present magnificent mansion of his descendants. The edifice is of brick, in form of a half H, and of great extent. In the centre is a magnificent portico of nine arches, and over the middlemost rises a lofty tower, in the front of which are three ranges of columns, of the Tuscan, Doric, and Composite orders. The apartments are splendidly decorated with paintings, and other works of virtu*.

In a chapel adjoining to the church, is a beautiful monument to the first Earl of Salisbury, who is represented in his robes, in white marble, lying on a slab of black, supported by the four cardinal virtues, and their attributes. Beneath is a skeleton, in white marble, placed on a slab of black.

From hence journeyed along the great road, passing Gobions, and through Barnet, to Enfield.

Visited the New River, in this vicinity, and afterwards the ancient brick-house, called Enfield Palace, which was occasionally honoured with the presence of Queen Elizabeth. Not

* Since Mr. Pennant's tour, Hatfield has been judiciously repaired, and the grounds disposed in the modern taste.

far from hence stood Worcester House, built by the accomplished John Tiptop, earl of Worcester, who was beheaded in 1470. The present edifice was rebuilt on higher ground, by Sir Nicholas Raynton, lord mayor of London, in 1640.

Next visited Waltham Abbey and Cross; the last, one of the affectionate memorials of Edward I. to his queen. It is in excellent preservation, and is richly adorned with Gothic sculpture.

The present church of Waltham is only the name of the ancient one, which was cruciform, with a central tower. The abbey stood near it, but its only existing remains are a site and postern, part of the cloister, and an elliptic bridge over the moat. Waltham abbey was founded in 1062, by Earl Harold, afterwards king of England.

Of the once-magnificent palace of Theobalds, near Cheshunt, there is not a vestige remaining. The greatest part of it was pulled down in 1651, and the plunder given to the soldiers; and in 1765, its total demolition was effected by the present proprietor, who leased out the site to a builder.

Returning by Endfield, pursued the direct road to London, "and in a short space", says Mr. Pennant, "joined my friends in the great metropolis."









