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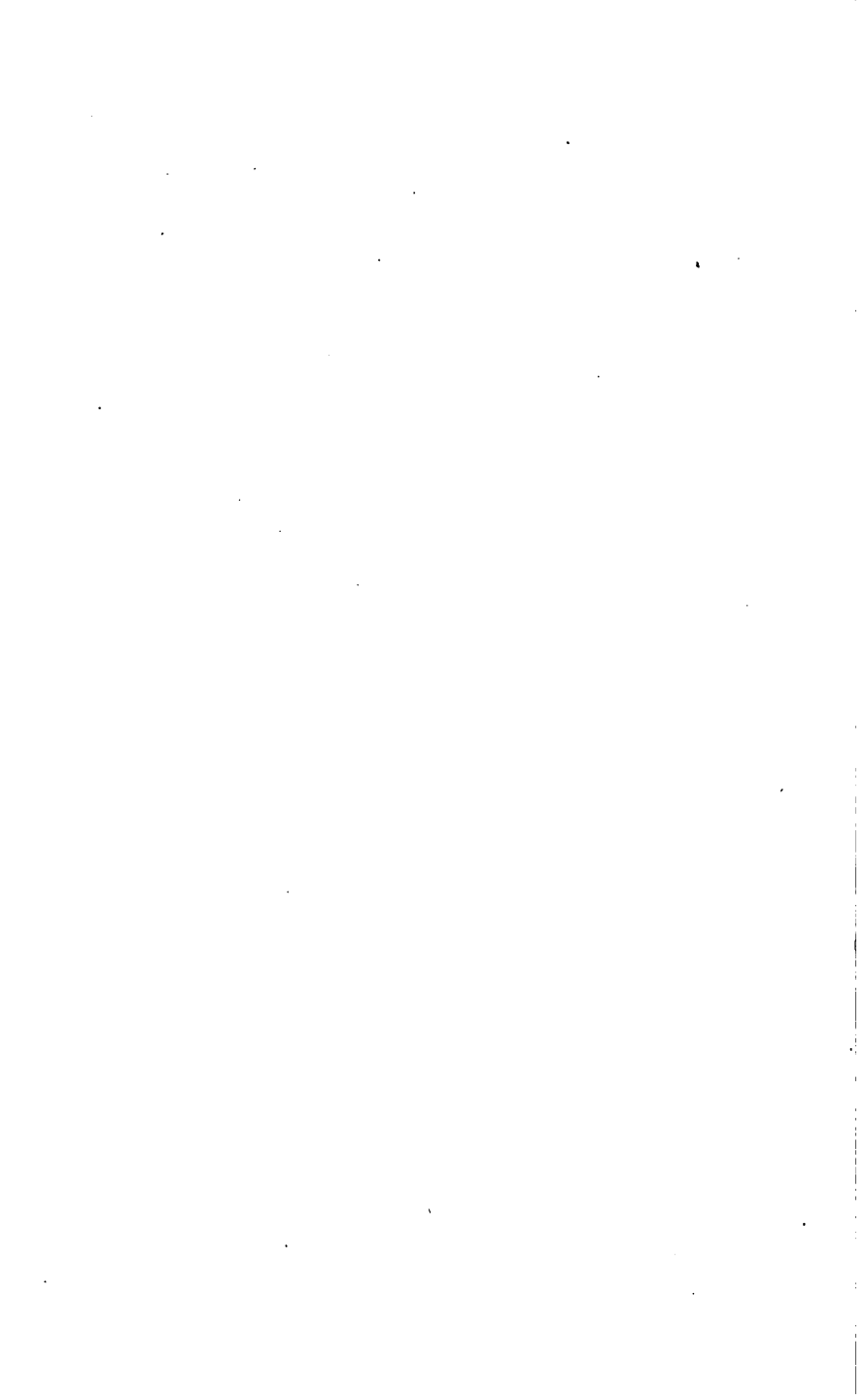
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G U I D E

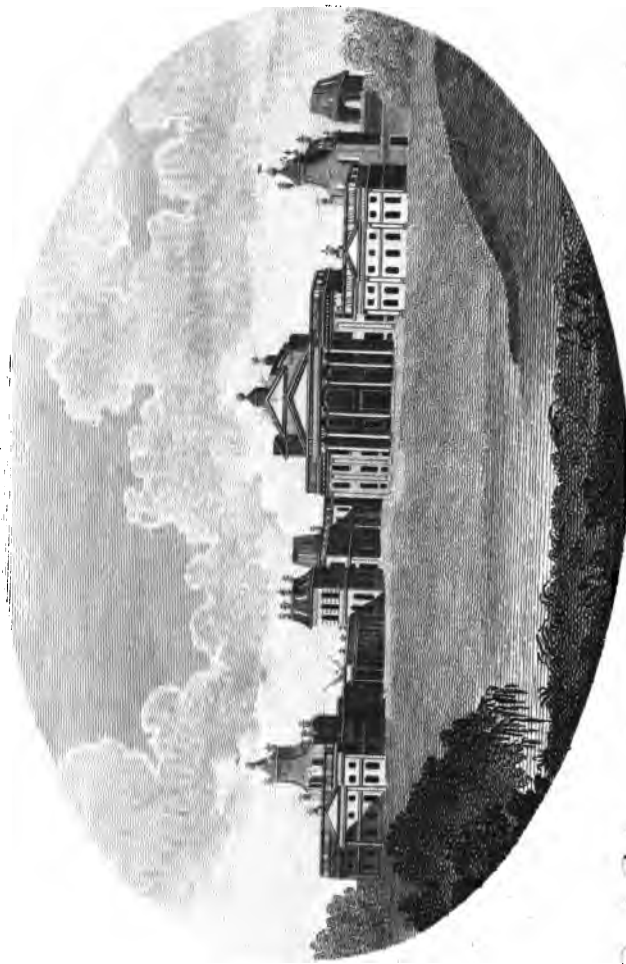
T O

B L E N H E I M.

Entered at Stationers Hall, according to Act of Parliament.



Frontispiece.



North, or Grand Front of Blenheim, in Oxfordshire.

NEW DESCRIPTION
OF
BLENHEIM,
THE SEAT OF
HIS GRACE
THE
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

To which is prefixed,

BLENHEIM, a POEM.

— not the vale
Of TEMPE, fam'd in song, nor LIDA's grove
Such beauty boasts.

LORD LYTTLTON'S Blenheim.

Qui fait aimer les champs, fait aimer la vertu.

DE LILLE.

A NEW, AND MUCH IMPROVED EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND; AND
PRINCE AND COOKE, OXFORD.
MDCCLXXXIX.



TO

THEIR GRACES,

The Duke and Duchefs of Marlborough,

THIS PERFORMANCE

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED;

AS AN HUMBLE TESTIMONY OF PROFOUND

VENERATION

FOR WHATEVER IS AMIABLE IN PRIVATE LIFE,

OR CAPABLE OF REFLECTING REAL LUSTRE

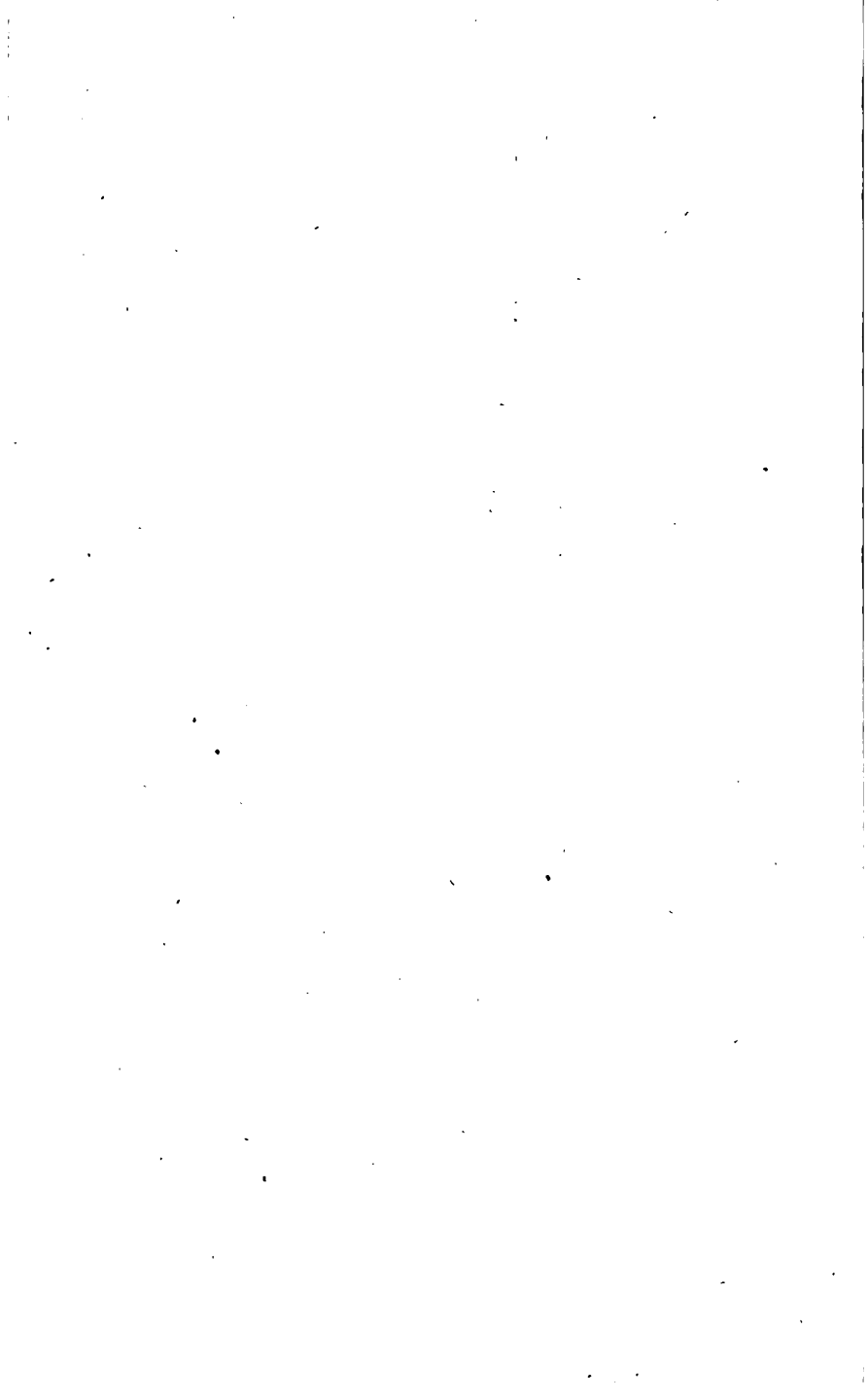
ON EXALTED RANK;

BY THEIR GRACES

MOST DEVOTED, AND

MOST OBEДИENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

W. MAVOR.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favourable reception with which the Public has honoured this Performance having rendered a new edition necessary, the Author has thrown the whole into another form; and by a revision of the Poem, and a very considerable enlargement of the Description, has adapted it for the general convenience and information of the numerous and respectable visitors of BLENHEIM, which include almost every person of condition in these kingdoms, and all the foreigners of

a 2 quality

quality who travel into England. Thankful for the indulgence already experienced, he has been anxious to repay it by every attention in his power to gratify the curiosity of his Patrons; and he is not without hopes, that the Description he now submits to the test of impartiality will prove sufficiently minute to direct spectators to the most beautiful objects when present, and to revive their impression when lost.

If in this he should have unfortunately failed, he shall yet retain the conscious satisfaction of having neither gratified spleen, nor intentionally flattered error. The frequent review of the illustrious scenes described, has given him a pleasure which no reflection can diminish; and
though

though envy or malevolence may depreciate the merits of the composition, they can never be able to detract from the innocence of the pursuits.

Woodstock Academy,

July 1st, 1789.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

BLENHEIM may be seen every afternoon from three to five o'clock, except on Sundays, and public days, which usually commence the first Tuesday in August, and continue for six successive Tuesdays.

The PARK and GARDENS, on proper application, will be shewn at any hour of the day, except during the time of divine service on Sunday.

LOCAL Poetry is a Species of Composition, of which the fundamental Subject is some particular Landscape to be poetically described, with the Addition of such Embellishments as may be supplied by historical Retrospection, or incidental Meditation.

JOHNSON.

A R G U M E N T.

Invocation and Address to Chaucer, the Father of English Poetry—Scene, a May Morning—Subject proposed—Ancient Palace—Alfred—Henry II.—Rosamond—The Black Prince—The Princess Elizabeth—Modern Improvements—Blenheim—Paintings—Apostrophe to Artists—Tapestry—Address to George Duke of Marlborough—Noon—A View from the Triumphal Gate near Woodstock—Churchill's Pillar—Character—Woodstock—Origin of the Echo—Evening—Flower Basket—Cascade—Reflection—Fountain—High Lodge—Landscape—Oxford—Conclusion.

B L E N H E I M:

A

P O E M.

IMMORTAL CHAUCER! from ELYSIAN
bowers,

Where Pleasure's Sun illumes the light-wing'd
hours ;

Where deathless wreaths poetic brows entwine,
Nor ENVY blasts the honours of the Nine ;
Propitious list!—Thy once-lov'd haunts explore,
Where raptur'd Muses caught thy lays of yore ;
When sweetest notes made vocal every grove,
And every echo whisper'd heartfelt love.

B

First-

First-born of bards! when Fancy paints thy
name,

I catch contagion from thy hallow'd fame; 10

Through all my soul devolves Ambition's tide,

With thee, down future years, I seem to glide:

My little bark gains impulse from thy oar,

Quits the low strand, and seeks the Muses' shore.

O blest'd in fortune! and in fame too blest'd, 15

By kings and princes honour'd and carest'd!

If e'er thy gentle spirit hovers near,

Thy humble suppliant mildly deign to hear:

On me, the meanest of the tuneful throng,

Pour down thy fire, and elevate my song; 20

O'er every line thy inspiration throw,

And teach my numbers, like my theme, to glow!

Now opening morn the orient decks with red,

And every star of silver light is fled;

Soft vernal gales dispense a sweet perfume, 25

And smiling FLORA wantons in her bloom:

In verdant vesture fields and trees appear,

Unnumber'd beauties paint the genial year;

While

While choral lays, from all the feather'd train,
 Swell the sweet concert, and delight the plain. 30
 Through shady thickets trips the timid fawn,
 The nimble doe bounds briskly o'er the lawn ;
 The woolly race to early pasture creep,
 And liquid gems from every green blade sweep.
 Across the vista limps the watchful hare, 35
 And starts, and trembles at the sportive air ;
 Surveys my steps, then meditates her flight,
 Seeks the close covert, and avoids my sight.

Fear not, ye painted tenants of the grove,
 Pursue your song, and celebrate your love ! 40
 Fly not, ye fawns ! no hostile arms I bear,
 My heart too feeling to increase your fear ;
 My hands too pure to rob the warbler's nest,
 The young to cage, or wound the tuneful breast !
 No tyrant deeds my early steps intend, 45
 In me behold your lover and your friend,
 The Muses' votary, warm'd by NATURE's charms,
 To paint HER beauties—not to spread alarms.

Enchanting NATURE ! mistress of my heart,
 Thy form I bear in every vital part ; 50

Enraptur'd trace thee, in each circling view,
 Through every scene thy devious steps pursue ;
 And as I range, through different objects tost,
 Awhile from Memory's page my ills are lost ;
 Hope's ardent eye her fruitless prospects leaves,
 Nor fond Reflection meditates and grieves.

Let others sing of TEMPE's bloomy vale,
 INDOSTAN's shades, SABÆA's spicy gale ;
 In visionary bliss with PLATO rove
 Through ACADEMUS' consecrated grove ;] 60
 Pursue the windings of ILYSSUS' stream,
 Or, lull'd by Muses, on PARNASSUS dream :
 Enough for me, amid these vernal bowers,
 To sing of Nature's sweets, and BLENHEIM'S
 towers ;
 Enough for me, the minutes to beguile *, 65
 And, O ! too much, if MARLBOROUGH
 deign to smile !

* This Poem was originally written during the intervals that illness, of which the Author has an ample share, gave him a necessary relaxation from more important avocations ; or when he fled to the alleviations of verse, as an antidote for the pressure of care.

Where

Where yon spread trees wave o'er the crystal
stream,

And shew inverted by the solar beam ;
There, where the margin's daisy-mantled side
Shelves down to kiss the congregated tide, 70

An ancient palace stood, the lov'd retreat
Of Britain's monarchs from the toils of state ;

Where, dropt the weight of diademic power,
The king, in private, spent the tranquil hour ;
New schemes contriv'd, or ponder'd on the past,
Nor felt Time slowly lag, nor fly too fast.

Here sacred ALFRED, victor of his foes,
Indulg'd a studious, and a mild repose ;

Undrew the veil that wrapt the moral page,
And sooth'd by classic arts a barbarous age ; 80
Bade Science bloom with renovated grace,
And clasp the Muses in a close embrace.

Here valiant HENRY, crown'd by War and Love,
Form'd the fam'd labyrinth, and rear'd the grove ;
In scenes of dalliance sunk the hero's fire, 85
And wak'd to CLIFFORD's charms th' ignoble

lyre.

But not that arm, which shook each hostile state ;
 That sword, resistless as the blow of Fate ;
 From jealous Rage could save this lovely flower,
 And stay vindictive ELEONORA's power : 90
 Frail beauty falls—the king dissolves in tears,
 And mourns the burden of the crown he wears.

Ill-fated fair ! by HENRY led astray,
 And taught to tread Seduction's thorny way ;
 Lur'd from parental arms, ere Prudence' call 95
 Fix'd Virtue's wish, or pictur'd Vice's fall ;
 Immur'd by Love in solitary bowers,
 And doom'd to wither, like the desert flowers !
 Oft as the Muse, when evening shades prevail,
 And balmy fragrance loads the passing gale, 100
 With studious steps thy once lov'd haunts surveys,
 Thy tragic fate excites her moral lays ;
 Compassion's veil conceals Pollution's stain,
 And Pity's tear bedews thy guilty reign.

And can the Muse, as through the mist of years
 Time's lengthen'd vista to her view appears,
 Forget to strew an EDWARD's honour'd herse
 With the small tribute of a plausive verse ;

Forget

Forget the Prince's worth, the Hero's fire,
Nor wake to patriot warmth the tuneful lyre ?

Illustrious EDWARD ! on thy natal hour,
With partial aspects shone each heavenly power :
PEACE from her olive throne triumphant sung,
And fierce BELLONA many a poean rung ;
The gentle Arts with approbation smil'd, 115
And War's wild offspring hail'd their favourite
child.

O, fitted, or to shine in martial pride,
When hostile legions press on every side ;
Or give to Science all her native charms,
And conquer Minds by Reason's nobler arms !
Fain would the Muse a lasting wreath entwine,
To deck with vivid bloom thy brow divine :
Fain would she sing of POICTIERS' tented field,
And with the Lily grace thy sable shield ;
But NATURE's charms recal her wild career, 125
And fix her, ardent, to a meeter sphere.

What hosts of heroes, lost in whelming Time,
Have grac'd thy margin, soft meandering GLYME !

What trains of beauties, on thy willow'd side,
 Have tripp'd the velvet lawn in virgin pride ! 130
 What splendid rolls of kings and queens appear,
 Who once shed kindest, brightest lustre here !
 What tuneful lays entranc'd the listening swain,
 What shouts of joy made vocal all the plain ;
 When shone the court in all the blaze of state,
 And Pleasure smil'd upon the regal seat :
 When every wish with every joy was crown'd,
 And hovering Cupids spread their wings around !

Yet cannot Birth, or Fortune's powerful claim,
 Beauty's fair form, or Virtue's heavenly flame,
 From Life's fell cares their lov'd possessors free ;
 Else, why, ELIZA, frown'd the Fates on thee ?
 Why dropp'd the tear, as from the lattice seen,
 The rural maiden, finging, cross'd the green ?
 But that you felt the crime of being great, 145
 And grac'd a prison, ere you rul'd a state !

Those scenes are vanish'd—scarce a trace re-
 mains,
 And scarce one vestige Nature's face retains.

Oblivion

Oblivion broods upon the levell'd lawn,
 And fly the tints by History's pencil drawn. 150
 The turf-grown Palace shews no antique tower ;
 Nor wail the Loves in ROSAMONDA's Bower :
 A SPRING alone preserves her ill-farr'd name,
 Recals her beauty, and confirms her shame ;
 Thus ARETHUSA rolls recording waves, 155
 And where she shone, the peaceful precincts laves.

But let not Fancy droop, or Genius grieve,
 That ancient scenes no bold impresson leave.
 Though ALBION's kings relinquish WOODSTOCK's
 shades,

Their partial preference still our spirits glades ;
 And GEORGE and CHARLOTTE, brightest, hap-
 piest pair !

Have own'd the magic of these objects fair :—
 Have felt the charm of Beauty link'd with Taste ;
 And Worth congenial to their own embrac'd*.

Lift the rapt eye ! see stately BLENHEIM rise,
 And point sublime her turrets to the skies.

* Alluding to the Royal Visit in 1786.

Imperial **BLENHEIM** ! in whose ample round,
 United strength and majesty are found ;
 At once the monument of arms and arts,
 The Hero's meed, the pledge of **BRITISH** hearts ;
 Till Time's remotest stage, design'd to prove,
 A **CHURCHILL**'s valour, and a Nation's love.

What splendid columns shine in massy rows,
 With how much art the chissel's labour glows !
 What dædal skill in every part appears, 175
 While **ARCHITECTURE**, pleas'd, her head up-
 rears,

And boasts the vigour of a **VANBRUGH**'s mind,
 As **ANNA**'s bounty, vast, and unconfin'd !

And could my Verse pourtray each work of
 taste,
 With the same charms their beauties fire my
 breast, 180

Attention, rapt, would listen to my song,
 And Time's last voice the living notes prolong :
 But who can count the dew-drops on the spray,
 Or twinkling lights that strew the Milky Way ?

Who can embrace all Science' sacred lore, 185
Unlock her springs, and rife all her store?

Here PAINTING shews the wonders of her art,
Gains on the sense, and captivates the heart;
From mimic Pencils new creations rise,
Start into life, and wear it's native dyes; 190
Bold as the form PROMETHEUS taught to move,
When Heaven's dread lightning he withdrew from

JOVE.

Hail, ye great Artists! whose enchanting skill
Can mould the Passions, and controul the Will:
Not to the Eye your labours are address,— 195
They boast an influence o'er the human Breast;
For while, entranc'd, each happy touch we view,
The MORAL SENSE becomes reform'd by you:
Beauty and Order, Harmony and Ease,
Unite to polish, as they tend to please. 200

Here BRUSSELS' looms their boasted skill display,

And tapestry armies stand in long array.
The vivid tints with War's dread horrors burn:
Here, Grief and Shame; there, Rage and Fury.
turn; The

The lengthen'd march, the ramparts rise to fight,
And all the kindling glories of the fight.

Warm'd into life, immortal CHURCHILL glows,
And deals destruction on BRITANNIA'S foes ;

The patriot ardour glistens in his face ;—

Fair ALBION'S sons display their native grace ;

While humbled FRANCE a deadly pale o'er-
shades,

Dim rise her Chiefs, her meteor splendour fades :—

TALLARD a captive—numbers find a grave,

And numbers sink beneath the ISTRIAN wave.

Her monarch's bust with emblems compass'd
round, 215

From TOURNAY torn, is rais'd on BRITISH
ground ;

A glorious trophy to the victor's fame,—

A lasting record of the GALLIC flame.

See, where the sedge GLYME inglorious stray'd,

The spacious lake extend, the white cascade ! 220

See bold RIALTO'S verdant hills conjoin,

And chasten'd Taste confirm each fair design !

See waving woods their aged arms display,

And quivering sun-beams shed a partial day ;

Long

Long vistas shooting from the wondering eyes, 225
 And bloom perennial pour unnumber'd dyes !
 See flower-crown'd FLORA spread her lucid train,
 And give to BEAUTY all the smiling plain ;
 While sylvan PAN, amid the shady trees,
 Joins in the concert with the swelling breeze. 230

Elyfian Scene ! by noble SPENCER lov'd,
 Whose taste completes what Nature had ap-
 prov'd.

By him, yon groves the ruffet slopes adorn,
 That catch the golden tinge of early morn ;
 By him, the blossom'd shrub, the blooming flower,
 From blended sweets reviving incense pour ;
 By him, the crystal lake is taught to stray,
 Where yielding valleys point a ready way ;
 By him, the rough cascade, with deafening roar,
 To liquid elements describes a shore ; 240
 While winds the whiten'd wave through flowery
 meads,
 And silver swans disport among the reeds.

Illustrious Name ! to every virtue dear,
 Whom all the good must love, the bad revere :

Unwarp'd

Unwarp'd by Grandeur's soft, seductive lure, 245
 And arm'd by Reason, from her arts secure ;
 For once, from wild Caprice, kind Fortune free,
 Showers down her choicest gifts, unblam'd, on
 thee.

'Tis not thy titles that command our love,
 'Tis not thy splendour that the wise approve ; 250
 But 'tis thy native worth, thy noble mind,
 That glows with charity for all mankind !

Wealth, power, and titles—pageants of a day,
 Ungrac'd with merit, shed a feeble ray.
 Soon sinks the fame, not rais'd on true desert, 255
 And all the praise, that lives not in the heart ;
 Soon sinks the pride from ancestry that flows :—
 The splendid villains are but public shows ;
 Awhile they blaze, and catch the simple eye,
 Then melt in air, like meteors in the sky ! 260
 Not thus Nobility, with Worth conjoin'd,
 It's lustre spreads, and leaves a track behind.
 The gifts of Fortune in a good man's power,
 Are but the friendless wretch's certain dower ;

They

They raise the languid, wipe Affliction's tear—
 Such, noble MARLBOROUGH ! shine thy bounties
 here.

Thrice happy Man ! whom rural honours please,
 The charms of Science, and the sweets of Ease.
 Blest with a RUSSEL's love, in whom combine
 The splendid virtues of her noble line ; 270
 Blest with an offspring, lovely as the day
 That opes the rosy morn of gentle May ;
 You hear, unmov'd, Ambition's sounding call,
 Mark her steep progress, and avoid her fall :
 State's gilded trappings to the vain you leave, 275
 Nor court the plaudits which the bold receive ; —
 The truest Patriot in the Man is seen,
 From each extreme you keep the golden mean.
 With Genius warm'd, with Independence blest,
 Your's are the joys, which Virtue loves to taste ;
 The close-drawn ties, the Friend, the Father
 knows,
 The heartfelt bliss from mutual love that flows ;
 The generous glow Benevolence awakes,
 When cherish'd Merit blesses, and partakes.

The

The ardent sun now pours meridian heat, 285
 To leafy coverts panting herds retreat ;
 The rural train frequent the crystal spring,
 Or, fann'd by Zephyrs, in the cool shade sing ;
 While near yon portal, whose triumphal round
 Opes the sweet prospects of Elysian ground, 290
 With raptur'd eye, I take my silent stand,
 To paint the glowing view on every hand.

Full in the front, the palace towers sublime,
 And mocks the ravages of wreckful Time :
 It's gilded orbs reflect APOLLO's ray, 295
 And shed abroad an artificial day ;
 Low at it's feet, the verdant carpet lies,
 Shrubs, trees, and flowers, in fair confusion rise ;
 While hovering Genii consecrate the ground,
 And spread protecting influence around. 300

There winds the lake through deep embosom'd
 vales,
 Whence winged Zephyr draws refreshing gales.
 And lo ! sublime, th' aerial column shews,
 How CHURCHILL conquer'd, and how sunk his
 foes.

The

The Roman Eagles at his feet dispread, 305
 Tell how GERMANIA owns his saving aid :
 The long inscriptions dignify his name,
 And rouse BRITANNIA's sons to emulate his fame.

Immortal Chief! of Albion's isle the pride,
 By martial deeds to greatest names allied, 310
 Renown'd for valour, as for mercy lov'd,
 The highest pitch of human bliss you prov'd ;
 Gain'd the fair meed, without the conscious stain,
 And wore the laurel, unalloyed with pain.
 Unlike those pests, who fought for fame alone, 315
 To slave a nation, or to mount a throne ;
 You drew the sword, the injur'd to defend,
 To aid the helpless, and the proud to bend.
 Be this your fame—nor could the favouring Nine
 Grace with a praise, more noble, more divine. 320

Here WOODSTOCK, erst amid the sylvan scene *,
 Lifts her high brow, and, happy, smiles serene :
 WOODSTOCK, belov'd by DIAN's huntress train,
 What time those shades confess'd the Goddess'
 reign.

* It was formerly within the limits of Whichwood Forest.

Of on this bank, the weary Power repos'd, 325

Of to the stream her virgin limbs disclos'd ;

Around their queen the duteous nymphs rejoice,

Mark her keen eye, and watch her favouring
voice ;

Attend the summons, join the rapid chace,

And bear their spoils triumphant to this place. 330

Among the rest, fair GALATEA shone,

Whom DIAN honour'd with the vestal zone.

Her, midst the woods, in early childhood lost,

The goddess found, and cherish'd in her host ;

The graceful quiver deck'd her youthful side, 335

Her snowy hands the feather'd shafts supply'd.

First in the chace, unrival'd in the dance,

Skill'd or to sing, or dart the quivering lance ;

From fairest nymphs she bore away the prize,

And wak'd pale Envy in the brightest eyes. 340

To rooted Malice, pining Envy turns,

With fell revenge each sickning bosom burns ;

Each look was watch'd, each word explain'd away,

And foul-mouth'd Slander stain'd her brightest

day.

Inventive

Inventive SCANDAL tells her soothing tale, 345

Imputed crimes DIANA's ears assail ;

But still the goddess heard the tale with scorn,

And still fresh wreaths her favourite's brows adorn.

It chanc'd, one day, the chace was long and hot,

Each nymph was tir'd, and sought the cooling

grot ;

350

DIANA ey'd them with a parent's care,

Alone her best-lov'd maid was wanting there.

A cruel smile now plays on every face,

And buzzing Scandal fills the sacred place :

This feigns, whom GALATEA stray'd to meet ;—

That, lays an ardent lover at her feet ;—

Another dwells on every deed of shame,

And points to views which virgins should not

name.

All urge their suit—the fair is doom'd to fall,

Should Disobedience wait DIANA's call. 360

The winding horn alarm'd the forest round,

No voice responsive echo'd to the sound—

A furious boar she urg'd with fatal zeal,

And chas'd him, foaming, with resistless steel ;

Far from the usual haunts she eager stray'd, 365
 Nor heard the summons of the DELIAN maid.
 Resentment, quick, usurps the place of love,
 And thrice DIANA swore, by Stygian JOVE,
 To pour down vengeance on the wandering fair,
 And blast her, heedless, in her wild career. 370
 The goddess spoke—her great revenge decrees—
 Each eye beams pleasure, and each voice agrees.

Transform'd to ECHO, GALATEA mourns,
 And still with fruitless care the call returns.
 Deep in yon hill, the pining virgin dwells, 375
 And floods with ceaseless tears her darksome cells;
 But, doom'd by DIAN's wrath, her vocal tongue
 Paints the gay pleasures of the sportive young ;
 Dwells on the joys her fate forbids to taste,
 Or soothes with kindred voice the wretch's breast.
 Oft, too, the shepherd tries her mimic powers,
 When fable night unfolds it's tranquil hours ;
 And oft, the stranger starts, and wildly hears
 Her frequent murmurs vibrate on his ears.

Now from the lake the cooling breezes play ;
 The lengthening shadows speak declining day ;

A milder

A milder glory decks the crimson'd groves,
 And paints the scene that Contemplation loves.
 From daily toil returns the happy hind,
 Peace in his eye, composure in his mind, 390
 Content with Fortune's parsimonious store,
 And wife, in ignorance, to ask no more.
 The wheeling bat now trims her leather wings;
 Lov'd PHILOMELA tunes her voice and sings:
 A mute attention waits her melting strain, 395
 And sweetest rivals own their art is vain.

The scene invites—fresh beauties yet in view,
 Bid me, enraptur'd, still my theme pursue.
 Through winding paths I gain the realms of
 flowers,
 Where Art and Nature boast their blended powers;
 Where MARLBRO' seeks to shun the sultry heat,
 And woos fair Science to his soft retreat;
 Where all the Loves in SPENCERS turn their eyes,
 Crop the fresh bud, or mark it's opening dyes;
 Midst gayest sweets the vacant hours beguile, 405
 And rob and rival FLORA's richest spoil.

Bring every flower from Truth's perennial bed,
 To weave a crown for CAROLINA's * head :
 Depict each virtue beaming from her eye,
 Fond love, firm faith, and mild complacency; 410
 Let every grace and every charm be seen,
 All that we love in BRITAIN'S sacred Queen :
 All that in CHARLOTTE can delight, endear,
 Then shall each heart confess the likeness here.

Onward I pass—the white cascade appears, 415
 The sound of waters rushes on mine ears :
 Down the steep fall devolve the foaming tides,
 Unfading verdure clothes th' aspiring sides.
 Emblem of life ! where waves on waves arise,
 While Hope looks up, and views serener skies ;
 Where still the troublous sea incessant roars,
 And still Hope flatters, as we eye the shores.

Happy the man ! to whom the breath of Heaven
 A well-tun'd soul—a temper'd mind has given.
 Happy the man ! whose sentimental breast 425
 To every blessing gives a higher zest ;

* Duchess of Marlborough.

On every charm a brighter lustre throws,
 And adds new sweetness to the damask rose.
 He from each object draws some healing balm,—
 From each fair scene some antidote to calm ; 430
 Finds ART and NATURE in their every guise,
 Fraught with attractions to enchant his eyes ;
 Enjoys the treasures that the rich possess,
 And makes their splendor minister to bless.

Such be my mind ! Alas, my prayer is vain : 435
 I feel the good, but still recur to pain.
 No envy wastes me for another's wealth,
 His weal, his fortune, happiness, or health ;
 No sordid passions o'er my soul prevail,
 Yet Bliss abjures to waft me on its gale. 440
 For I have known the ills that life molest,
 The frame too tender,—the too feeling breast ;—
 The sense too nice—the warm ingenuous glow
 That spurns at vice, yet pants to heal its woe :
 For I have known the fondest, dearest ties 445
 Torn from my heart, and ravish'd from my eyes ;
 In sorrow sunk, hung o'er my children's grave,
 And wail'd whom PROVIDENCE refus'd to save.

Yon noble fountain, in the valley plac'd,
 Allures my steps, and speaks *ITALIA*'s taste. 450
 There River-gods reclin'd at ease explore
 A scene more lovely than their native shore ;
 Confess *HESPERIA* boasts no charms that vie
 With the bright landscapes which around them
 lie.

Long had this fabric press'd th' inglorious ground,
 Each beauteous sculpture felt of Time the wound,
 The mangled Figures prov'd the vulgar scorn,
 Toss'd into corners, useless and forlorn.
 Great *SPENCER* saw—he bade the pile ascend,
 Each part resume it's office and it's end ; 460
 The marble gods enjoy their destin'd seat ;
 The spacious bason open at their feet.
 Now the grand whole, the eyes of Taste detains,
 And one more beauty decorates these plains.

With hasty step I quit the vale below, 465
 And gain the Lodge that crowns the mountain's
 brow,

Where, dying *WILMOT* caught Religion's flame,
 And breath'd contrition for a life of shame :

Con-

Condemn'd his wit, revok'd his follies past,
 And fix'd his anchor on the skies at last. 470
 Enchanting site ! Hence every rural sweet,
 'And every natural charm, delight to meet.
 Hence, to the eye, the landscape opens wide ;
 The dancing spirits roll a quicker tide.
 Around new objects prompt th' excursive lay ;
 The gently winding stream, the meadow gay ;
 The smiling village, sunk in leafy shades,
 That just unfolds it's low roofs through the glades ;
 The splendid seat, the tower, the shining spire,
 And hills that catch the sun's departing fire ; 480
 The sylvan scene, where erst, in fairer days,
 To NATURE'S charms I pour'd the heartfelt
 lays * :

OXONIA'S fanes, of every art the seat,
 Of every Muse the lov'd, the blest retreat ;
 Where worth and learning in a BATHURST'S
 mind 485
 With kindest manners, noblest sense are join'd.

* See Ode to Nature, written in Whichwood Forest.

Where tuneful WARTON these weak warblings
hears,

Nor lends to decent strains fastidious ears.

The grateful heart to SMITH with ardour
turns,

For whom affection undiminish'd burns, 499

Friend of my health, and patron first rever'd,

And still by kindness as concern endear'd.

O may fair SCIENCE in these precincts smile,
And shed her lustre o'er this happy isle :

To guard the laws, religion's flame maintain,

Still may worth issue from her fostering reign.

Rais'd as a barrier 'gainst th' insidious hand,

Here may the Christian chieftains take their
stand;

Repel the arrows of the threat'ning foe,

And bring the champions of confusion low. 500

For atheists dark, and irreligion loose,

Pour pointless wit, or season rank abuse ;

Dare the dread SOVEREIGN in his high abode,

And mock the vengeance of a jealous God.

And

And worse than they—a train, with learning

blind, 505

Would scan OMNISCIENCE, and explore his
mind ;

From Scripture move th' authenticating seal,

And wrest its maxims to their partial zeal ;

Find a new track, abjure the faithful guide,

And rush on heaven with arrogance and pride.

But tir'd the Muse, she droops her vagrant wing,

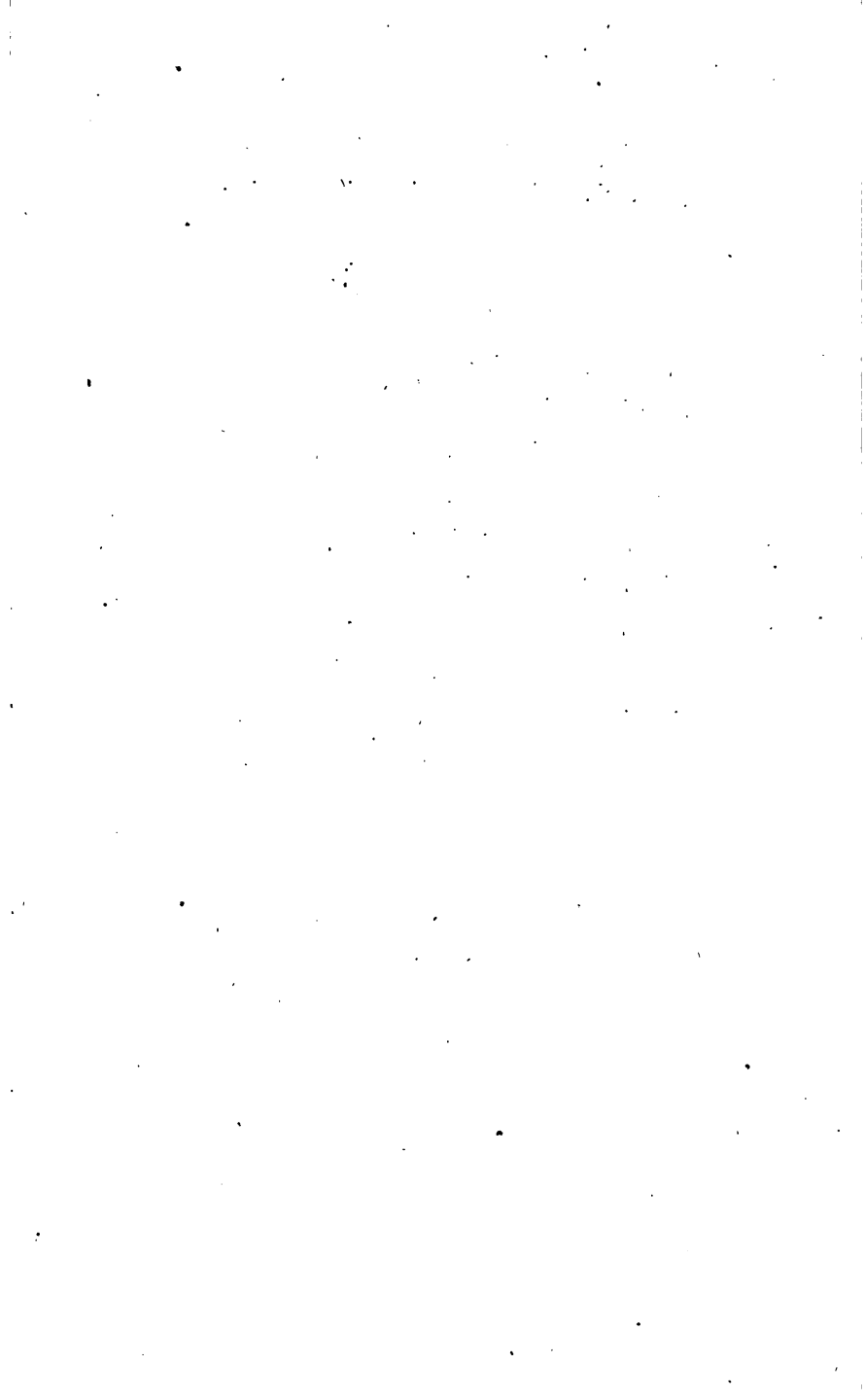
Nor dares on themes of high import to sing ;

Content to skim the scene with hastening eye,

Which future bards shall equal to the sky ;

With happier verse secure eternal fame, 515

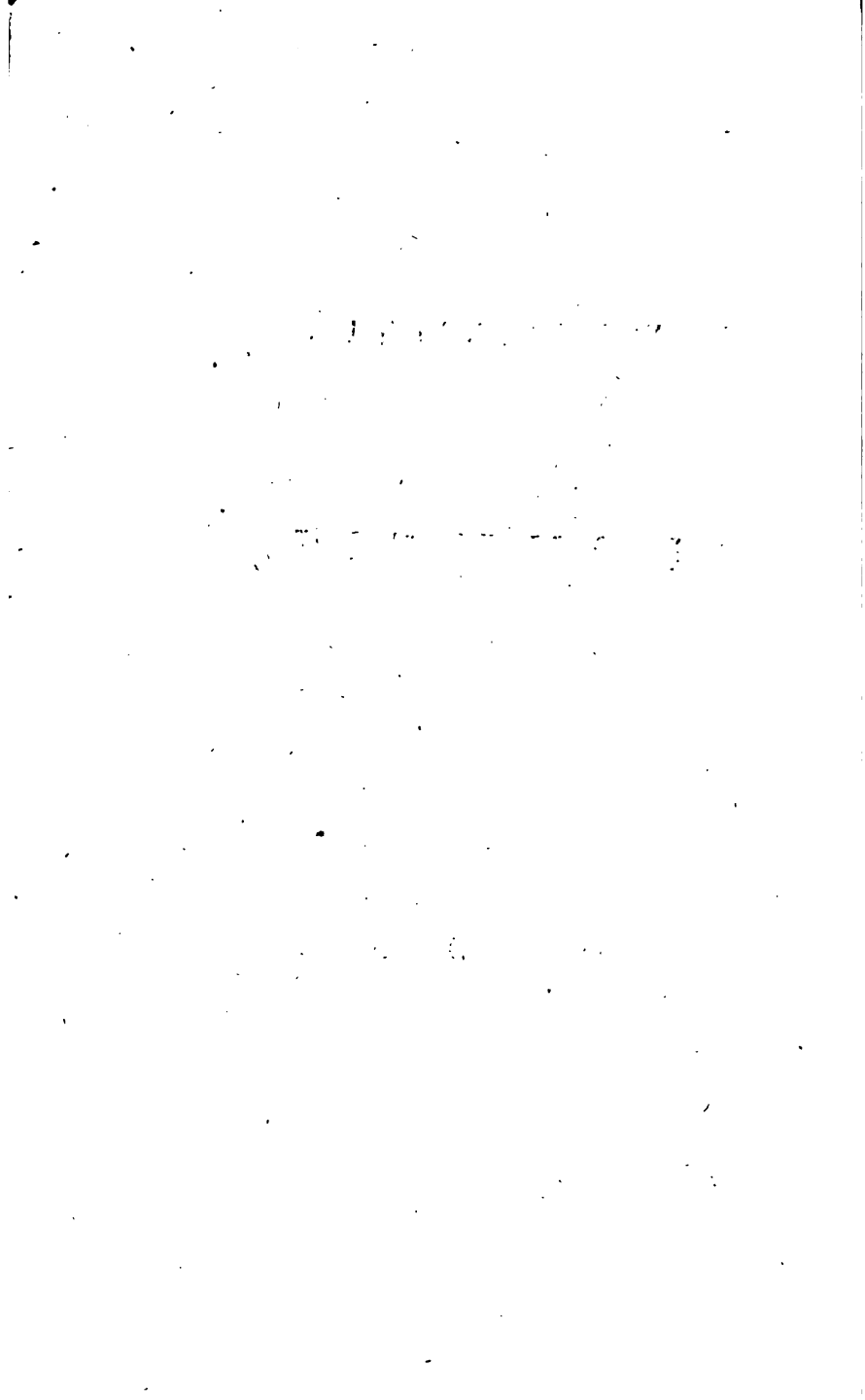
When lost, perhaps, my numbers and my name.





Map catalogued

NEW DESCRIPTION
OF
BLENHEIM,
THE SEAT OF
HIS GRACE
THE
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



NEW DESCRIPTION

O F

B L E N H E I M.

THE Palace or Castle of BLENHEIM, one of the most magnificent piles of architecture in this kingdom, and perhaps in the whole world, stands in the finest part of one of the finest counties in England, within half a mile of the borough of New Woodstock; distant about eight miles from the University of Oxford, and sixty-four from London. The surrounding country is fertile and ir-

abounding with seats of the nobility and gentry ; the air is pure, mild, and salubrious ; and all the necessaries and many of the elegancies of life are plentiful and choice.

BLENHEIM was built at the public expence, in the reign of Queen ANNE, by whom, with the concurrence of Parliament, which voted half a million for its completion, it was conferred, together with the annexed demesnes, on the most illustrious JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH, as a testimony of royal favour and national gratitude for his transcendent services, and the many signal victories he had gained over the French and Bavarians, particularly that near the village of Blenheim, on the banks of the Danube, from which this noble palace receives its name. This victory being atchieved on the second day of August, 1704,
it

it was enacted, " That on the same day of every year for ever, the inheritors of his Grace's honours and titles should render at WINDSOR to her Majesty, her heirs and successors, one standard or colours, with three fleurs-de-lis painted thereon, as an acquittance for all manner of rents, suits, and services, due to the Crown."

The architect of Blenheim was SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, who, though he has perhaps been justly blamed for the heaviness of his general designs, must at least stand acquitted in this instance, when it is considered that strength and durability were principal objects to be regarded, in a pile intended to remain a monument of British valour and British generosity, till the remotest periods of time. Accordingly we find both the plan and the execution excellently adapted to

D

answer

answer those momentous purposes; and while the more modern and shewy fabrics are only the boast of an age, Blenheim seems calculated to stand uninjured by the lapse of years, and to excite the admiration of foreigners as well as natives, in proportion as it is better known.

But Vanbrugh does not stand in need of the poor compliment of an apology for his design,—he deserves very considerable applause for his judgment in a circumstance which has chiefly exposed him to the censure of pretended critics: he has rendered this structure characteristic and expressive of its destination. Its massy grandeur, its spacious portals, and its lofty towers, recal the ideas of defence and security; with these we naturally associate the hero for whom it was erected,

erected, and thus find it emblematic of his talents and pursuits.

From Woodstock, the usual approach, we enter the park through a triumphal arch, or spacious portal of the Corinthian order, raised to the memory of John Duke of Marlborough, by Sarah his Duchess; and charged with the following inscription, on the side next Woodstock :

*Porta haec extructa est anno post obitum illustrissimi
Johannis Ducis de Marlborough jussu atque auspiciis
Sarae conjugis dilectissimae cui testamento commendavit
opera*

Quibus ultimam ipse manum non imposuerat.

*Quanta fuerint ducis in rempublicam merita ingresso tibi
Pluribus dicet columna quam optimae conjugis pietas
poni voluit*

*Vt perenne esset ipsius gloriae suaeque dilectionis
monumentum.*

A. D. MDCCXXIII.

Towards the park is the subsequent translation :

*This gate was built the year after the death of the most
illustrious
John Duke of Marlborough by order of Sarah his most
beloved wife
To whom he left the sole direction of the many things
That remained unfinished of this fabric.*

*The services of this great man to his country the pillar
Will tell you which the Duchess has craved for a lasting
Monument of his glory and her affection to him.*

MDCCLXIII.

On entering the park, one of the most enchanting prospects in nature discloses itself to our view. The PALACE appears in front, the towers of which rise into the horizon; on the left, part of the borough of WOODSTOCK; on the right, a broad and deep valley, through which flows a river of equal extent, with bold and winding shores, at a proportionate distance intersected, but visibly not terminated by a BRIDGE of corresponding magnificence to the grandeur
of

of the scene; a swelling lawn, crowned with a superb and lofty COLUMN, which leaves the tallest trees that seem crowding round its base at an immense distance below, while light clumps, shady groves, and plantations of different shapes and hues skirt the bounding dales, or clothe the remoter slopes; a second reach of water beyond the bridge, fringed by deep woods that rise to the very summit of the opposite hill, and compose a variously tinted and indented surface of luxuriant foliage; all these form an assemblage of attractions unrivalled, and conspire to strike the eye of taste with an irresistible charm. In this singularly picturesque landscape, the beautiful and the sublime are most intimately combined: all that can please, elevate, or astonish, display themselves at once; and the mind is at a loss to

know to what source it is chiefly indebted for its pleasure, or rather what is the predominant character of the objects that arrest its attention.

At a small distance from this portal, towards the right, is the *Centrum Phonicum*, or speaker's place, of a very remarkable polysyllabical articulate Echo; which, according to Dr. Plott, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, will distinctly repeat seventeen syllables in a calm day, and in the night twenty: but the demolition of the ancient palace, which stood on the brow of the opposite hill, the extension of the river, or some other latent cause, has in some measure diminished its surprising powers. However, a very superior Echo may be heard by a speaker stationed near an old cedar tree, between ROSAMOND'S Well and the bridge; and it is nothing unusual for

for those who are acquainted with this circumstance to compliment the vocal nymph with a *How do you do?* or with any other words, or even musical sounds, which are speedily returned with amazing exactness of articulation, and reiterated according to the stillness of the surrounding scene.

A broad gravel-road, preserving one uniform direction for a quarter of a mile, and gradually diverging from the sweep of the river, conducts us towards the eastern gate of the Palace. This road is almost wholly open. On the Woodstock side, only a few small fresh-planted clumps appear, which assist to conceal the boundary from other points of view, and to break the line of some private houses; a few trees, fancifully disposed, skirt the slope, and others of a larger growth range with the stream on

its very edge, and afford some pretty glades into the water between their trunks and boughs; but their heads scarcely rising above the level of the walk, they serve rather to vary than to hide. Near the Home Lodge, on the left, the new walk commences: it extends about a quarter of a mile under the park wall, amidst the covert of plantations, which afford shelter from the winds, and shade from the heat.

As we advance, the prospects diversify, the fine rural scenes in the northern part of the park become more and more conspicuous; and to the north-west, the eye takes in an ample field of cheerful objects over a wide extent of campaign and woodland country, to the extremity of WHICHWOOD Forest, which is finely contrasted with the deep umbrage that

that overhangs the lake, and intercepts the view. This road, which is only lateral and circuitous, to avoid the stiffness of a direct approach, at last falls into another, which beginning at the noble entrance on the south of Woodstock, is lined by double rows of stately trees, and forms a beautiful and spacious vista to the Palace.

By the eastern gate we enter an arcaded triangle; on the right, consisting of offices; on the left, chiefly occupied by the THEATRE, which has been recently fitted up in a style of peculiar elegance, and with appendages correspondent to the munificence and fortune of the owner. The stage is large, and is furnished with ten changes of scenery, exclusive of fixtures: the seats for the audience are easy and commodious, and capable

of accommodating two hundred persons, without including the side boxes. The whole has a grand and a pleasing effect. For an amusement at once liberal, elegant, and instructive, which admits so many to a participation, and which leaves no sting behind, the expence conspicuous here cannot be deemed too profuse, nor can that generosity and taste be sufficiently praised that have appropriated and applied it so well.

From this quadrangle, we proceed into the area, where the NORTH FRONT opens to the view; a noble piece of architecture, three hundred and forty-eight feet from wing to wing, and highly ornamented, particularly in the centre.

This is the grand approach; and to it we are properly conducted over
the

the valley, through which the river winds, by a magnificent bridge, of dimensions superior to the RIALTO at Venice, the diameter of its centre arch being a hundred and one feet.

Thro' which the Danube might collected pour
His spacious urn.

The effect of this bridge, which unites two hills, and gives an uniformity and consistency to the scene that would otherwise be disjointed and complex, is peculiarly grand; and its application one of the happiest efforts of judgment. Beyond it, on a considerable eminence, in the midst of a fine lawn, is a stately column or pillar, one hundred and thirty feet high, on the top of which stands a statue of the immortal John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough,

—————Like

———Like a guardian God sublime,
And awes the subject plain.

Every circumstance that enters into the composition of the scene unites to promote one vast and beautiful effect. The north front itself is of such magnificence as to diffuse a lustre on surrounding objects; the accompaniments are well adapted to reflect it back on the building. A fine expanse of water stretches its arms around, as if proud to embrace it, approaches in a variety of directions, spreads its animating spirit over the whole, and connects together the widely extended, and extremely diversified parts of the brilliant landscape.

The **SOUTH FRONT**, though less extensive, is highly elegant. It commands a calm scene, a view that, without

out surprising, no repetition can render indifferent; the eye rests on it with complacency, and returns to it with delight. The fore-ground is a fine lawn, frequently covered with sheep; the pleasure grounds succeed; behind is a beautiful perspective of the village of BLADON, just peeping through tufted trees; and still farther, a prospect of the distant hills, which breaking one before another exhibit a succession of chains, till the last, a continuation of the CHILTERN Range through Berks, gradually dissolves in the almost boundless horizon on the south-west. Over the portico, which does credit to the Corinthian order, stands a colossal bust of LOUIS XIV. of France, taken from the gates of Tournay; it is adorned with proper military emblems, and under it is the subsequent inscription, running along the pediment:

Europe

*Europa hæc vindex genio decora alta Britanno.**

Which may be rendered, “*The asserter of the liberty of Europe dedicates these lofty honours to the British Genius.*”

Near the eastern angle, a commodious and elegant OBSERVATORY has been lately erected, amply furnished with the best astronomical apparatus, by the justly celebrated Ramsden.

* Though this inscription has but one obvious, and can have but one consistent meaning, it has nevertheless been tortured into various; and the sentence without a verb has been the alternate stumbling-block of real ignorance and false criticism: no authorities can avail the former; the latter may be convinced of its propriety, by referring to

ÆNEAS HÆC DE DANAIIS VICTORIBUS ARMA.

ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΙ ΑΠΟ ΜΗΔΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΘΗΒΑΙΩΝ

And to other instances of a similar mode of expression, from sources of unquestionable purity.

A grand telescope, by Herſchell, preſented to the Duke by his Maſteſty ſoon after the royal viſit to Blenheim in 1786, and now in the library, may be reckoned a very valuable appendage: another correſponding Obſervatory is now fitting up, at the weſtern angle.

The apartments of this Palace are furniſhed with princely magnificence: the tapeſtry and paintings attract univerſal and deſerved attention; but as it is impoſſible to do them adequate juſtice in any general deſcription, we ſhall conduct our readers through the grand ſuit of rooms, uſually open to public inſpection, in the order they are ſhewn, and enumerate the moſt celebrated productions of art in each.

H A L L.

H A L L.

Through a superb portico, on maffy Corinthian columns of elegance and dimensions almoft unrivalled, we enter the hall, which lies in the centre of the north, or grand front : this is alfo fupported by fluted Corinthian pillars. The ceiling, which is the height of the building, is painted by Sir James Thornhill, and allegorically represents VICTORY crowning JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH, as ſhe points to a plan of the battle of BLENHEIM. The Duke is depicted in a blue Roman drefs. Over the noble marble door-cafe that communicates with the ſaloon, is a buſt of the ſame hero, with this inſcription :

Ecce

*Ecce virum stabiles cui gens augusta Penates,
 Cui fractas tandem Gallia debet opes.
 Hic veterem Angliaca virtuti inflatur honorem
 Seu res consilio, seu sit agenda manu.
 Non animo Augustus melior non Julius armis
 Seu mulcet gentes, ille vel ille domat.*

*Behold the man to distant nations known
 Who shook the Gallie, fix'd the Austrian throne,
 New lustre to Britannia's glory gave;
 In councils prudent, as in action brave.
 Not Julius more in arms distinguish'd
 Nor could Augustus better calm mankind.*

In the gallery on the same side may be seen whole length portraits of Villiers Duke of Buckingham, stabbed by Felton, by Myttens; of Henrietta Queen of Charles I. by Vandyke; and of Henry Rich Lord Holland, by an unknown master. A large collection of family portraits occupy the same gallery, the whole extent of the house. Below, in

E niches

niches near the angles, are the **MEDICEAN VENUS**, and the **DANCING FAWN**, in bronze, from the originals in the Grand Duke of Tuscany's collection, and executed with inimitable skill by Maximilian Soldani Benzi, at Florence, in 1711.

The arcades on the right and left are adorned with marble termini. Below on a black marble slab stands a fine antique **DIANA** and Dog, and exactly opposite, on a similar slab, is a beautiful **VASE** with figures in relief, from the antique.

Over the grand stair-case is a large picture, by Hudson, of Charles Duke of Marlborough and Family; and beyond the arcades, on the other side of the hall, the first Duke and Family are delineated by the pencil of Closterman.

BOW-

BOW-WINDOW ROOM.

From the hall, we proceed along a passage to the bow-window room. The famous battle of **BLLENHEIM** is pourtrayed in the tapestry on the right at entrance, and occupies a considerable space. The principal action is confined to the taking of Marshal Tallard. The battle of **WYNENDAEL** is represented in the tapestry on the left.

Over the first door is an *Astronomer and Family*, very fine, by Dobson. Over the chimney, a most capital original picture, by Raphael, of the *Virgin and Child*; *St. John and St. Nicholas*, formerly belonging to the *Capella degli Ansidei* at *Perrugia*.

On a pannel to the right.

E 2

A fine

A fine Head after Han. Caracci,
by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

A Head of Lady Anne Churchill,
by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

A small picture of the Assumption,
by Tintoret.

A female Head, by Reubens.

Two Monkeys in the habit of
Monks, by Teniers.

A Madona and Child, by Lionardo
da Vinci.

Over the second door are two
Nymphs, by an uncertain master.

Between two beautiful fluted Corin-
thian pillars, another portrait of Lady
Anne Churchill; by Kneller.

A small pendent cabinet, with a
miniature Painting, by Lady Car.
Spencer.

On the next pannel.

An

An elegant engraving of the Princess Mary, by Miss Car. Watson.

A beautiful etching of a Wood Nymph, by the Princess Royal; given to her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, by her Royal Highness.

An allegorical original Drawing, by Cipriani, intended as a frontispiece to the second volume of the *Geminæ Marlburienfes Selectæ*.

Between the opposite pillars.

A portrait of Prince Eugene.

An elegant engraving of the Marquis of Tavistock, by Watson.

On the next pannel.

The Princess Sophia, by Miss Caroline Watson.

An Etching, by the Princess Royal.

An original Drawing, by Cipriani, the frontispiece to the first volume of

the Gemmæ Marlburienſes : the ſubject from Pliny's Nat. Hiſt.

Over the third door, a Battle Piece, by Wovermans.

The ceiling is painted in a novel ſtile of ſimple elegance, and adorned with military emblems, by Hakeville. The window curtains and furniture are blue ſilk damask. Under the mirrors that adorn the pannels between the windows, are two marble ſlabs, on each of which is a ſleeping figure, very expreſſively ſculptured in white marble. At the other end of the room are two elegant cabinets.

DUKE'S DRESSING ROOM.

The decorations of this apartment are rather elegant than ſplendid ; the hangings are ſtraw-coloured flock paper,

per, with a rich border ; the furniture is chintz.

The paintings are:

I. * 1. Venus and Adonis, by an uncertain artist ; a Magdalen, by young Palma ; our Saviour in the Virgin's lap, crowning two female Martyrs, by Titian ; St. Mark penning his Gospel, by old Palma.

2. Inside view of a Church, by Steenwyck ; a prospect of a Spanish Sea Port, by Weenix ; the Destruction of Pharaoh and his Host in the Red Sea, by old Frank.

* The Roman numerals I. II. III. refer to the three sides of the apartment, beginning at the left ; the fourth, and in the grand cabinet the third, is occupied by the windows and the mirrors. The Arabic characters 1, 2, express the upper and lower rows of pictures on the same side. When the arrangement would not suffer this easy mode of distinction, the figures are omitted.

E 4

II. 1. Two

II. 1. Two Beggar Boys, very characteristic, by Murillio; Esther and Ahafuerus, by Paul Veronese; three Beggar Boys, by Murillio.

III. 1. A Holy Family, very fine, by Reubens; Charles Earl of Sunderland, by Kneller; King George I. by an unknown artist; Sleeping Venus and Satyr, with attending Cupids, from the school of Reubens.

2. A view of Althorpe, the seat of Earl Spencer, by Tilleman.

Over the chimney are two antique metal jars. Under the glass, a pair of elegant globes, by Adams.

EAST DRAWING ROOM.

The hangings and furniture crimson damask; the ceiling a slight plain dome, of an oval shape; the chimney-piece

piece is composed of the richest veined marble. Many of the paintings are very capital.

I. 1. A Holy Family, supposed by Raphael; the Marchioness de Havre; the Duchesses of Buckingham and Offspring; Mary of Medicis; all by Vandyke.

2. An oval portrait of King William III. by Sir Godfrey Kneller; a Man's Head, by Titian; another Head, by Holbein; the Annunciation, by Corregio; an oval portrait of Lady Chesterfield, by Vandyke.

II. 1. Philip II. King of Spain, a whole length, by Titian; a most capital and strikingly characteristic BACCHANALIAN PIECE, by Reubens; Andromeda chained to the rock, by the same.

2. The Offering of the Magi, by Reubens; a French Camp, by Watteau;

teau; a small pendent cabinet, with miniatures of the present Family; two small Landscapes, by a French artist; Cattle, by Rosa di Tivoli; two corresponding small Landscapes, as before; another corresponding cabinet, inclosing miniatures; a Landscape, by Paul Brylle.

III. 1. A charming picture, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing Lady Charlotte Spencer, in the character of a Gipsy, telling her brother, Lord Henry, his fortune; Reubens, Wife, and Child, by Reubens, a present to the first Duke, by the city of Bruffels. Charles I. by Vandyke; a Holy Family, supposed by Raphael, in his first stile of painting, a present from the town of Ghent.

2. Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. by Vandyke; an Angel, small, by Corregio; Cattle and Figures, by Wovermans; a Landscape, small,
by

by Claude Lorrain; a broad Day-break, very fine, by Vandermeer.

GRAND CABINET.

This magnificent apartment opens to the east and south, and enjoys the most charming scenery. The hangings and furniture are rich crimson damask, with gilding of corresponding splendor: the cornice, in particular, is extremely elegant, and in the centre of the ceiling is a large circular gilt plume. The chimney is composed of dark-coloured marble, inlaid with white, in ornamental festoons, with an urn, projecting in relievo, which has a delightful effect; over it stand the listening Slave, and a crouching Venus in bronze, and between them two very curious jars.

The

The paintings are some of the most superb in any collection.

I. 1. A Holy Family, by Reubens ; a Madona standing on a globe, surrounded by Angels, by Carlo Maratti ; the Offering of the Magi, by Reubens.

2. A most capital picture of our Saviour blessing the Children, by Reubens.

II. 1. Filial Affection, exemplified in the Roman Daughter, by Reubens ; the Return of our Saviour from Egypt, by Reubens ; Lot's Departure out of Sodom, by Reubens, a present from the town of Antwerp.

2. Portrait of Paracelsus, by Reubens ; a Virgin, her head encircled with stars, supposed the Miraculous Conception, in the finest stile, by Carlo Dolce ; Raphael's favourite Dorothea,

Dorothea, by himself; head of Reubens, by the same; Pope Gregory and a Female Penitent bearing a palm branch, by Titian; a Holy Family, by Ludovico Caracci.

BLUE DRAWING ROOM.

The hangings are blue damask, with ornamental gilt bordures: the furniture corresponding. The head in the centre of the chimney is a fine piece of sculpture: the whole is delicately finished in white marble. The large gilt branches on each side above are peculiarly elegant.

The paintings are:

I. 1. Isaac blessing Jacob, by Rembrandt; an oval in *claro obscuro*, very expressive, from an ancient gem, by Rebecca.

II. 1. Ca-

II. 1. Catherine of Medicis, in colours, almost inimitable, by Reubens; Time clipping Cupid's wings, an allegorical painting, by Vandyke; William Marquis of Blandford, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

2. A Landscape, by Vandermeer; a Dutch Family, by Ostade; a Landscape, by Gaspard Pouffin; Dorothy Countess of Sunderland, painted by Vandyke, but immortalized by Waller; another Landscape, by Gaspard Pouffin; a small highly finished Family Piece, by Gonzales; a beautiful little Landscape, by Wovermans.

III. 1. Ladies Caroline and Elizabeth Spencer, by Romney; the latter is represented as playing on her harp, the former in the act of taking a sketch of her sister: on the right of which are two Heads of young Women, by Paul Veronese; on the left, our Saviour,

Saviour, and St. John, by Carlo Dolce; the Woman taken in Adultery, by Rembrandt.

2. Our Saviour and the Virgin in the clouds, with a Monk paying adoration, by Hannibal Caracci; our Saviour and the Virgin in the clouds, with accompaniments, by Tintoret; a brilliant collection of thirty-six miniatures of different magnitudes, among which are three of the beautiful and unfortunate MARY Queen of SCOTS; a Holy Family, by Ludovico Caracci; Cattle and Figures, by Bambocchio.

WINTER DRAWING ROOM.

The tapestry hangings of this apartment represent the four CARDINAL VIRTUES, with their characteristic emblems and accompaniments,
and

and in vivid beauty of colouring approach nearer to painting than any thing of the same kind in Blenheim.

I. **FORTITUDE**, with proper insignia. The man wrenching open the lion's jaws is extremely expressive.

II. On one side of the chimney, **PRUDENCE**, holding a mirror in her left hand, in the action of viewing the conduct of others, that she may be the better able to regulate her own; in the right, a dart entwined with a remora, the respective emblems of speed and delay, between which Prudence observes a middle course.

On the other side of the chimney, **JUSTICE**, with her balance and sword, and other distinguishing characteristics.

III. **TEMPERANCE**, with her curb. The River God pouring water out of his
his

his urn, is finely imagined, and attracts the notice of every spectator.

The only paintings are, an animated one of Lord Stafford and his Secretary, over the first door; a very beautiful portrait of Mary Duchess of Richmond, with a little Girl presenting her gloves, over the chimney; and of Mrs Morton and Mrs. Killigrew, two of Charles II.'s favourites, over the other door: all by Vandyke.

In the centre of the very elegant chimney-piece, formed of the richest marbles, is an alto relievo of Cupid and Psyche's Marriage, from the antique. A notification in Greek characters is prefixed, that Tryphon executed the original. Over, are two Centaurs in bronze, and two beautiful urns of Derbyshire spar.

In this room also are small bronzes of Cupids, and Hercules killing the

F Centaurs.

Centaur. The mirrors are singularly superb.

DINING ROOM.

It is well adapted for its destination, being large, lofty, and commodiously situated. The ceiling is richly stuccoed, and the sides are wainscotted in large pannels, painted white. The chimney-piece is peculiarly handsome: it supports an elegant clock, mounted on an elephant in bronze, and crowned with an American Indian.

The productions of the pencil are :

I. 1. Cattle and Figures, in a very capital stile, by Castiglione; a Bacchanalian Piece, by Vandyke.

II. 1. Lot and his Daughters, very fine, by Reubens, a present from
the

the Emperor of Germany ; the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne, by Sir Godfrey Kneller ; Venus and Adonis, by Reubens, another present from the Emperor.

III. The present DUKE, DUCHESS, and SIX CHILDREN—Ladies Caroline, Elizabeth, Charlotte, and Anne ; the Marquis of Blandford, and Lord Henry : the two youngest, LORD FRANCIS and LADY AMELIA, were born since this very capital picture (which cost seven hundred guineas) was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Rape of Europa, by Paul Veronese.

On the pannels near the windows, at each end, are three small Landscapes, by Wootton.

S A L O O N.



This noble apartment is highly finished, and richly decorated: it is

lined in the lower part with marble in the Italian taste, and its four door-cases are entirely composed of the same beautiful and durable material. Over each door, which face the four quarters, are the arms of the first Duke. Above the marble basement are six compartments, in which, different nations of the world are depicted in their characteristic dresses and expressions, by La Guerre. These however are rather caricatures than natural delineations: they are shewn in the following manner, and said to represent,

- I. The Painter,—French—English, and Scotch,
- II. Spaniards.
- III. Moors and Negroes.
- IV. Chinese and Tartars.
- V. Turks.
- VI. Dutch and Swedes.

The

The ceiling is the height of the building, and executed by the same artist with a felicity both in design and performance. It emblematically represents JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH in the career of victory arrested by the hand of PEACE, while TIME reminds him of the rapidity of his own flight.

Over the first chimney stands an antique bust of a Roman Consul; and at the same end of the room, a marble slab with a Sleeping Venus.

Over the second chimney is an antique bust of Caracalla; and on another marble slab, Cleopatra and the Asp.

GREEN DRAWING ROOM.

It is hung with tapestry, representing in vivid colours some of the mi-

litary exploits of John Duke of Marlborough.

I. Battle of Dunnewert.

II. Battle of Lisle, on the right of the chimney; Siege of Lisle on the left. The French spy is very expressively delineated.

III. Battle of Malplaquet. The eager attention of the person receiving orders, is admirably drawn.

Over the first door is a charming portrait of a young Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, by Barrocio; over the opposite door, a very masterly painting of Meleager and Atalanta, by Reubens.

On a pannel near the window at entrance, is the Adoration of the Shepherds, by Lucca Giordano.

A Madona and Child, by Nich. Pouffin.

Figures encircled with a wreath of flowers, by Rottenhammer.

On the opposite pannel.

The Offering of the Magi, by Lucca Giordano.

A Holy Family, by Nich. Pouffin.

Figures encircled with a wreath of flowers, by Rottenhammer.

A most beautiful and curious Clock on a new construction, by Vulliamy, stands on the chimney piece. A Serpent bending down its head from the top of a small urn, round which the hours are arranged, points out the time with its sting; and on the same urn, an elegant figure of CONTEMPLATION leaning, gives the whole a singular, and rather monumental air. On each side are Boys Gambols in bronze.

Above is a highly finished and inexpressibly attractive picture of her

F 4

Grace

Grace the DUCHESS of Marlborough, in an elegant white dress, by Romney.

On the marble slabs under the windows are bronzes of Fame and Mercury mounted on Pegasi.

The curtains, sofas, and other furniture, are deep green damask.

STATE DRAWING ROOM.

This apartment has been recently decorated, and furnished with the utmost magnificence. The ceiling is elegant; the cornice richly gilt; and the bordure round the room is in a corresponding stile. The mirrors are almost unrivalled in the superlative elegance of their frames—the magnitude of their plates is likewise very considerable.

The chimney is of the whitest
marble,

marble: it is adorned with a small central urn, supported by two griffins; these likewise are part of the embellishments of the glasses; they belong to the family arms. The marble slabs are proportionate to the splendor of the rest. A highly finished cabinet at the lower end supports a rich lustre. The curtains and furniture are white damask.

One of the principal ornaments however of the room is a most superb picture of HIS GRACE of Marlborough, in his garter robes, by Romney: it is placed over the chimney. From this beautiful painting, Jones has executed a very happy mezzotinto: another of the Duchefs would be an acceptable present to the public. The prints of the theatric characters, painted by Roberts, are finished by the same ingenious artist.

The

The tapestry is a continuation of the first Duke's achievements.

I. and II. The March to Bouchain.

II. and III. The Siege of Bouchain. In this piece, Lord Cadogan's Dog, which attended his master through the wars, and returned safe, makes a conspicuous figure.

Over the first door is a Fruit Piece, by Lucca Giordano.

Over the opposite door, St. Laurence distributing the ornaments of the altar, by Il Prete Genoese.

STATE BED CHAMBER.

In a palace there must be apartments for pomp as well as for utility; this is one of the former, and very splendid of the kind. The furniture and hangings are rich blue damask, interlaced with gold. The bed-posts are elegantly

elegantly fluted, and covered with burnished gold: their extremities adorned with military emblems. The top rises into a dome, surmounted with a ducal coronet; at the head are the family arms.

The chimney-piece is decorated with bronzes of Hercules killing the Centaurs, and the Hydra; between these is a bust of Diana; over it is a capital picture, by Lucca Giordano, representing Seneca bleeding to death, while with philosophic composure he dictates to his amanuenses.

On a pannel to the right is a portrait of Edward VI. by Holbein.

A view of Architecture, by Panini.

The Burning of Troy, by old Frank.

Over each door is a piece of still life, by Maltese.

From this stately suit of rooms, where the profusion of splendid objects

jects is apt to dazzle the organs of sight, the eye is both charmed and relieved on entering

THE LIBRARY.

This very spacious apartment, which occupies the entire west front, is two hundred feet long, and thirty-one feet nine inches wide in the centre.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more superb than the solid columns of marble, which support a rich entablature, the Doric pilasters of the same, the surrounding basement of black marble, and the stuccoed compartments of the lofty vaulted ceiling, which open a fine field for the pencil of the first master.

This noble room was originally intended as a gallery for paintings; but has since been furnished with the grand SUNDERLAND collection
of

of books, comprising upwards of twenty thousand volumes, in various languages, arts, and sciences; all arranged in commodious cases with latticed doors, on the east side through its whole extent, and the two ends.

At the upper end of the library stands a highly finished white marble statue of **QUEEN ANNE**, in her coronation robes, by Rysbrack; on the pedestal is this inscription :

To the Memory of **Queen ANNE** !

Under whose Auspices

John Duke of MARLBOROUGH
conquered,

And to whose Munificence

He and his Posterity

With Gratitude

Owe the Possession of **BLenheim**.

A. D. **MDCCLXXVI**.

In

In a recess on the west side, is an antique statue, inscribed **JULIA DOMNA**; and lower down, another of **DIANA and Dog**, both on mahogany therns.

At the lower end is a bust of **ALEXANDER the Great**; a fine specimen of Grecian sculpture, in good preservation, dug out of the ruins of **Herculaneum**; and supported by an elegant modern thern.

Over the book-cases on the east side are the subsequent paintings and sculptures:

Lord Godolphin.

Duke of Montague.

Above the first chimney, a bust of **Charles Earl of Sunderland**, the collector of the books: beneath a sea piece of **Jonah and the Whale**, after **Poussin**: on the chimney, a bust of the **Emperor Adrian**.

Countess

Countess of Sunderland.

Countess of Bridgwater.

Countess Cowper.

Hon. John Spencer.

Over the grand marble door-case that communicates with the hall, a bust of Milo Crotonensis.

Elizabeth Duchess of Marlborough.

Charles Duke of Marlborough.

Sarah Duchess of Marlborough.

John Duke of Marlborough.

Over the second chimney, a Girl's Head, antique. A Landscape, after Pouffin; above, a bust of Charles Duke of Marlborough, by Rysbrack.

Queen Anne.

King William.

From the noble bow-windows on the west, is an elysian prospect of
the

the beautiful descent to the lake, and of the pendent grove on the opposite hill. Indeed every apartment has its appropriate beauties, both internal and external: the eye of discernment will recognize many, which the brevity of our plan prevented us from noting; to the more cursory observer this description will prove an useful monitor. One striking ornament however we have neglected to remark: the mahogany doors throughout this whole suite are splendidly finished, and are worthy of the apartments to which they conduct.



C H A P E R.

From the library we proceed along a piazza, with arcades below, to the
 Chapel,

Chapel, situated in the western wing of the palace. The coup d'œil on entering is extremely grand, and the impression such as corresponds with the place. The style of painting, and the degree of light are both peculiarly happy: the large compartments of sober grey are finely relieved by the surrounding white; and the shade of foliage that partially darkens the windows diffuses an air of composed solemnity, unmixed with gloom, unaccompanied with melancholy.

The chief ornament, however, is a stately MONUMENT in various marble, to the memory of the first Duke and Duchess, by Ryisbrack. They are represented with their two Sons who died young, as supported by FAME and HISTORY: these are colossal figures, and being most prominent, are the most striking in the
 G group.

group. The pen of HISTORY seems to have traced this inscription on a tablet, which she holds in the other hand:

To the Memory
Of John Duke of Marlborough and
his two Sons
His Ducheſs has erected
this Monument.

In the Year of Chriſt, MDCCXXXIII.

Beneath, is the taking of Marſhal Tallard, in baſſo relievo.

The altar piece represents our Saviour taking down from the Croſs, by Jordaens of Antwerp.

The gallery for the family is ſplendidly hung with crimſon velvet, fringed with gold. The cuſhions are correſponding. Over the chimney is a curious painting on black marble, by Aleſſandro Veroneſe.

Having

Having remarked the most striking beauties in this magnificent Palace, it would be impardonable to overlook the Gardens, the River, and the Park, which whether we regard the delightfulness of their respective situations, or the most captivating charms of nature, improved by the chastest designs of art, equally demand our attention, and excite our warmest approbation.

G A R D E N S.

THE gardens or pleasure grounds occupy an area of two hundred acres and upwards. On part of the north, and the east side, they are surrounded by a sunk fence, which without breaking the grandeur of the scene, serves to separate the parts that compose it. On the west side, they make a bold descent to the lake, which

G 2

falling

falling from a lofty precipice at the south-west angle formed likewise the southern boundary, before the recent additions of a considerable portion of the adjoining vale, and of the face of the opposite hill. Nature, indeed, seems to have placed this fine chain, which describes the figure of a bow on the west and south of the river, as the only regular termination of the pleasure grounds, and the line of division between them and the park. The lofty umbrageous trees which cover its side and brow form a noble back ground, and give an unity and finish to the scene. The features of the vale through which the river winds, from the cascade as far as the new bridge, entirely correspond with the rest of the picture. Art might heighten them, but Nature could not have been more propitious: they invite embellishment from the facility with which it might be applied.

Or

Or may it not be an effect of the justest taste, to render the transition from the more ornamental stile of the garden to the first shades of the ruder majesty of the park so very imperceptible, that the eye at a small distance cannot determine where the one commences and the other ends? In animate nature, the close alliance between the last genus of one class and the first of another has ever been considered as an instance of beautiful design and harmonious execution; and why may not the same hold good in inanimate objects! The just gradation of tints, and the easy blending of colours, are indisputably requisite to the composition of a perfect whole!

The usual entrance into the gardens is a little to the left of the eastern gate of Blenheim. The EAST FRONT first salutes the view; before it spreads a cheerful lawn of an oblong form, extending a considerable way into

the park ; at first fringed with little clumps of evergreens encircled and interspersed with flowers and deciduous shrubs ; then broken by a few scattered trees, which rising on different sides of the boundary effectually conceal it ; and afterwards lined by stately trees that throw a finely chequered shade on the verdant sward below, and ranging in irregular pomp preclude stiffness from mingling with beauty.

A walk of pebbly gravel of the most beautiful texture and regularity (which however prevails in the pleasure-grounds, and blends utility with ornament) winding to the east between rising plantations, and clumps of trees and shrubs in various shapes, at intervals is opened to highly embellished lawn ; and soon taking an easy bend to the south, conducts to a Temple as yet without a name. This structure is adorned
with

with Corinthian capitals. It emerges from a small thicket which backs it and determines its site, and without imposing the idea of solitude renders it sufficiently sequestered. Before we reach this temple, the Triumphal Arch and Woodstock Tower are seen in pleasing perspective. From hence, the scene gradually changes. Instead of embellished lawn, we become embosomed in trees of venerable majesty. The park and gardens seem to unite, or their distinction is lost. The trimness of the walk, and the occasional sight of evergreens, alone discriminate the latter.

The parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light.

Open grove at an agreeable distance on each side continues for a considerable space. The whole is a delightful Home-walk, sheltered by the winding of its direction from

every blast; possessing sufficient variety in every part, with an aspect continually improving.

From this pleasing route, however, we are drawn aside to the contemplation of the FLOWER GARDEN. A diverticle from the principal walk, near an ornamental tripod, inclines to a thick grove on the right, in which this elysian spot is placed. In our progress, the trees form an embowering shade,—as we enter,—they range in amphitheatric pride, and present a reclining face of foliage from the ground to a vast height above. The sudden burst of so much beauty strikes the eye; the musick of the spray delights the ear;—the fragrance recreates the other senses: images of tranquil joy fix their fairest impressions on the mind; and if they cannot efface the remembrance
of

of ills, they soothe it into resignation.

This wilderness of sweets, which occupies about an acre, is copied from the design of Madame Pompadour, as displayed in the gardens of VERSAILLES. The outline is elegant; the execution charming; the accompaniments are judicious.

A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.

In the centre of variously arranged bouquets, which the bosom of the earth supports, is an Obelisk of porphyry, surrounded with four white marble vases, filled with annual flowers; on the north is a neat Temple, properly dedicated to FLORA; and during the summer months, every interstice left by the trunks of the surrounding grove is replenished with oranges, lemons, and other exotic trees,

trees, shrubs, and plants of the greatest delicacy and the richest odour, which ranking in natural progression before the permanent vegetative tribes seem also the denizens of the spot.

There are different outlets through the grove; but to proceed in the regular tour, we take that near the south-east angle; and after being embosomed in trees for a few paces, the scene opens to the left, but soon shuts with aggravated gloom. The trees become so thick and umbrageous that the meridian sun only plays on their tops, or permeates an accidental break. The sweet smelling lime, the dark chestnut, and the airy beech, with evergreens below, bear the chief proportion here. All is still—all is solemn. The contrast with the flower garden is very striking, with the view
 2 that

that soon opens extremely captivating.

The Palladian gate, or entrance into the KITCHEN GARDENS, appears on the east; and the eye darts over a cheerful landscape to the south. On this side the walls of the kitchen gardens, which are fourteen feet high, are concealed by irregular plantations of laurels and other shrubs, thinly scattered with forest trees. From the gate we trace their vast extent, clothed with the choicest fruit trees; and we behold an area of eight acres, while four more remain unseen, furnished with every article of culinary use, or of elegance in the dessert, and replete with every requisite appendage for bringing it to perfection.

Falling into the Home-walk at this place, the deviation from which has been previously mentioned, we soon
 enter

enter the SHEEP-WALK, which is half a mile in length, and through its whole extent abounding with rural imagery. Frequently covered with a flock of more than a thousand sheep, all of the most beautiful and valuable, and some of the most curious kinds, this space, though possessing features of characteristic negligence, is not less rich or less animated than the most favourite spots in the garden.

The open grove winds away to the right, and on this hand we catch a glimpse of the south front of the Palace, which is thrown into various perspective as we advance. In other directions we enjoy a picturesque view of Beckley Hill, just peeping over the intervening heights ; of Witham's lofty woods rising to the summit of Botley, where the trees
range

range in solitary state ; and through the long perspective of a rich campaign, in which ENSHAM Tower forms a very conspicuous object when illumined with a morning sun, the distant WHITE HORSE Hills are seen to elevate themselves into a back-ground. Nor are remote pictures alone attractive at this hour: the deep shade that darkens the neighbouring village of BLADON is finely contrasted with the level beams that glance on the water below.

Proceeding, in one place the NEW-BRIDGE appears broke and ruinous by the fall of a tree that overhangs the bank ; in another it shews its arches entire, and even the lower visible reach of water is seen sparkling through its balustrades: farther, the centre arch alone is perceptible ; and sometimes the whole is lost. Such
is

is the effect of grouping and combining! The lawn is sprinkled with beautiful groups of trees: the majestic oak with pendent inclination to the stream is the frequent ornament of the slope.

About the middle of this walk, the top of HANDBOROUGH Spire, though more than three miles off, appears emerging from the bosom of the deep wood beyond the lake; and close on the right is seen the SHEPHERD'S COT, a little thatched edifice, composed of the trunks of trees fancifully arranged, backed by a clump, and shaded by horse-chestnuts in front.

Near this spot we may pause to contemplate the beauties which the changing scene displays. Nothing can be more picturesque than BLADON when gilded with an evening
sun:

sun : the antique low tower, and here and there the end of a building, glow with the crimson of his beams, or the window, partially shaded by intervening trees, reflects them like living fire. CLAUDE would have caught the tints with rapture ; he would have combined the objects into a picture ; and on its effect he might have rested the immortality of his fame.

A little beyond the Shepherd's Cot is the first opening of the CASCADE ; and for some space it forms a principal attraction. The water seems to flow out of the deep wood that bounds the head ; its course is totally hid by the bend, by the figure of the banks, and the effect of plantation. Every step we descend towards the cascade the embellishments thicken, the scene becomes more illustrious.

illustrious. Groups of acacia, cedar, poplar, chefnut, and beech, decorate the declivity down to the river ; and beyond it at a proportionate distance, the back-ground as far as the commencement of the new garden, is adorned with a profusion of hawthorns, surmounted by noble pendent trees, which stretching round as far as the eye can reach, terminate in the near horizon.

But before we sink into the vale, it will not be unpleasing to take a retrospective view of the landscape we are leaving behind. The lofty spire of KIDLINGTON seems to belong to the park ; the distant hills, formerly observed, are cast into different perspective ; and a new and wider range is displayed, farther than natural vision can distinguish objects, and till the blue hills of BUCKS close
with

with the bounding sky. Among these ASHRIDGE, the seat of the Duke of Bridgwater, may be ascertained in a clear day.

The obelisk of the fountain soon peeps between a little woody island and the cascade; and the grand RIVER, which a few paces before was invisible, bursts at once on the eye in a broad sheet, without apparent continuity or connection. Before we reach the termination of the sheep-walk we lose the cascade on the left; to it however we at last descend between clumps and groups of the most luxuriant and delicate trees of various climes, intermixed with flowers and shrubs of the utmost fragrance and beauty. The ground, which at first is highest on the left, soon assumes a determined superiority on the right.

It is thrown into masses with a

H

masterly

masterly hand ; it has received every embellishment that refined taste can confer on natural beauty ; and we enjoy the touch of art without waking the idea that revolts at its display.

Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
 Glowing in gay diversities of green ;
 There the full stream thro' intermingling glades,
 Shines a broad lake, or falls in loud cascades.

In the vicinity of the cascade, whose sides are finely shaded, the water is quite lost above. Even from the bridge that fronts it at fifty feet distance, we only see the fall without tracing the supply. The charming reach below appears in its most varied features from this bridge, which connects the gardens ; and when the full stream devolves from the rocky barrier, and bounds from one point to another in foamy pride with deafening

ing roar, nothing can be more grateful to a contemplative mind than such a scene and such a situation.

The NEW GARDEN, which we now enter, though of no very great extent, contains many beauties peculiar to itself, many views of magnificent and appropriate scenery. Following the course of the river on the left, we soon reach NEWFOUND WELL, a mineral spring of the chalybeate kind, said to possess very active virtues. In the front of a dark clump rises a pedestal supporting an urn, and from an aperture in the former gushes the spring; and being received into an antique basin, charged with numerous fancy figures, in alto relievo, much injured, flows out near the top by the mouths of two lions, and quickly mixes with the river. Again we have a view of

the new bridge, and of a serpentine reach of water, embracing the island, and gliding on with glassy smoothness. The FOUNTAIN next attracts our notice. It is situated at the bottom of the hill, and forms an object not unworthy of its place and destination. In the centre of an elegant capacious basin, where dolphins seem to sport, stands the base, formed of a species of porous stone, permeable by the water, and thrown together in rude pomp, with an arch from east to west, in which are marble figures of a lion and sea-horse couchant; probably some of the original adjuncts of the River Gods that recline on the sides above. These are four in number. They are sculptured in white marble with a delicacy and expression scarcely to be surpassed; and are usually supposed to

to represent the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Tiber. This appropriation is evidently wrong in some ; but as they have few characteristic appendages, it is not easy to offer a certain discrimination, nor perhaps was it ever intended.

If the allusion is to the antique, the veiled figure may possibly be the Danube*, or the Nile ; that with the

* On an ancient medal of Trajan, the Danube is depicted having its head covered with a veil.

Danubius penitis caput occultatus in oris

Fluo———

AUSON.

The River Tiber is represented in the Vatican at Rome, resting his right leg on an oar. The hair and features sufficiently mark the Niger. The other has no particular characteristic here, but in a print of the original Fountain at Rome, the palm tree is placed near ; and we are told the Indus should be drawn with a pleasing countenance, which so far corresponds with the application.

H 3

right

right leg resting on an oar, the Tiber ; the figure with the negro features, the Niger ; the other the Indus. On the square pedestal of an obelisk of white marble is the subsequent inscription in four different languages, Latin, Greek, Italian, and Spanish.

Ad Innocentium XI. Summum Pontificem.

Pro, Carolo. II. Hispaniarum Rege

Excele : D. D. Gaspar : De. Haro, et Guzman,

Murchio. De. Carpio. Et Helicheo Orator.

Ad Typum Molis. In Agonali Foro Erecta.

Ab Equite. Bernino. Opus. Hoc. Extrui,

Fussit, Eodem. dirigente. Qui. Interim.

Dum perficeretur. Defunctus.

Hoc : Posthumo, Partu : Inexhaustam,

Mentis. Fecunditatem Clausit.

Anno D: M: DC: LXXXI.

This fine piece of sculpture, the last work of Bernini, and a copy from the magnificent fountain in the
Piazza

Piazza Navona at Rome, was a present from the Spanish ambassador at the Papal court to the first Duke of Marlborough. It has only been recently erected; and during the many years it lay neglected, it was much damaged, and part of it lost. Still however it bears a close resemblance to the noble original; proves an ornament to the gardens, and the admiration of spectators.

From the fountain the path meanders up hill. The left is open to the charming vale through which the river glides; the right is occasionally shaded by groups of trees. Almost every step presents a new scene; the transitions are sudden but never harsh: even the strong contrast between the elegant sculpture we have just left, and the wild rock seats that occupy the brow, gives an additional

impression to each. Above these is a noble view into the park: the HIGH LODGE, with its antique battlements amidst an amphitheatre of venerable trees, is a striking object in the landscape. From this spot we wind to the right, and fresh beauties again arrest the attention. To paint every change of scenery that presents itself in the space of an hundred yards would be impossible; the impression can only be conveyed by the eye;—the happiest description would fail. At one point, we have a glimpse of the river; at another perhaps it is lost; the turrets of the Palace just emerge; an expanse of water with a forest line of wood draws the view; and, at a few paces distance, the Palace, the river, the two principal bridges, and the fine terrace on the west of the gardens, all burst with
irresistible

irresistible beauty and attraction. At this spot the sublime predominates in a very high degree; and frigid indeed must that taste be, which will not feel and confess the energy of the scene. When the rising sun throws its horizontal rays on the gilded orbs of Blenheim, the tops of the trees catch his radiance, and the withdrawing shade lightly floats on the surface of the lake; nature does not furnish a picture of more brilliance than this. A little farther, and the intervening groups allow only glimpses;—again the prospect opens, the park displays its sylvan honours on the north, and on the east the Chiltern hills bound the sight. At the utmost extent of vision is WINCHENDON, formerly the seat of the Duke of Wharton, now the property of his Grace of Marlborough. There is something

thing grand in the idea: the vast space between is swallowed up; and fancy combining the distant domains in the same landscape, gives a fiction and a solution to the magnificence around.

On the right, as we turn down towards the iron-bridge, stands l'ARROTINO, or, as it is usually called, the LISTENING SLAVE, a fine cast in bronze from the antique, by Benzi. Descending to the river, from distant views the transition becomes instantaneous to near ones. The water is seen flowing round to the cascade: the bank on the right is abrupt and rocky, chiefly planted with sumach; on the left, it is adorned with the fairest rising plantations, which in a short time will render the spot more characteristically romantic.

On

On the Blenheim side of the iron-bridge the cascade and its accompaniments are wholly lost; the former can only be traced by its murmurs and its dashing. The walk now runs along the left of the upper river: the lower is scarcely perceptible. Even the inferior path, by which we descend from the sheep-walk to the cascade, though only a few yards below, is rendered entirely distinct, by the figure of the ground, and the groups that adorn it. As we advance to the angle of the sheep-walk, the ground becomes gradually more elevated. Beyond the broad expanse of water on the left, a fine outline of pendent wood stretches along to an indeterminate length; on the other hand is highly decorated lawn. The TERRACE may be said to commence at this point; and its captivating

vating charms are gradually developed as we proceed. From a moderate elevation above the level of the lake, it rises to a bold declivity, feathered down to the brink with majestic trees, interspersed with plantations of younger growth, grouped and arranged in the most enchanting style, while the wild forest that clothes the opposite bank is reflected in the crystal tide below. The lake is farther enlivened with various pleasure vessels, disposed in such a manner as may best adorn this illustrious scene. Behind is a delightful perspective of the back-ground on the south-west; and the cascade glitters in all its grandeur.

As we approximate the level of the terrace, the shaft of Churchill's PILLAR appears in front above the surrounding trees; by degrees it
opens

opens to its very base. The dark groves in the northern part of the park begin to display themselves; and couched in the front of one, the celebrated BATH of Rosamond may be dimly discerned. The water too assumes a variety of figures; the outline becomes more indented; and a collateral branch of undefined extent, running up a deep vale from the principal stream, without appearing to derive its sole importance from it, has the pleasing effect of seeming to augment its current. DITCHLEY Woods form the horizon; these fall into the back-ground of the scene, at a distance sufficient for greatness and without any disjunction of parts.

Here we reach the Temple of DIANA, which stands on the summit of the declivity.—We survey the landscape with rapture—we confess the *ne plus ultra*

altra of picturesque embellishment. This temple indeed marks the happy spot where the assemblage of different attractions operate with singular advantage. All is great—all is executed on a scale of proportionate magnificence; and though every part of the gardens has peculiar charms, this terrace—this point in particular, as a home view combines more than all, and exhibits almost every different excellence of each.

The temple itself is a beautiful structure, designed by Sir William Chambers; and its situation corresponds with that on the east of the gardens. In the front are four pillars with Ionic capitals; and on the pediment is this dedication:

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΔΙ.
ΑΓΡΙΑΙ-ΙΑΔΙ.
ΟΡΕΣΤΙΑΔΙ.

“ *To the Ionian, rural, mountain-ranging Diana.*”

On the back within, is a central medallion, representing in bas-relief, HIPPOLYTUS offering a wreath of flowers to DIANA; and on two others united to this by a festoon, are the subsequent verses from the Hippolytus of EURIPIDES, with the annexed elegant English version.

Σοι τοῖδε πλεκτοὶ στίφαιον ἐξ ἀκηρατῶ
 Λαίμωνος, ὃ Διοσκεία, κοσμησάς φέρω.
 Ἐνθ' ὑδὶ ποιμὴν ἀξίον φέρειν βότα,
 Οὐδ' ἦλθε πῶ σιδήρος· ἀλλ' ἀκηρατῶν
 Μίλιον λαίμων' ἰαχμὸς διερχεται·
 Ἦος δὲ ποταμίσσον κηκίον δροσισθ.

To thee, bright Goddess, these fair flowers I bring,
 A chaplet woven from th' untainted mead,
 Thy cool sequester'd haunt, where never yet
 Shepherd approach'd; where the rude hind ne'er
 heav'd

Th'

Th' unhallow'd axe: nor voice nor found is heard,
 Save the low murmuring of the vernal bee.
 The day-spring from above the dew distils
 Genial and mild, from the pure stream exhal'd,
 On every fragrant herb, and favourite flower.

Hurried on by the splendour of more capital objects, we forget to notice another cast in bronze of the **ROMAN WRESTLERS**, by Benzi. It stands on the right a little before we approach the temple, and well deserves attention as a just representation of the antique.

A short way beyond the temple we enjoy many brilliant scenes in the park; and turning round over the charming lawn before the south front of the Palace, finish the tour of the gardens with impressions of pleasure gradually raised to the highest, and permanently fixed by
 the

the splendor of the concluding scenery.

The intersecting walks generally retire from the sight, but are never wanting for necessary communication: they conduct to the principal subordinate scenes; they occupy the happiest spaces. By following their direction we are sure of meeting with some object in our progress to compensate for the toil; some beauty is developed which would otherwise be lost; or scenes are thrown into perspective, or heightened by contrast, in a manner different from what we observed before.

The occasional recurrence also of the garden chair, the plain bench, or the circular seat round the trunk of some umbrageous tree, by presenting opportunities for rest, prevent the idea of lassitude. Thus, in our

I journey

journey through life, it is not always the actual use of the accommodations we possess that adds to our comfort ; it is the reflection that we may command them in the hour of need, and that we have it in our power to gratify the want as soon as it is felt. But these are not simply objects of ornament or convenience : they generally point out scenes which repose may contemplate with delight, and fancy combine into picture.

Here a thousand beauties, originating from design, appear fortuitous to the eye. Though traversing a garden where taste has exhausted its skill, we incessantly indulge the idea of being only contemplating the natural charms of the country, and tracing delights of rich variety and unlimited extent.

In

In this tour, indeed, we have omitted many circumstances which in an inferior place would have claimed deserved regard. Here littleness is absorbed in grandeur, and prettiness in magnificence. This marks the prevailing character; and should it ever, in the minutest instance, be sacrificed to its opposite, Blenheim will lose that principal beauty—consistency, though it may borrow the fairest flowers from the garland of novelty. Of this there is no danger; while the same taste that has so ably planned, so nobly presides, *et longum sit*, this place will not only maintain its acknowledged superiority, but rise still higher in the scale of public estimation.

R I V E R *.

THE river, which covers the whole extent of a spacious valley, bending in the happiest stile, and affording the most profuse variety of picturesque features in the sublime, the beautiful, and the tranquil, when viewed with its accompaniments, is indisputably the most superb piece of artificial water in this kingdom. It is chiefly supplied by the GLYME, which still, in a great measure, re-

* If the words river and lake are sometimes applied to the same thing, it is hoped the reader will not impute this to ignorance or error: the water at Blenheim partakes of the nature of both; it is a RIVER, because it has a progressive motion; it is also a LAKE, because it spreads far beyond its original channel. Thus uniting the distinguishing beauties and characteristics of each, it rises to the pre-eminence of sublimity in kind.

tains

tains its original direction, its channel being expanded rather than altered ; so favourable has Nature been to the operations of art !

It enters the park in the vale which separates Old from New Woodstock, flowing under a belt of rising plantations, and issuing to light by a bridge of seven arches, the minuteness and multiplicity of which have been thought to derogate from grandeur, though the whole is well adapted to give the idea of continuity. In other views, a thick grove, and beautiful groups of Lombardy poplars, and other trees that love the streams, by concealing the source promote the same desirable effect. The banks at first are low : on one side they soon become bold and winding ; on the other, they have little elevation, but are happily varied.

The river quickly spreading to a great expanse stretches towards QUEEN POOL*, where it forms a small creek, chiefly lost in trees; then taking a determined course, it seems to seek the opposite shore, in its progress flowing round QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ISLAND †, a most delightful spot, clothed with trees and shrubs of the utmost beauty and variety, which connect the groups on the banks; and soon becoming embayed on the left, it winds round to the grand bridge, narrowing as it advances to an adequate breadth.

From the bridge a most capital expanse of water again catches the eye; an expanse unrivalled by the finest

* So called from Philippa queen of Edward III.

† This is part of the ancient causeway leading to the royal palace.

English river*, unmixed with the sea; and which washing the remote banks, varies with their direction; makes a long diversion up a vale that forms a right angle with its bed, and affords the representation of a collateral stream; then rolling a seemingly enlarged volume, it winds round, and washes the foot of the declivity, on which part of the gardens lie; and on the other side it is bounded by a hill, feathered down with a noble wood to the water's edge, and frequently reflected on its surface.

Preserving one general unvarying

* Brown, who superintended some of the early improvements here, in his usual consequential manner, has been heard to boast, "That the Thames would never forgive him for what he had done at Blenheim." Had he lived to the present time, he would have been sensible how much his most finished labours may be surpassed.

direction for a considerable length, it gradually narrows; and viewed from the grand bridge appears land-locked and embayed. Several pleasure vessels of various construction riding at anchor, swans sailing in conscious pride, and other aquatic fowl indigenous as well as exotic, exercising their native propensities, unite to enliven the watery scene. When tranquil, the reflected and reverted images in the stream present a picture, which fancy contemplates with mild delight; when agitated with winds, its rippling bosom and wavy dash are lively emblems of the sea, to which it then bears some resemblance.

At the point where it appears embayed, it passes under a light iron bridge, simple and unadorned, and characteristic of its destination; and
making

making a pretty sudden bend, it tumbles down a barrier of massy rocks, with a force equal to its copiousness, and with a fall of eighteen feet. Above this cascade are an hundred and fifty acres of water : below it is a continuation of an hundred more.

Recovering its level, it flows with a serpentine sweep through an expanded vale, embellished with a few groups of the most flourishing young plantation ; and at an agreeable distance stretches another face of the hill already mentioned as a boundary, covered with trees whose pendency and age render them at once picturesque and venerable ; but though in this reach the river admits an oval woody islet, its channel becomes now more contracted than before ; and its stile partakes rather of the beautiful
than

than the sublime. Reaching the new bridge, a very elegant structure, it inclines with the course of the vale, and touching near Bladon, makes a determined bend to the right. The banks on both sides at this point are swelling lawn with little clumps connected by single trees, disposed without the least shew of intention.

From hence the river takes a variety of charming turns, chiefly with a strong inclination to the right, doubling as it were on itself, and circumscribing the end of the hill which accompanies it the greatest part of its course. In one place, a fine sheet of water spreads before the eye, and invites progress by its apparent continuity; in another, the trees seem to embay it, and we advance a considerable way before we can detect the deception.

From

From the first determined sweep near Bladon, a gravel walk on the left follows the direction of the river. This walk is bounded on one side by a belt of thick plantation; on the other, a few scattered trees range with the stream. Beyond the river we are charmed with all the diversity of pleasing scenery: a small grove first presents itself close to the verge of the tide; a few irregular trees next succeed; sometimes a clump planted at the termination of a reach, by advancing to the belt on the opposite shore, appears to landlock the stream; then again we are delighted with open lawn and diversified landscape. At last, the river precipitates itself down a steep cascade, and at the same instant falls into the EVENLODE, which gliding in an opposite direction through verdant meads, winds under the park to receive the tributary

tributary **GLYME**. The united rivers forming a woody island immediately after their junction, meander through a continuation of meads, and dispense beauty and fertility as they flow.

The effect occasioned by two rivers hastening to meet each other, and then bending almost at right angles with their former course, is as pleasing as it is singular and romantic. No aukward termination is here to be traced; no disgusting display of art to heighten the scene: taste unfolds the beauties of Nature with a delicate touch, and Art is only the handmaid to her charms.

So many circumstances lend their aid to embellish this spot and its vicinity, that we scruple not to pronounce it one of the most delightful in the precincts of Blenheim: but it retires from the view, and its unobtrusive charms

charms are therefore seldom seen. While scenes less captivating force attention by a bold display, these, like modesty, shun the public eye, and are only visited by the discerning few. May we not add, such is the fate of unassuming merit; its lovely qualities are only casually noticed, and the impression they make is often too evanescent to avail them!

To return—the water at Blenheim, as a very elegant writer* observes, “in size, form, and stile, is equal to the majesty of the scene; and is designed in the spirit, is executed with the liberality of the original donation, when this residence of a mighty monarch was bestowed by a great people, as a munificent reward on the hero who had deserved best of his country.”

* Wheatley on Modern Gardening.

P A R K.

THE PARK, which under the auspices of the present Duke has received every possible improvement,

Plann'd by his taste, and planted by his hand,

is one continued galaxy of charming prospects, and agreeably diversified scenes. Its circumference is upwards of twelve miles; its area about two thousand seven hundred acres, round which are the most enchanting rides, chiefly shaded towards the boundary with a deep belt of various trees, evergreens, and deciduous shrubs, whose mingled foliage exhibit the different gradations of tints from the most faint to the most obfuscated green; while others of corresponding figure and growth on the park side,
some-

sometimes range with the former, and sometimes breaking into groups, with large interstices between, relieve the tædium of continued uniformity, and open the most brilliant prospects. Indeed the effects of polished taste and the sublime in design are no where more perceptible than in the boundless views which at intervals present themselves; the limits of the park being in general quite concealed; and the whole surrounding country, varied with hills, and vales, spires, towers, and villas, appearing as one wide extended landscape. In the internal part new improvements are continually adopting, and new plantations rising, wherever they can contribute to the beauty or the luxuriance of the scene.

—Hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed,
Health to himself, and to his children bread
The labourer bears.——

The

The usual ride round the park for occasional visitors includes a circumference of rather more than three miles, describing a wide circle round the palace and gardens, which are casually and advantageously seen through glades in the progress, and exhibiting many magnificent pictures over the park and country round.

To enumerate every beauty conspicuous in this tour would be to delineate all that is charming in natural objects; and in some instances would occasion a repetition of circumstances already remarked. A detail must not therefore be expected. Let it however be observed, that at Blenheim the *ferme ornée* is combined with the magnificent park. In one quarter, the eye is delighted with the sight of waving corn, in another with green paddocks that invite the scythe: here
a build-

a building dedicated to agricultural purposes, or raised for the accommodation of the necessary officers, just peeps through the deep shade of surrounding trees ; there the team rattles down the slope abrupt. On one side appears a herd of deer, on another a flock of sheep, and sometimes animals native and foreign graze in social peace. All is a picture of rural life in its most agreeable colours, in its happiest avocations : it presents cheerful activity, or tranquil repose—Arcadian scenes divested of fable, and real wealth without glitter.

Among the many captivating views which every spectator of taste will recognize in his ride, those from the **HIGH LODGE** and the **OBELISK** may be particularized. The **HIGH LODGE** was once the residence of the witty, but immoral Wilmot Earl of Rochef-

K

ter,

ter, and the place where he died. Let those, who have copied his profligacy, reflect on his remorse, and resolve to imitate his repentance! From hence the prospect is not only one of the most extensive, but also one of the most captivating in Great Britain: it includes, among a variety of other capital and picturesque objects, a beautiful view of the University of OXFORD.

From the OBELISK, the Palace, the River, and the Gardens are seen in their best perspective, and the idea of grandeur they excite will convert admiration into astonishment. Nor will the obelisk itself pass without observation: it is raised to the memory of the hero of modern times, before whose transcendent services the little merits of other warriors are lost. The statue of this great man,

man, which crowns the column, is designed in a Roman dress: at his feet are two eagles; in the left hand is the general's baton; in the right, a figure of VICTORY elevated. On three sides of the pedestal are inscribed the ACTS of the British Parliament in his favour, and the entail of his honours and estates on the descendants of his daughters, by which they centre in the present illustrious family: on the side facing Blenheim, his character is thus delineated, and his exploits recorded, as is supposed, by the masterly pen of Lord Bolingbroke:

The Castle of **BLLENHEIM** was founded by **Queen Anne**,

In the fourth Year of her Reign,

In the Year of the Christian **Æra**

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Five.

A Monument designed to perpetuate the Memory of the
Signal Victory

Obtained over the *French* and *Bavarians*,
Near the Village of **BLENNHEIM**,

On the Banks of the *Danube*,

By **JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH**,

The Hero not only of his Nation, but of his Age;

Whose Glory was equal in the Council and in the Field;

Who by Wisdom, Justice, Candour, and Address,

Reconciled various, and even opposite Interests;

acquired an Influence

Which no Rank, no Authority, can give,

Nor any Force, but that of superior Virtue:

Became the fixed, important Centre,

Which united, in one common Cause,

The principal States of **EUROPE**;

Who, by military Knowledge, and irresistible Valour,

In a long Series of uninterrupted Triumphs,

Broke the Power of **FRANCE**,

When raised the highest, when exerted the most:

Rescued the **EMPIRE** from Desolation;

Afferted, and confirmed the Liberties of **EUROPE**.

“ **PHILIP**,

“ PHILIP, a Grandson of the House
“ of FRANCE, united to the Interest,
“ directed by the Policy, supported by
“ the Arms of that Crown, was placed on
“ the Throne of Spain. King WIL-
“ LIAM III. beheld this formidable
“ Union of two Great, and once Rival
“ Monarchies. At the End of a Life
“ spent in defending the Liberties of
“ EUROPE, He saw them in their
“ greatest Danger. He provided for
“ their Security in the most effectual
“ Manner. He took the Duke of Marl-
“ borough into his Service.

“ Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary
“ To the States General of the United Provinces,

“ The Duke contracted several Al-
“ liances, before the Death of King Wil-
“ liam. He confirmed and improved
“ These, He contracted others, after the
“ Accession of Queen ANNE; and re-
“ united the Confederacy, which had
“ been dissolved at the End of a for-

“ mer War, in a stricter and firmer
“ League.

“ Captain General and Commander in Chief
“ Of the Forces of Great Britain,

“ The Duke led to the Field the Army
“ of the Allies. He took with surprising
“ Rapidity VENLO, RUREMONDE,
“ STEVENSWAERT, LIEGE. He
“ extended and secured the Frontiers of
“ the Dutch The Enemies, whom he
“ found insulting at the Gates of NI-
“ MEGHEN, were driven to seek for
“ Shelter behind their Lines. He forced
“ BONNE; HUY, LIMBOURG, in
“ another Campaign. He opened the
“ Communication of the RHINE, as
“ well as the MAES. He added all the
“ Country between these Rivers to his
“ former Conquests.

“ The Arms of FRANCE, favoured
“ by the Defection of the Elector of BA-
“ VARIA, had penetrated into the Heart
“ of the EMPIRE. This mighty Body
“ lay

“ lay exposed to immediate Ruin. In
 “ that memorable Crisis, the Duke of
 “ MARLBOROUGH led his Troops
 “ with unexampled Celerity, Secrecy,
 “ Order, from the OCEAN to the DA-
 “ NUBE. He saw, He attacked, nor
 “ stopped, but to conquer the Enemy.
 “ He forced the BAVARIANS, sustain-
 “ ed by the FRENCH, in their strong
 “ Entrenchments at SCHELLEN-
 “ BERG. He passed the DANUBE.
 “ A second Royal Army, composed of
 “ the best Troops of FRANCE, was sent
 “ to reinforce the first. That of the Con-
 “ federates was divided. With one Part
 “ of it the Siege of INGOLDSTADT
 “ was carried on : with the other, the
 “ Duke gave Battle to the united
 “ Strength of FRANCE & BAVARIA.
 “ On the second Day of August, one
 “ thousand seven hundred and four,
 “ He gained a more glorious Victory
 “ than the Histories of any Age can
 “ boast. The Heaps of slain were dread-

“ ful. Proofs of his Valour : A Marshall
“ of FRANCE, whole Legions of
“ FRENCH, his Prifoners, proclaimed
“ his Mercy. BAVARIA was subdued.
“ RATISBON, AUSBOURG, ULM,
“ MEMINGHEN, all the Ufurpations
“ of the Enemy were reftored. From
“ the DANUBE the Duke turned his
“ victorious Arms towards the RHINE,
“ and the MOSELLE. LANDAU,
“ TREVES, TRAERBACH were
“ taken. In the Courfe of one Cam-
“ paign the very Nature of the War
“ was changed. The Invaders of other
“ States were reduced to defend their
“ own. The Frontier of FRANCE
“ was expofed in its weakeft Part to the
“ Efforts of the Allies.

“ That He might improve this Ad-
“ vantage, that He might push the Sum
“ of Things to a speedy Decifion, the
“ Duke of MARLBOROUGH led his
“ Troops early in the following Year
“ once

“ once more to the MOSELLE. They
“ whom He had saved a few Months
“ before, neglected to second him now.
“ They who might have been His Com-
“ panions in Conquest, refused to join
“ him. When He saw the generous
“ Designs He had formed frustrated by
“ private Interest, by Pique, by Jealousy,
“ He returned with Speed to the MAES.
“ He returned, and Fortune and Victory
“ returned with Him. LIEGE was
“ relieved: HUY re-taken. The
“ FRENCH, who had pressed the Ar-
“ my of the STATES GENERAL
“ with superior Numbers, retired be-
“ hind Intrenchments which they deemed
“ impregnable. The Duke forced these
“ Intrenchments, with inconsiderable
“ Loss, on the seventh Day of July,
“ 1705. He defeated a great Part of
“ the Army which defended them. The
“ rest escaped by a precipitate Retreat.
“ If Advantages proportionable to
“ this Success were not immediately
“ obtained,

“ obtained, let the Failure be ascribed to
“ that Misfortune which attends most
“ Confederacies, a Division of Opinions
“ where one alone should judge, a Di-
“ vision of Powers where one alone
“ should command. The Disappoint-
“ ment itself did Honour to the Duke.
“ It became the Wonder of Mankind,
“ how he could do so much under those
“ Restraints which had hindered him
“ from doing more.

“ Powers more absolute were given
“ him afterwards, The Encrease of his
“ Powers multiplied his Victories. At
“ the opening of the next Campaign,
“ when all his Army was not yet assem-
“ bled, when it was hardly known that
“ he had taken the Field, the Noise of
“ his Triumphs was heard over EU-
“ ROPE. On the twelfth Day of May,
“ one thousand seven hundred and six,
“ he attacked the French at RAMEL-
“ LIES. In the Space of two Hours

“ their whole Army was put to Flight.
“ The Vigour and Conduct with which
“ he improved the Succes were equal to
“ those with which he gained it. LOU-
“ VAIN, BRUSSELS, MALINES,
“ LIERE, GHENT, OUDENARDE,
“ ANTWERP, DAMME, BRU-
“ GES, COURTRAY surrendered.
“ OSTEND, MENIN, DENDER-
“ MOND, AETH, were taken.
“ BRABANT and FLANDERS were
“ recovered. Places which had resisted
“ the greatest Generals for Months, for
“ Years ; Provinces disputed for Ages,
“ were the Conquests of a Summer.

“ Nor was the Duke content to tri-
“ umph alone. Solicitous for the ge-
“ neral Interest, his Care extended to
“ the remotest Scenes of the War. He
“ chose to lessen his own Army, that he
“ might enable the Leaders of other
“ Armies to conquer. To this must be
“ ascribed, that TURIN was relieved
“ the

“ the Duke of SAVOY reinstated, the
“ FRENCH driven with Confusion out
“ of ITALY.

“ These Victories gave the Confe-
“ derates an Opportunity of carrying the
“ War on every Side into the Dominions
“ of FRANCE. But she continued to
“ enjoy a Kind of peaceful Neutrality
“ in GERMANY. From ITALY,
“ she was once alarmed, and had no
“ more to fear. The entire Reduction
“ of this Power, whose Ambition had
“ caused, whose Strength supported the
“ War, seemed reserved to him alone,
“ who had so triumphantly begun the
“ glorious Work.

“ The Barrier of FRANCE on the
“ Side of the LOW COUNTRIES,
“ had been forming for more than half a
“ Century. What Art, Power, Expence
“ could do, had been done, to render
“ it impenetrable. Yet here she was
“ most exposed: for here the Duke of
“ MARL-

“ MARLBOROUGH threatened to
“ attack her.

“ To cover what they had gained by
“ Surprife, or had been yielded to them
“ by Treachery, the FRENCH marched
“ to the Banks of the SCHELDE. At
“ their Head were the Princes of the
“ Blood, and their most fortunate Ge-
“ neral the Duke of VENDOME.
“ Thus commanded, thus posted, they
“ hoped to check the Victor in his
“ Course. Vain were their Hopes. The
“ Duke of MARLBOROUGH passed
“ the River in their Sight. He defeated
“ their whole Army. The Approach of
“ Night concealed, the Proximity of
“ GHENT favoured their Flight. They
“ neglected nothing to repair their Loss,
“ to defend their Frontier. New Ge-
“ nerals, new Armies appeared in the
“ NETHERLANDS. All contributed
“ to enhance the Glory, none were able
“ to retard the Progress of the Confe-
“ derate Armies.

“ LISLE,

“ LISLE, the Bulwark of this Bar-
“ rier, was besieged. A numerous Gar-
“ rison and a Marshal of FRANCE
“ defended the Place. Prince EU-
“ GENE of SAVOY commanded, the
“ Duke of MARLBOROUGH covered
“ and sustained the Siege. The Rivers
“ were seized, and the Communication
“ with HOLLAND interrupted. The
“ Duke opened new Communications
“ with great Labour, and greater Art.
“ Through Countries over-run by the
“ Enemy, the necessary Convoys arrived
“ in Safety. One alone was attacked.
“ The Troops which attacked it were
“ beat. The Defence of LISLE was
“ animated by Assurances of Relief.
“ The FRENCH assembled all their
“ Force. They marched towards the
“ Town. The Duke of MARLBO-
“ ROUGH offered them Battle, without
“ suspending the Siege. They aban-
“ doned the Enterprize. They came to
“ save

“ save the Town : they were Specta-
“ tors of its Fall.

“ From this Conquest the Duke hasten-
“ ed to others.

“ The Posts taken by the Enemy on
“ the SCHELDE were surpris'd. That
“ River was pass'd the second Time,
“ and notwithstanding the great Prepa-
“ rations made to prevent it, without
“ Opposition. BRUSSELS, besieged by
“ the Elector of BAVARIA, was re-
“ liev'd. GHENT surrendered to the
“ Duke in the Middle of a Winter re-
“ markably severe. An Army, little
“ inferior to his own, march'd out of the
“ Place.

“ As soon as the Season of the Year
“ permitted him to open another Cam-
“ paign, the Duke besieged and took
“ Tournay. He invest'd Mons.
“ Near this City, the FRENCH Army,
“ cover'd by thick Woods, defend'd
“ by triple Entrenchments, wait'd to
“ molest

“ moleſt, nor preſumed to offer Battle.
 “ Even this was not attempted by them
 “ with Impunity. On the laſt Day of
 “ Auguſt one thouſand ſeven hundred and
 “ nine, the Duke attacked them in their
 “ Camp. All was employed, nothing
 “ availed againſt the Reſolution of ſuch
 “ a General, againſt the Fury of ſuch
 “ Troops. The Battle was bloody : the
 “ Event deciſive. The Woods were
 “ pierced : the Fortifications trampled
 “ down. The Enemy fled. The Town
 “ was taken.

“ DOWAY, BETHUNE, AIRE,
 “ St. VENANT, BOUCHAIN under-
 “ went the ſame Fate in two ſucceeding
 “ Years. Their vigorous Reſiſtance
 “ could not ſave them. The Army of
 “ FRANCE durſt not attempt to re-
 “ lieve them. It ſeemed preſerved to
 “ defend the Capital of the Monarchy.

“ The Proſpect of this extreme Dif-
 “ trefs was neither diſtant nor dubious.

“ The

“ The FRENCH acknowledged their
“ Conqueror, and sued for peace.

These are the Actions of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH,

Performed in the Compass of a few Years,

Sufficient to adorn the Annals of Ages.

The Admiration of other Nations

Will be conveyed to latest Posterity,

In the Histories even of the Enemies of BRITAIN.

The Sense which the BRITISH Nation had

Of his transcendent Merit,

was expressed

In the most solemn, most effectual, most durable Manner.

The ACTS of PARLIAMENT inscribed on this Pillar,

Shall stand as long as the BRITISH Name and Language last,

Illustrious Monuments

Of MARLBOROUGH's Glory,

and

Of BRITAIN's Gratitude.

Rows of stately trees describe a crescent on the east and west of this column ; but soon converging behind to a moderate breadth, and breaking into groups and clumps of different

L forms

forms and magnitudes, they form a charming vista to an almost undetermined length. Through this vista formerly lay the road conducting to the grand approach ; a straight reach of more than two miles, without much diversity in the objects, and with too great formality to please. It now takes a happier direction along the edge of the lake to QUEEN POOL, then enters a low bottom with noble steepes in distinct masses, the sides of which are adorned with pendent groves and clumps of different growths ; and slowly gaining the level, at last terminates in the parallel of the palace and pillar ; reaching the same point with the undeviating vista, which in its present application is a real embellishment.

The ancient Roman road, generally known by the appellation of

AKEMAN

AKEMAN STREET, crosses the vista from east to west ; and may be distinctly traced near the north lodge. Where the AKEMAN has been broken up, its materials appear to have been an immense congestion of rubble and stones, such as the vicinity supplied. Its ridge in many places is still entire, and exhibits a proof of the persevering industry, the indefatigable pains, and the public spirit of the Roman colonists. At a small distance beyond the park, and a little to the right of the AKEMAN, in the parish of STONESFIELD, a tessellated pavement was discovered in 1711, which was then generally supposed to be nothing more than the site of a Roman general's tent. In 1779, near the same spot, the areas of several other large apartments were found with curious tessella-

L 2

tions,

tions, and borders, at once admirable for beauty and device. Adjoining was a hypocaust, and a bath, and other remains of Roman architecture in brick of the most durable texture. These have been chiefly removed or demolished: however, considerable masses of the pavements are preserved by Thomas Walker of Hensington, Esq. and correct drawings of the whole, by Lewington, of Woodstock (who has saved copies), are in the possession of the Antiquary Society.

But this park is still more celebrated for its magnificent royal palace, commonly called the **MANOR HOUSE**, the favourite retreat of several kings of England at various periods, till the reign of Charles I. when the succeeding interval of civil dissension and anarchy, laid it almost wholly in ruins. It was not however wholly demolished,

lished, till after the building of Blenheim; when every trace of the ancient edifice was removed, and two fycamore trees were planted to mark its site. On entering the park from Woodstock, these present themselves on a bold elevation beyond the river, at a small distance from the bridge: their growth is luxuriant; their foliage of the most vivid green; they spread their broad arms on every side; and seem to guard the spot with religious veneration. Though their appearance is cheerful, though the pensive has no share in the picture; a philosophic mind can hardly view them without impressions more strong than the most splendid ruin could have excited. At the sight of a ruin, it is natural to indulge reflections on past scenes, to recal images of ancient grandeur, and to

connect what remains with what is lost. Here we cannot connect, but we may create.—Fancy is at liberty to raise the pile, to fashion its ornaments, and to adapt its appendages without a guide, and without control; and fancy will ever exceed realities.—We thus erect the visionary palace;—we people it with the gay, the illustrious, and the good, we listen to the voice of melody—we pourtray the sprightly dance, the proud levee;—at once they vanish; and we wake to the recollection of the vanity of art, and the ravages of time, which here shew their completest triumph. Of the regal dome, not a wreck remains; and where kings gave audience, and vassals knelt, the herds crop the velvet green.

Campos ubi Troja fuit.

This

This place can boast a very remote antiquity. History informs us, that King Ethelred, who began his reign in 866, held a parliament at Woodstock Palace; and Lambard, in his Collection of Saxon Laws, recites several statutes then and there enacted. His brother, the illustrious ALFRED, who mounted the throne in 872, not only occasionally resided at Woodstock, but, according to a MS. in the Cottonian library, spent so much of the little space here, in which he was disengaged from his numerous wars, that he translated *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*; and about the same time he is supposed to have founded the University of Oxford. Camden, in his Britannia, says that King Ethelred, father of Edward the Confessor, "Apud Woodstock olim ordinum conventum habuit, et leges tulit;"

that is, held a convention of the states at Woodstock, and passed laws. And from the censual roll, or survey made in the 18th year of William the Conqueror, commonly called Doomsday Book, it appears that Woodstock was then a borough, and that the demesnes were afforested. Rous, the historian, tells us, that this was the first park in England: in point of natural beauty and elegant embellishment, it still maintains priority! Dugdale seems to be of Rous's opinion; and William of Malmesbury, and others, inform, that King Henry I. furnished it with foreign wild beasts, which he procured from other princes, or bought up at a great expence. Certain it is, that this monarch at least beautified the palace, and surrounded the park with a wall, which in many places still remains: whether he
built

built them from the ground, is by no means so clear.

At the mention of Woodstock, the name of Henry II. naturally occurs: for who has not heard of HENRY and ROSAMOND! This celebrated beauty was daughter of Walter Lord Clifford. At the early age of fifteen, she possessed sufficient charms to captivate a warrior king, who seduced her from her friends, and contrived a bower for her reception, and a labyrinth by which her romantic retreat might communicate with the palace, and prevent any surprisal from the vindictive jealousy of his Queen. This precaution, however, is well known to have proved ineffectual; and the lovely frail one at length fell a victim to the resentment of the injured and the implacable Eleanor.

The

The manner of her discovery, and the kind of death she suffered, are variously related, and much disputed; and authentic history does not furnish us with a clue to unravel them. Rosamond was buried in the choir of Godstow nunnery, near Oxford, where a magnificent tomb was erected to her memory, surrounded with tapers continually burning; till the beginning of King Richard's reign, when Hugh Bishop of Lincoln, in his primary visitation, came to Godstow; and being offended at the extraordinary veneration he saw paid to a woman of her unfortunate description, burst into a fit of zeal, and ordered her remains to be removed, and deposited in a less sacred place. His injunction was complied with; and the nuns interred her in their chapter-house,

house, covering her grave with a flat stone, on which was inscribed no more than TOMBA ROSAMUNDI. What is now shewn for Rosamond's tomb, and some miserable verses recorded as her epitaph, are only inventions to amuse the credulous, and baits for the ignorant: at the dissolution of the monastery more important objects were obliterated, more singular circumstances consigned to oblivion.

Curiosity will be eager to be gratified with an account of her bower, her labyrinth, and her bath; circumstances so universally known by report, and so intimately connected with the scenes described,—Of the bower, there is neither history or drawing extant—of the labyrinth some traces are said to have been discovered,

covered, and some utensils, coins, and antiquities dug up, and presented to Lady Diana Spencer by the workmen, when the ground was leveling by order of the first Duke of Marlborough. The spring that must have supplied her bath, still remains and retains her name ; and is truly

“ Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.”

It is situated in a small dell in the side of the hill, a little to the westward of the grand bridge, and a few paces from the edge of the lake. It gushes from an artificial aperture in the stones which line the cavity on the north to a considerable elevation, with a fall of nearly two feet, and a copiousness and equability in every season, that few springs exceed. Scarcely has it smoothed its ruffled wave before it is received into a capacious bath, about five feet deep,
and

and twenty square, lined at the bottom and on the sides with freestone, and fenced with iron palisades. The water of the bath is so pellucid and tranquil, that it reflects objects like a mirror; and for this purpose poets and lovers have assigned it to beauty, which seems to be indigenous here.

The facing over the fall is formed of a dusky coloured stone; the layers terminate abruptly on the sides with the resemblance of a ruin; and the whole has the air of antiquity. To increase this appearance it bears many marks of the universal passion—the love of fame. This has prompted numbers to carve the initials of their names, and the year of the exploit, with characteristic rudeness, and with a seeming zeal for their preservation. In one part we see names which now, perhaps, have no other memorial; in
 another,

another, recent efforts to impress a remembrance by obliterating what former engravers have left as monuments of their existence. Thus it is in life! in the most important transactions, in the greatest performances.

In a solitude like this, where the subject and the scene are apt to inspire pensive thoughts, such traces are not unpleasing, they tend to promote one general effect, to which every circumstance here contributes—the love of contemplation. The hawthorn, mixed with woodbines and other shrubs, overhang the spring, and forms a deep irregular shade; the wandering ivy and its kindred plants clasp the stones that line the precipice, and fill up the fissures and interstices with their roots. Behind rises a grove, which is rapidly thickening

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ing its gloom, and assisting to render the spot more sequestered. The birds carol around; the nightingale, perhaps, pours forth her plaintive notes; and the dashing of the water unites with the reverberations of the neighbouring echo to cherish a soothing melancholy. When this mood has been indulged till relief becomes desirable, we may turn to the Palace. The aspect on this hand is more cheerful and open. The sombre, however, still prevails, particularly at even; it is inseparable from the season and the spot. The following inscription was penned under its influence, on a report that an urn was intended to be erected over the spring; if the verse should be neglected, let the moral be remembered!

INSCRIP-

I N S C R I P T I O N .

Ye Fair ! who tread in Pleasure's mazy Round,
Where many a Snare, and many a Gulph is found ;
For once reflect ! with pensive Step draw nigh,
And let this Moral gain th' attentive eye :
“ Birth, Titles, Fortune,—all that Fate can give,
“ Or the most favour'd of your Sex receive ;
“ Youth's blooming Grace, ev'n Rosamonda's charms,
“ All that delights, or captivates and warms,
“ Weigh'd in the Scale 'gainst Virtue are but vain,—
“ Link'd with fair Virtue, deathless Wreaths obtain
“ While Vice lives only in the Roll of Fame,
“ To wake your Pity, or to warn from Shame ! ”

At Woodstock Palace, Henry II. received the homage of Malcolm King of Scotland, and Rice Prince of Wales, in 1164 ; and likewise conferred the honour of knighthood on Jeffery surnamed Plantagenet, his second

cond son by the fair Rosamond. The nuptials of the Lady Ermengard, daughter of Richard Viscount Beaumont, cousin to Henry, with WILLIAM King of Scotland, were also celebrated here with the utmost magnificence for four successive days.

EDMUND, the second son of Edward I. was born at this place, from thence called Edmund of Woodstock; as well as EDWARD, eldest son of Edward III. commonly known by the appellation of the Black Prince, whose early valour and brilliant exploits, joined to the most polished and conciliating manners, endear his memory to every lover of his country. This gallant prince, who died at the age of 46, is said once to have resided at the mansion anciently called PRINCE'S PLACE, now Dr. Mavor's academy. Woodstock is likewise the

M birth

birth place of THOMAS, the sixth son of Edward III. surnamed in history from the site of his nativity.

CHAUCER, the father of English poetry, spent some of his happiest hours at Woodstock; and if we make allowance for the rust of age, and the obsolete modes of diction that now obscure his works, no one has ever equalled him in the various walks of poetry he adopted. Chaucer's house was situated at the right angle of the area before the triumphal gate which has been previously mentioned: the site is at present occupied by Mr. Prior; and though few remains of antiquity are now to be traced, the traveller of taste never fails to eye the spot with a fond enthusiasm: he venerates the residence of original genius; and blames that
spirit

spirit of improvement which has obliterated vestiges, that ought to have been deemed sacred by every Briton. Several writers of reputation mention a huge folio of his works in MS. chained to a reading desk in his house, and which is said to have been extant in the beginning of the present century, or the end of the last: that it once existed we have no doubt; but the precise time when it disappeared, and what has become of it, are totally unknown.

Akenfide's inscription for a statue of the ancient bard, though his memory does not stand in need of such frail memorials, nor is likely to obtain them, will not be improperly subjoined, nor appear inapplicable to the purpose for which it was intended.

Such was old CHAUCER, such the placid mien
 Of him who first with harmony inform'd
 The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
 For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
 Have often heard him while his legends blithe
 He sang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
 Of homely life, thro' each estate and age
 The fashions and the follies of the world
 With cunning hand pourtraying. Tho' perchance
 From BLENHEIM'S towers, O stranger! thou art
 come

Glowing with CHURCHILL'S trophies, yet in vain
 Dost thou applaud them if thy breast be cold
 To him this other hero, who in times
 Dark and untaught began with charming verse
 To tame the rudeness of his native land.

With regard to the former celebrity
 of this place we may add, that the
 Princess ELIZABETH was confined at
 Woodstock by her cruel sister Queen
 Mary ;

Mary; and her life was once in the most imminent danger, from a fire that broke out under the room where she slept; but whether this fire was kindled intentionally, or merely through accident, remains among the number of undeveloped mysteries with which the path of antiquity is strewn. While here, she is reported to have shed tears on seeing a milk-maid, singing, pass before the window of her prison, and to have expressed a wish that she had been born to a situation as humble and as happy; a circumstance on which the elegant and plaintive Shenstone has beautifully enlarged.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
 Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;
 Cowslips all around her springing,
 Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair ;
Never breast with jewels laden,
Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent Heaven had granted
Me some rural damsel's part !
All the empire I had wanted
Then, had been my shepherd's heart.

The following verses were written with charcoal on the window shutter of the room where she was confined. They are the composition of a great Queen, and derive their chief merit from this peculiarity.

Oh Fortune ! how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt,
Witness this present prison whither Fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedst the guiltie to be losed
From bands wherein are innocents inclosed ;

Causing

Causing the guiltles to be straites reserved,
And freeing those that death well deserved ;
But by her malice can be nothing wroughte,
So God fend to my foes all they have thoughte.

ELIZABETH PRISONER.

Anno Dom. 1555.

During the time of the civil wars, the Palace, as has been previously mentioned, suffered irreparable damage, chiefly by the mercenary and rapacious disposition of the usurper and his dependents, by whom part of the very materials were exposed to sale in 1653. The commissioners who assembled here in 1649, by order of the Rump Parliament, to survey the royal property, and had taken up their residence in the king's apartments, were terribly alarmed by supposed spirits, which incessantly
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disturbed their rest during their stay ; but the real actor in this farce, was one Joe Collins, since called the merry devil of Woodstock, though at that time dignified with the epithet of Just. This man, it seems, was a royalist, and anxious to impress the commissioners with an idea of supernatural agency against their proceedings ; and perhaps their own consciences aided the imposture.

A circumstance of this kind would have been deemed unworthy regard, had it not been to introduce a remark on the triumph of true philosophy, and the decline of superstition. A learned doctor, a professor in the University, in the reign of Charles II. fills several pages of his book on Natural History with a detail of the pranks of this imaginary demon, among other reveries as ridiculous,
which

which at this period would disgrace the belief of anility. What a pleasing revolution ! Science is now no longer obscured by barbarous hypotheses, nor true religion sullied, by faith in demons licensed to range, and witches permitted to torment.

W O O D S T O C K .

THE borough of WOODSTOCK is situated on an eminence, near the banks of the Glyme, and enjoys every local advantage. It is governed by a mayor, aldermen, and common council; and returns two burgeses to serve in parliament.

The immunities and franchises conferred on this corporation, by the
favour

favour of our ancient sovereigns, are pretty considerable: in particular, Queen Elizabeth was a great benefactor; and if it were not invidious to exhibit living characters to public view, Woodstock might now boast of a patron, whose munificence eclipses that of all the kings and queens that ever honoured it with their residence. The town-hall and the church will be lasting monuments of liberality in expence,—of utility in its application!

The inns furnish the best entertainment and accommodation to travellers. The inhabitants manufacture steel and gloves to a very considerable extent; and in both branches, the peculiar excellence of their fabrics has gained them distinguished pre-eminence. In one respect, they
have

have left the fable of Midas no longer an object of wonder : at their touch the old nails of a horse-shoe are converted into articles of infinitely greater price, according to their weight, than the purest gold.

About thirty years ago, in pulling down an old building near the church, several pieces of ancient coin were found, and among them two of the Emperor VESPASIAN, with this inscription round the head, in characters very legible and neat, " VESPASIANUS ROM. IMP. AUG. On the reverse JUDÆA CAPTA. The Romans indubitably had several stations in this vicinity : Alesti Castra, or ALCHESTER on the Akeman, was less than ten miles distant ; and the tessellated pavement near Stonesfield is an unquestionable vestige of that
 once

once potent nation. But this is not intended as a work on antiquities—if it were, the field is open : yet who would prefer exploring the earth for urns, rusty coins, and half obliterated castrametations, to the contemplation of living art and blooming nature, arrayed in their gayest dress, and captivating with their brightest charms !



F I N I S.



