





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation















A TOUR  
THROUGH THE  
NORTHERN COUNTIES  
OF  
ENGLAND,  
AND THE  
BORDERS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE  
*Rev<sup>d</sup>. Richard Warner.*

In Two Vols.—Vol. II.

Σα γαρ εστι κειν η παντα.

“Creation’s Tenant, all the world is thine!”



BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL;  
AND SOLD BY  
G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1802.

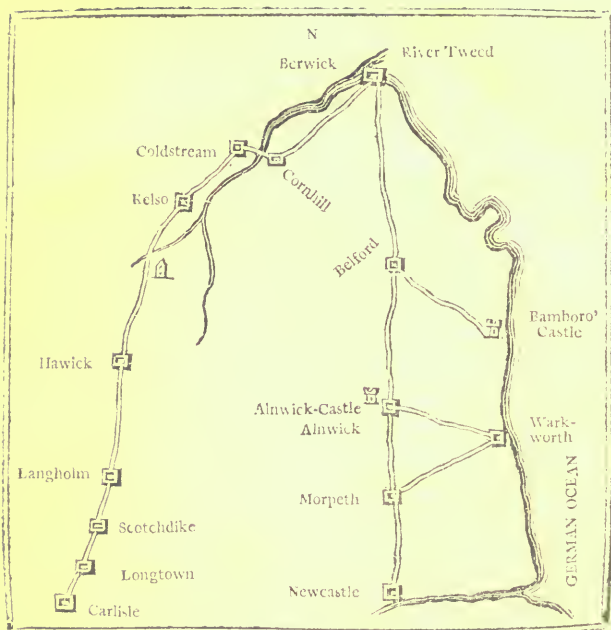


625  
W247  
V. 2

ITINERARY.

	Mile-
	Brought on 381
From Newcastle to Morpeth .....	14
Warkworth .....	16
Alnwick .....	7
Belford .....	15
Bamborough-Castle, and back .....	10
Berwick .....	15
Cornhill .....	12
Coldstream .....	2
Kelso .....	9
Hawick .....	22
Lanholm .....	22
Scotch-Dyke .....	8
Longtown .....	4
Carlisle .....	10
Gilsland, Naworth, and back .....	40
Wetherall, Corby, and back .....	10
Penrith, by Armathwaite, &c. ....	24
Excursion to Haweswater, &c. ....	20
Ulswater, &c. and back .....	28
Brougham-Castle, &c. and back .....	6
Keswick .....	18
Borrowdale; &c. and back .....	16
Buttermere, &c. ....	24
Grasmere .....	13
Sir Michael Le Fleming's, Troutbeck, &c. ....	20
Low-Wood .....	5

	Miles.
Brought over	771
To Ulverstone, by Winandermere, Coniston, &c.	29
Lancaster, over the Sands .....	20
Garstang .....	11
Preston .....	11
Chorley .....	10
Manchester .....	22
Worsley .....	7
Altringham .....	9
Northwich .....	12
Sandbach .....	11
Lawton .....	5
Burslem .....	6
Etruria .....	2
Newcastle .....	1
Drayton, by Trentham .....	18
Hawkestone, and the Park .....	15
Shifnall, by Coalbrook-Dale, Bridgnorth, and Appleby .....	38
Wolverhampton, by Ferry and Patteshull	18
Birmingham .....	17
Kenilworth .....	17
Warwick .....	5
Stratford .....	8
Halford .....	8
Stow-on-the-Wold .....	15
Burford .....	10
Lechlade .....	10
Swindon .....	12
Abury .....	12
Calne .....	8
Bath .....	19
	<hr/>
Total	1157



## LETTER V.

To WILLIAM JOHNSTON, Esq;

DEAR SIR,

*Carlisle, July 6<sup>th</sup>, 1701.*

**T**HAT private misfortunes are sometimes public blessings, is an axiom which does not require to be corroborated by the example of Newcastle, otherwise we might offer this town as an instance of its truth. Situated almost upon the borders of the two kingdoms, it was perpetually

exposed in early times to the alarms of attack, and the violences of incursions; and more than once had felt the horrible effects of that rooted antipathy which always subsisted between the inhabitants of the northern counties of England, and the southern ones of Scotland; an antipathy which evinced itself in every opportunity that offered, of committing violation and atrocity, on the person or property of the adverse party. In one of the predatory incursions of the Scots into the town of Newcastle, then unprovided with walls to resist a foe, it happened that a rich citizen was taken out of his bed in the midst of the town by the marauding party, and carried prisoner into Scotland. Having ransomed himself for a large sum of money, and returned to his home, he determined to provide against a second surprise of the same nature, by persuading the citizens to fortify the place with walls, and a fosse; himself setting an example of public spirit by aiding the work from his own coffers. The burgeses had wisdom enough to see the utility of the plan, and seconded it with great liberality; so that about fifteen years after the commencement of the work, Newcastle was provided with as compleat fortifications as any place in the kingdom; being surrounded by a wall two miles in length, strengthened with several towers,

and accommodated with seven gates; a defence that secured the town from pillage for nearly four centuries, and enabled it to resist for two months the heavy siege of the Scotch army under the Earls of Callander and Leven, who at length were obliged to take it by storm.

Great part of the walls and some of the towers remain; but their condition is so beastly, as to prevent investigation, and almost approach. Like all other places that were rich and secure, New castle had its proportion of monks and nuns in the Roman Catholic times, the “*fruges consumere nati;*” and Benedictines, and Camelites, white friars and black friars, Fransiscans and Dominicans, Augustines and Cistercians, swarmed in its streets. A part of the grey priory still remains, though incorporated with a modern house, the mansion of the late Sir William Blanket. It is remarkable as having been the residence of the famous Duns Scotus, the *doct̄or subtilis* of the schools; the theatre of his inexplicable reasonings and invisible distinctions, faculties which acquired him much renown in his day, when men were satisfied with sound instead of sense, with words in the lieu of ideas. But the liberality of individuals at New castle was not entirely confined to the encouragement of idleness and sensuality in the persons of

monks, many more liberal institutions were established there, for the protection of the distressed, and the relief of the diseased; for the redemption of the captive; the solace of the stranger in his wanderings; the sustenance of the aged and unbeneficed clergy; and the interment of the poor. These, indeed, ceased to exist, when the causes for which they were instituted ceased to operate; but in their stead several noble foundations have arisen, the *asyla* of wretchedness under every shape of mental and bodily infirmity—the General Infirmary, the Lying-in Hospital, the Lunatic Asylum, the Keelmen's Hospital, the Hospitals for the Aged, and the Charity Schools. The first of these receives from ninety to one hundred invalids, and affords them assistance and support, till their pains be removed, and their vigour restored. Its funds indeed are small, but the deficiency is handsomely made up by the ready contributions of the inhabitants. An exemplary neatness, regularity, and cleanliness mark the extreme attention paid to the institution in all its departments. Two beautiful anatomical preparations, of full grown subjects, bear ample evidence to the skill of Mr. George Davidson, of Newcastle, formerly surgeon to this establishment. Convenient baths, both hot and cold, with every accommodation for the invalid,



and agreeable garden-grounds; around them, contribute to the health and pleasure of the inhabitants of the town, whose amusements are diversified by balls and races. And a general taste for reading, and an increase of literary information are diffused over it, by means of a good public library, well stocked with books, and liberally supported: a very desirable institution in every large and money-getting town, not only on account of the gradual growth of knowledge that results from it, but also of that extension of urbanity, liberality, and softness of manners, which are ever found to accompany a taste for letters; the best corrector of the pride of the purse, and the scornful reproof of the wealthy.

Of the other public buildings, the most remarkable are—the Exchange, and St. Nicholas's church; the former presenting a good front towards the river, of the architecture of James 1st's time, the other affording in its tower a specimen of singular and beautiful masonry. From each of the pinnacled corners of the square of this tower springs a rib or section of an arch, meeting a similar one which rises from the opposite angle in the centre, where the four unite, and support a beautiful open lanthorn, with frost-work pinnacles at its corners, and a lofty spire in its centre. An

ingenious architect in the reign of Henry VI. by name Robert Rhodes, is said to have constructed this tower. It is two hundred feet high, and, I believe, may be considered an *unique* in its kind. Certain it is, nothing can exceed the lightness, airiness, and beauty of its plan; an effect which so pleased Ben Johnson, that he was tempted to forget the dignity of poetry, and make the following nonsensical riddle on the steeple:

“ My altitude high, my body four square,  
 “ My foot in the grave, my head in the air;  
 “ My eyes in my sides, five tongues in my womb,  
 “ Thirteen hands on my body; four images alone;  
 “ I can direct you where the wind doth stay,  
 “ And I tune God’s precepts twice a day;  
 “ I am seen where I am not, I am heard where I is not;  
 “ Tell me now what I am, and see that ye miss not.”

On quitting Newcastle, we touched upon the famous Piets’ wall, a boundary I should take an opportunity of describing to you at present, did not the prospect offer of a fairer one for that purpose, on my return to the South, where an investigation of this ancient remain is intended to make one object of our attention. At present you must allow me to lead you towards Morpeth, by an excellent road, admiring in our way Gosforth-Hall, the seat of Mr. Brandon, four miles from New-

castle; and Blagdon-Grange, the elegant seat of Sir Matthew W. Ridley, five miles further to the north. With this all ornamental scenery ceased, till we descended into the pleasing town of Morpeth, seated so snugly in a deep valley as not to unfold its beauties till it be nearly entered. These chiefly arise from the river Wanspek, who plays round the town in a sweeping direction, throwing up his well-wooded banks into the most picturesque forms. The small remains also of its old castle, lying to the south of the town, give rise to a pleasing association of ideas, and testify the former importance of the place. But whatever its consequence might have been in ancient times, it certainly has fairer pretensions to the gratitude of society at present than at any former period; since the cattle-market of Morpeth yields only to that of Smithfield, in the quantity of beasts exposed for sale every Wednesday. Three, four, and even five thousand sheep are frequently exhibited here on market-days, and an equal proportion of black cattle; which, purchased by butchers who come forty, fifty, or sixty miles for the purpose, are driven up the country as far as Yorkshire; and again disposed of at Wakefield market, (see an immense district to the westward of that town). The population of Morpeth is about four thousand.

As we continued our progress through Northumberland, the excellent system of husbandry, which has obtained to its farmers the praise of superior skill in agriculture, refreshed our eyes most agreeably, after the slovenly culture of the coal country from which we had passed. But specious as the appearances were, we could not but lament, that beneath it lay the seeds of national evil and general oppression. The Northumberland estates, are divided into *large* farms, from 500l. per annum to the enormous yearly rent of 6000l. The consequence of this practice is, that, although by these means the husbandry may be more excellent, as the farmer's capital and means of improvement are greater; yet, on the other hand, monopoly is rendered easier, and the public are consequently at the mercy of a few men, who, as experience has fatally convinced us, know not how to make an honest use of any advantage that circumstances may place in their power. Three or four farmers that occupy a district of country of many miles in extent, have the compleat command of the adjoining markets; and by confederating together, (a thing of the utmost ease when the number concerned is so small) can at any time either *starve* their neighbours, or oblige them to purchase subsistence at a price so unattainable as almost amounts

to a privation of it. Their capitals (the result of these accumulated profits, which formerly diffused themselves amongst a number of *little* farmers) prevent them from being under the necessity of selling *immediately*; and knowing full well, that when the competition is between the *wants* of the purchasers and their own ability of *holding out*, the former must give way first; they quaff their wine contentedly from market to market, till the consumer be at length *obliged* to agree to those terms which the humane and patriotic junto may have previously determined upon. But this is not the only evil resulting from large farms; an additional one has arisen of late years in that host of Harpies called *middle-men*, the intermediate purchasers between the farmer and the public.

Taking grain in the wholesale way of the former, who find it more convenient to dispose of their crops to *one* than to many persons, the mealmen deal it out again to the miller and baker at a considerable advance; and thus the great article of life comes to the consumer loaded with an additional charge, independently of the excessive grievance of another set of confederates being produced, whose existence depends on their keeping up the price of grain. The rapid fortunes made by these miscreants are the best proofs of the extent of their pillage.

Excellent, however, as the husbandry of Northumberland may be, the produce is by no means equivalent to the skill and care of the farmer; the soil being for the most part poor and shallow, the air cold, and the climate ungenial. Heavy fogs and boisterous winds frequently disfigure the face of the sky. Capricious as the weather of our island in general is, yet in Northumberland it seems to wear a peculiar inconstancy. Amongst other inconveniences, that deformed child of the ocean, called there the *sea-fret*, may perhaps be reckoned the most disagreeable; a thick and heavy mist, generated on the ocean, rolling from that grand reservoir of atmospheric discomforts—the East, and deforming the fair face of a day smiling perhaps in sunshine, with a mantle of mist, dark, damp, and chilling; starving the body with its penetrating cold, and shedding a baneful influence on the spirits of those who are unaccustomed to the Bœotian atmosphere. The uncomfortable sensations which it produced in us, brought to my recollection a similar phænomenon and its effects, proceeding from the same quarter, experienced at Barcelona, the only inconvenience of that delightful climate; where this sea-born monster is seen hovering over the waves for three or four days, approaching to and receding from the shore alternately, as if to sport with the terrors of the

inhabitants, and at length spreading itself over the land, in “darkness that may be felt;” and producing in every living creature which it infolds within its noxious embrace, an irritability that discovers itself in general peevishness and ill-humour for four or five days, the term of its customary duration. Not that the sea-fret is followed by the like effects in Northumberland, since the general character of its inhabitants is kindness of manners, benevolence of heart, and unbounded hospitality in their mode of living. Of a piece with the climate is the face of the country, naked and unpicturesque; nor did we meet with a single pleasing spot from Morpeth to Warkworth, after we had passed the first milestone from the former, to which distance the road, pursuing the course of the river Wanspeck, afforded us a beautiful view in the murmuring stream and lofty-wooded banks.

As we approached Warkworth, the sea opened to the right, and spread before us its flat coast and faithless sand-banks, the scene of many a midnight wreck. At this point, where we first caught a view of the world of waters, a little to the right-hand of our road stands the newly-built mansion called Withrington-Castle, belonging to Sir George Warren, on the spot where stood the ancient mansion of that gallant family; a family celebrated in

the Borderers' conflicts, whose fame is immortalized by one of the oldest heroical ballads in our language, in which the gallantry of the lord of this domain at that time is commemorated in the following lines:

“ For Withrington my heart was woe,  
 “ That ever he slain should be;  
 “ For when both his legs were hewn in two,  
 “ He kneel'd and fought on his knee.”

The whole country, indeed, the further we proceeded northwards, manifested the burning jealousies and perpetual alarms that had subsisted anciently between its inhabitants and those of the southern Scotch counties, in the many fortified dwellings scattered over the face of it. Warkworth, amongst other places, had its castle, the august remains of which are one of its proudest boasts.

The ancient principal seat of the puissant Earls of Northumberland, Warkworth-Castle, unites in itself dignity, strength, and beauty; and presents, in its remaining keep, a very compleat specimen of Gothic military architecture. Of this fortress old John Harding, the rhyming chronicler of England, was once appointed the constable, when Roger Umfraville enjoyed it for a short time in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. during the temporary eclipse of the Percy family. Seated



upon a knoll at the south end of the town, it bears its turrets high above all the humble dwellings around, looking over their crouching heads upon the beautiful fringed banks of the Cocquet, that, pursuing a winding course, almost insulates the town at high tides. Half a mile up this romantic river is found the *Hermitage*, to be visited in a boat, which is kept by a man who lives in and shews the castle. The introduction to this sequestered spot, over the still surface of a gently winding river hemmed in by banks, where rock and wood, meadow and glade, present themselves in most picturesque combination, is extremely happy, and well calculated to encourage those tender emotions which the perusal of Percy's beautiful poem, that we carried in our hands, had awakened. Slowly rowing up the stream, (for its beauties were not to be passed hastily by) we at length landed on the holy ground, under a perpendicular face of rock, approaching so closely to the stream as to admit only a narrow path between the two. This is darkened by thickly-planted trees, through whose shades we proceeded about one hundred yards, and found ourselves at the foot of a rude flight of stone steps, over which a huge ash threw its broad shade, adding solemnity to the features around. Ascending them, we were conducted to a series of

small apartments, the scene (as it is said) of the hermit's devotions; consisting of a vestibule, a chapel of fourteen feet long, chisselled in a good stile of the Gothic, its roof groined; and provided with an altar at the eastern end, near which lie two carved images of a man and woman, devoutly believed to be the effigies of Sir Bertram and his lady. Some obscure traditions exist, which Dr. Percy has made the foundation of his interesting tale, but they are of too vague a nature to be considered in the light of true history. Dr. Tanner says, that Bishop Fernham, about the year 1256, founded this hermitage, and placed in it two Benedictine monks from Durham. The other decorations are a shield over the northern door, sculptured with the figure of our Saviour upon the cross; the *quinque stigmata*; and an inscription in the Gothic character over the southern door. This portal connects the chapel with a long narrow excavation, called the sacristy or confessional. The hermit's residence was above these apartments, in a little stone edifice now dilapidated; and higher still lay his sequestered garden, running along a ledge of the rock, and reached by a series of steps hewn out of its face; embosomed in trees, and impervious to every human eye. It required no great effort of the imagination (influenced by all

the impressive accompaniments of the adjoining scenery) to picture the holy man in this his sacred retirement pacing the shaded walk, and breathing out his soul in such sentiments as these:

“ Blest be the Hand Divine, that gently laid  
 “ My heart at rest, beneath this solemn shade;  
 “ The world’s a stately bark, on dang’rous seas,  
 “ With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril.  
 “ Here, on a single plank, thrown safe on shore,  
 “ I hear the tumult of the distant throng,  
 “ As that of seas remote, or dying storms;  
 “ And meditate on scenes more silent still,  
 “ Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.  
 “ Here, like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,  
 “ Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,  
 “ Eager Ambition’s fiery chace I see:  
 “ I see the circling hunt of noisy men  
 “ Burst law’s inclosure, burst the bounds of right,  
 “ Pursuing and pursu’d, each other’s prey;  
 “ As wolves for rapine, as the fox for wiles;  
 “ Till Death, that mighty hunter, carth them all.

Very different from this scene of abstraction, where all is calculated to inspire humility, and excite devotion, was the proud edifice of Alnwick-Castle, to which we hastened on quitting Warkworth; an immense building, crowning a lofty mound, the outward walls including an extent of five acres. The hostile purposes for which it was originally erected are pointed out by the singular ornaments that surmount its turrets; figures in stone,

as large as life, representing combatants in every situation of military defence; some in the act of heaving down stones on the assailants, others of discharging arrows, wielding battle-axes, and casting javelins. Early in the Saxon times (if not whilst the Romans continued in that kingdom) Alnwick-Castle appears to have been built, though not upon its present extensive scale; nor was its importance sufficient to entitle it to historical record till the Norman æra, when, in the reign of Rufus, Malcolm III. lost his life in attempting to possess himself of it. Already had the garrison consumed all their provisions; and, dispirited with hunger, and hopeless of succour, were on the point of beating a surrender, when a gallant soldier, named Hamond, determined to make an effort for the salvation of his comrades. Armed *cap-a-pic*, and bearing the keys of the castle on the point of his spear, he rode towards the Scottish camp, as if to present them to the king. Malcolm, delighted with the unexpected event, ran hastily out of his tent unarmed to receive them; when Hamond suddenly drawing his dagger, plunged it into the monarch's heart, and clapping spurs to his horse, rushed into the river, swam the ford, and escaped into the castle. The death of Edward, the eldest son of the deceased king, (who, in the bitterness of anguish, exposed

himself incautiously to the weapons of the garrison, in order to revenge the murder of his father) completed their triumph, and insured their safety; for the Scotch army, in despair at their twofold loss, quitted the siege, and marched directly home. But the laurels of Caledonia were doomed to experience another rude blow before the towers of Alnwick-Castle; where, in the twelfth century, her king William III. surnamed the Lion, was taken prisoner while laying siege to it; and condemned to deplore his ill success in a prison of Normandy, whither he was sent to King Henry II.

Situated so near those scenes of perpetual animosity and bloodshed, the bordering counties, Alnwick-Castle partook largely of the confusion which characterized that district, until the advancement of James I. to the English throne created a sort of union between the two countries, which lessened the frequency, and weakened the violence, of the contentions on the borders. Its annals record a variety of military adventures, of which it was the theatre; but none more remarkable than the removal of a whole garrison, consisting of three hundred Lancastrians, to the extreme disappointment and surprise of the army of Yorkists, who were investing the fortress, with the certainty of its falling into their hands.

Margaret, unconquerable by disaster, after the loss of the battle of Towton, losing all regard for her own personal safety in her anxious care for her adherents, engaged George Douglas Earl of Angus in the desperate attempt of removing the garrison from Alnwick, in the face of the enemy's forces. Advancing with a large body of Scotch horse, he drew up in order of battle before the English, who immediately made arrangements for the conflict. Whilst they were entirely engaged in these preparations, Douglas drew up a select body of his stoutest troopers to a back gate, out of which the garrison issued; and each soldier mounting behind a horseman rode off securely from the castle, concealed from the sight of the English by the intervening array. Douglas having effected his purpose drew off his forces in good order, leaving the assailants at liberty to take possession of the deserted fortress.

In its present splendid state, fitted up at the immense expence of 200,000*l.* Alnwick-Castle can afford but a faint idea of its appearance in the feudal ages; when it was dark and inconvenient, with every thing contrived for security, and nothing done for the sake of elegance. Under its present highly improved form, however, it must be confessed, that every thing has been made as congruous to ancient *costume* as possible; and all within and without

the mansion point out the judgment as well as taste of Messrs. Adams and Paine, who were employed to regenerate this magnificent place. The dwelling apartments form a castellated fabric, raised upon an artificial mound in the centre of the inclosed area. These consist of the *state bed-chambers*, magnificently fitted up; the grand *stair-case*, singular but beautiful in plan, expanding like a lady's fan, and ornamented with a chain of escutcheons running round the cornices, displaying one hundred and twenty quarterings and intermarriages of the Percy family; the *saloon*, an apartment forty-two feet long, thirty-seven feet wide, and twenty high; the *drawing-room*, a large oval, forty-seven feet by thirty-five, and twenty-two high; the *dining-room*, fifty-four feet by twenty, finished in a style of Gothic, superlatively beautiful; the *library*, sixty-four feet long and twenty-three feet wide, in the same happy and appropriate manner; and the *chapel*, an apartment in which expence has reached its utmost limits. It is fifty feet long, twenty-one wide, and twenty-two high, and presents such a dazzling picture of Gothic decoration as is not, perhaps, to be equalled in the kingdom. The great window of York Minster has been chosen as the model of the eastern one, the ceiling of King's-College chapel for the pattern of the ceiling, and

the painting and gilding of the mouldings and stucco are taken from those of the great church at Milan. We regretted that some of the ornaments were not as appropriate as elegant, and did not suspect ourselves of Puritanism, when we found our minds revolt at a sumptuous marble sarcophagus, dedicated to the memory of the late Duchess, and inscribed with her thousand titles, serving the purpose of *an altar*; and saw the walls of the apartment covered with armorial bearings, and genealogical tables of the illustrious family in whose possession the mansion has been so long, and at present is. It is not indeed the only instance in which we find religion and heraldry associated; but certainly the frequency of its occurrence can never make the *humility* of the *creature* and the *pride* of the *noble* congruous with each other.

The park of Alnwick, though for the most part naked of large timber, and borrowing almost all its shade from the plantations of the last Duke, offers occasionally some very fine views, as well as a pleasant ride round its boundary, which extends thirteen miles through a tract of country wisely applied to agricultural purposes, instead of being wasted in a deer-range. Not that it wants its ornaments; a pleasing one of ancient days, Haime-Alley, founded in 1240 for Carmelite friars, by



Ralph Frisburn, is seen in the bottom, watered by the little river Aln, that flows through the park; and a grand modern Gothic tower, called Briesley's tower, of a circular form, one hundred feet high, crowns the summit of a hill, and affords a view of wonderful extent, including many august objects in a clear day—Edinburgh-Castle to the northward; Tynemouth-Castle, in an opposite direction; Bamborough and Warkworth Castles to the eastward; and the long line of the Grampian and Cheviot hills, and their circumjacent wastes: the scene of that great hunting of old, whose bloody termination has been recorded in the well-known popular ballad of "Chevy-Chace;" a tract formerly famous for game and timber, but now equally bare of wood, and despoiled of stags and roes.

On our return to Alnwick from the park, we passed a little free-stone monument, with an inscription upon it that commemorates the spot and the nature of William the King of Scotland's disaster and shame:

William the Lion, King of Scotland, being at Alnwick-Castle, was here taken prisoner 1174.

Another monument of former warfare occurs near the town on the road to Belford—a beautiful cross, with the following inscription, which points out the occasion of its erection:

“Malcolm III. King of Scotland, besieging Alnwick-Castle, was slain here Nov. 13, anno 1093. King Malcolm’s Cross, decayed by time, was restored by his descendant Eliza Duchess of Northumberland, 1774.”

Alnwick itself has little beauty, being straggling and irregular. A few vestiges of its former walls are visible, and the late Duke’s munificence is manifested in some modern public edifices in the Gothic style. The customs of this borough were formerly many and curious; one only remains now, but sufficiently singular in its nature to be mentioned. The candidate for the few existing rights attaching to a freeman in this disused borough has to pass through a purgatory little less alarming than the initiatory rites to the greater mysteries of *Eleusis*: clad in a white garment, he is led to a little stream which runs across a road on the town side, anciently called the Forest of Aidon, whose waters are deepened for the purpose by a dam thrown across them, and bottom rendered as unequal and rugged as possible, by holes being dug, and stones cast therein. All these accommodating arrangements are made by a man who lives near the stream, and exacts five shillings from each of the freemen for his trouble. Through this water, without the aid of stick or staff, the candidate is to find his way; and provided he effect

this without breaking his legs, he is then condemned to an *equestrian* adventure equally perilous: to ride round the manor, after changing his clothes, accompanied by two of the oldest inhabitants of the borough as his guides, a distance of ten miles, over a road rugged with precipices, deformed with bog, and obstructed with briar. If he do all this, *and live*, he becomes a freeman of Alwrick.

An unbounded view of the Eastern Sea, or German Ocean, accompanied us as we journeyed on towards Belford, over a road unquestionably the best in England. But previously to visiting that town, we had determined to deviate to the right to Bamborough-Castle, which has been rendered accessible from the Alwrick turnpike by a new road, three miles to the south of Belford. Standing upon a rock on the sea-shore, almost perpendicular, with which its foundations have been incorporated, and only approachable on the south-east, the strength and situation of Bamborough-Castle have enabled it to resist all the rigours of the elements, and all the assaults of war, for twelve or thirteen centuries; and to preserve to the present day some features of early Saxon military architecture. If we may give credit to some of our ancient historians, a city as well as a castle flourished here in the fifth century, which was afterwards besieged and taken

by Penda, the king of Mercia whose powers of destruction were able to wrap the former in ruin, but were baffled by the rocky strength of the latter. From being the residence of the Northumbrian kings, it became a chief fortress of the earls of that county; but was forced from them in 1095, by William Rufus, who formally besieged, and after much difficulty took the place. In the crown it continued till the reign of James I. who granted it to John Forster. The bill of attainder that dispossessed his descendant Thomas of his property in 1715, again vested Bamborough-Castle in the Crown, from whence it was purchased by Thomas's maternal uncle, Nathaniel Crewe Bishop of Durham. This was the era when the true dignity of our fortress commenced; when bidding adieu to every purpose connected with war and defiance, it opened its portals to the children of distress, and offered itself for a refuge from the storms of heaven, and the horrors of the deep. The sunken rocks and shifting sands of this coast had been a terror to the mariner for ages, and every successive winter beheld a long list of victims to their widely-spreading, but concealed mischief. Nathaniel Baron Crewe, who was made Bishop of Durham in 1674, and appeared to have been raised by Providence to the high dignity for the diffusion of happiness amongst

his fellow-creatures, purchased (as I have before-mentioned) the manor and castle of Bamborough of the Crown; and left them, by his will, (as if unwilling to receive the praise of men for his benevolent actions) to the charitable use of affording aid to vessels in distress, and solace to mariners who had escaped from shipwreck. Under this testament Dr. Sharpe, archdeacon of Durham, fitted up the keep of the castle, a fabric of vast strength and magnitude, for the reception of those sea-faring sufferers, and such of their property as could be rescued from the fury of the deep; and the following regulations were adopted, both to prevent accidents on the coast, and to alleviate misfortunes when they had occurred:

*An Account of the Signals made use of at Bamborough-Castle in the county of Northumberland, in case Ships or Vessels are perceived to be in Distress, and of the Charitable Provisions established there for their assistance and relief, as published by the direction of the Trustees of Naval and Military Charities, with the approbation of the Master, Purser, and Surgeon of the Trinity-House in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.*

#### SIGNALS.

1. A nine-pounder, placed at the bottom of the tower, to be fired as a signal, in case any ship or vessel be observed in distress: *viz.* — *Once*, when any ship or vessel is stranded, or wrecked upon the islands, or any adjacent rock.—*Twice*, when any ship is stranded or wrecked behind the castle, or to the northward of it.—*Thrice*, when any ship or vessel is

stranded or wrecked to the southward of the castle: in order that the custom-house officers, and the tenants with their servants, may hasten to give all possible assistance, as well as to prevent the wreck from being plundered.

2. In every great storm, two men on horseback are sent from the castle, to patrol along the coast, from sun-set to sun-rise; that, in case of any accident, one may remain by the ship, and the other return to alarm the castle. Whoever brings the first notice of any ship or vessel being in distress, is entitled to a premium, in proportion to the distance from the castle; and if between twelve o'clock at night and three in the morning, the premium to be double.

3. A large flag is hoisted, when there is any ship or vessel seen in distress upon the Fern Islands, or Staples, that the sufferers may have the satisfaction of knowing that their distress is perceived from the shore, and that relief will be sent them as soon as possible. In case of bad weather, the flag will be kept up, a gun fired morning and evening, and a rocket thrown up every night from the north turret, till such time as relief can be sent. These are also signals to the Holy-Island fishermen, who, by the advantage of their situation can put off for the islands at times when no boat from the main land can get over the breakers. Premiums are given to the first boats that put off for the islands, to give their assistance to ships or vessels in distress; and provisions and liquors are sent in the boats.

4. A bell on the south turret will be rung out on every thick fog, as a signal to the fishing-boats; and a large whistle fixed on the east turret will be fired every fifteen minutes, as a signal to the ships without the islands.

5. A large weather-cock is fixed on the top of the flag-staff, for the use of the pilots.

6. A large speaking-trumpet is provided, to be used when ships are in distress near the shore, or are run aground.

7. An observatory or watch-tower is made on the east turret of the castle, where a person is to attend every morning at day-break during the winter season, to look out if any ships be in distress.

8. Masters and commanders of ships or vessels in distress are desired to make such signals as are usually made by people in their melancholy situation.

*Assistance, Stores, and Provisions, prepared at Bander-Ingö-Castle, for Seamen, Ships, or Vessel, wrecked or driven ashore on that coast or neighbourhood:*

1. Rooms and beds are prepared for seamen ship-wrecked, who will be maintained in the castle for a week, or longer, according to circumstances; and during that time be found with all manner of necessaries.

2. Cellars for wine and other liquors from shipwrecked vessels, in which they are to be deposited for one year, in order to be claimed by the proper owners.

3. A storehouse ready for the reception of wrecked goods, cables, rigging, and iron. A book is kept for entering all kinds of timber and other wrecked goods; giving the marks and description of each, with the date when they came on shore.

4. Four pair of screws for raising ships that are stranded in order to their being repaired. Timber, blocks and tackle, handspikes, cables, ropes, pumps, and iron, ready for the use of shipwrecked vessels — N. B. But if taken away, to be paid for at prime cost.

5. A pair of chains with large rings and swivels, made on purpose for weighing ships (of one thousand tons burthen) that are sunken upon rocks, or in deep water. — N. B. These chains are to be lent (gratis) to any person having occasion for them, within fifty miles along the coast, on giving proper security to re-deliver them to the trustees.

6. Two mooring-chains of different lengths are provided, which may occasionally be joined together, when a greater length is required.

7. Whenever any dead bodies are cast on shore, coffins, &c. will be provided gratis, and the funeral expences paid.

In this asylum the unfortunate mariner is comfortably lodged and boarded, till such time as he is enabled to travel to his friends and country. To aid the benevolent purposes above-mentioned, a new invention has lately been adopted at Bamborough-Castle, called the *life-boat*; a name it has received from the generous purposes to which it is applied—that of rescuing the perishing sailor from the fury of the ocean. The many accidents which every inclement winter occasions on this coast had been long the subject of vain regret to the inhabitants of these parts; an emotion of pity that was more particularly felt about twelve years ago, in consequence of a shipwreck off South-Shields, in which all the crew miserably perished in the sight of their friends and connections who were helpless witnesses of the disaster. Some benevolent characters of the town immediately entered into a subscription, and offered a large reward to any person who should invent a boat capable of going to sea in all weathers, without danger of swamping or being overset. After some previous essays, Mr.



Henry Greathead, a ship-carpenter of South-Shields, produced his *life-boat*; and trial being made of its effects, it was found to answer every desired purpose. One accordingly was built for Shields, another for Sunderland, a third for Bamborough-Castle, and a fourth for Holy-Island, a little to the north of Bamborough-Castle. Its form is that of a long spheroid, thirty feet in length by twelve feet over; either end pointed, and thus calculated to row both ways, an oar serving the purpose of the helm. About eighteen inches below the gunwale a strong lining of cork covers the whole of the inside, which gives the boat such a buoyancy as enables it to live in any water. The crew usually consists of about twenty men, and the capacity of the boat enables it to receive about ten more. On the 30th of January 1790, the life-boat of South-Shields first put to sea in a horrid gale of wind, for the glorious purpose of rescuing some unfortunate mariners who were the sport of the tempest on the offing; a number of cork jackets being provided for the crew, in case their vessel disappointed the expectations of the inventor, and failed in its purpose. But the preservation was unnecessary. Floating like a feather upon the water, it rode triumphantly over every raging surge, and smiled at the horrors of the storm. The wreck was dis-

proached in spite of the elements; and the wretched crew, equally affected with astonishment and ex-tacy, beheld the glorious *life-boat* (never was a name more happily imagined, nor more appropri-ately bestowed) along-side of their shattered ves-sel, and offering refuge from the tremendous abyss that was opening to swallow them up for ever. Restored to hope and life, they were re-moved into the friendly boat, and brought to land, to the unspeakable joy of the benevolent projectors of the plan, who had thus the double gratification of seeing that the vessel was calcu-lated to answer its intention in the compleatest manner, and of rescuing at the same time several fellow-creatures from inevitable destruction. Since this first trial, repeated desperate voyages have been made for similar purposes, and with the like success, to the salvation of many hundred distressed sailors; and so confident are the seamen of the safety of the boat, and the impossibility of its being liable to casualty, that it is now become a matter of satisfaction to be employed in this ser-vice of saving the shipwrecked; a service that well deserves the *civic crown*. The inventor, naturally enough supposing that an object of such import-ance to the State as saving its citizens from perish-ing, would be encouraged by Government, sub-

mitted his plan, and offered his service to the Ministry a few years since for the construction and establishment of *life-boats* all along the coasts of the kingdom; but the attention of the public was then unfortunately directed to other objects than the œconomizing of human existence, and his offers were unattended to. In the true spirit of philanthropy, however, Mr. Henry Greathead, waving the idea of *exclusive profit*, instead of taking out a patent for the admirable invention, and thus confining its advantages to himself, generously offered to communicate to others every information in his power on the subject of the construction of the life-boat, and to diffuse by these means as much as possible the blessings resulting from its adoption. In consequence of this, another person has built vessels of the same kind, and the number has thus been multiplied in the manner here mentioned. The pecuniary remuneration which the crew of the life-boat receive, is what the generosity of the affluent, saved by their exertions, may bestow upon them; the “blessing of him that sows to perish,” is the only but rich reward, when the poor mariner is rescued from death, by his invention.

A subject so interesting as Brethrenship-Charity could hardly escape the feelings of Bowyer, who has transfused his own elegant pen into it

the amiable spirit in which it was originally planned; and clothed philanthropy in all the charms of beautiful poetry:

“ YE holy towers that shade the wave-worn steep,  
 Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,  
 Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time  
 Assail you, and the winter whirlwinds sweep!  
 For far from blazing Grandeur’s crouded halls,  
 Here Charity hath fix’d her chosen seat,  
 Oft list’ning tearful when the wild winds beat  
 With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;  
 And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour  
 Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,  
 Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tow’r,  
 And turns her ear to each expiring cry;  
 Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,  
 And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave.’

BOWLES’S SONNETS.

A boundless view of the sea presents itself to the east from Bamborough-Castle; spotted with shoals and small islands, the little Cocquet to the south, crowned with its Gothic ruin, and the larger one of the Holy Island to the north, formerly the secure retreat of a party of monks, whose residence thus conferred upon it this venerable appellation. They have been succeeded by a colony of fishermen, more actively and honourably employed in their hardy avocation, and in looking out for and saving the lives of shipwrecked sailors.

Passing through the small post-town of Belford, borrowing all its beauty from the woods which wave over the contiguous mansion of the Hon. Mr. Onslow, now deserted and dilapidating, we continued for sixteen miles along the same dull and uniform but excellent road to Berwick-upon-Tweed, a town equally celebrated in the history of Scotland and in the annals of this country. Stretching itself up a gentle acclivity, which forms the northern bank of the river, Berwick enjoys a favourable southern aspect. It includes within its walls an area of little more than two miles in circumference; and consists of streets which for the most part are straggling and irregular, and not one of them boasting a tolerable pavement, an article of comfort that has as yet found its way into but very few of the northern provincial towns. Its principal buildings are—the *town-hall*, a very handsome modern freestone structure, with a beautiful portico of the Tuscan order, its pediment surmounted by a graceful spire, begun in 1754 and finished in 1761; the *governor's-house*, an edifice of stone; the *barracks*, built of the same materials, strong and commodious; the *church*, erected by Cromwell, without a spire, according to the ridiculous notions of that tasteless Puritan; and the *bridge*, consisting of fifteen noble arches, and measuring one thousand one hundred

and sixty-four feet in length. It was begun in the reign of James I. but such was the poverty of the period, or the indolence of the workmen, that upwards of twenty-four years elapsed before it was completed. The disbursements were then found to have amounted to 15,000*l*.

The revolutions, you know, which this town experienced were numberless; nor could it be considered as secure property to the English crown, until the union with the sister kingdom of Scotland precluded all future disputes between the two nations. Originally annexed to the crown of Scotland by the gallantry of Gregory, who took it from the Danes in the 9th century, it continued there, (with the exception of being for a short time added to the see of Durham) till the reign of William the Lion. This prince, as we have before seen, having been taken prisoner by the English forces before Alwick-Castle, was content to purchase his freedom by the surrender of Berwick, together with all the principal forts of his kingdom, to Henry II.; a shameful contract, afterwards abrogated on payment of ten thousand marks to Richard I. the successor of Henry. King John, in his Scotch expedition, possessed himself of it, and not content with almost exterminating the inhabitants, burnt the town itself to the ground. The bloody

tyrant indeed seemed to delight in incendiary acts, for in this desolating march into the Scotch counties he, with unexampled ingratitude and barbarity, made a point every successive morning of setting fire to the house which had afforded him shelter on the preceding night. The Scots having rebuilt the town, it became in 1291 the place of convention for the states of the two countries, to determine the respective claims of Robert Bruce and John Baliol, who had offered themselves as candidates for the crown of Scotland during the interregnum. The latter, you know, was the successful competitor; but did not retain his dignity long, resigning it to Edward, who shortly afterwards took the town of Berwick by storm, at the expence of seven thousand Scottish lives. Almost drained of inhabitants by this carnage, Edward transplanted a large body of his English subjects into the town, and received here the homage of the Scotch nobility; but Wallace, the great Caledonian hero shortly avenged the cruelties inflicted upon his countrymen, and wiped away the disgrace of the Scottish defeats, by possessing himself of the town of Berwick, but not its castle, and for a long time turning the scale of war in favour of his countrymen. Betrayed at length into his enemy's hands, he was executed, and his limbs

exposed at Berwick; which continued under the English control till 1318, when it was taken by an army under the Earl of Murray, King Robert's most accomplished general.

The battle of Hallydown-Hill, which terminated so fatally for the Scots, and left thirty-five thousand of their best soldiers dead upon the field, put Edward III. in possession of Berwick; and Edward Baliol confirmed it to the crown of England for ever, by the ratification of the treaty of Roxburgh in 1334. Successful attempts of the Scots gained them the temporary possession of the castle and town of Berwick several times after this formal surrender of it to the English; but it never again became the recognized property of the crown of Scotland. In the reign of Richard III. its limits were ascertained, and by an agreement between him and James III. of Scotland, the town became a neutral one; determined to be equally respected by both parties, and made the scene of all future treaties between the nations. Henry VIII. incorporated the town, and his daughter Elizabeth appointed a regular garrison there.

Early in the civil war the interest of the Parliament preponderated at Berwick, and a strong garrison preserved it under their control till the Restoration. In 1686 King James II. created his



natural son James Fitz-james Duke of Berwick; and in order to abolish all the feuds that still subsisted between the neighbouring counties of England and Scotland, he prohibited the term *Borders* to be used in future, commanded that the tract hitherto so called should be thenceforward denominated *Middle Shires*, and withdrew the garrisons from the bordering towns of Berwick and Carlisle.

Ever since the English became possessed of Berwick, its inhabitants have been subject to our laws, with a few trifling exceptions; such as the method of passing a fine of lands within the borough and its limits. It claims also an exempt jurisdiction, not being within either of the adjoining counties of Durham and Northumberland; and therefore is always specifically named in every Act of Parliament and public record. The local jurisdiction is in the hands of a mayor and four bailiffs, who act as sheriff in the return and execution of writs from the Court of King's-Bench. Certain little civil litigations are discussed and settled in the *borough-court*; and criminal processes in the quarter-sessions. The number of burgesses are about one thousand, half of whom are resident; whose freedom is obtained either by being the offspring of burgesses, or service for seven years to them, and subsequent acceptance by the guild. Three or four hun-

dred of these freemen enjoy what are called *stints*, little pieces of meadow reserved out of the corporation lands, and given to the elder burgesses and their widows for life. Their value is different; the highest *stint* about 15*l.* the lowest 5*l.* per annum.

The population of Berwick is about eight thousand, who are for the most part employed in the manufacture of damask, sacking, diaper, sail cloth, linen, muslin and cotton, stockings, carpets, felts; and that strong sort of shoe called *Cumberland clogs*, from their being universally worn in that county—the sole and heel are of wood, the former one inch and a quarter, the latter one inch and a half thick, unto which the upper leathers are nailed with tacks; a man's pair cost 4*s.* a woman's 2*s.* 8*d.* The trade of Berwick is chiefly coasting between that place and the metropolis. The following late sketch of its present state is both accurate and clear:

“ There is a very extensive and regular coasting trade now carried on between this port and London; and, without contradiction, there is not such a regular and ready communication between any two places of equal distance in the whole kingdom, nor perhaps in the whole world: this is principally owing to the particular construction of the vessels employed in this trade, their being well found and

manned, and managed by experienced and active coasting seamen. There are now thirteen or fourteen vessels, of from seventy to one hundred and twenty tons burden, carrying ten or twelve men each, constantly employed between Berwick and London, each of which perform, upon an average, fourteen voyages in the year. There are four, five, or six, sail regularly every week, and frequently perform the voyage in three or four days; and several have gone from and returned to Berwick with cargoes within a fortnight. This regular trade was at first erected for the ready conveyance of salmon fish, manufactured here for the London market, and still is and must remain its principal support. The consequence of the salmon fishing here may appear from the following tolerable exact statement:—The yearly rents of the fisheries in the Tweed, for the course of a few miles, amounts to between 7000*l.* and 8000*l.* in which between seventy-five and eighty boats, with about three hundred men, are constantly employed during the salmon fishery, between the 10th of January and the 10th of October. There has been known to have been forty thousand kits or upwards sent from this town in the course of the season, besides a vast quantity of salmon trouts sent alive to London; the number of kits has not been so great for

a few years past, owing to a method of sending great quantities of salmon fresh to London during all the summer season, packed in ice, collected in the winter season, and preserved through the whole summer for that purpose. A general view of the extent of the coasting trade from this port will appear from an average.

“ *Quantities of Goods shipped, taken on an average for the four preceding Years, viz. 1791, 1792, 1793, and 1794.* ”

<i>Goods shipped coastwise from this port.</i>	WOOL.		No. of packs.	1700	5300	2687	Quarters of corn, Winchester measure.	7277	Sacks of hulled barley, oatmeal, and wheat flour.	850	Tons of potatoes.	Kits of pickled tallow.	28,100	3500	Tubs of salted pork.	4000	Chests of eggs.	210	Firkins of butter.	110	Boxes of candles.	400	Barrels of her-rings.	3000	Bales of paper and count-books.	140	Tanned leather, hundred weights.	150	Tallow, hundred weights.	350	Blue, hundred weights.	250	Bolls of canvas and lacking.
	Hundred weights.																																
	1700	5300	2687	7277	850	28,100	3500	4000	210	110	400	3000	140	150	350	250																	

“ This is a tolerably correct account of the goods generally shipped coastwise, which constitute the principal coast trade of this port outwards, though there are many other articles of merchandise frequently shipped; but they are so multifarious that it is almost impossible to give any statement or classification thereof.

“The goods brought into this port coastwise are also very considerable; but it is almost impracticable to give any account or statement thereof, as they consist of all the various articles of English manufactory, and general merchandize, required for the use and consumption of the neighbouring country.

“The advantages resulting from the trade of this port are numerous and important. The article of eggs is a curious and lucrative branch of trade here. They are brought from all parts of the country on both sides of the Tweed in carts and in panniers. Great numbers are brought from about Hawick, Selkirk, and all the adjacent country. Most of the money received by egglers is spent in the town for groceries and other articles. The grocer who deals in eggs has often a double advantage by this traffic; for first he has a profit on his groceries, and secondly on his eggs. He no sooner ships his eggs, and writes to his merchant in London, than he draws upon him, and receives his cash at the bank. The sum paid yearly for eggs in this town may, on an average, be estimated at 20,000*l*. The number of chests of eggs sent from hence to London, from October 1797 to October 1798, was 5254 chests; and 58,396 quarters of corn.

“We are much disappointed that we have not obtained an account of the quantity of grain ex-

ported coastwise from this port in the course of last winter, as it is said to exceed by far that of any former period. There were, about two months ago, fifteen large vessels laying together in the harbour, waiting for cargoes of corn.

“The increase of the trade of Berwick may be judged of from this, that in sixteen years the revenue of the custom-house has risen from 1000*l.* to 6000*l.* a year.”

The country around Berwick, though swelling into hills, and sinking into vales, has notwithstanding neither beauty nor variety; the one being uniform and lumpish, the other wide and unwooded. A naked surface every where presents itself, unadorned with those indispensable features in agreeable landscape, lofty trees and spreading shrubs; the distant view is bounded by barren heights, and the home-scene deformed with coal-works, quarries, and brick-fields. The river Tweed, also, parallel to which our road to Coldstream lay, disappointed our expectations of picturesque beauty. Associated as the name of this river had hitherto been in our minds with poetical and pastoral ideas, we were prepared to admire its “fringed banks” and “sacred shades,” the haunt of many a water-nymph and sylvan deity; but alas! no solemn woods lifted their lofty heads over these celebrated

waters, no occasional interrupted views were caught of their course through “shady walks or allies green;” all was thrown upon the eye at once in its original nakedness. Our road, however, afforded us other entertainment, though thus deficient in picturesque beauty. Seven miles from Berwick the ruins of Norham-Castle attracted our attention to the right, a fortress built by Egfred Bishop of Durham, to defend the distant possessions of the see against the Scottish incursions. The natural advantages of a lofty and commanding situation were increased by the artificial ones of strong Anglo-Norman fortifications, which rendered this structure one of the most important fortresses on the Borders.

Another castle, but of modern days, occurs about three miles further, called from the village near it, Twisol-Castle, the seat of Sir Francis Blake. Here an agreeable picture first broke the uniformity of unpleasing scenery which had accompanied us now for many miles. Seated near the brow of a lofty perpendicular rock, richly clothed with trees, this huge mansion (in form a parallelogram) overlooks a little dale that winds beneath it, watered by the river Till, who is here seen hastening to join the Tweed, through thickly-wooded banks, high, rocky, and winding in their course. As we

approached the stream, an elegant bridge of one large arch presented itself *in front*, so placed in consequence of a sharp turn which the river makes at this point. Immediately to the right stands the enchanting lodge, with its little fairy demesne around it; its simplicity contrasted by the proud edifice which rears its *many-windowed* front on the height above. Continuing our course towards the Scotch border, just before we passed into it, the Roman camp at Cornhill, one of the grandest and most perfect of those to the north of the wall, afforded us the compleatest specimen of the castrametation of this people that we had seen.

Crossing the Tweed at Coldstream, over a fine freestone bridge of five arches, we found ourselves in Scotland, and had we been to have judged of the rest of Caledonia by this first feature, we should have formed very favourable ideas of its beauty and fertility. The country, indeed, at this spot is extremely pleasing; an elegant house, built by Mr. Murisbank of Lees, and some judiciously-disposed plantations, combine most happily with the winding stream, its smiling meadows, and some peeping rock, to produce a *local* picture, for it does not stretch far, of great interest. This village also is remarkable for giving name to a regiment of our Guards upon an important occasion; and for being



the place where Monk mustered his army, when he had, after much deliberation and impenetrable reserve, determined upon the part he was to act, and resolved to restore monarchy to England in the person of Charles II. As we proceeded, the vestiges of the ancient feuds between the neighbouring English and Scotch multiplied upon us in several ruined castles, the seats of the chieftains of the respective countries. To the right, in the beautiful vale of Howel, of which the road allows the traveller to take a passing glance, is the modern mansion of Lord Hume, darkened with solemn woods, removed from the scite of the old castle, which lifts its battered head, exposed and bare, on the summit of the opposite hill at a considerable distance.

On the English bank of the river, two miles further, are the poor remains of another fortress, Wark-Castle, once famous in its day, the seat of the Rosses and Greys in elder times; betrayed by one of the former house into the hands of the Scots to purchase the possession of a too lovely Caledonian. The traitor Robert obtained his fair-one, but lost his life as well as his honour; for attaching himself to the Scots hero Wallace, he pursued his triumphs for a season, and at length shared his untimely fate.

With all the attention of a new acquaintance, the river Tweed kindly accompanied our road, as

we continued towards Kelso, running on the left hand; its velvet banks here and there spotted with little clumps of trees, and presenting a fairer subject for tender and elegiac poetry, than it had before done. This scenery is still more animated and cheerful in the neighbourhood of the town of Kelso, where the banks of the river rise higher; the wood is thicker and more frequent; and the face of the country more ornamented by several gentlemen's seats in the vicinity of each other. The town itself is neat and uniform, the houses built for the most part of hewn freestone, and covered with blue slating. The only manufacture of any consequence is that of Scotch carpeting. Its population amounts to 3500. Like all other towns in Scotland, we found a general taste for literature prevalent at Kelso, and an universal diffusion of information even among the lowest classes of its inhabitants. As a specimen of the state of letters here, I must inform you that a work of uncommon curiosity with respect to its subject, and of the utmost typographical beauty, is now preparing for publication. This is a collection of ancient traditional ballads; like the Scandinavian warlike compositions, songs to animate the Scotch borderers to battle, to rouse them to vengeance for depredations committed upon their own district, or

to excite them to predatory incursions upon that of the English. They were described to us as breathing a spirit more ferocious than even the *Epinikia* or *Epeccidia* of the Danes and Norwegians; so magnificent in their imagery, and so terrible in their sentiments, as to have petrified a whole company with horror, before whom two or three of them were sung by a gentleman who could give proper effect and expression to the compositions. They promise to be a very curious and valuable acquisition to the public, as affording the only examples of very ancient Scotch poetry; since the genuineness of Ossian's poems is now, I believe, generally given up, and the volumes allowed, even by their admirers, to be an ingenious manufacture of Mr. M'Pherson; or, if they possess any thing original, to be similar to the poor man's *old knife*, which he asserted to be the implement of his great grandfather, though having at one time had a new *handle* to it, at another a fresh *blade*, and last of all a second *sheath*; nothing remaining of the original toy but the name—*stat nominis umbra*. We could not but advert, on looking at one of the proof-sheets, to the agreeable view which it afforded us of the progress of civilization in the bordering counties, and the good effects of regular government, that in the very spot where these wild effusions of original

poetry were poured out to excite to deeds of blood and rapine, the compositions themselves are now printing in a style and manner that would do honour to the best presses of the metropolis.

The grand ruin of the abbey, a beautiful specimen of Anglo-Norman architecture, rises over the humble houses of the town, and shews itself from afar. David I. founded the monastery in 1128, and placed some Tyronensian monks in it, whose abbot was allowed the dignity of a mitre and pontifical vestments, an exemption from all episcopal jurisdiction, and a seat in the general councils. The west porch is richly moulded, and finely preserved. But the chief beauties of Kelso lie a little without the town, and consist of near views of infinite variety, and the most picturesque combination. These are best seen from the little suburb Cock-Hill, adjoining the town. To the right the prospect terminates with the grand woods of Fleurus-Park, in whose deep bosom the noble castellated seat of the Duke of Roxburgh reposes. The ancient ruined castle shews itself on a contiguous wooded hill. Carrying on the eye to the left, it next catches an elegant modern bridge of three arches, crossing the Tiviot, which unites his waters with the Tweed immediately beneath the feet, though the point of junction be almost hidden by a little

island crowned with a waving grove in front; all this backed by a mass of wood, and distant naked heights. Still further, in the same direction, is the new bridge now building across the united rivers in the place of the old one of six arches, which fell a victim to the fury of a winter inundation. At the south end of this, Springwood-Park, the seat of Sir George Douglas, introduces itself into the picture, which is at length closed by the neat town and buildings, amongst which are the elegant English church, that accommodates the followers of our establishment here; and a large meeting-house, which receives the more numerous congregation of the Scotch kirk.

Fording the river, we turned our backs upon the Tweed, and bade it farewell; but were almost immediately made amends for its loss by the Tiviot, near whose banks the road continues till we reach Hawick, twenty-one miles from Kelso, a place of much bustle, business, and manufacture; where the Scotch carpeting is carried on with vigour, and woollen stockings, from 2s. to 6s. per pair, made in great quantities, as well as huckle or tape. Here all is Scotch; and the language, manners, and appearance are so different from those on the other side of the Tweed, that we could hardly persuade ourselves we were within ten or twelve miles of the

English borders. No place of worship is set apart for those of our church—a proof of the few English that live in the town. Its population is about 3000. On all sides round Hawick the hills rise amphitheatrically, sheltering it from every wind that blows. The river Tiviot murmurs through it over a pebbly bed, and gives at once health and pleasantness to its streets; whilst its environs exhibit a second *elysium*, in large tracts of garden-ground, disposed with the utmost judgment and regularity. On climbing the high hill at the south-western extremity of the town, we observed, in a field to our left, a lofty mound of earth, in shape conical, with a truncated summit; called the *mote*, and preserved with great care by order of the noble owner of this domain, the Duke of Buccleugh. It seems not to have been of such high antiquity as the *Druid* times, whose priests were wont in their judicial character to promulgate laws and pronounce judicial sentences from similar *tumuli*; but to have been one of those *montes placiti*, of which there are some others in Scotland, where the prince of the district sat to determine the litigations of his vassals, and to administer the imperfect justice of the times. The name which it bears at present, the *Mote-Hill*, points out its ancient designation; court or meeting being the meaning of the word.

But this single trace of ancient civil government is succeeded by many more vestiges of its former relaxation and irregularity, in the frequent ruins of castellated dwellings, built at a time when every house (as Mr. Pennant observes) was made defensible, and every owner garrisoned against his neighbour. When *revenge* at one time dictated an inroad, and *necessity* at another. When the mistress of a castle has presented her sons with their spurs, to remind them that her larder was empty, and that by a *forry* they must supply it at the expence of the borderers; when every evening the sheep were taken from the hills, and the cattle from their pastures, to be secured in the *lower floor* from robbers prowling like wolves for prey; and the disappointed thief found all in safety, from the fears of the cautious owner. When the following lines afforded a true sketch of existing manners:

- “ Then Johnny Armstrong to Willie gan say,  
 “ Billie, a riding then will we;  
 “ England and us have long been at feud,  
 “ Perhaps we may hit on some bootie;  
 “ Then they are come to Hutton-Ha,  
 “ They rade that proper place about;  
 “ But the laird he was a wiser man,  
 “ For he had left na gear about.”

Gowland's-Tower, which we passed at the two-mile stone from Hawick, was an edifice of this de-

scription, and had in its time received good store of *bootie*, taken in the predatory excursions of its lords into the neighbouring county of Cumberland. Near this point the murmuring Tiviot crosses the turnpike-road, but continues to run for several miles parallel with it through the narrow valley of that name, bounded on each side by high downy hills, speckled here and there with a few Scotch firs, whose sober green gives additional solemnity to this sequestered spot, far removed from the busy haunts of men. The castle of Bronscolumn, fitted up by the Duke of Buccleugh, and built on a field that hangs over the road to the right hand, introduces the idea of society into a picture of the deepest seclusion, sacred to solitude and silence. Shortly afterwards the river again crosses the road, but still continues its parallel direction; affording a good emblem of the *consistency* of those great political characters which history has told us of, who, although they *change sides*, can truly say that their *object and pursuit are still the same*. Our acquaintance with the Tiviot, however, was soon to have an end; for on reaching the ten-mile stone, this celebrated dale makes a sweep from the road, and carries off the river in its bosom.

Entering Dumfriesshire, we were received by another deep vale of similar description and appear-



ance, ornamented with no trees, enamelled with no flowers, spotted with no inclosures, but perfectly bare of wood, and utterly destitute of all traces of husbandry or labour; a solitary inn at the twelve-mile stone is the only place of refreshment in the course of twenty-two miles. Here the little brook Yeuse first rises into day, and taking a western direction, (different to that of the stream we had just quitted) marks this spot as the highest point in this part of the united kingdoms, between the eastern and western oceans. An improvement in the face of the country now took place; as we proceeded, the glen, opening into greater width, afforded the gratifying appearance of agriculture, and the lively features of farms and tenants; amongst which the little village of Yeusewater, with its humble house of God; its dilapidated and scattered firs, presented a very picturesque assemblage of rural and pastoral objects. Another residence of the Duke of Buccleugh, who has extensive property in these parts, caught our eye, on entering the town of Lanholm; its situation is a broad flat, surrounded by hills, watered by a river, and shaded by plantations, is well calculated for a summer retreat, the purpose to which it is applied. The town is enlivened by a little manufactory for narrow cloth, employing about fifty hands; and a

paper-mill. Like all the southern Scotch towns, its appearance is neat and clean, being built of stone, and its houses covered with blue slate.

Making once more an exchange in our rivers, we dropped the Yeuse, and received in lieu of it the Esk; whose banks we pursued for half a mile beyond the town where they at once opened to us a picture of uncommon beauty; where the bed of the river, formed of pointed crags, its rugged sides composed of rock and wood, its foaming cataracts and rapid whirlpools, bestrode by a three-arched bridge (called the *Skipper-Brig*) of frightful height, are all spread beneath the eye at once. Over this formidable structure, from whence about three months since an unfortunate soldier jumped into the boiling cauldron below, and was no more seen, the road to Longtown is conveyed; when, taking the left bank of the river, it penetrates into a grove of trees, (chiefly oak) and loses further prospect than the sylvan glades through which it steals, for three miles. Making a sudden turn to the left, it again crosses the river, availing itself of another stone bridge, from whose parapets two views singularly romantic, magnificent, and beautiful, present themselves up and down the stream. Above, the rocky reach is finished by a proud hill of wood, on whose summit are seen the remains of

Hollis-Castle; below, an elegant and tasteful rustic summer-house, fitted up by the Duchess of Buccleugh, discloses itself from the midst of a grove that covers a promontory pushing its rocky bosom into the river. But we found the scenery, if possible, still more beautiful and diversified, when we crossed the river, and pursued its eastern bank; where for a mile the eye is regaled with an extraordinary succession and delicious combination of water, wood, and rock. But the repast is too rich to last long; the Fisk soon changes its character, and instead of the romantic, assumes the gentle; the banks retire to a distance from the stream, sink into gradual declivities, and unite smoothly with the meadows; the rocks disappear, and the widened waters flow calmly over their pebbly bottom through an extensive flat of rich pasture land.

Two turnpike-gates, at the distance of twenty yards from each other, now applied for their respective tolls; and on enquiring the reason of these demands so immediately succeeding each other, we found that they were separate concerns; one standing in Scotland, the other in England—the intervening space, called Scotch dike, dividing the two kingdoms from each other. We could not quit this boundary of Caledonia, little as we had seen of the country, without casting “one longing ling’ring

“ look behind;” not so much on account of the beautiful scenery with which we had of late been so agreeably amused, as on that of the character of its inhabitants, whose manners, as far as our opportunity of observing them extended, had interested us extremely. Tainted, perhaps, (though I am almost unwilling to suppose it) with some of those prejudices which the illiberality of my own countrymen have so generally excited against the Scottish character; (and which, I am inclined to think, arise rather from our envy at their mental superiority, than from any conviction of their comparative moral or intellectual defects) I was greatly but agreeably surprized to find nothing but what was amiable and exemplary in every class of Scotch society. Hospitality, kindness, and most minute attention to the comfort and ease of their guests, mark the character of the Scotch gentleman; whilst the peasantry are equally remarkable for the same good qualities in a ruder way, and the more valuable ones of correct morality, sincere piety, and an exemplary decency in language and manners. Struggling with a poverty which almost amounts to a privation of food, and condemned to a labour before which the southern Britons would sink down in listless despondence, the Scotch peasant displays a degree of patience and industry, accompanied at

the same time with content, that place him on the scale of moral excellence far above those who ridicule or despise him. Serious, without moroseness; quick, without asperity; and sagacious, without conceit; friendly, kind, and just; this may be considered as the moral portrait of such part of the Scotch as are not sophisticated or spoiled by a communication with their southern neighbours. Of this description I think I may pronounce the inhabitants of the borders to be, who perhaps are more national in their manners, practices, and ideas, than the northern counties of the kingdom; from the circumstance of *effects* being still felt in these parts, which have long faded away in the more distant divisions of the country. The natural consequence of those perpetual feuds which subsisted between the borderers of both kingdoms was a reciprocal rooted hatred, piously handed down from father to son, and carefully transmitted through successive generations by legendary tales and popular ballads, whose constant theme and burthen were the injuries which each party had received from the other, and the vengeance which these injuries deserved. Amongst the other Scots the national disgust to the English, though excited before their conquest by frequent wars, had ceased (at least in a great degree) as soon as those wars had termi-

nated. But with the borderers the case had been different; their relative situation with the English prevented the wound from being closed; the cause was always operating; new occasions of rancour were ever occurring in the violences of each party; and their mutual dislike, instead of being softened by time, was, on the contrary, every day increased and confirmed. Hence it happens, that a great degree of coolness and dislike still subsists between the inhabitants of the respective neighbouring countries; which not only operate as a bar to free communication between them, but at the same time render the Scotch infinitely more tenacious of those manners, customs, and opinions, which distinguish them from their ancient enemies.

We were concerned to find that these little local prejudices subsisted as well amongst the higher classes of society, as the peasantry of both the borders; scarcely any intercourse subsisting between the Scotch and English gentlemen of those parts. Frequent attempts have been made by men of liberal minds to overcome this unsocial spirit, but without effect. About fifty years ago a club was established for the express purpose of bringing these neighbours, separated only by a river, to more friendly communication; and intended to be held one week in Scotland and the next in England.

The parties accordingly met, dined in peace, and spent part of the day in cheerfulness and friendship; when unfortunately a descendant of an English bordering family, renowned in the history of the petty wars of those parts, reminded a Scotch gentleman sitting near him of some successful innovations made by his own ancestors on the castle of this other gentleman's great grandsire. In a moment the mouldering ashes were re-kindled, the *deadly feud* was revived, and the spirit of insulted nationality spread itself from the Scotchman to all his countrymen. The feast of the *Lapithæ* once more displayed itself; all was riot and confusion; and few of the party returned home without having received some proofs imprinted on their heads or faces, that the hatred of the borderers for each other had not been extinguished, but had only lain dormant for a time. I believe no trial since this has been made for bringing such dissocial spirits together.

Shortly after leaving the Scotch precincts we passed another fortified mansion, called Kirk Andrew's-Castle, the old retreat of an English spoiler, belonging at present to Sir James Graham, whose more modern residence stands to the left, in a park of great beauty, finely wooded, and declining gently to the banks of the Esk, which here rolls

a broad and tranquil sheet of water over a pebbly bed. The house, a rich depôt of ancient Roman altars, and other pieces of sculpture, dug upon the spot, (formerly a Roman station) and good paintings, is well worth seeing.

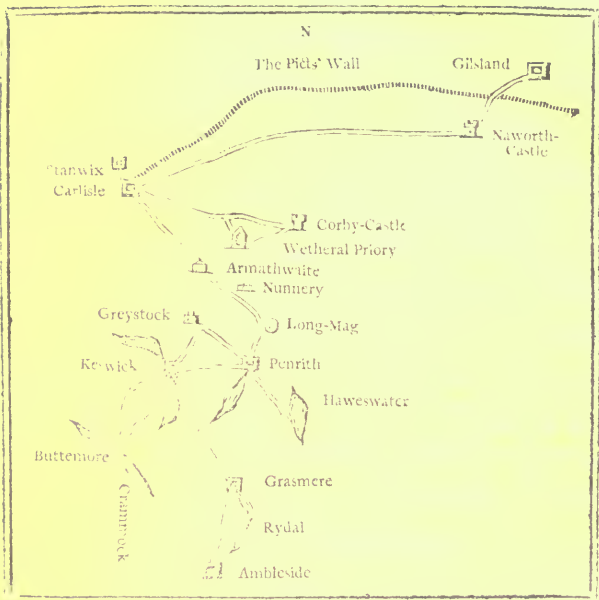
Longtown, the most northern town in Cumberland, shortly afterwards received us; whose muslin manufactures assist the powers of female charms, by the elegant articles produced at their looms. Here we lost the Esk, and a road good, but tame, led us through a flat rich country to merry Carlisle, equally celebrated in British, Roman, and Monkish story.

Your's, &c.

R. W.

---





## LETTER VI.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR

*At Home, July 13th*

**T**HE importance which Carlisle borrowed from the residence of Celtic kings—Roman prætors, or Monkish saints, seems to have vanished with these departed worthies; it ranks now with our middling country towns, and is more remarkable for pleasantness of situation, overlooking a

luxuriant plain watered by the river Eden, than for any splendour of structure. The ancient Anglo-Norman cathedral, chiefly built in the reign of William Rufus, having been curtailed of its original length one hundred feet by the sacrilegious hands of Cromwell, who converted the materials to the erection of batteries, has lost much of its pristine dignity; and the castle, first constructed in the 13th century, added to by Richard III. and extended by Henry VIII. though it assume the appearance of strength at a distance, is found, upon a closer survey, to be neither strong nor magnificent. Its walls are ruinous, and the walks leading round their summit in the worst possible order. Three gateways remain, the ancient entrances into the town, called the Scotch, the English, and the French. But though Carlisle itself afford nothing particularly worth the traveller's notice, we found the country around it replete with curiosities, both natural and artificial, and had ample entertainment in excursions to the more remote interesting objects, Gilsland Spa and Naworth-Castle; and the nearer ones, Corby-Castle and Witheral Priory. The first of these places lies about eighteen miles north-east of Carlisle, five miles to the left of the great turnpike-road to Newcastle; and consists of two large houses for the accommodation of lodgers,

and some smaller dwellings, situated in the midst of a wild romantic valley, called the *Vale of Irthing*, which here contracts itself into a deep glen, the impetuous river flowing between stupendous banks of fantastic rock, beautifully wooded, and pursuing a course of whimsical irregularity. The spring which attracts the company to this sequestered and desolate spot, is near the upper house. We found it to be strongly impregnated with sulphur, but, contrary to the general character of waters combined with the hepatic gas, extremely agreeable to the palate. Its effects in cutaneous disorders are powerfully good. At a small distance on the moor is a chalybeate spring; and another at four miles distant, highly charged with alum and vitriol.

The agreeable mixture and diversified composition of those constituents of the dingle, rock and wood, water and dingle, near the Gillland Spring, is of great interest to the painter; but it is still more attractive to the geologist, as the banks of the river, being in many places utterly bare of vegetation, present a beautiful and complete exhibition of the stratification of this part of the country. Their height is about forty yards, which in the following strata are thus disposed:—*first*, the common blue sandstone; *second*, the common ferruginous or red earthed clay, five yards; *third*, *fractus*, thin, and a bow's-

gillaceous *shiver*, growing gradually more compact as it descends, two yards; coarse *freestone*, eight yards; *limestone*, one yard; *black shiver*, approaching to coal, six yards; a stratum of hard coarse *shistus*, sand-stone with iron-stone and limestone intermixed, singularly composed and blended together, six yards; another stratum of black *shiver*, out of which the sulphurated water issues; below this the indurated argil called *clunch*. The black shiver for the most part is impregnated with alum, and some of it so strongly with alum and green vitriol, as to hold out a fair encouragement for the establishment of works for those articles in this neighbourhood. During six or eight weeks in the autumn, the Spa is enlivened with a great deal of company, chiefly Scots and Cumbrians, who are well lodged and boarded for 3s. 6d. per day, including every thing but liquors.

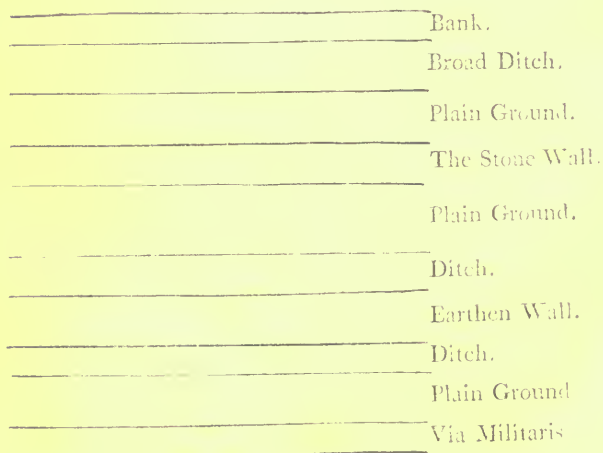
On our return from this little Spa, we made a trifling diversion in order to embrace the Roman station *Amboglana*, but called now *Burd-Oswald*; the former part of its name probably a corruption of *burgh*, the latter borrowed from the celebrated king and martyr of Northumberland, St. Oswald; a great favourite in these parts, to whom churches are dedicated hereabouts, and to whose consecration on the 5th of August the Romish calendar still

bears testimony. The situation of this *castra* is lofty and commanding; its form a parallelogram of one hundred and twenty yards north and south, by eighty yards east and west; its area includes about four acres. All its sides have been fortified with walls, of which Severus's formed the northern one; the others were simple aggestions of stone uncemented with mortar. The foundations of gateways and the ruins of buildings are still visible all over the station; as well as the scite of the *prætorium*, though almost covered with a modern building. The frequent foot of man in former days is marked by the *poa trivialis*, a grass only present where society is found. Two imperfect altars and an inscription are incorporated in the farm-house; which seem to have been stolen out of the neighbouring Roman wall, whose venerable remains may be traced hence for several miles. This vast work stretched across the kingdom from ocean to ocean, beginning at Boulogne, on the western coast, and ending near the village of Wall's-End, the ancient *Sigedunum*, near the mouth of the Tyne, at the east; a distance of nearly sixty-five miles. The walls and fortresses, *prætorium*, *villa*, *castra*, and *castella*, which the Romans erected in this part of Britain to resist the incursions of the Picts, were many; constructed at various times.

and of different extent and strength. After the successful campaign of Tacitus into Caledonia, that wary and judicious general, in the year of our Lord 81, drew a line of communicating forts between Glota and Bodotria, Forth and Clyde; both to secure his own conquests, and to shut up the Caledonians (as he expresses it) in another island; *Summotis velut in aliam insulam hostibus*. For a few years this fortification answered the intended purpose; but the Roman government becoming more lax, and the Caledonians bolder and more vigilant, they at length pushed their arms beyond the forts; which led Adrian, on his arrival in England in the year 121, to raise a new boundary. This he effected by digging a ditch, and throwing up a *vallum* constructed of earth and stones, eighty miles in length, beginning at Brough, on the Solway sands, and ending at Wall's-End. Lollius Urbicus, the lieutenant of Antoninus, repossessing himself of the district which Agricola had conquered, raised in 138 a *turf wall* on the line of that great commander's forts. Seventy years afterwards, Severus, wisely giving up a territory of little value, to be retained only with difficulty, built the immense *vallum* on which we now were, of uncertain height, but from its remains proved to be eight feet in thickness; strengthened with numerous towers, about a mile

from each other, of hewn stone, and sixty-six feet square; with intermediate *castella*, each four yards square, to expedite communication; and seventeen stations, where large bodies of legionaries were constantly in garrison, to form upon proper occasions a respectable army, whose march from one spot to another was accelerated by a *via militaris*, or military way, the compactness and strength of which have enabled it to resist the elementary shocks of sixteen hundred years. The several vestiges of these ancient boundaries and earth-works may, perhaps, be best explained to you by a few lines marking their number and relative situations, as they appear at present in the places where they are best preserved.

NORTH.



This spot is a few miles from Burd-Oswald, where the fields are bounded to the north by the wall of Severus, which runs high, bold, and prominent, exhibiting to the height of two or three feet the original facing of the wall, that seems to have been composed of smoothly hewn stones of an oblong form. Mounting a hill from this part, it proceeds to the little hamlet called Bank-Hill, the ditches and military road clearly defined the whole way; it then forms the boundary of a lane for a considerable distance, and is at length obliterated by the operations of husbandry.

From the wall we descended towards Lanecost Priory, an Augustine monastery, founded in 1116, quietly situated in a broad vale watered by the Irthing, and surrounded on all sides by lofty hills. Little of the monastery remains, though heretofore its buildings were extensive, and sufficiently magnificent to lodge King Edward I. who remained here for some time during a fit of illness in one of his Scotch expeditions. But the architecture of the church points out that the style of the other buildings was originally Anglo-Norman; a feature of this is seen in the church-yard gate, a fine semi-circular arch. The church, which is cruciform, is entered by a grand portal of similar construction, consisting of numerous mouldings supported by



pilasters; over this an admirably sculptured figure of the Virgin Mary appears in a recess surmounted by a Gothic canopy. Within all is neatness and good repair as far as the transept and Lady's chapel, which have been suffered shamefully to dilapidate; and the noble monuments of the Howards and Dacres, richly decorated with the grandest ornaments of the sculpture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to be defaced and ruined. But such is the lot of human grandeur! it makes a little stir for a few years, then sinks into the grave, and together with its memorial, perishes and is forgotten. "Be not thou afraid, therefore, though  
 "one be made rich, or if the glory of his house be  
 "increased; for he shall carry nothing away with  
 "him when he dieth, neither shall his pomp follow  
 "him. Man, though in honour, hath no under-  
 "standing, but may be compared to the beasts  
 "that perish."

Quitting this mortifying scene, we directed our course to Naworth-Castle, the baronial mansion of the Lords of Gilsland; a place not calculated, however, to inspire a more cheerful train of ideas than the church of Lancelost; since every thing within and without the castle suggests the dire purposes to which it was formerly applied—the oppressions of feudal tyranny in more early days.

and the confinement and punishment of the moss-troopers in the sixteenth century. The æra of the erection of Naworth-Castle is buried in remote antiquity; though tradition attributes it to one of the first of the Dacre family, in the Norman times. Their descendants inhabited it till the year 1569, when George Lord Dacre of Greystoke, the ward of Thomas Lord Howard Duke of Norfolk, being killed by an accident at that nobleman's seat, the castle became the property and residence of the guardian for some years. Lord William Howard succeeded him in the occupation of the Castle, which, during his time, exhibited the appearance of a mansion belonging to a giant of old romance, rather than the dwelling of an English nobleman. Being made Warden of the Borders by Elizabeth, and appointed to controul and chastise the moss-troopers, whose devastations were such as to awaken the notice of government, he prepared himself for the unthankful office by strengthening his castle, and securing his own apartments in every possible manner, to prevent attack from without, and filling it with one hundred and forty soldiers, to enable him to carry on his offensive operations. A winding stair-case, dark and narrow, admitting only one to ascend at a time, guarded by a succession of strong doors plated with iron, which on

their massive hinges turning “grated harsh thunder,” and when shut, defied all human strength to open, led to the rooms which he occupied—a library, a chapel, and a bedchamber. These are exactly as they were when inhabited by that nobleman; their ornaments, furniture, and books, being neither altered, added to, or diminished. The first apartment is, like all the other rooms, small, dark, and inconvenient, in a situation sufficiently secluded, quiet, and secure, at the top of the tower which contained his own suite of apartments; the roof rudely carved, and the windows far above the head. Here we have a proof of the nobleman’s attachment to letters, in a vast number of books, chiefly of controversial divinity, legendary history, and early translations of the classics: many of them inscribed in the first page with the hand of Lord William, in very good writing. Some MSS. of no great antiquity and as little value, are amongst the volumes, particularly a great wooden case above a yard in height, containing three leaves, on each of which are two pages of vellum fairly written with the legend of Joseph of Arimathea. The nature of the publications affords an agreeable and familiar idea of the fashionable reading of the day, as well as of Lord William’s turn of mind, which seems to have pointed towards the gloomy

and marvellous. In this cell he is said to have consumed a great part of his time, nourishing his natural severity by silent solitude. To interrupt these hours of seclusion was an offence cautiously avoided by the domestics, particularly as one intrusion had been attended with fatal effects. His Lordship was one day deeply engaged amongst his schoolmen or fathers, when a soldier who had captured an unfortunate moss-trooper, burst into the apartment to acquaint his master with the circumstance, and enquire what should be done with the captive. “Hang the fellow!” said Lord William, peevishly; an exclamation intended to convey no other meaning than displeasure at this intrusion upon his privacy. The servant, however, accustomed to the most implicit obedience, immediately construed this passionate expression into a command; and a few hours afterwards, when Lord William directed the prisoner to be brought before him for examination, he was told, that in compliance with his orders, the man had been long since *hanged*. His government produced a wonderful change in the lawless manners of the surrounding district, and introduced good order and security, in the room of violence and licentiousness. But it must be confessed, the means of this provincial transformation were of the harshest kind, as his

mode of punishment and plan of imprisonment fully evince. Prompt execution on a lofty gallows followed the hearing of his dread tribunal; and till his leisure allowed investigation, the prisoners were confined in the dungeons, four horrible apartments which still exhibit the rings to which the criminals were chained to secure them during the dreadful interval that passed between capture and death.

Severe and rigid, however, towards his enemies, Lord William was right hospitable to the peaceable part of his neighbours; and the *ball*, a noble old apartment eighty feet long, rang at all the great festivals with the cheerful sounds and loud delights of the long-protracted feast. This room is certainly a grand specimen of the festal chamber of the days of chivalry; and all its ornaments awakened feudal ideas. The ceiling is divided into a variety of wooden-pannelled compartments, each containing the portrait of the Saxon, Norman, and other sovereigns of England, and their royal branches, to the union of the houses of York and Lancaster; shields and achievements emboss the intersections of the ribs. A great gallery rears itself at one end of the room, whence the minstrel poured forth his animating strains, crowned with the figure of a knight in armour. The chimney, stretching to a width of seventeen feet, must have

flamed like a volcano when illuminated with the vast *Tule block*, in the genial season of social enjoyment.

Our second excursion from Carlisle took us to Wetheral Priory, or rather its *gateway*, the only part now remaining of a monastery founded by Ralph de Meschins, in the year 1088, for a prior and eight Benedictine monks. Its square turretted form points out the strength with which it was constructed, in order to resist or repel the attacks of the borderers and moss-troopers. Plain and trifling as it is, it yet forms a pleasing feature in the very beautiful picture which opens at this spot: a deep glen, with bold and lofty banks of rock and wood, bearing in its bosom the river Eden, of chrystalline transparency, confines the eye to the right by its verdant eminences, and, opening to the left, lets in a broad luxuriant valley, bounded by distant hills; one amongst numberless other examples of the judicious and tasteful choice which these *monks* made of situation; who, as Doctor Johnson observes, being permitted by the world to choose, wisely chose the best. On the summit of the opposite, on a bold commanding scite, stands Corby-Castle, which in former times of rapine and disturbance offered its protection to the neighbouring monastery, when it was not equal to its own

security. To reach this place from Wetheral Priory there are three modes—crossing the ferry if on foot, fording the river if on horseback, or by going round two miles to the bridge of Warwick if in a carriage. Having relinquished my accustomed independent manner of journeying for a vehicle, we were obliged to follow the first dictate of rational philosophy, by reconciling ourselves to circumstances, as we could not bend circumstances to us, and driving over the fine bridge of Warwick, were repaid for our trouble by the grand view of the Eden and his wooded banks, whose charms are all commanded from Warwick-Hall, near the stream, the seat of Mr. Warwick.

A pleasing country accompanied us to Corby-Castle, a name conveying an idea rather of what it was formerly than what it is now, since little of the fortress can be discovered in the present irregular mansion, built at different times, and without attention to plan. The chief features of the celebrated views from this place are—the river Eden, which flows beneath; and its diversified banks, caught most happily from the *balcony-room*.

In the *dining-room*, we were shewn a fine picture by Titian, curious also for its subject. It presents two figures, half-length, *Charles V.* and his *Empress*, seated at a table, with an hour-glass before

them; she with a countenance expressive of grief, holding in her hand a white handkerchief; he serious and saturnine, imparting to her his intention of renouncing the world, and spending his future days in monastic severities and seclusion. The artist seems to have exhausted all his pains on the head of Charles, which is in a style of fine composition and colouring, and far superior to the lady's. —A good portrait of the severe *Lord William Howard*, the owner of Naworth-Castle, and collateral ancestor of the present respectable possessor of Corby-Castle, is in the same room; as well as a still greater curiosity of Saxon antiquity, a square freestone, dug out of the ruins of Hyde-Abbey near Winchester, and inscribed with these words—*ælfredus rex Mccclxxxī, Elfredus Rex 881*, the founder of that monastery.

The walks of Corby were disposed for the most part by the father of the present possessor, who began his improvements about the year 1706, and might be called the first man that had hardihood enough to oppose the national taste, and break in upon the *Dutch style*, which had been adopted in England in compliment to King William. The exchange of manners was so far for the better, that the latter had classical ideas for its foundation, but the climate and scenery of this country never



harmonized well with decorations taken from ancient mythology; and after a reign of half a century, in which good sense, led astray by pleasing associations, lost itself amongst temples, statues, and inscriptions, *Taste* at length took her by the hand, and presented Nature to her for her prototype, bidding her in future borrow all her ideas of gardening from that inexhaustible source of enchanting variety and picturesque beauty. Some of these classically disposed parts are still preserved for the sake of the venerable hand that laid them out; but they only serve as a foil to the more modern improvements of Mr. Howard. To these beautiful scenes we were introduced by a descending path, arched over head by the widely-spreading branches of some fine lime-trees, which upwards occasional peeps at the reaches of the river, both up and down the river, the former rushing him in his rude impetuous course thundering over a rugged bed of rock, maddened by the close confinement of his banks; the latter descending before the eye in a still horizontal course, gently rolling on his floods through flowery meadows and gentle velvet banks.

Proceeding onward for a few hundred yards, a point of view is caught, at once so beautiful and picturesque. The opposite bank on the river is a

in front, and a deep face of perpendicular rock, whose beetling head is crowned with wood. Half-way down this precipice, are seen traces of masonry, in four small windows and some regular arrangements of stone, which prove that human art had exercised itself in this singular spot. They form the facing of an excavation called *St. Constantine's cell*, consisting of three rooms and a gallery, either the seat of solitary sanctity in superstitious times, or of retreat and safety in violent ones, or perhaps designed for both purposes as occasion might require. The inhabitant at all events might have been sure of resting unmolested in this retreat, since it can only be reached by a path steep, narrow, and perilous, and which, before the wood was cleared away, must also have been invisible. With this object, and the rocky bank on our right, the river before us, and a castellated summer-house crowning the distant eminence, we paced along the margin of the stream for half a mile, when the rock to the right suddenly rears itself to a tremendous height, its perpendicular face embossed in the most singular manner with the knarled roots of some vast and ancient oaks, whose giant arms, aloft in air, stretch themselves over the walk beneath. This grand scene is opposed on the other side by a bank of gentle

declivity and pastoral appearance; and between them is caught another long reach of the river, finished by a promontory, one dark mass of fir tree shade from top to bottom.

Retracing our footsteps, we took the walk which exhibits the old decorations of the place, which keeping the side of the river, opens in succession, the cascade the temple, the excavated apartment, and a stair-case hewn out of the rock, affording a descent from its summit to its foot, a great idea and a bold piece of work, though, according to the correcter notions of modern gardening, out of taste. Corby, you see, is indebted for most of its beauty to the Eden, which flows through picturesque banks for many miles before it reaches this enchanting place. To another spot equally favoured with its charms we directed our course, after passing once more through, and bidding adieu to, Carlisle.\* This was Armathwaite-Castle, the seat of Henry Milbourne, esq: quietly seated in the bottom on the margin of the river; it should seem that the mansion had rather been intended for seclusion than security, as its situation is altogether unfavourable for defence. But the scenery around it soon called our attention from the mansion, and embarking on the Eden we paddled up its stream,

---

\* The population of Carlisle is about ten thousand.

enviored by such a picture of “ deep repose,” as hushed every *antiquarian conjecture*, and left us alive to nought but beauties of Nature. The reach on which we floated spread itself like a lake into a broad and tranquil surface, hemmed in at the extremity by *Baron Wood*, a magnificent hill of the most solemn shade, and broken in upon to the right by a projecting crag, bold and grotesque, called *Cat Clent*, the rendezvous of many wild inhabitants of the feline tribe. Other grand masses of rock, groaning beneath the weight of heavy woods, presented themselves in front, whilst looking back we caught the mill and some little sequestered tenements; and beyond this peaceful feature another reach of the river, under a very different character, rushing down a cataract, and pouring in sonorous violence over a bed of opposing rock, whose immovable crags whirled it into eddies as it passed them in its fury; a light stone bridge, backed by shade, closes the scene. But the advantages of the Eden at this spot are not confined to the ideal and unsubstantial ones of picturesque scenery; it gratifies the *taste* in more senses than one, producing quantities of excellent lampreys, and a salmon fishery worth 80l. or 90l. per annum.

More confined, but equally striking and diversified, is the scenery which the Eden presents at

the seat of Mr. Bamber, (three miles from Armathwaite) called the Nunnery, from a religious house for Benedictine nuns established on the spot by William Rufus, who trembled, like other profligates, amidst his impiety, and was willing enough to secure a chance of heaven, provided it could be obtained by any other means than virtuous practice. The grounds alone are shewed to strangers, laid out by the late Christopher Aglionby, esq; with great taste and judgment. They commence with a turf-walk of some length carried along the margin of the Eden, whose waters, concealed by trees, are only heard in their furious passage through their rugged channel, and terminating at a point which opens upon a grand face of rock, scarred with natural caverns, the largest of which is called Samson's-Cave. Returning from hence, we leave the road by which we descended to the left hand, and taking a higher level, are soon introduced to the confluence of the two rivers Eden and Croplin. Here, I am sorry to say, we rather ungratefully quit the former, with whose beauties we had been hitherto so much delighted, and attach ourselves to the latter; entering presently the deep rocky ravine through whose gloom it throws its waters. The banks at once rise into lofty precipices beetling over the road, but finely softened down with shrubs

and plants; the torrent in the mean time follows a rapid descent, and keeps up an uninterrupted roar. Proceeding onwards, the mural rock rises on each side; the glen becomes narrower, and more gloomy; and the sound of many waters increasing upon the ear intimates the neighbourhood of a cataract. Nor is the expectation disappointed, for two successive falls immediately appear. Of these the second is wonderfully impressive, the deep cauldron which receives the troubled river after its desperate leap, being nearly involved in midnight darkness by the mass of wood that overhangs its abyss. Approaching now more closely to each other, the rocks excite the struggling stream to tenfold fury, who with difficulty pushes his waters through an horrible fissure, and forms a cascade of sixty feet, falling with such prodigious force as to have worked for itself a bason three hundred feet into the rock below. The over-arching cliffs and solemn shades reverberate the roar in a manner truly tremendous. In these beautiful recesses little has been done to assist nature, and that little performed with great skill. An increasing interest is kept up, by the scenes which succeeded each other gradually rising in grandeur and sublimity from the quiet of Poussin's pastoral pictures, where nature shews herself in silence and repose, to the dashing and gloomy

landscapes of Salvator, where she dwells in awful magnificence amidst rocks and cataracts, amidst images of destruction, and scenes of uncontrollable fury.

On quitting Nunnery, we soon dropped again into the vale of Eiden, which now opened into a broad expanse, bearing on its bosom rural dwellings and distant villages. In the midst of this peaceful scene we found the village of Kirkoswald, which now has either to lament or rejoice at its extinguished greatness, according as human grandeur may or may not be considered as the true constituent of human happiness. The castle, an Anglo-Norman structure, exhibits a small tower and some gloomy vaults; the only remains of that “fairest fabric (according to Sandford) that eye ever looked upon;” the hall of which measured three hundred feet in length; ornamented with those paintings of kings and nobles now to be seen in Naworth-Castle. The Morvilles anciently possessed the fortress; and in it was deposited for many years the sacrilegious weapon with which Hugh Morville, its then lord, (one of the murderers of Becket) dispatched that prelate at the altar. The Featherstonhaughs, to whom the manor now belongs, have a good house in the neighbourhood of the village.

Long Meg and her daughters, the famous Druidical monument in the adjoining parish of Little-Salkeld, three miles from Kirkoswald, was not to be passed without examination. We found it standing in two inclosures to the right hand of the road. Though not so august as Stonehenge in the whole, nor so vast in its parts, it seems to have been a more extensive arrangement of stones; the circumference measuring three hundred and fifty yards. Upwards of sixty of the stones are now standing upright, overlooked by an isolated mass of much greater dimensions than the other, placed about seventeen yards from the southern side of the circle; a circumstance that has suggested to the vulgar mind the idea of a parent and its children. Their substances are different; some of flint, some of blue and white lyas, and many of granite; but no trace of a tool can be discovered in any of them; and what is still more extraordinary, the country around to a great distance offers no stones of a similar kind on any part of its surface. The work, like that of Abury, exhibits an example of immense labour, unassisted by even the rudiments of art; and may perhaps be considered as one of the most ancient temples in the three kingdoms. A noble view is commanded from its area, bounded only by



those distant mountains to whose deep recesses we were hastening, where the celebrated features of Cumberland and Westmoreland—their lakes—repose amid indescribable scenes of picturesque beauty.

Anxious to catch a distant view of these grand sheets of water, we hastened, on reaching Penrith, to the lofty eminence at the back of the town, called Beacon-Hill, from the small tower on whose summit an august prospect presents itself to the eye, astonishing to those who have been unaccustomed to the scenery of mountains, which rise one above another in grand succession, and include all the most remarkable ones of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the borders of Scotland. At the foot of one of the most majestic of these lofty heights, the proud and rugged Helvellyn, the beautiful blue expanse called Ulswater stretched itself in peaceful majesty, its glass-like surface contrasting finely with the shaggy sides of its mighty protector. The magnificence of the distant objects absorbs the whole attention, and almost prevents the eye from regarding those which lie immediately beneath it; the neat town of Penrith, and the naked walls of its dilapidated castle; Charlton-Hall, and its beautiful woods; Brougham-Castle; Broughton-Hall; and a wide expanse of luxuriant meadow, watered by the rivers Lowther and Emmont, which play

through the broad vale in serpentine lines of silver. On descending again to the town, and visiting the church-yard, the spirit of antiquarian conjecture was excited by the singular ancient monument called the *Giant's-Grave*; consisting of two rudely-carved stone pillars nearly four yards high and three feet in circumference, standing upright in a direction east and west, about fourteen feet distant from each other. Between these lie two pieces of masonry, bearing the appearance of rude shields, lying parallel to each other, stretching from pillar to pillar, and inclosing an oblong area rather wider than that occupied by a common grave. Many idle tales are grounded on these remains of ancient sepulture, which, from the grotesque ornaments that cover them, may with greater probability be given to the Danes than any other people. They conceal, in all likelihood, the remains of two Scandinavian warriors, whose military renown is transmitted to posterity by the representation of their spears in the upright pillars, and of their shields in the broad spheroidal stones which lie between the two.

Our route to Haweswater led us by two other ancient curiosities about a mile and a half from Penrith—the round table of Arthur, as it is called, and Mayburgh; apparently cotemporary with each other, and of Druidical antiquity. The former,

closely adjoining to the road, has been much injured by its exposed situation; but its plan and dimensions may, notwithstanding, be still traced out and ascertained. The flat circular area is surrounded by a ditch and mound beyond it, measuring about one hundred and sixty yards in circumference. We considered this as the place whence justice was dispensed, and where civil councils were held in the Celtic æra; and Mayburgh Rings, which lie only a quarter of a mile from the *round table*, as the place dedicated to the gloomy rites of the Druidical superstition; an association common with the *aborigines* of the country. The rings also are of a circular form, and consist of a depressed area about one hundred and eight yards diameter, and a surrounding mound of stupendous magnitude and astonishing labour; being an immense aggestion of cobblestones, brought together with a toil which enthusiasm alone could inspire or support. Towards the center of the area stands a solitary upright stone of great size, the only one remaining of five that were formerly placed in a circular arrangement in the center of the area. As the banks are covered with woods, the interior of the rings presents a picture of the utmost beauty. All around is solemn shade, save the little opening which leads to and connected this place of worship with the judicial

tribunal, and lets in a pleasing distance spotted with woods and gentlemen's seats. An involuntary seriousness crept upon our minds, aided by these local circumstances, and the recollection of the ancient appropriation of the spot;

“ and awed our souls,  
 “ As if the very Genius of the place  
 “ Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread  
 “ Stalk'd through his drear domain.”

Broome-Hall and Castle make pleasing objects through the vista from Mayburgh. Passing the old tower of Clifton-Castle, the only remain of the ancient possessions of the Morvilles and Engaynes, we were detained for a moment at the new village of Lowther, to smile at the fantastical incongruity of its plan; which exhibits the grandest features of city architecture, the Circus, the Crescent, and the Square, upon the mean scale of a peasant's cottage. These groupes of houses were built for the labourers of Lord Lonsdale, but from their desolate deserted appearance it should seem that no sufficient encouragement had been held out to their inhabitants to continue in them. In the adjoining carpet-manufactory, belonging to the above-mentioned peer, and carried on for his exclusive use, we were gratified with the sight of some exquisite work in this line; the produce of the joint labour of Mr. Bloom

and his apprentice. These carpets are worked in frames, in the manner of tambour, and their surface afterwards sheared. Nothing can exceed the beauty of their patterns, the brightness of their colours, and the strength of their texture; but these advantages are well paid for, since the cost of one only sixteen feet wide and twenty-four feet long, if sold, would be 350 guineas. Mr. Bloom was then employed about one worth 500l.

Lowther-Hall, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, is seen to the left of the road, which, passing through the park, drops down a steep hill into a deep and most picturesque valley, through whose dark bottom the river of Lowther leads his shaded waters, whilst the opposite bank rises abruptly in front, crowned with the old turretted mansion called Ascham-Hall. Having ascended the height, we presently found ourselves in Ascham, and taking a road to the left in the centre of the town, passed through the villages of Henton, Bampton, and Haweswater; all lying in a broad valley, surrounded on every side by heathy mountains; a naked scene, as far as respected its natural features, that agreeably contrasted with the more luxuriant banks of Haweswater lake, to which we now approached. Close by the western margin of this sheet of liquid crystal the road pursues its way through a

lane thickly shaded by trees, but admitting frequent peeps at the lake, and the opposite rude and lofty mountains. Though the scene be confined, it yet affords considerable variety, and many points of view of great interest. Of the lower part of the lake the character is for the most part that of *beauty* and *softness*, its features consisting of a steep declivity, mantled with young wood to the left, and a verdant rising ground sprinkled with a few cottages to the right. But as we proceed towards the head of Haweswater, the face of Nature is changed; she now assumes a rude appearance, and moulds her mountains into harsher forms. Black precipices and naked crags, usurping the place of wooded declivities and verdant downs, present an impenetrable barrier against the bold intruder who should dare to penetrate to the sacred fountain-head of the lake. Haweswater is nearly three miles long, and about four or five hundred yards over in the widest part.

Returning by Yanwath-Hall to Penrith, which made our excursion about twenty miles, we consumed the remaining part of the day in a visit to Brougham-Castle, three miles from Penrith on the Appleby road; a ruin, which though it have nothing picturesque in its form, consisting of bare walls thrown into right angles, yet blending with

the pleasing adjoining accompaniments, contributes to form a most beautiful picture. A fine wood of elm trees, inhabited by a large colony of rooks, defends the falling fabric from the blasts of the east wind; and the united waters of the Emmont and the Lowther murmur by its western walls. On the opposite side of this river, a mill is happily introduced, which is hedged in by a thick wood, above whose head are seen the awful forms of

“Mountains, on whose barren breast

“The lab’ring clouds do often rest.”

The castle, built of ferruginous freestone, is in itself (like the castle of Penrith, unadorned with ivy) rather a disgusting object; but its remains are curious, as they point out the jealousy and jeopardy of the times when it was constructed; gloomy caverns, narrow passages, pigeon-hole windows, which, whilst they evince the strength of the fabric, equally mark the licentiousness of manners and weakness of government, that rendered these means of security necessary to the subject. The oldest parts of the fabric are probably of Anglo-Saxon architecture, as its recorded history may be traced back to the time of William the Conqueror, who granted it to Hugh de Abrinis. At present it makes part of Lord Thane’s possessions.

• Our route to Ulswater lake led us once more by the Druidical monuments already mentioned, which the road to Pooley divides from each other, and then wound through a country infinitely beautiful, diversified with gentle hills and broad valleys, in whose luxuriant bosoms many mansions of ancient and modern date are securely seated, defended from the tempests by the aërial height of the immense Saddleback, who, shooting into points, presents a singular contrast to the neighbouring round-headed mountains. Before us lay a rich carpet of meads and woods, backed by the dark precipices and rude summits of the august Helvellyn, the father of the Cumbrian mountains, and other heights which surround Ulswater. This extended scene, however, gradually narrows as we approach the lake; the right screen is formed by the woody hill Dunmallard, sanctified by the monastery of Benedictines, which formerly crowned its lofty head. On the other side we have steep declivities of verdant down. Turning over Pooley bridge, at the north-eastern extremity of the lake, we catch on a sudden a grand reach of this beautiful piece of water, at least four miles in length, terminated by meadows covered with trees, and backed by mountains of every variety of outline. Our admirable road kept for the most part the northern margin of the



water, and unfolded, as it pursued the undulation of the shore, a succession of pictures of inimitable beauty. Having followed its course with the closest attachment to the lake for a mile, ascending the hill, it quits and loses sight of its companion for a few minutes; but again descending towards it, at the village of Water-Millock, the enviable situation of Mr. Robinson's house, we are once more introduced to it under new appearances, and with different combinations. Here all is quiet and serene; a broad wood, the widely-spread lake, and a gently-rising hill beyond it, divided into inclosures, and sprinkled with plantations, are seen in front; whilst the scoured rocks on each side are for a moment shut out by intervening shade.

The lake now narrows, and the road diverging from the water and dipping into a wood, loses sight of it a second time, varying the ride by a scene completely rural, of rich pasture, humble cottages, and thick woods; but gradually gaining the summit of a declivity, a magical alteration in the picture takes place, again the lake bursts upon the eye in a long reach, with new ornaments, wide and awful—a vast rocky promontory rising to the height of one thousand feet in front, its face sprinkled with shrubs, its face piercing the

clouds, and losing its roots in a wood, into the recesses of which the road penetrates.

On emerging from these shades, we catch the lake (which here makes a turn to the left) under new circumstances; its surface spotted with islands, the northern margin overlooked by black mountains in their native rude attire, and its termination enlivened by works of art, human habitations, and plantations. Passing through Gowbray-Park, the demesne of the Duke of Norfolk, we pursue the margin of the lake through a beautiful extent of wood, uniting with its waters, and admitting interrupted views of its silvery surface, together with occasional glances at the awful rocks which rise abruptly to the right hand, and beetle over the path. A short ascent throws the lake to a frightful depth below us, and lifts us midway up the precipice; from whence a grand back view is seen, a reach of seven miles, the whole distance we have as yet passed. At this point great labour and expence have been exhausted in cutting the road through the mountain, which has left a steep face of rock to the right, and a rapid precipice on the other hand; but all impressions of terror are precluded by the pleasing wooded vestment that clothes its side. After this scenery, the eye is refreshed by the cultivated fields of Patterdale, its low-

roofed cottages, and humble church; which receive a double beauty from the unadorned and misty mountains, that rushing to heaven nearly incircle them in their awful bosom. Here an admirable inn offered some substantial entertainment, after one of the richest feasts of eye and fancy that we had as yet experienced.

Our return was confined to the same road which had carried us to Patterdale, there being none on the opposite side of the lake; but as we had this expanse of water under new combinations, fresh objects of admiration continually arose as we retraced our steps. Liulph's tower, amongst others which had been hidden from us as we went to Patterdale, opened upon us as we returned; a castellated triangular building, of odd taste, and much inconvenience, built about twenty years ago, but rendered the scene of convivial mirth and social pleasantry by the hospitality of the rich noble owner, who lives here for a few weeks in the summer season, surrounded by a select circle of friends, in all the rude magnificence of baronial good cheer. Its celebrated cascade, (White Force) is about half a mil. from it; however the pathway to it strikes into a rocky plain, and in its depths the sun is excluded by the sand and waves above. Skirting its side, the plebeian

river Airey that foams through the gulphy bottom, we reached a rude wooden bridge, thrown across the water at a sequestered point where the rocks rise on each side in great majesty, and passing it caught the cascade tumbling down a precipice at least eighty feet high. The scene is extremely solemn and picturesque.

On our return to Pooley bridge, the views down the lake rather pleased than astonished us; being chiefly characterized by that softness and repose to which the rocky mountains we had left are so entirely adverse. Dunmallard made a conspicuous feature in this picture; under whose northern side we now drove, and entered upon a different road to that we had taken on visiting Ulswater, leading us through a fine rich country, that borrowed beauty as well as fertility from the river Emmont, whose silver tide glides amongst its meads and woods, rolling from the foot of Ulswater, the prolific womb of waters whence it springs.

Derwentwater naturally succeeded our last tour as the next feature in the lakes, when they are taken from the north. The distance from Penrith is eighteen miles, and the road admirable, though the mountains which inclose it on each side preclude all distant view. Of these, the black and rugged Saddleback to the right is most conspicuous, at

whose feet the turnpike creeps for several miles, but is at length made amends for this long tract of “hopeless sterility,” by a grand prospect of St. John’s vale to the left; Derwentwater and its august portal, the gorge of Borrodale beyond; the town, and rich vale of Keswick, sweetly reposing at the feet of Skiddow, and other mountains of huge height and fantastic forms; and the lake of Bassenthwaite, mountain-locked, in the distance to the right. Through the vale below, the river Greta, swelled at this moment with the tribute of a thousand streams from the adjoining hills, (the effect of a sudden violent storm) proved by its stupendous noise its fair title to the name it bears, which is, literally translated, the *roarer*. Adjoining to the road, on the left, near the point where this scene first bursts upon the eye, is a Druidical monument in very good preservation, consisting of a circular arrangement of thirty-eight stones, twenty-seven yards in diameter, and a small parallelogram within it, attached to the eastern side, six yards in length; forming probably an ancient place of British superstition, and planted in the happiest situation possible for a temple, upon a flat-topped hill, encircled by objects of all others in nature the best calculated to excite impressions of awe and astonishment—some of the rudest and most sublime mountains imaginable.

The scenery of the lakes has been so ably analysed by the pen of a gentleman, the Rev. William Gilpin, who viewed nature with the justest, most discriminating, and correctest eye, that it is needless, and would be impertinent, in me to go into a minute detail of their beauties; a few hints, therefore, are all that you ought to tolerate, or I venture upon. With respect to Keswick, we remarked that however imposing its *first appearance*, when combined with its accompaniments, might be, yet it lost great part of its charms on a second survey; partly owing to nature, and partly to what, for want of another term, we must call *art*. Its islands, of which there are three principal ones, (Vicar's Island, St. Herbert's, and Lord's Island) and several smaller ones, are all round, and consequently disagreeably uniform; and the broad sheet of water itself, stretching in one right line from the south-west to the north-east, is submitted to the eye at once, with no windings, promontories, or other interruptions, to break this longitudinal view. To heighten these defects, some miserable buildings have been erected on the islands, and along the eastern margin of the lake, which not only disgrace the grand scenery of the place, but, utterly at war with all rational architecture, convenience, and taste, scarcely deserve

the name of human dwellings. Far be it from me to wish a restraint upon the expenditure of an honest citizen's money in any way he may think proper, provided the application of it do not interfere with the rights or comforts of the society amongst which he is placed; but when he uses it to destroy the effect of those scenes of Nature (the common property of the public) which the general voice have pronounced to be beautiful, and thus diminishes the stock of public pleasure, and cuts off one fruitful spring of intellectual enjoyment from a whole people, I cannot but think that the legislature should consider it as a sort of popular trespass, deserving prohibition if not punishment; or at least should make the promoters of false taste, in such cases as these, the objects of severe taxation. Mr. Pocklington's erections on and near the lake of Keswick would, if my suggestion were adopted, make an ample return into the coffers of the Exchequer. The fall of Lodore on the southern side of the lake, consisting of a series of cascades down a rocky declivity six hundred feet high, shaded with trees, is rather beautiful than sublime, and picturesque than terrible, for the most part of the year; though when it is charged with the overflowings of the thousand streams which a storm pours occasionally from the mountains, one

stupendous whole is formed by the mighty mass of rushing element, which presents a most magnificent scene to the eye, and an uproar is raised that shakes the surrounding mountains to their foundation.

Penetrating into the awful recesses of Borrodale at the southern extremity of the lake, we took a view of the *Bowther stone*, a vast mass of rock, torn by some natural convulsion from the aërial brow of the adjoining mountain, and rolled into the flat below. It measures in height thirty-six feet, and in circumference eighty-nine feet, and weighs one thousand seven hundred and seventy-one tons thirteen hundred weight. Beyond this a most pleasing walk, through peaceful hamlets, embosomed by the rudest mountains, brought us to the black-lead mines, the most famous of the kind in the world. Amongst the crags and precipices here which tower on every side, the effects of a loud sound suddenly emitted are truly astonishing, and it is utterly impossible for a lively imagination unused to the delusion, to experience it without a momentary belief that he is surrounded by the unseen spirits of the mountain, reproving his intrusion into their *adyta*, in vocal thunder.

The animated, enthusiastic, and accomplished Coleridge, whose residence at Keswick gives additional charms and interest to its impressive



scenery, inspired us with terror, whilst he described the universal uproar that was awakened through the mountains by a sudden burst of involuntary laughter in the heart of their precipices; an incident which a kindred intellect, his friend and neighbour at Grasmere, Wordsworth, (whose ‘*Lyrical Ballads*,’ exclusively almost of all modern compositions, breathe the true, nervous, and simple spirit of poetry) has worked up into the following admirable effusion:

“ ’Twas that delightful season, when the broom,  
 “ Full flower’d, and visible on every steep,  
 “ Along the copses runs in veins of gold,  
 “ Our pathway led us on to Rotha’s banks,  
 “ And when we came in front of that tall rock  
 “ Which looks towards the East, I there stopp’d short,  
 “ And trac’d the lofty barrier with my eye  
 “ From base to summit; such delight I found  
 “ To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower,  
 “ That intermixture of delicious hues,  
 “ Along so vast a surface, all at once,  
 “ In one impression, by connecting force  
 “ Of their own beauty, imag’d in the heart.  
 —When I had gaz’d perhaps two minutes’ space,  
 “ Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld  
 “ That ravishment of mine, and laugh’d aloud,  
 “ The rock, like something starting from a sleep,  
 “ Took up the lady’s voice, and laugh’d again  
 “ That ancient woman seated on Helm-crag  
 “ Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-Scar  
 “ And the tall steep of Silver-How sent forth  
 “ A noise of laughter:—southern Loughrigg heard

“ And Fairfied answer’d with a mountain tone;  
 “ Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky  
 “ Carried the lady’s voice,—old Skiddaw blew  
 “ His speaking trumpet;—back out of the clouds  
 “ Of Glaramara southward came the voice;  
 “ And Kirkstone toss’d it from his misty head.  
 “ Now whether, said I to our cordial friend,  
 “ (Who in the hey-day of astonishment  
 “ Smil’d in my face) this were in simple truth  
 “ A work accomplish’d by the brotherhood  
 “ Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touch’d  
 “ With dreams and visionary impulses,  
 “ Is not for me to tell; but sure I am  
 “ That there was a loud uproar in the hills.  
 “ And, while we both were listening, to my side  
 “ The fair Joanna drew, as if she wish’d  
 “ To shelter from some object of her fear.”

Here, in the midst of these secluded scenes, formed by the involutions of the mountains, uncorrupted by the society of the world, lives one of the most independent, most moral, and most respectable characters existing—the *estatesman*, as he is called in the language of the country. His property usually amounts from 80l. to 200l. a year, of which his mansion forms the central point; where he passes an undisturbed inoffensive life, surrounded by his own paternal meads and native hills. Occupied in cultivating the former, and browsing the latter with his large flocks of three or four thousand sheep, he has no temptation

to emigrate from home; and knowing but few of those artificial wants which spring from luxury, he has no opportunity of lessening or alienating his property in idle expenditure; and transmits to his descendant, without diminution or increase, the demesne which had been left to himself by his own frugal and contented forefathers. Hence it happens, that more frequent instances occur in the deep vales of Cumberland, of property being enjoyed for a long series of generations by the same family, than in any other part of England. The pride of descent would be put to the blush, were it to be told that in a hallowed recess of this kind in the neighbourhood of Keswick-Lake, a man is now living, who enjoys exactly the same property which his lineal ancestor possessed in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Their sheep, running wild upon the mountains, and never taken into the farm-yard, are exposed to perpetual accidents and loss, arising from the inclemency of the weather, and the horrors of snow-storms, which, in some instances, have amounted to twelve or fifteen hundred head in a year. This circumstance prevents them from getting *rich*; but on the other hand, as the flocks are kept without the least expence to the proprietor, their losses never induce poverty upon them; so that, happily oscillating between their

loss and gain, they are preserved in the only blessed, the only independent state—that golden mean which the wise Agur so earnestly and rationally petitioned of his GOD that he might enjoy: “Two things  
 “ have I required of thee; deny me them not be-  
 “ fore I die. Remove me far from vanity and  
 “ lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed  
 “ me with food convenient for me; lest I be full,  
 “ and deny thee, and say Who is the Lord? or lest  
 “ I be poor and steal, and take the name of my  
 “ GOD in vain.” Removed by their situation and  
 circumstances from the ever-shifting scene of fashionable life, their manners continue primitive, unabraded by the collision of general intercourse; their hospitality is unbounded and sincere; their sentiments simple; and their language scriptural. “Go,” said an estatesman to a friend of mine, whom he had entertained for some days in his house, “Go to the vale on the other side of you  
 “ mountain, to the house of such an estatesman,  
 “ and tell him you came from me. I know him  
 “ not; but he will receive you kindly, for *our sheep*  
 “ *mingle upon the mountains.*”

Our return led us over Grey’s-Bridge, by the north-western side of the lake, which, we remarked, would be a better approach to Borrodale than the opposite road, as the crags and precipices,

instead of opening gradually, throw themselves at once upon the eye in all their rudeness and horror. The woods of Lord William Gordon add much to the beauty of this shore of Derwentwater.

Amongst the many little excursions which may be best made from Keswick, that to Buttermere and Crummock-Water afforded us great pleasure; particularly as we took a road suggested to us by one to whom the whole country is well known, and who has taste to distinguish and kindness to point out its more concealed beauties. This took us for eight miles along the Whinlatter turnpike, in sight (for some distance) of Bassenthwaite's peaceful lake, (which, scowled upon by no over-hanging mountains, sleeps amid its pastoral scenery and gently-sloping banks) and then introduced us by a turn to the left, into the upper end of the vale of Lorton; a tract that rivals the celebrated Arno, as it possesses every possible feature of landscape combined in the happiest manner; luxurious meadows, spotted with little wooded hills, and watered by a transparent river; neat little mansions white-washed, and "bosomed high in tufted trees;" the whole surrounded by a rampart of lofty mountains. Winding up the broad declivity of one of these heights, a wonderful picture presented itself; a crystal lake on one side, hedged in by the gloomy

coomb of Grasmere, a solemn wood in front, and the truncated form of the Melbeck mountain to the right: black crags, climbing above each other to the clouds, form the back ground: a higher point lets in a view of the other lake, with the agreeable addition of human habitations and cultivated farms—a most pleasing variety amid such rude and solitary scenery.

Passing through the village of Buttermere, we ascended to the singular valley of Kiseadale, whose dreary heights, bare of every natural ornament, gave additional zest to the delight we experienced on looking from its other extremity on the indescribably beautiful vale of Newlands; rich, diversified, and cheerful, terminated by Derwentwater and its accompaniments; which we kept in view till we reached the town, after an interesting expedition of twenty-four miles. But perhaps the finest view of Keswick-lake is caught on the road to Grasmere (to which we now proceeded) from the point of elevation about a mile and a half from the town, whence every mountain and rock, the solemn near objects of Derwentwater, and the beautiful distant ones of Bassanthwaite, are all taken in by the eye at one glance. Dipping from hence into St. John's Vale, we followed an admirable road for five or six miles, through a country not

so picturesque as that we had left; owing to the flat forms of the stony mountains, and the naked faces of the meadows which here were unadorned with trees. But the scenery became much more interesting when the Lake of Thirlmere opened to us. Here a sheet of water was spread before us, divided into two parts by a little neck of land in the middle; its banks consisting for the most part of wild pasturage, now and then spotted with a cottage. At the further extremity the vale gradually rises, and stretches to a distance in a series of meadows comprized between the august Helvellyn, whose *striding-ridges*\* tower above the road to the left, and a black rocky mountain to the right. From the brow of this long rise, at the ten-mile stone, Grasmere discovers itself, accompanied by all its romantic and beautiful scenery; occupying the bottom of a deep vale hedged in by mountains, whose heads, rude, craggy, and fantastic, give all the force and beauty of contrast to the smiling meads and peaceful dwellings which rest beneath their feet. At the entrance, Helm-Crag lifts its rugged form, the seat of echoes strange and wild, who shelters under his broad precipitous side the exqui-

---

\* In Cumberland the summits of the mountains are called *striding-ridges*; as they terminate (particularly Helvellyn) in sharp crags that may be literally *stridden* over.

sitely beautiful recess called Ease-Dale, a picture better deserving the artist's pencil than most of the points about which it is in general employed. On each side the skreen is formed by plantations of young oak and ash trees; meadows present themselves in front, scarred with rocks which start abruptly from the ground, bearing on their crests crests groupes of verdant trees; beyond are caught in succession the village, its little church, the tranquil lake, and the dark heads of its patron mountains. Indeed the character of Grasmere is more properly *its own* than that of any other lake; a *deep repose* reigns around, which calls up the ideas of perfect abstraction and tranquility more completely than any scenery we had yet visited. It is, however, but little known, as travellers usually pass through it without tarrying at its comfortable sequestered inn; and by these means miss some of the finest walks among the lakes.

One of these little tours led us by the side of Rydale lake, studded with several small islands, of various forms and singular appearance; some covered with firs, others exposing their unsheltered rocky heads to the storm; and encircled by lofty verdant hills of a different character to the mountains of Grasmere. Near this sheet of water Sir Michael Le Fleming's house is happily situated.



through whose park we strolled towards the celebrated water-falls in it, amused with occasional views of Ambleside, the rich country on this side of it, and the grand lake of Windermere beyond. Following a path that accompanied the impetuous mountain-torrent called the Scarsdale, which pours through a series of rocky cauldrons formed by its own fury, we reached at length the *lower* fall: of little consequence in itself, but rendered highly picturesque by the surrounding scenery; and presently after mounted to the *upper* one, less pleasing from its being less concealed. But these are very inferior to the cascade below the house, to which we were now introduced by a path that passed the mansion, dipped into a deep shade of firs, and turning suddenly to the left, brought us to an old stone cottage, the door of which being opened, we discovered, through a large square window, a waterfall of great beauty. Under the eye is a deep pool, hedged in by a lofty face of rock gracefully wooded with trees; before is a large sheet of water, into which tumble the whole contents of Rydale-Beck, thrown down a rugged precipice of more than a hundred feet deep, over whose brow is a rude stone bridge of one arch striding across the torrent, and forming a part of the turnpike-road. In this sublime and romantic scene is effected a grand and varied transition.

the traveller above, and every idea of its being connected with a public way is precluded in the mind of the spectator below, by a dark canopy of wood which overshadows the whole. The light let in thro' the arch, relieving the solemnity of the shade around, has an effect better imagined than described.

But our walk included other water-falls besides those at Sir Michael Le Fleming's; that at Ambleside, a village two miles from Rydale. It lies about half a mile to the left of the inn, and may be called a double cascade, as the waters rush from two rents in the rock, about forty feet distant from each other, and pouring down different perpendicular channels, unite into one mighty stream at the depth of one hundred and fifty feet; from whence the blended waters rush with uncontrollable fury over a series of rocky ledges into an unfathomable abyss, the horrors of which are hidden from the eye by some trees that stretch themselves across the gulph. Of all the Cumberland cascades, this perhaps, is the most impressive, not so much on account of its magnitude, as its partial obscuration; not presenting itself to the eye at once, but only shewing detached parts, it allows the *creative faculty* to be brought into action, and thus affords to the mind one of the most pleasurable excercises it is capable of experiencing.

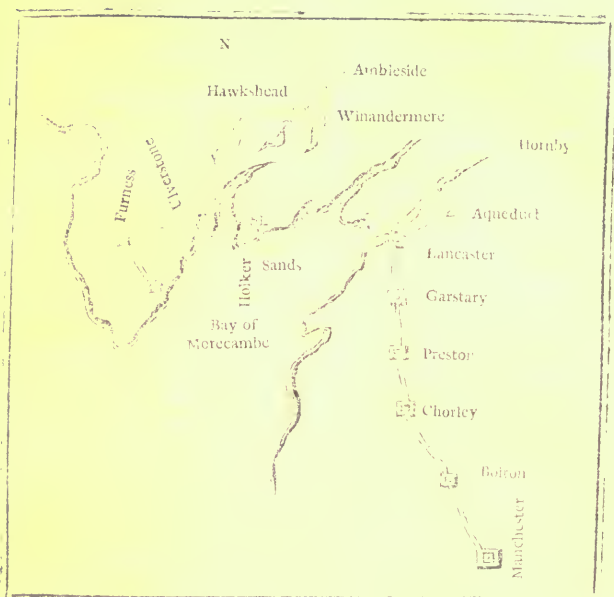
Having extended our excursion into the singular valley of Troutbeck, a second *Tempe* in beautiful and pastoral scenery, we returned to Grasmere by the south-west side of Rydale lake, under the romantic rocks of Leofrig, with mountains all around us, that had been formed in the uproar of nature; and an unruffled sheet of water spread before us presenting a fine emblem of her in deep tranquility. Much, however, of the effect of this lake, as well as of Grasmere, is lost, by the trifling circumstance of their being sprinkled with *reeds*, which shew their waving heads above the water far into the lake. This appearance produces the idea of *shallowness*, which is naturally connected with insignificance; for water, whatever its form or extent may be, if it do not impress us with the feeling, in some degree, of *dread*, can never produce a powerful effect upon the mind. Hence it is that a *well*, if extremely deep, will be a sublime object, whilst a sheet of water, if very shallow, though spread over a surface of one thousand miles, will never be able to excite ideas of sublimity; for as no notions of terror (the chief constituent of the sublime) can arise from the contemplation of *that*, from which Reason tells us no danger is to be feared, so, on the other hand, a sense of danger

being connected with depth, the mind is immediately impressed with corresponding ideas on contemplating profundity, whatever it may want in superficial extent.

Your's, &c.

R. W.

---



## LETTER VII.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

*Manchester, July 20.*

ONE of the great sources of the pleasure which the lakes are found to afford, is the distinct and appropriate character that each of them possesses. Winandermere, near whose banks we were at Ambleside, may claim in a peculiar manner the praise of *beauty and grandeur*; the former derived from its winding shape, which presents an

endless variety of bay and promontory, island and holm; the latter from its extent, which exceeds that of every other of these sheets of water. The *northern and southern* extremities are marked by very different features; mountains rude and bare, crags lofty and ragged—Langdale-Pikes, Hind-Knot, and Wry-Nose—form the impervious barrier to the first termination; whilst the latter presents nothing but soft sloping banks, fringed with wood, and smiling with the marks of human industry. The road running parallel with the eastern shore of the lake passes the excellent inn of Low-Wood, admirably situated for the visitor of Winandermere; the well-tilled fields and widely-spreading plantations of Kalgarth, the residence of the learned Bishop of St. Asaph; who, having thrown light upon science, and corroborated by his reasonings the evidences of revealed religion, is still in the bosom of rural quiet and domestic happiness benefiting mankind, by increasing experiments and new discoveries in the important art of philosophical husbandry.

Hence we proceeded to Bowness, a small village seated close to the waters of Winandermere, and accommodated with every sort of boat and vessel for crossing the lake and visiting the islands upon it. Of these there are fourteen in number; the

principal one is Bella island, about one mile and three quarters round, the property and summer residence of Mr. Curwen. The passage to this, about half a mile, gave us a magnificent view of the lake, its surface studded with islands, and its shores with gentlemen's seats, removed to such a fortunate distance as to prevent the bad taste with which most of them are built from being perceived: Rydale-Head, an august mountain, shuts up the scene to the north. The island was purchased about seventeen years ago by Mrs. Curwen, before her marriage, for the sum of 1640*l.* of the creditors of Mr. English, who had begun the house which Mr. Curwen now inhabits; the plantations commenced two years afterwards; but so much has the value of property hereabouts increased, and so elegantly has Mr. Curwen compleated the mansion and grounds, that within this present year 20,000*l.* have been offered as the price of its purchase. Green-house trees form for the most part the belt of wood that encircles the island, which is made as thick as possible, in order to prevent its narrowness from being discovered; through this is a gravel walk, and within it about eighteen acres of lawn, with the house upon a rise in the centre; an elegant classical building, with a portico in front, and a domed roof. On ascending the lofty

hill which rises to the west of Winandermere, we arrived at Mr. West's first station, and from the little castellated summer-house caught a grand view of the lake, its islands, promontories, and shores; a prospect that was once more repeated at the summit of a more distant eminence, and then lost to us for ever. But we were fully recompensed by the broad, quiet, and beautiful valley into which we descended, that soon opened to us Estwaith water, where the pastoral still continues to predominate; and where the affections are agreeably moved, and heart gladdened, by the pleasing contemplation of human happiness dwelling amid the many little villages scattered round the margin of the lake.

Passing through Hawkshead, at the northern end of Estwaith, (a small market-town, which, though its population be not more than three hundred and eighty people, boasts a liberal free-school, founded by Archbishop Mandys, the hot-bed of many a learned plant) we ascended the hill over which the road to Cumbria is carried, from whose brow a very different picture presents itself, to that beautiful landscape we had been contemplating. The rural scene, so long before again introduce themselves, in the bold fantastic forms and naked heads of its surrounding mountains, particularly the Old Man



and Langdale-Pikes; the shores are left entirely in the hands of Nature, and as beauty and grandeur are the characteristic of Winandermere, so untamed wildness is that of Coniston water.

On quitting this sheet of liquid crystal, along whose margin we rode for six miles, we bade adieu to the lakes, and entered upon a scene of singular contrast to their mountainous features; a wide extent of level sand, the bed of the river Leven; who, when the tide is full, rolls his waters over the expanse, and converts the lately dry surface into one vast lake. This flat tract conducted us to the town of Ulverstone, situated in an open but not unpleasant country; having noble wooded hills to the south, grand mountains to the north, and the bay of Morecambe before it, over whose sands the tide rises to the height of fifteen feet at the spring floods. This is a town of great antiquity, the capital and head port of the district called Furness; its trade increasing, and its population daily extending. Wood, (of which vast quantities are cut in the neighbourhood) iron-ore from the great adjoining mines of Whitrigs, (so rich that one hundred pounds of ore will give seventy-five of fine metal, and so productive that twenty thousand tons of it are annually exported) blue slate, and corn, form its list of exports. The iron is chiefly sent to Sheffield.

Rotherham, and Birmingham. Coals are the great import; and a languid manufacture of cotton and flax is carried on just without the town.

The fertility of the country between Ulverstone and Furness-Abbey, whose ruins naturally attracted our notice, enables the former to send a large quantity of wheat to the less productive parts of the kingdom; and one wide scene of luxuriant harvest gladdened our eye and hearts with the anticipation of future plenty for seven miles, the distance of our ride.

On passing through Dalton in our way, we could not but recollect that it had heretofore been the capital of Furness, and so much the resort of all ranks of people in consequence of the venerable Abbey being in its neighbourhood, that Ulverstone, its unsuccessful rival, having obtained a charter for a weekly market, could not seduce a sufficient number of people from Dalton to enable it to form one. Its loftily-situated church, and the tower of its castle, corroborate the accounts tradition hands down to us of its former dignity. The ruins of this monastery, founded by King Stephen when Earl of Mortaign and Bulloign, in 1127, are as beautiful as a peaceful valley situation, a night of woods around them, and sheets of ivy gracefully thrown over the walls, can render them.

Conishead, the seat of Wilson Bradyell, esq; is naturally taken in on returning from Furness-Abbey. The wooded hills of the park afforded us from their summit a beautiful home sylvan scene, and a more extraordinary distance, composed of sea, and mountain, and interminable sands. These were made up of the *lesser Syrtis*, called *Leven sands*, and the greater called *Cartmel sands*; over both which we were to pass in our way to Lancaster, a distance of twenty miles. The novelty of this expedition and the possible danger attending it, (for many have perished in the passage) gave a particular interest to this journey, and rendered us more than commonly attentive to its peculiarities. As soon as the sea had sufficiently receded from the sands, (which is a little before half ebb) we proceeded to the *carter-house*, about a mile from Ulverstone, standing upon the margin of the sands. Here we met with several other vehicles of different descriptions, waiting for the recess of the waters, and having joined the caravan, descended to the immense flat before us, which presented a picture at once awful, new, and magnificent. To the right the horizon was marked by a silver line, the distant sea, who had already retired several miles from the expanse which he lately covered, and over which he was shortly again to roll his waters. A small

island starts out of this flat, crowned with a ruined chapel, erected by the monks of Furness, in which masses were daily said in Romish times for the preservation of passengers who crossed this dangerous Syrtis. Before us the coast of Lancaster bounded our view, whose tame line was broken by the lofty castle and church of Lancaster, sufficiently visible to the eye; whilst on the left the sublime range of mountains, amongst whose recesses we had lately been wandering, formed a grand termination to the prospect. As we approached the united rivers of Crake and Leven, a man on horseback appeared on the margin of the water, who (stationed here for the purpose, during the recess) carefully wading before us, directed the carriages what track to pursue in order to cross the stream in safety. A small donation pays him for his trouble.

Nothing now interrupted our ride to the peninsula of Cartmel, where we left the sands for the first time, and once more found ourselves on *terra firma*. The park of Lord Frederick Cavendish at Lower-Holker received us, and opened from its sloping lawns a pleasing back view of the country we had left, and the sands we had just passed. The house, forming two right angle sides of a triangle, and partly fronted in the Gothic style, is more remarkable for convenience than grandeur; but the

collection of pictures it contains well rewards the little deviation from the direct road to Lancaster, which a visit to it occasions.

The *ball* contains the following portraits, half-lengths:—*Sir Isaac Newton*.—The *Duchess of Cleveland*.—The long-armed *Duke of Devonshire*, as he was termed.—Two small whole-lengths of daughters of the great Lord Russel.—*Admiral Penn, and his daughter*; half-lengths.—*Lady Betty Lowther*, Lord Frederick's aunt.—The celebrated *Nell Gwynne*.—*Mrs. Lowther*.—*Lord Charles Cavendish*.—*Sir James Lowther*, well known for his extreme penuriousness, which obtained him the appellation of 'Farthing Jemmy.'—*Queen Caroline*.

In the *dining-room*, over the door, is a good landscape, unknown.—Two landscapes, by Claude.—A fine ditto, by Zucharelli.—Two exquisite views of the inside of a church, the one by day-light, the other finely illuminated with lamps; by B. Neefs; the figures by Elshamer.—An old portrait, said to be Lord Douglas, with this inscription: "Novit paucos secura quies. ætatis sue XXII, A. D. MDXI."—An admirable small picture in Van Schalken's manner; two young artists studying an antique, on which hangs a lamp which throws a fine light over the picture.—Two good battle-pieces, in Wouvermans' style.—The removal of

the stone from the sepulchre of Christ, in which is an admirable delineation of muscular exertion.—A large ruin.—A sleeping Cupid.—Two holy families.—A boor eating; of the Flemish school.—A woman in her green-stall; excellent, in the same style.—A large landscape, in the manner of Rubens.

In the *drawing-room* is a fine half-length figure of a *Duke of Devonshire* in armour.—*Mrs. Charles Grey, and her infant*; by Allen.—*Lord Richard Cavendish*; half-length, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.—A view of St. Mark's-Place, Venice.—Two small battle-pieces.—A landscape, with trees and ruins; called a Claude, with his distances, but not his magic softness of tints.—*Vandyck*, by himself; the incomparable original from which Lord Orford's engraving of this celebrated painter was made.—*St. Francis*; a large affecting picture, probably by Spagnoletto. He is represented kneeling, his hands clasped together, and lifted towards heaven, with a look of earnest supplication, deep contrition, and most compleat prostration of soul; a fine chain of light runs from the sky above to the book before him. The picture, too, is well hung to produce a pleasing contrast between its own strength and power, and the softness and beauty of its neighbour Vandyck.—A very large Claude Lorraine; the foreground consists of broken banks; a small

lake, Pater Tyber reclining on his left arm, and pouring from his urn the classic stream. To the left is a lofty hill, probably Parnassus, with the temple of Apollo crowning its summit; the God himself and the nine Muses below; sea and misty mountains in the distance; a large old tree forms the right-hand skreen. The whole composition of this piece is stiff and bad, compared with its neighbour, another Claude; in which the *Holy Family* and *Angels* are seen in the fore-ground, backed by a river, water-fall, aqueduct, city, and mountains, succeeding each other at proper distances; the left-hand skreen is a most magnificent tree. Both these pieces are damaged.—A party of peasants playing at cards; by Teniers.—The portrait of a *Duchess of Devonshire*, by Lely.—*Sir William Lowther*, half-length.—*Sir Thomas Riston*, the ancient proprietor of the manor and abbey of Furness; a curious half-length.

In the *striped-room* is a large battle-piece.—A small Van Schalken, Christ and Nicodemus.

In the *dressing-room*;—the *Duchess of Richmond*, half-length.—*Thomas Wrothesley Earl of Southton*.—A curious painting on board, very fair, by J. W. Stap; representing an old man reading, and a boy warming his hands over a stove. The outline of the head of the latter is strong and stiff; but the

expression of the old man is admirable.—Half-length of *Queen Elizabeth*, when young, in a very rich dress.—On the *stair-case* is a fine colossal marble head, a modern copy of the dying Alexander.

Quitting Holker-Hall, we hurried through Flookbrooke, to the Carter-House on the Lancaster road, that we might pass this wide expanse (almost nine miles across) before the ocean resumed his lately abdicated domain. But though these sands exceeded in extent those we had already passed, the effect was not equal to the impression we received from the first; both from the circumstance of the charm of novelty being lost, and the boundary of mountains which lately was so grand, being now dwindled into comparative insignificance. But still the accompaniments were pleasing and curious; promontories and bays, hills and woods, villages and towns, in the distance; and numberless old women and children before us earning a scanty subsistence by digging cockles out of the sand, which they sell afterwards at two-pence per quart. A little river, flowing across the sands, soon presented itself; but it was small, and passed without the assistance of the guide, who, stationed on the margin of the *Kent*, took us under his protection as we passed this ford; highly dangerous to the incautious traveller, and so perilous even to the



more prudent one, that from very early times the office of guide here has been an important object of public cognizance. For many centuries the priory of Cartmel was under the necessity of providing a proper person for this charge, and received Synodals and Peter-pence, to reimburse their expences; but since the Dissolution, the duchy of Lancaster grants it by letters-patent to a trusty man, whose yearly allowance from the receiver-general is 2*l*. Nor should it appear, from the many accidents which have repeatedly occurred on these wastes of sand, that the precaution of a director over the fords is at all unnecessary: but larger still is the list of unfortunate people who have perished on the ordinary roads, or taken by darkness, or involved in unexpected and inevitable destruction. The consequence of the loss of these disasters; since the modern traveller has lost the distant marks which guided the former, diverted from the true he should proceed either towards the ocean; or, if he has any other direction, wanders over the sands till he is almost worn out, and then more at random till he has almost spent the tide returning, when he is obliged to return to the shore, to seek the aid of his horse, or to be rescued. An accident of this kind has happened several times yearly, involving the loss of many lives, and a vast

is yet fresh in the recollection of all the neighbouring country, though it occurred nearly half a century ago. An old fisherman sat out to cross the sands from Cartmel one morning, driving in his little cart his two daughters, followed by his wife on horseback; the whole party in gala dress for a day's enjoyment at Lancaster fair. Having journeyed half-way across the sands, a thick fog suddenly arose, and involved them in its darkness. The track now became obscure, and whilst the travellers were anxiously endeavouring to trace it, the water began to deepen around them. Bewildered with alarm, the poor man stopped his cart, and desiring the women to remain quiet, said he would go a few steps forward, and endeavour to discover his well-known marks. He accordingly went, but returned no more. Distracted with apprehensions for his safety, the faithful and affectionate wife would not listen to the prayers of the daughters, to hasten on from the inevitable destruction with which the rising waters now threatened her; but wandered about the spot where she had missed her husband, calling vainly on his name, till she was washed from her horse, and found the same common grave with him. The sagacity of the horse saved the lives of the young women. Perfectly petrified with grief and alarm, they lost the guidance

of the animal, who turning again into the road to Cartmel, at length brought them in safety to their homes. On the ensuing day, the bodies of the faithful old couple were found upon the sands.

Several small fords or rivulets, working their way through the sands, presented themselves after we had passed the great one of the *Kent*; but no difficulty or danger ever arises from their insignificance. Instead of inconvenience, indeed, they are productive of profit and utility; abounding with flat fish called flook, and containing also salmon, which are caught by nets stretched across their beds, and examined at the ebb tide. For a certain distance from the shore the right of fishing in these streams belongs to Lord Derby; but beyond this point the sands and fords are common property, open to all the sons of industry.

Having traversed eight miles of sands, we at length gained the opposite shore at Hestbank, and drove through a country rich but flat, for three miles; catching in our way the august castle and church of Lancaster (to which we were hastening) circling the summit of a proud hill; the new canal; and the immense aqueduct, lately constructed over the Kirby-Lonsdale road to the left. A new bridge of five elegant elliptical arches, carried us across the beautiful river Lime, and shortly afterwards we

found ourselves in the ancient city of Lancaster, the *Caer-Werid*, or the green-town of the western Brigantes; and the *Longovicium* of the Romans; where Agricola mustered his forces, and formed a station in the year 79, the second summer of his successful campaign against the Caledonians. Its present appearance is neat and respectable, being chiefly built of freestone. The population, amounting to nearly twelve thousand, is gradually declining, from the decay of its trade, which is now floated into the more convenient port of Liverpool. Repeated bankruptcies have followed this desertion, and left the town in a languid and decaying state. Sail-cloth and cotton in a small quantity are the chief manufactures of the place; and the shipping of the neighbouring coast is principally constructed by the builders here. But the boasts of Lancaster are its Gothic church and ancient castle, planted (as I have before mentioned) in a situation at once calculated for strength and majesty. These edifices were probably nearly coeval, being built of the same materials, (a beautiful silicious grit) and bearing marks of the military and ecclesiastical architecture of the same age. This was the time of Edward III. who found it necessary to fortify the place, in order to its defence against the Scots; a successful attack of

their's having reduced the city to ashes in 1322. It now serves the purposes of the county prison, and the assize courts, having been repaired and fitted up by Mr. Hanson, architect. The alterations were sixteen years in effecting, and forty thousand pounds consumed in the work, though the whole is not yet compleated. Nothing can exceed the beauty and convenience of the *crown* and *nisi prius* courts, which are in the chastest Gothic style; the wood-work oak, the furniture crimson moreen. The former contains two fine full-length portraits by Allen, of Col. Stanley, and Mr. Blackburne, members for the county. The latter is the moiety of a space formed by fourteen equal sides, and capable of holding seventeen hundred people, whose roof is supported by five clustered columns with plain capitals, forming Gothic arches; the groins which spring from them ramify into a stone ceiling of open work, of singular beauty and fashion. In a passage adjoining to this court is a Roman votive altar found about six years ago under the castle wall, at the north side; it is about two feet high, has a *thuribulum* on the top for incense, and bears the following inscription on one of its sides:

DEO SANCTO MARTI COGDIOVBINI  
IVCIVSBI. ES. V. S. P. M.

But the plan and arrangements of the castle court, now formed into a prison, are still more interesting. The area being divided into separate compartments, the different gradations of crime are here judiciously distinguished from each other, and villains of a greater or lesser dye confined to their own proper society; which prevents at least that amalgamation of the more with the less heinous degrees of vice, that takes place in prisons where the criminals promiscuously mix together. To avoid, also, that deterioration which idleness naturally encourages in the mind of the ignorant or the vicious, the magistrates wisely employ the prisoners in weaving coarse calico, and other easy labours; and to encourage the spirit of industry, and teach them to relish the toils of honest employment, a proper proportion of their earnings is always given to themselves, to be expended in what manner they please. The allowance of the felons is at once judicious and liberal; on Sundays, half a pound of solid beef without bone, one quart of broth, and half a pound of bread; on other days, one ounce of mutton, and one pound of bread. It was melancholy to reflect, that large and commodious as the building appeared to be, it had notwithstanding been overstocked; and that, on pouring out its numbers at the last assizes, eleven had been stopped

by the hangman, and suffered death at the common place of execution under the castle wall. The chief offences appear to be the result of the circumstances of the times—forgery and sedition. A view of great grandeur, diversity, and extent, is commanded from the towers of the castle; and one little less extensive from the walk before the walls.

As our route did not carry us to Hornby, we made a little digression from it, in order to visit a spot pointed out to us by the celebrated Mr. Grey, as one of the finest views in England, about three miles from Lancaster, on the road to Hornby. On our way thither, we passed under a vast arch, bestriding the turnpike, and bearing on its broad back the grand canal before spoken of, which is received a little to the right, and carried over the Leven by one of the finest aqueducts in England, formed of five arches, each seventy feet in the span; the top of the balustrade is sixty feet above the level of the water; 70,000*l.* was the expence of this work. The scenery around is beautiful, and would deserve description, were it not totally eclipsed by that at Mr. Grey's station; a bank in a field a little to the left of the turnpike-road, near the three-mile stone. From this elevated spot, the river Leven appeared at our feet, pursuing his way in a series of meanders through a chain of

fertile meadows; beyond whose verdant carpet appeared the vale of Lonsdale, bearing on its broad expansive bosom every constituent of rural beauty; and throwing beneath the eye a lengthened scene of fertility and happiness, shut up in the distance by the enormous mountain Ingleborough, which lifts its truncated head far above the other hills, at the extremity of this delicious vale. The scene justifies the remark of Grey, who says, that “every  
 “feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of  
 “the extensive sort, is here not only boldly marked,  
 “but also in its best position.”

Here we bade a long adieu to fine views and picturesque scenery; and dragged slowly on over a very disagreeable jolting road, through Garstang to Preston; but having on both sides a soil rich and productive, famous in particular for a peculiar breed of horned cattle, the first in England. They are of a smaller size than the Lincolnshire, of elegant shape, and beautifully curled hair, with wide spreading horns and strait backs. The potatoe also appeared in vigour and profusion, offering a consolatory prospect for the ensuing winter; a root affording diet to the peasantry of Lancashire and Cheshire, long before it was eaten in other parts of England. It is said to have been received into the country we were now travelling through about one



hundred years ago from Ireland, where it was introduced by the immortal Raleigh, who conferred a greater obligation on his country, and a greater benefit on society at large, by this present to Europe, than by all his discoveries, which only multiplied riches, without redressing wants.

In our way to Preston we frequently caught the grand canal already spoken of, which is continued only a few miles beyond this place, owing to the enormous and unlooked-for expence of its progress. The estimate had been 350,000*l.* and the fund subscribed immediately 400,000*l.*; but so inaccurate were the calculations, that almost double this sum has been consumed without completing the work. A packet-boat is established upon it between Lancaster and Preston, in which passengers pass from one to the other. Half-a-crown is the fare for the genteel accommodations at the head of the vessel; and eighteen-pence for a more ordinary place on the poop. The act for the formation of this canal was obtained in 1792, and the work immediately commenced at Kendal, where it is supplied by a small brook about a mile beyond the town. Its direction is immediately south towards Lancashire, and passing under-ground for half a mile, it enters that county near Burton. South of this town, at Borrick, it sinks to its mid-level;

and, in order to preserve it, makes a singularly serpentine curve of nearly forty-two miles. The aqueduct I have mentioned above, conducts it over the Leven to the east and south of Lancaster; when it proceeds to Garstang, where it crosses the Wyn, and then bending to the westward, approaches within two miles of Kirkham; after which *diverticulum* it passes the western side of Preston, and is carried over the river Ribble, and in the course of a few miles stops short, for want of capital to compleat it. Its further destination was a junction with the Leeds and Liverpool canal; to cross the Douglas, proceed through Haigh, pass through Wigan, and terminate at West-Houghton. The objects which the subscribers had in view, were to exchange the coal of the south of Lancashire for the limestone of the north, and to afford communication between the port of Lancaster and the more central parts of the north of England.

Before we reached Preston, the manufactures of that town and its neighbourhood appeared in some cotton-works, which we passed in our way; and the frequent recurrence of villages, hamlets, and gentlemen's seats, proved the great population as well as riches of the county. The situation of Preston is at once pleasant and salubrious; on a

lofty rising ground, swelling from the river Ribble, who, though but an insignificant stream here, adds greatly to the beauty of the scenery of the surrounding country. This is best seen from the terrace called the *Walks*, the resort of all the beauty and fashion of Preston, in the cool hours of the summer evening, and during the genial influence of the noon-day winter's sun. At the foot of this the river flows, beyond whose banks an unbounded vale is opened to the eye, more remarkable for extent than interest.

Preston is a large, handsome town, with a population of nearly 12,000, and cursed with the right of returning members to the senate. I use the term in its harshest sense, as applied to this place; since the feuds, disagreements, malignity, and unhappiness, which the privilege has occasioned amongst its inhabitants, to the total destruction of all social intercourse, and comfortable neighbourhood, fully justify the expression. For nearly one hundred and fifty years, the question was undetermined whether the elective franchise were vested in the *pot-wallers*, (such of the inhabitants as boiled a pot) or the burgesses of the corporation; and during this long period of indecision, as frequently as the election returned, the town was converted into one general scene of confusion, agi-

tation, and hostility; and although four determinations of the House of Commons have resolved that the right vests in the inhabitants at large, and thus prevented any future contests on that head, yet the *effects* of former ones are still felt in latent heats, which burst into open flame, as often as the political match is applied to this *irritable genus*, the constituents of Preston. Amongst other privileges attached to the town, it has the peculiar one of holding once in every twenty years a sort of jubilee; which is generally resorted to by all the fashion of the neighbouring country. It continues through the whole month of August; during which the town is filled with amusements; the Mayor gives repeated entertainments; and the Corporation parade occasionally through the streets, attended by the trading companies of the place, arrayed in the *insignia* of their professions. The whole town, in short, is dissolved in idleness and pleasure. Amongst the various courts which its charter privileges Preston to hold, is the Court of Chancery of the *Duchy of Lancaster*, where the vice-chancellor of the Duchy presides as judge, attended by an attorney-general, a chief clerk, registrar and examiner, five attornies, a prothonotary and his deputy, and clerks of the peace and of the crown. It is of very ancient establishment;

probably co-eval with the creation of the county of Lancaster into a *Palatinate*, which, you know, was done by Edward III. who, on the demise of the first Duke of Lancaster (made so by himself) gave the title to his fourth son John of Gaunt, advancing the county at the same time to the above-mentioned dignity. Henry of Bolingbroke, (afterwards Henry IV.) son of John of Gaunt, succeeded his father in the dukedom of Lancaster, and aware of the importance of the duchy, secured, by the authority of Parliament, to his heirs for ever this great fief with all its rights, privileges, honours, and demesnes; which were extended, in the next reign, by the annexation of all the great estates of Henry Vth's mother, who was daughter and co-heiress of Humphrey Bohun Earl of Hereford. From this time it has subsisted in the crown, as a separate possession belonging to our monarchs. A regulation subsists here respecting the markets, held every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, admirably adapted to prevent those crying evils, which are as universally felt as they are deplored—*regrating and forestalling*; and at the same time, ensuring to the inhabitants of the town the principal advantages of their own markets. The time of selling begins at eight o'clock, from which till nine no person, unless he be an inhabitant of

Preston, can purchase any article exposed for sale; from nine, every thing is sold indiscriminately till one o'clock, when the market time closes, and before which hour, nothing must be withdrawn from the stalls unsold, except fish, which may be carried away in panniers as soon as the town is supplied. These regulations, so easily adopted at any other place, render Preston market the best in England. The chief manufacture is that of cotton.

Every step that we proceeded from hence to Chorley, reminded us we were approaching the great focal point which gives life and extension to this most important branch of British manufactories, and which has thrown such wealth and population into this part of England, as to fill it for many miles round Manchester with palaces and population. Chorley itself has some great cotton works, and is rapidly increasing in riches and inhabitants. It is agreeably situated on the declivity of a hill whose foot is washed by the waters of the Yarrow, which wanders through banks extremely picturesque. As we proceeded to the south, we were reminded of our entrance upon the coal country by the frequent loads of this fossil which passed us upon the road. These consisted of various kinds of coal, but the species called the

Kennel or Cannel was entirely new to us. It is found in large quantities a little to the north of Wigan, and sold at the pit's mouth for 5d. per hundred weight, and at the canal quay at 7d. per hundred. Its colour is a jet black; and its solidity and consistence such as to endure the action of the lathe and the polishing wheel, which convert it into snuff-boxes and various toys. It is highly inflammable, and splits in any direction, always preserving a smooth surface, not marking the fingers; when stirred in the fire, it crackles violently and produces a bright flame; but if left to itself, consolidates and preserves a smothering combustion for many hours. The frequent carriage of coals, though the greater part be floated along the canals, assists in rendering the roads (paved with large cobblestones) about this country the worst in England. I say *assists*, because, the want of judgment in those who direct their repair, may be considered as the chief cause of their state; which is so execrable, as well to deserve Mr. Arthur Young's description of them: "I know not," says he, "in the whole range of language, terms sufficiently expressive to describe their infernal roads. Any person would imagine the boobies of the country had made them with a view to immediate destruction; for the breadth is only sufficient

“ for one carriage; consequently they are cut at  
 “ once into ruts, and you will easily conceive what  
 “ a breakdown, dislocating road, ruts cut through  
 “ a pavement must be. The pretence of wanting  
 “ materials, is but a mere pretence; for I remarked  
 “ several quarries of rock, sufficient to make miles  
 “ of excellent road. If they will pave, the breadth  
 “ ought to be such as will admit several carriages  
 “ abreast, or the inevitable consequence must be  
 “ the immediate cutting up. Tolls had better be  
 “ doubled, and even quadrupled, than such a nui-  
 “ sance to remain.”

An idea of the immense population of the country in the environs of Manchester burst upon our minds on a sudden, when we reached the summit of a hill about two miles without the town, where a prodigious champaign of country, was opened to us, watered by the river Irwell, filled with works of art; mansions, villages, manufactories, and that gigantic parent of the whole, the widely-spreading town of Manchester.

With a good fortune almost peculiar to itself, Manchester has had two historians both calculated to make the different accounts which they have given of it, perfect in their respective lines. In Mr. Whitaker's work we find all that erudition could effect towards rendering its ancient history, its origin and early revolutions, clear and consist-



ent;\* and in Dr. Aikin's admirable "Description of the Country from thirty to forty miles round Manchester," we are presented with a still more interesting view of its modern state; the rise and progress of its trade and manufactures; its riches, and population. To these mines of information on this subject, you must have recourse, if dissatisfied with that very slight mention of Manchester, which the limits of my correspondence will allow. Originally a British town, it afterwards received a body of Roman legionaries, and had the name of

---

\* The above passage had been written and sent to the printer, when by very accident, (for party libels and political abuse make no branch of my reading) the *Anti-Jacobin Review* for December 1801 came into my hands. It contains the last part of a long criticism upon my History of Bath, written (as I learn from indisputable authority) by this reverend gentleman. The petulant language, the indecent personalities, and, above all, the unsupported calumny of *the work being tainted with Jacobinical principles*, which disgrace these strictures, might perhaps, in the opinion of many, have justified me, had I withdrawn the humble tribute of praise bestowed above on the History of Manchester, and dwelt only on the obvious faults of this almost forgotten work; but the honours due to learning must not be withheld, because it is unaccompanied by good manners. Besides, I have been taught to return good for evil; and can respect and applaud the great extent of Mr. Whitaker's literary acquirements, at the same time that I lament his profession of Minister of the Gospel has not inspired him with *evangelical charity*; nor his intimate acquaintance with the elegant wrangle of polished antiquity taught him *the language and behaviour of a gentleman*.

*Mancunium* imposed upon it, which, in Saxon times, was changed for that of *Mancastle*. A removal of the inhabitants to a short distance from the first town taking place in 627, the new town was called *Manchester*; and increased in population and wealth till the Danish times, when it shared the fate of this part of the kingdom, and was nearly destroyed by the fierce and senseless conquerors. In the year 920, it was fortified, and shortly afterwards gifted with many feudal privileges; but though constantly increasing in dimensions and consideration, it never has been incorporated, and still continues with respect to political rights, in the confined sense of the word, nothing more than an immense village. Its streets are, for the most part, spacious and healthy, its houses large, handsome, and uniform; and its manufactories upon a scale of grandeur, which no other place can excel, or perhaps equal. The chief architectural beauty of the town is a Gothic one, the noble pile called the Old or Christ's Church, built in the reign of Henry V. decorated with the most florid ornaments of that style of building, both within and without. Adjoining to this pile is the College, founded originally by Thomas Lord Delawar, in 1422, for a warden and eight fellows, two clerks and six choristers. This, however, was dissolved by the act of Edward VI.

and the revenues granted to Edward Earl of Derby, who, when the establishment was re-founded by Mary, still kept possession of the old collegiate house. Elizabeth, in the twentieth year of her reign, incorporated it anew, under the name of Christ's-College in Manchester; endowing it for one warden, and four fellows, priests; two vicars; four singing men, and as many children. To these ordinances Charles I. made some additional regulations in 1635, drawn up by Archbishop Laud. The collegiate-house, however, was purchased of the Derby family, for the Hospital, founded and endowed by the will of Humphrey Cheetham, of Clayton, esq; dated December 16, 1651, which directed that the institution should maintain and educate forty poor boys to the age of 16, when they were to be bound apprentices. A library was further to be established, and 1000*l.* bequeathed to be expended in books, besides the residue of the testator's personal estate, for the further augmentation of it. The trustees of this charity were incorporated in 1665. By the improvements of the estates belonging to this Hospital, the number of boys received into it has been increased to eighty, a circumstance of incalculable benefit to Manchester, which thus secures to the natives of the town an excellent education, and makes literary

information go hand in hand with the gradual progress of wealth; blending the generous spirit which generally accompanies intellectual cultivation, with the ability of gratifying its dictates. The contents of the library, which is a noble one, may be known from the catalogue of its books, comprised in two thick octavo volumes. They are in excellent order and well preserved, though offered to the benefit of even strangers, who are allowed to peruse any of them in a most comfortable room, three hours every morning, and as many in the afternoon. We were shewn a curious ancient MS. roll, containing the Pentateuch in Hebrew, bequeathed by Dr. Byrom to the library. That diffusion of science and literature which such an institution as this, as remarkable for the liberality as the extent of its plan, would produce, is aided and increased by another establishment, whose object also is the promotion and extension of useful knowledge—the *Philosophical and Literary Society of Manchester*, the proceedings of which, regularly given to the public, are the best comments upon the ability of its members, and the utility of the institution.

But the most remarkable feature in the character of Manchester is its *trade*, which, with a success hitherto unknown in the history of commerce, has spread itself over all the civilized world;

and wafted the articles made at its manufactories, from the ports of Britain to the most distant shores of both hemispheres. These consist of patterns from the cotton and silk of such immense variety, that the shew-cards of some of the merchants contain above two thousand samples of different Manchester goods. One of these grand cotton-works, belonging to Messrs. Atkinsons, we had an opportunity of examining, in which all the processes, from cleaning the raw cotton to manufacturing the thread for the weaver, are carried on. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more animated or curious scene than this work; where fifteen hundred people, young and old, are busily employed under one roof, directing the operations of machines of the most beautiful contrivance, which move with a rapidity that prevents the eye from detecting their rotations. Indeed, nothing can convey so wonderful an idea of the present perfection of machinery at Manchester, as the operation of those parts of it called the *Mules*; one of which, worked by two people, will perform in the same given time the labour of 58 women. A newly-invented carding-machine, also, just fixed up here, has a high claim to praise, formed entirely of cast-iron and brass, which give it the greatest possible accuracy in its movements, and prevent it

from being out of order as long as the durable materials last of which it is composed. The mode of preparing the velverets and velveteens shews how far the ingenuity of man will extend, when he is stimulated by gain to exert it. At this manufactory the pieces brought from the country (where they are made) with the pile uncut, are stretched upon a board, and passed over longitudinally with a narrow sharp steel instrument like a long needle with its point flattened, held by the two hands. This being introduced with great nicety and skill under a course of the threads, cuts them through, and produces a *pile* on each side, which is made broad or narrow, according to the pattern. But a still more wonderful part of the process remains; the article is then carried to the furnace, where it passes over a semi-cylindrical mass of red-hot iron, from twenty to forty different times, being in complete contact with the glowing metal during its passage. This is to render the surface of the pyle smooth and equal. It is then exposed to the outward atmosphere, to deprive it of the smell it had acquired from this process; then dyed; and such pieces as are of a plain pattern, being afterwards passed through a machine called the *Devil*, to give an uniform surface, are brushed, and smoothed with a stone; rolled, and packed for sale. This slight sketch of two branches

of the Manchester manufactures will afford but an imperfect idea of the grandeur of its general trade, the vastness of its works, the ingenuity of its processes, and the perfection of its machinery. To form a compleat notion of these, you must conceive a population of between seventy and eighty thousand people, for the most part busily employed in the various branches of useful manufactures; the whole mighty wheel moved, invigorated, and accelerated by a capital of ten millions of money.

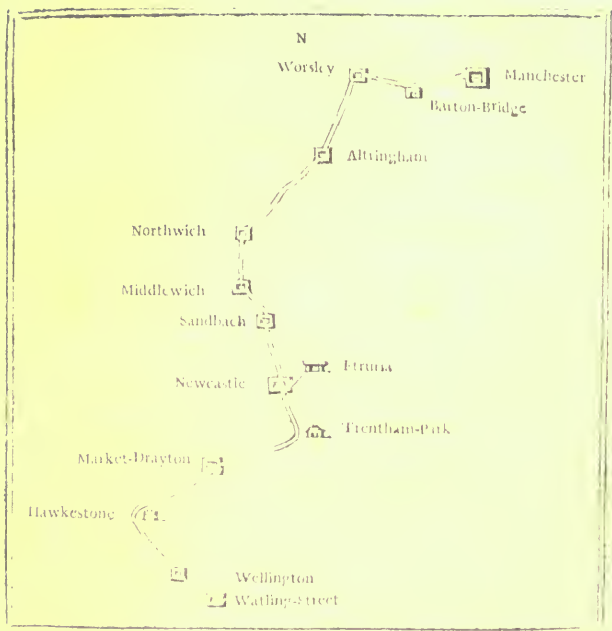
Your's, &c.

R. W.

---







LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

*Watling-Street, July 27<sup>th</sup>.*

**T**HE trade of Manchester has been wonderfully assisted by canal navigations, which at the same time float to its manufactures, upon cheap terms, the prodigious supply of coals necessary for the working of its machinery; and carry back from thence, at the like easy rates, the different article

which they produce. Of these canals his Grace the Duke of Bridgewater's famous one, connecting Manchester with Worsley, claimed particular attention, as well from the boldness with which it was conceived as the ability with which it has been executed; and the essential beneficial consequences to the country at large, that have resulted from this vast speculation of a noble individual. The difficulty and expence that attended the conveyance of the production of his Grace's coal-m'nes at Worsley to Manchester, induced him to think of establishing a water-carriage between the two places; an idea encouraged in its first stage, matured into a plan, and carried into execution, by the abilities of *James Brindley*, that great self-instructed engineer. This remarkable man, who exhibited in a high degree the powers of natural vigour of mind, unassisted by the adventitious advantages of regular education, was born in Derbyshire in 1716, and being the unfortunate offspring of a thriftless father, was utterly neglected till the age of seventeen, when his native genius for mechanics stirring uncontrolably within him, he burst through the trammels of the plough, to which he had been as yet tied, and bound himself apprentice to a mill-wright at Macclesfield. Having here an opportunity, though in a subordinate degree, of

giving scope to his genius, he quickly astonished his master and the workmen with improvements upon the old principles of the trade, and new ideas in the line of mill-machinery; talents which acquired him the management of his master's business till the old man's death. After this event Brindley established himself in business, and met with deserved success. The sphere of his reputation gradually extending itself, Brindley was at length applied to in order to undertake a work in that line which afterwards completed his fame and made his fortune, the driving of a tunnel through a solid rock nearly half a mile in length at Clifton in Lancashire. It was not long before the Duke of Bridgwater became apprised of Mr. Brindley's merits; and with his well-known judgment and discrimination, immediately saw the immense advantages that would accrue to his speculations by the employment of such a mind in their erection; he, therefore, immediately engaged Mr. B. in the projected labour of forming the canal of which we are now speaking; who, with a boldness of genius peculiar to himself, which scorned the assistance of parallel rivers,\* or any aid that na-

---

\* During an examination in the House of Commons on some navigation business, when Mr. Brindley had spoken contemptuously of rivers, being asked for what purpose he thought they had been created, he answered, "for that of feeding canals."

ture could present, carried his mighty work under mountains of rock, over streams of water, and along the back of lofty mounds, pushing themselves far above the level of the valley, to the desired spot through a distance of eleven or twelve miles. The whole of this canal (particularly interesting, as being the first ever formed upon the admirable plans and principles which they at present display) is extremely worth investigation; which may be easily and agreeably done either by water in a barge, or on horseback by the track.

Commencing with the Medlock, (at Castlefield, in the suburbs of Manchester) whose waters feed it with a constant supply of water, it is carried in a circuitous direction near nine or ten miles, in order to preserve the level. In the course of this journey it passes near Stratford, whose flat grounds presented a difficulty to Mr. Brindley which all his brother engineers considered as an insuperable one; but nothing could surmount the force of his genius, and in the course of a short time they beheld with astonishment the canal passing on high in air, carried over the flat on a stupendous artificial mound of earth constructed for the purpose. Accompanying its waters, we proceeded by this Herculean labour to Barton-Bridge, an aqueduct thrown over the Irwell, and carrying the canal in

its bosom, supported by three strong arches, the centre one sixty-three feet wide and thirty-eight feet high, an altitude that admits a barge to pass under it with its sails set; another source of wonder to Mr. Brindley's co-temporary engineers, who thus beheld for the first time the incredible phenomenon of bodies of water crossing each other at right angles, and one ship sailing over the masts of another. The scene here is extremely pleasing, the bank of the Irwell consisting of sand rock shaded with trees; and equally extraordinary if it chance that vessels be navigating along both the streams at the same time, for then the eye catches at one glance this beautiful picture of Nature—the rocky river, and that mighty triumph of Art, an artificial river proudly passing over the head of a natural one, and offering the same advantages to man as its prostrate rival. We were much amused here, also, at seeing the stage-barge pass, crowded with a motley crew of company, who are conveyed from Manchester to Runcorn, where a coach receives and carries them to Liverpool. Of these conveyances there are four, established about 17 years ago, all belonging to the Duke of Bridgewater, who then publicly offered them to be farmed at 200 guineas per annum. Nobody, however, had spirit to speculate; his Grace, therefore, was under the

necessity of keeping them himself, and *forced* to receive the advantages they at present produce; 1400l. per annum each boat, or 4000l. per annum clear of all expences. Indeed, it was not till within very late years that the profits likely to arise from this canal speculation from Manchester to Runcorn were at all understood. In the year 1774 the shares were scarcely bought for 20l. each, and caution dictated that no individual should multiply even these small concerns. They have arisen, however, to 115 guineas per share, and a gentleman lately bought five for the sum of 570 guineas!

From Barton-Bridge we passed on to a still more extraordinary scene—Worsley-Bridge, or *Mills*, as the place is called. Here, on the left, are seen the large warehouses belonging to the Duke of Bridgwater, (whose residence is in the neighbourhood) where the goods conveyed in his barges from Manchester are brought and deposited till such time as they are carried away by their different proprietors. On the right, a vast front of rock rises perpendicularly over the canal, sprinkled with shrubs and crowned with a mass of trees, in the bottom of which we remarked two arched passages, penetrating into the body of the rock; one accompanied with machinery, that added much to the singularity of the picture. The left hand arch-

way affords entrance into his *Grave's* famous coal mines, the other on the right an exit from them. Supplying ourselves with a flat-bottomed boat, and accompanied by the overseer, we floated into the former, and found ourselves in a subterraneous passage partly hewn out of the rock, and partly bricked, at out six feet wide, and five in height from the surface of the water. Along this we proceeded between four and five miles in a direct line, passing numerous veins of coals, in the order and of the thickness following: At the distance of one thousand yards from the entrance we find, 1st, the four feet mine; 2dly, at twenty yards further, a vein one foot thick; 3dly, further on three hundred yards, a four foot vein; 4thly, further on for half a mile, one three quarters of a yard thick; 5thly, further on twenty yards, another three quarters of a yard thick; 6thly, at three hundred yards, the *Bin* coal five feet thick; 7thly, at one hundred and fifty yards, the *Crummock* coal three feet thick; 8thly, at eighty yard, *Brassy* coal five feet thick; 9thly, at one hundred and twenty yards, eight foot coal, the richest vein; 10thly, three hundred yards, five feet vein; 11thly, at one hundred, *Crummock* coal again; 12thly, at one hundred yards, *Brassy* coal again; 13thly, at ten yards, a fine vein of seven feet; 14thly, at five

hundred yards, a vein of three quarters of a yard thick; 15thly, at one hundred and eighty yards, White coal three feet, four inches; 16thly, at six feet further, Black coal three feet, six inches; 17thly, at one hundred yards, Bowney coal three quarters of a yard thick; 18thly, at two hundred yards, first Old Dow coal one yard, and Bin five inches thick; 19thly, six yards, a vein of eight feet thick; 20thly, one hundred and fifty yards, a vein of three quarters of a yard thick; 21st, three hundred yards, the veins of White and Black coals, with two yards of earth between them; 22d, at three hundred yards, seven foot vein; 23d, two hundred yards, Old Dow again; and 24thly, at one hundred yards, five quarters vein; of these veins the dip is from North to South, two yards in every seven. In following the level, however, we had but seen a small part of the subterraneous navigation, which in its different ramifications and various tunnels, is carried upwards of twenty miles.

Both above and below us also, are other levels, connected with the middle one in which we were, by passages. The one over head enters the rock at Walkden-Moor, two miles from Worsley, and runs in a direct line three miles, thirty-five yards above the second level, to which its product is let down by an inclined plane and rail road, made



about four years ago, and travelled by waggons containing twenty tons each. Upon this level, come in a vein of Kennel coal, and sixteen others. The lowest is sixty yards beneath the second level; a steam engine keeps this passage from being flooded, by pumping up the superfluous water into the middle level, to which the coal also is elevated by a simple wheel and balancing tub of water, bringing up six or seven hundred pounds of the article in half a minute. The daily produce of these mines, is about three hundred tons; which is sold at the mouth of the level for about  $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. per hundred weight. Here, in these doleful regions of ‘darkness visible,’ and solitude, (for the men work by the dim light of a small taper, and separate from each other) the wretched miner, nearly naked, earns (if his bodily strength and industry will allow him to work seven hours in the day) the scanty pittance of 20s. or 22s. per week; exposed to the fire-blasts and sulphur-damps, which, frequently bursting out unexpectedly, relieve him in a moment from his weight of labour, and place him in that state, “where the weary be at rest.” A small provision in this case is made for his widow from a fund, formed out of donations given by visitors to the mines. The accidents arising from these secret destroyers, as irresistible as they are sudden, amount

to five or six every year; a shocking number considered abstractedly, but not so striking when compared with the army employed about the Duke of Bridgwater's works, which amount in all to 1300 people. We trembled, as our guide recounted to us the circumstance of a casualty that occurred about eighteen years ago, on the very spot where we stood, looking at the shaft by which the coal was rising from the lowest to the second level. A party of three or four gentlemen from Manchester were visiting the mine, and on their return from the extremity of the middle level, when one of them, a fine youth of eighteen, in order to sport with the fears of the company, whose imaginations had been powerfully wrought upon by the gloomy circumstances of the place, ran before them to conceal himself in some nook, and surprise them as they passed. The company continued their investigations, but presently missing their friend, they called loudly upon him several times, without receiving any answer. Alarmed beyond measure at his silence, they proceeded onwards, when approaching the shaft they heard distinctly a melancholy moaning from below. They instantly descended to the lowest level by means of the bucket, and to their utter horror and grief beheld the lacerated body of their young friend, who had un-

happily stept into the pit as he ran forwards, and been precipitated down a perpendicular descent of one hundred and eighty feet. Gladly quitting these gloomy shades, which only gave rise to the painful idea, how much the promotion of our own comfort substracted from that of others, we returned to our vehicle, and drove towards Atringham, to Northwich, through a flat rich country, looking on one way into the park of *Dunham-Massey*, the seat of the Earl of Stamford, remarkable for some of the finest timber in the kingdom. Many of the oaks are of very unusual magnitude, and most characteristical grandeur. We were shewn some worth fifty guineas each. They are cut into avenues, and afford views of the old brick mansion; a building of more comfort than beauty. Four miles before we reached Northwich, the elegant proportions of Sir John Fleming Leicester's house, to the left, caught our attention, whose Doric portico, supported by stupendous pillars, is justly reckoned a most honourable testimony of Cave's architectural skill. The picturesque ruin of the old mansion-house in the park is as interesting to the antiquary as the painter; being the fabric in which Sir Peter Leycester, one of our first English topographers, penned the *Antiquities of Cheshire*. Our object at Northwich was the

salt-mines; of which there are many in the neighbourhood, two strata of this valuable mineral underlying it in every direction. Its discovery took place accidentally about one hundred and twenty years back, in a small estate contiguous to the town, belonging to a Mr. Marbury; the advantages of it were not long exclusively his own, as further search was attended with like success in adjoining townships. Since this period, many mines have been worked and exhausted; but nature has provided such an unconsumable store of the article, as bids fair to answer the public demand as long as time shall last. Into one of the largest of these mines, belonging to Messrs. Kent and Nailor of Liverpool, about half a mile from the town, we descended, accompanied by a miner; placed in a large bucket, which being attached to a rope, is let down into the pit by the revolution of a windlass, whose action is rendered uniform by a *steam-engine*. This office is in general performed by a horse and large wheel, but the other method obviates the jerks, and inequality of motion, which the uncertainty of the animal's efforts occasions, and is therefore usually adopted here in preference. The shaft by which we descended is circular, enlarging in a very small proportion in capacity as it penetrates further into the bowels of the earth; its

height from the bottom to the top, three hundred and thirty feet. The first forty yards of the pit are composed of earth; after which a stratum of rock salt comes in, twenty-seven yards in thickness, of the colour and consistence of brown sugar-candy, but extremely hard; this the miners worked in an horizontal direction about fifty yards, and twelve yards deep, leaving fifteen yards of the stratum for a roof. Here for a moment our impressions were those of terror, as we appeared to hang in gloomy vacuity, with nothing to be seen below or on each side of us. Coarse flag stone occupies the next fifteen feet; after which comes in the second stratum of rock salt, already worked to the depth of forty yards. Having performed this descent with ease and safety, we found ourselves in a circular apartment, whose area included nearly an acre and a half, the height about thirty feet; the flooring clay, and as hard as adamant; the roof flat and regular, supported by eight enormous pillars of salt, hewn by the workmen into uniform shapes, about nine feet wide at the front, twelve at the back, and of fifteen or sixteen feet in thickness; the air of a most agreeable temperature; and the scene around at once singular and beautiful.

The miners having previously provided some of their companions with tapers, and stationed them

at proper parts of the cavern; its whole area on reaching the bottom was at once thrown before our eyes, the sides, roof, and pillars reflecting back the light of the tapers, and glittering with ten thousand diamonds. In one corner, a party was discovered, separating the mineral from the rock with pick-axes, the fragments illuminating the spot with their corruscations; in another, we heard the thunder of a blast, where the hardness of the salt required the force of gunpowder to tear it to pieces. Inchantment and Genii naturally rushed on our fancy, and the almost forgotten intellectual delights of infancy, which had long lost their power over the mind, came back for a moment in the dear delusions of fairy palaces and wizards' wands. Here we could contemplate the labours of the miner with pleasure; who pursued his avocation soothed by the society of comrades, in wholsomeness and safety; in a room to boot, whose grandeur, ornament, and extent, no monarch's dwelling upon earth could equal. The number of men employed in this work are about fifteen, four above the surface of the earth, the rest below; they earn, if they work by the day, about 2s. each for eight hours labour. If two or three of them, which is very common, work by the batch or tut, they have 2s. per ton for all that is sent up. The price of the article at the

mouth of the mine is from 10s. to 12s. and 14s. per ton, according to the strength of the rock; some being far superior to others. The best yet discovered lay about four feet above the present floor of the mine. About fifty tons of rock are raised upon an average out of this mine every day; the best of which is sent to Liverpool, and the coarsest thrown into the brine pans to strengthen the liquor of the salt springs, many of which are also found hereabouts, whose produce is boiled and crystallized upon the spot. The mine is ventilated by a second shaft. This, however, does not introduce a sufficient quantity of air to disperse quickly the sulphurous smoke of the gunpowder produced by the *blasts*; which hangs about the cavern for a considerable time, and is very sensibly and disagreeably perceived. The above account, I fancy, gives a tolerably clear idea of all the salt-mines in this neighbourhood; which may vary in their dimensions, but little in their appearance or processes. The brine springs are from fifty to one hundred and twenty feet deep; their liquor in general is fully saturated, producing a prodigious quantity of fine salt; the process of obtaining it is by evaporation—as before described, when speaking of Droitwich. The average produce of salt from the mines and pit at Northwich is said to be about 50,000 tons annually

The pleasantly-situated town of Middlewich, which we next visited, produces also nearly four thousand tons of salt every year, from its pits in the neighbourhood of the place. Around it is one of the richest countries in England, so that Middlewich is supplied with every home produce from its own luxuriant fields; and with every necessary foreign commodity, by means of the Staffordshire canal, which nearly approaches the town.

As we passed through the town of Sandbach, we remarked two ancient crosses in the market-place, carved in relief with the particulars of our Saviour's passion; the rudeness of the figures bespeaks high antiquity.

A little irregularity now took place in the line of the country, and relieved us from the tiresome uniformity of a dead level, which never makes a sufficient recompense to the eye by its richness for the absence of variety. As we passed over Redheath, we congratulated ourselves that the privilege of sanctuary which it formerly afforded to offenders was now no more. Obviously monstrous as the practice was of thus making the Deity the protector of villainy, and the encourager of vice, yet the abuse continued in this country, in most cases, till the Reformation. In the one before us, indeed, the privilege of sanctuary was taken away



long previous to that happy event; the wildness and extent of the tract affording such opportunities of atrocity in these protected criminals, as obliged the legislature to interfere and extinguish the right.

The appearance of coal announced an approach to the Potteries; a valley to the left, called *Kidsgrave*, deep and dark with wood, had to lament the destruction of all its picturesque beauty by the introduction of the black and nasty apparatus accompanying coal-mines, several of which, belonging to Mr. Gilbert, are worked here; one to the depth of five hundred and forty feet. The neighbouring manufactories must, doubtless, render these works very productive; as the Potteries, (whose consumption of coal is immense) commencing near this place, extend through a tract of several miles, thickly sown with houses, and resembling the suburbs of a large city.

Burslem, through which we passed to Etruria and Newcastle, has the honour of being parent to this long range of manufacturing towns and villages. For centuries back the *butter-pots* (a species of earthen-ware for preserving butter) were made here, before a single vessel was moulded in its neighbourhood. In the course of time, the article of the manufactory became more various, but the products were coarse and clumsy, made entirely

from the clays found contiguous to Burslem; painted and mottled in a rude way, and glazed with lead ore, finely powdered and sprinkled on the patterns before they were sent to the kiln. Two foreigners, (for to other nations we have been indebted for almost every original hint of manufactures, and for their first improvements) by name Eilers, introduced, about the end of the seventeenth century, a new mode of glazing the Staffordshire ware; by casting into the kiln, when at its highest heat, a quantity of salt, whose vapours produced a vitrification of the clay on the surface of the vessel, and thus gave it a much more equal and beautiful gloss than the preceding process could afford. This was succeeded by a prodigiously great improvement in the materials of the ware itself, the addition of calcined powdered *flint* to the tobacco-pipe clay, which, being ground and mixed together, the mass was manufactured into the well-known white ware, that for many years was the favourite pottery of the table. But it was left to Mr. Josiah Wedgwood to bring the Staffordshire pottery to a state of perfection; the scene of whose improvements we now visited. A place elegantly and deservedly called *Etruria*, since its manufacture vies in beauty and taste, chastity and design, with the famous pottery of antiquity made in Tuscany.

A long, uniform, and neat village, inhabited entirely by the workmen of Mr. Wedgwood, introduced us to the manufactory, which is as picturesque as a building of that kind can well be; the Staffordshire canal here resembling a river, rolling its waters between it and the elegant mansion of Mr. W. the banks shaded with trees, and rising beautifully on each side. Here upwards of two hundred people are employed in making the various beautiful productions of this classical manufactory; particularly that durable and compact ware, richly glossed, undergoing every vicissitude of heat and cold uninjured, combining the *desiderata* of elegance and cheapness, emphatically and properly denominated *Wedgwood's* or *Queen's-Ware*; which, with a triumph almost *unique* of utility over fashion, has banished from the table the costly products of China, of Saxony, of France; and instead of their hideous and tawdry patterns, has introduced articles that blend simplicity with splendour, and taste with beauty. The process observed is similar to that already described of Worcester and Derby—the materials are the whitest clays from Cornwall, Devonshire, and Dorsetshire, and ground flint. From this composition the following exquisitely beautiful articles (exclusive of the table ware) are made, great abundance of which may be seen at the ma-

nufactory here, and at the warehouse of Messrs. Wedgwood and Bierley in London.

A black ware called *Basaltes*, which receives a glossy polish; will produce fire in collision with steel; will bear the strongest fire without fusion; will resist every acid; and distinguish the quality of metals.

A white porcelain biscuit of the finest texture and appearance, called *Jasper*; taking, from the mixture of metallic *calces* with its materials, such colours as they communicate to glass in fusion. From this the famous *reliefs* and *cameos* are made; the raised parts of fine white, the ground of any colour fancy may suggest.

A cane-coloured biscuit porcelain, called *Bamboo*; of a smooth, unpolished surface, possessing the same properties as the *Basaltes*.

A white porcelain biscuit of exactly the same properties and appearance, bating the absence of colour, with the last.

A *Terra Cotta*, which has the beautiful appearance and durability of the Egyptian pebble, granite, and porphyry.

A porcelain biscuit of an hardness that defies fire, and of a property to resist all acids and corrosives; applied chiefly to the manufacture of chemical vessels.

The ingenious and philosophical inventor of these various wares, who reflected more honour upon his country by the useful application of his genius, than if he had added an hemisphere to her territory by his successful arms; equally a friend to science and to virtue; beloved by the Graces, as he was patronized by Minerva; died at his house at Etruria, sincerely lamented and regretted by friends and dependants, in January 1795, aged 64.

Newcastle, a large town, built upon the declivity of an abrupt hill, holds out no inducement for a lengthened visit; dirty and disagreeable, from the numerous works around it, possessing all the inconvenience of a manufacturing place without its animation. The only branch of business kept up with any spirit is the making of hats. Beautiful as this place was the contrast of Trentham-Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Stafford, where a good inn, a heaven in comparison with the Spanish *Vent* at Newcastle, conveniently placed near the entrance into the park, received our vehicle, and prepared dinner, whilst we visited the mansion. Situated upon a lawn that slopes down towards the Trent, whose velvet banks are gracefully adorned with trees and shrubs, and edged with a walk that follows the meander of the river, the house commands a view extremely grand, and the more interesting

to its inhabitants, as the chief features are confined within the limits of the park, superb woods clothing the sides and summits of its swelling hills. The approach to it from the turnpike-road is over the river Trent, by a bridge thrown across it, from which are caught pleasing views of its slowly-stealing wave flowing under an iron bridge to the left, and another stone one to the right. Two grand modern fronts give the mansion a noble air.

The *drawing-room* is an elegant apartment, with a view of a large piece of water, backed and accompanied to the right by surprisingly fine wooded hills. It contains a portrait of the present *Marquis of Stafford*, as large as life, by Romney; and a female, a fancy-piece, by Angelica Kauffman.

In the *dining-room* are, a whole length of *Lord Thurlow* in his chancellor's robes, very fine.—A large family piece; *Lady Anne Vernon* playing on a tambourine, and four children dancing—the *Marchioness of Worcester*, *Lady Georgina Elliott*, *Lady Susan Ryder*, and *Lord Grenville*, by Angelica Kauffman; great expression in the faces, and spirit in the action of the figures.

The *library* is a neat room, judiciously lighted from above, and well filled with books.

The *small dining-room* affords an interesting specimen of the elegant accomplishments and industry

of this noble family, being fitted up with drawings by different branches of it.

In the *dressing-room*, over the chimney, is an half-length of the *Marquis of Stafford*.—The late *Lord Gore*.—The late *Lady Derby*.—*Lady Carlisle*.—The Inside of a Church at night, partially illuminated; inscribed “Henricus Van Steinwick 1591, “fecit 1624.”—Two landscapes, with good masses of trees, in the style of Salvator Rosa, very fine.—Conjugal Love; a girl with two doves, from which an elegant print has been engraved. Its companion, on the other side, is a female figure, whose countenance characterizes that remorse which vice produces, and probably represents Conjugal Infidelity.

In the *green damask room* is an ancient half-length on board, a Man’s Head, in a black dress, cap, and ruff, with this inscription: “An. 1588, “Ætatis 64; *virtute non vi.*”—The present Marquis’s father, half-length.—*Lady Jane Lewisham Gore*, half-length.—A small whole length good portrait of *Admiral Keith Stewart*.—Small ancient half-length of a boy, A. D. 1576, Æt. 16.—*Sir William Lewisham Gore*, half-length.—The *Earl of Gainsborough*, ditto, when young, with a parrot.

In the *tapestry-room*, are the second *Duke of Portland*, three quarters.—A Judge, half-length.

with this motto: “Duce Virtute; comite Industria; sorte contentus.”—The first *Duke of Rutland*, half-length, very fine; and the late *Lord Sandwich*, in a Turkish dress; one of the constant guests at Trentham-Hall, where hilarity and good living gathered together a constant knot of *bon vivants*, amongst whom the late Dukes of Bedford and Cumberland were frequently seen.

The turnpike to Drayton passing through the park admitted us to a nearer view of the noble woods seen before from the house, as well as several more distant objects caught from this eminence, as we followed its sandy course. But the scene became infinitely more extensive and diversified, when we ascended Ashley-Heath, the highest flat land in England; from whose elevated surface we commanded a great part of Cheshire; Staffordshire; and Shropshire, its proverbial mountain the well-known Wrekin: the distant heights of Flintshire; and Denbighshire; and the wooded eminences of Hawkeston-Park, to which we were going. Leaving Market-Drayton on our left, and wading for eight miles through a sandy heavy road, we entered this domain, the residence of Sir Richard Hill, but inherited from a long train of ancestors. The road takes its course through the park upwards of a mile, between the house to the left, a good family man-



sion with a noble portico of the composite order, and the artificial piece of water to the right; and finds at the further extremity an admirable Inn, beautiful in situation, and satisfactory in its accommodation and charges; tenanted by a servant of the family; looking from the front towards the rocks and woods of the park; and from the back, upon the village of Weston, rendered picturesque by its little church and white-washed cottages.

Grand and diversified as the scenery of the park is, we thought its effect much lessened by the sheet of water that been formed to adorn it. Formal in shape, the hand of art is discovered in its regularly serpentine line; an impression assisted by its level being much above that of the adjoining meadows. Both these defects might indeed be remedied by judicious plantations; and it is but fair to observe, that we were told such improvements were in contemplation. In order to see the wells, which are twelve miles round, in proper routine, we left the Inn, and picked our way through a shrubbery, whose narrow path conducted us to a little fantastical cottage (fitted up in the Dutch style) called *Neptune's Whim*; a name perhaps, that shields it from criticism, which would otherwise strongly object to any thing so childishly artificial in the neighbourhood of such

grand touches of nature as are seen around. Numerous mottos, stanzas, and copies of verses, also appear on every side, whose good moral excuse their want of poetical merit. A colossal statue of Neptune, with attendant Naiads, is placed behind the building. With these injudicious ornaments may be classed another in their neighbourhood equally objectionable—a wind-mill painted in the Dutch manner, to keep up the idea of a North-Holland picture, first suggested by the cottage and its furniture. Here we find two small pieces of water, one finely darkened with wood, the other (tame and formal) open to the day, with velvet turf banks, and a nicely-rolled gravel walk, encircling it; giving the appearance of an old-fashioned family picture in its circular gilded frame.

From hence a path leads the visitor to a deep little sequestered glen, whose carpet of green is open only in front, shut up on every other side by towering rocks and widely-spreading trees. This is called a *scène in Otabeite*, and imagination is assisted in her flight to the South-sea islands by a cottage constructed in the manner and fitted up with the furniture of their inhabitants; a canoe lying in front of it is introduced to aid the delusion. But our attention was quickly called to more interesting objects—the gigantic ornaments with

which Nature has decorated Hawkestone-Park. To the left a lofty rock starts suddenly from the dale, called *Red-Castle bill*, whose crags are scarcely seen through the venerable woods of high antiquity and lofty statue, which clothe the steep. Up the ascendible part of this declivity we mounted, by the aid of rude stone stairs, which led us a weary way through passages cut in the living rock, and over paths skirting precipices, to the summit of the eminence; where we found the remains of an ancient castle, in a situation as singular, bold, and secure as that of any fortress in the world. Nothing certain is known of its erection, the time, or the architect; and as little of its history. An ancient record only makes mention of its existence in the Conqueror's time, and having been then given by Maud his wife to John de Audley. From this ruin, picturesque and august, the view is surprisingly fine; the dark woods and deep dells of the rock (a grand face of silicious sand rock) rising immediately opposite to it, whose beetling brow is crowned with firs, and its bottom lost in trees, and a rich distance of a fertile and well-peopled flat.

Retracing our steps down the declivity, we descended to a rude seat cut out of the rock, immediately under the precipice on which the ruin

stands, where a close glen opens to the eye, exhibiting one of the most beautiful and solemn combinations of rock and wood that can be conceived. The grand face of rock before-mentioned makes the chief feature of this picture, towards the summit of which a singular phenomenon is seen; a broad patch, highly tinged with green, and evidently appearing to be copper mineral, whose lofty situation throws some light upon, and adds much strength to, the hypothesis of the modern production of metals by *descending materials*. Quitting our seat, near which we contemplated with horror the profoundly deep well of the ancient castle, we were led into a hollow, a cut in the solid rock, from whence all prospect being excluded, the eye is confined to a gloomy cavern, at the termination of which is a door faced with an iron grating, a stately stern figure of a lion appearing through the bars. Ascending by a path from this abyss, we are led through an undulating meadow towards the grotto hill, that vast natural wall of rock we had been contemplating from below. The walk up this declivity is extremely well managed, shutting out, by its depth of shade, the scenery intended to burst upon the vision at once from its elevated summit. Arrived here, we passed on to the grotto, one of the most novel, grand, beautiful, and exten-

sive works of the kind in Europe. The very happy approach to it is by a natural rent in the rock, discovered and cleared for the purpose last winter; which conducts to a sub-rupal passage, about one hundred yards long, six feet high, and two feet wide, cut out of the living rock about twelve years ago. From hence all light is excluded; so that directing our progress by feeling the wall, we continued our way in outer darkness for some time; till a solemn golden radiance appeared before us, as if shed from a different sun than that which warms our globe, discovering a vaulted cavern supported by rude stone pillars. The effect is magical, and the mind (turned out of sober reality) indulges in fancies as pleasing as they are imaginary; till reaching the excavated chamber, we find that this beautiful illumination is occasioned by the solar light passing through small windows of stained glass, so disposed as not to be seen at a distance. Another gallery of large dimensions and more numerous pillars is connected with this; where, by a similar contrivance, a variety of different coloured lights are introduced, producing a prodigiously beautiful effect. To this the *Grotto*, properly so called, is united, supported by pillars and furnished in the accustomed style of these excavations, but with great splendour and expence. A door opens

upon a natural stone terrace, immediately under the beetling ledge that crowns the summit of the august rock seen from below, where we stood looking down a frightful precipice of seven hundred feet beneath us; with the grand hill and its ruined castle before us, and a stretch of country to the right. We now left the apartment, to return to the surface of the rock, but the wonders of this excavation were not yet exhausted. Passing through another dark subterraneous cavern, we suddenly found ourselves at the entrance of a small chapel, where the light of purple hue, or rather “darkness visible,” will just allow the eye to distinguish an altar, and other appropriate appendages. Whilst contemplating these, a venerable figure, clothed in the stole of a Druid, slowly pacing from a dark recess in the apartment, crossed before us to the altar, made his obeisance, and departed; leaving us much surprised at, and almost ashamed of, the very singular impression which our minds could be made to experience, even from childish toys, if presented to them under particular circumstances. Quitting the grotto, we threaded the other mazes of this singular place, taking in the *Hermitage*, where a venerable figure is seen in a sitting posture, who (by means of a servant previously placed behind him) rises up as the stranger approaches;

asks questions; returns answers; and repeats poetry. Passing over the *Pont de Suisse*, a rude bridge (thrown across the gulph which separates the rocky mountain on which we had been hitherto engaged, from its sublime neighbour, where the view is extremely awful) we mounted the obelisk, erected on the highest point of the terrace, from whence is a view one hundred miles in diameter, with this beautiful singularity, that the eye is in no one direction lost in space, but every where meets with a resting-point in the beautiful belt of distant mountains that bound the horizon. Leaving this modern decoration, we crossed the park to a remain of antiquity; a noble example of Roman castrametation called *Bury-Walls*, one of the most perfect of the kind in Europe, containing about thirty acres within its mounds. Nature on three sides had sufficiently defended the spot, so that the Romans had only to cast up vallations on the remaining one. But this was done in their best style by three high mounds which rendered the place impregnable. Connected with military matters, though of a much later age, was the place we next visited—a cavern in the tower glen, where an ancestor of the Hill family, who was unsuccessful in the service of Charles I. concealed himself for a time from the pursuit of the Parliamentary forces.

An urn is placed near the cave, whose inscription recounts the circumstance of his concealment and its ill-success:

“Anno 1784, this was placed here by Sir RICHARD HILL, bart. (eldest son of Sir ROWLAND HILL, bart.) one of the Knights of the Shire, as a token of affection to the memory of his much-respected ancestor, ROWLAND HILL, of Hawkestone, esq; a gentleman remarkable for his great wisdom, piety, and charity; who, being a zealous Royalist, hid himself in this glen in the civil wars, in the time of King Charles the First; but being discovered, was imprisoned in the adjacent castle, commonly called Red-Castle, whilst his house was pillaged and ransacted by the Rebels; the castle itself was soon afterwards demolished. His son, Rowland Hill, esq; coming to his assistance, also suffered much in the same loyal cause.

The above account, taken from Kimber's Baronetage, as also from the traditions of the family, holds forth to posterity the attachment of this ancient house to an unfortunate and much-injured Sovereign.”

Leaving this retreat, we were conducted to another eminence of different character from the rocky hill we had visited. Here all was studied softness and ornament, trim decoration, and artificial beauty. The *Elysian-Hill*, as it is called, has to boast neat parterres, and clumps of exotics; with a menagerie close neighbourhood, and a pretty cottage at the top, and inhabited by the woman taking care of



the poultry. It is furnished with a good collection of stuffed birds. The green-house is built in the Gothic style, and placed so as to take in a grand view of the adjoining superlatively fine scenery, which stretches beyond the peaceful pastoral picture in the front of the building.

A pleasing walk through Weston carried us from hence by a circuitous route to the delightfully-situated Inn, whence we had set out on our long but interesting expedition.

The grounds of Hawkestone are as singular as they are beautiful; consisting of a succession of hills and dales connected together in a very small space, in the midst of a charming extent of champaign level country, which stretches in every direction around them. The former (four in number) are bold and precipitous, of silicious sand-stone rock, which shews itself under different circumstances; sometimes in a broad uncovered face; at others, in white patches peeping through the trees. Nodding woods crown the summits, and chequer their slopes. The latter are narrow and deep, peaceful and sequestered, the very haunts of retirement and contemplation. Amid this beautiful scene of nature, a variety of artificial ornaments, as we have seen, are introduced; many of which, criticism might, perhaps, be tempted to call rather childish tricks

than judicious additions. But let us consider their effect in the spot before us, and see if that will not form some excuse for their introduction. The grandeur of the features of Hawkestone-Park, the majesty of its rocks, and the gloom of its groves, are all calculated to excite *astonishment* in the mind. Now this is an emotion which, being intense in its nature, is either soon exhausted, or if supported for any time, is supported with pain. To refresh or relieve the mind therefore, and thus keep alive the *interest* of the scenery, it should seem to have been necessary to introduce some objects calculated to call up less exhausting emotions; to relax this mental stretch; and to interrupt for an interval the associations of the mind, that it might return with renewed vigour and fresh delight to the more exalted feast of contemplative wonder. I know not whether I be right in my reasoning; but if not, I fear I have no other excuse to offer for *the Druid*, *the Hermit*, and *the Dutch cottage*.

We had to drag through the same sandy road for sixteen miles to Wellington, which, surrounded by founderies, and in the neighbourhood of iron mines and coal works, is rapidly rising to opulence and importance. One mile more brought us to the great Roman road, Watling-street; where (naturally alive only to impressions connected with an-

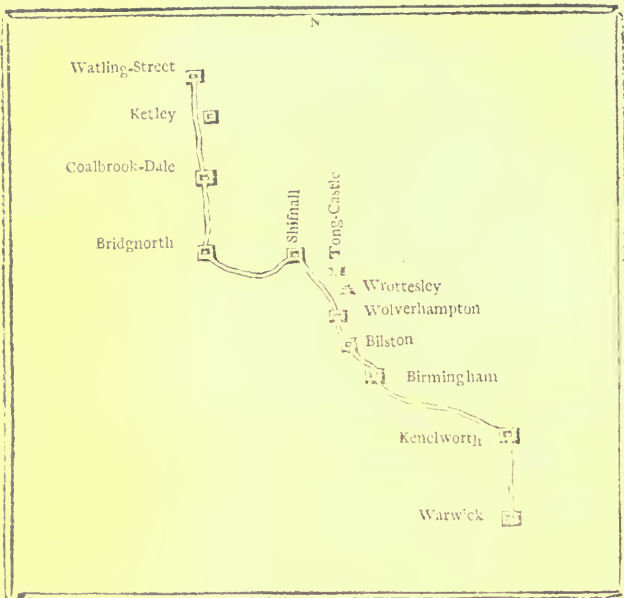
tiquity) we eagerly enquired of a decent man who stood at the Inn door, whether there were any trace of the *Romans* in the neighbourhood. “ I never  
“ heard of the *family*,” replied he, “ though this  
“ place has been my residence for sixty years.”  
But a better-informed gentleman in a smock-frock, who stood by, voluntarily taking part in the conversation, told us, that “ about six miles off, there  
“ were a great many of thosen sort of volks; that  
“ they had a large chapel, and a parcel of priests;  
“ and if we did not mind, all the kingdom would  
“ in time become *Roman-Catholics*.”

Yours, &c.

R. W.

---





## LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

*Warwick. July 27<sup>th</sup>.*

**I**N order to impress the mind with a compleat idea of the grandeur and variety of our manufactures; the extent and nature of our internal trade, and the immense political advantages flowing from them; there cannot be a better route pointed out, than that which we have lately followed, from Lancaster to Birmingham. Pursuing this, we take,

in succession, all the chief branches of British manufacture, (with the exception of the woollen one;) we see a degree of population unequalled, perhaps, (for the extent) by any country in Europe; and find the effects of successful industry discovering themselves on every side in noble works for carrying on its operations, and elegant mansions for the enjoying of its profits. These appearances were particularly observable as we passed on to Coalbrooke-Dale, through Ketley by the vast founderies of Messrs. Reynolds; and over Ketley-Heath, the inexhaustible store-house of iron ore, and coal. But our wonder was still more excited by Coalbrooke-Dale itself, a scene in which the beauties of nature and processes of art are blended together in curious combination. The valley which is here hemmed in by high rocky banks, finely wooded, would be exceedingly picturesque, were it not for the huge founderies, which, volcano-like, send up volumes of smoke into the air, discolouring nature, and robbing the trees of their beauty; and the vast heaps of red-hot iron ore and coal, that give the bottom, “ever burning with solid fire,” more the appearance of Milton’s hell than of his paradise.

At the entrance of this vale, the celebrated iron-bridge, appeared, crossing the Severn at a lofty height, which, tho’ not so vast as that at Sunderland,

is more striking from the singularity of the scenery accompanying it. The whole structure is of cast iron, and consists of a platform of top plates, projecting over the ribs on each side, on which projection stands the balustrade. This is supported by ribs, each consisting of two pieces connected by a dove-tail joint in an iron key, and fastened with screws; each screw being seventy feet long. All these rest against two upright iron pillars, rising from stone abutments. The whole is connected together, and rendered immovably firm, by cross-stays, braces, and brackets; forming a structure beautifully light and simple. The road over the bridge, made of clay and iron slag, is twenty-four feet wide; the span of the arch one hundred feet, and six inches; and the height, from the base line to the centre, forty feet. The weight of iron employed for the purpose was three hundred and seventy-eight tons, and ten hundred weight, which having been cast into the proper pieces in open sand upon the spot, the whole was put up in three months, without any accident to the fabric or the men employed; or the least interruption to the navigation of the river. An inscription on the largest exterior rib, commemorates the year of its erection. "This bridge was cast at Coalbrooke, and erected  
 "in the year 1779." The great works at the Dale

belong to the society called the *Coalbrooke-Dale Company*; the lesser ones are private speculations. One of the chief proprietors, Mr. Reynolds, is the land-owner of this romantic spot; who, possessing as much liberality as taste, has preserved in a great measure its picturesque beauties, and laid them open to the enjoyment of the public. This he has effected by conducting two walks in the most judicious manner over the brow of the vast amphitheatrical hill that rises above the vale of the Severn, and commands the opposite banks, and a long reach of subjacent country. The first of these conducts to a plain Doric temple, through a thick shade, occasionally opening and disclosing the rocky banks on the other side of the dale; from whose bosom the ascending smoke, curling up in vast volumes from the founderies that are unseen, suggests the idea of the mist arising from the agitation of a cataract; a notion strengthened by the incessant din of the volcanic operations below. Returning along this path, we crossed the road to the second, which is led along the narrow ridge of an eminence agreeably planted with evergreens, which shut out the immense lime-stone pits to the left-hand, and interrupt the sight of a deep precipice to the right. This walk terminates with a *rotunda*, a most classical building, placed at the



point of the promontory; whence a view of great extent, diversity, and curious combination, is unfolded. Immediately under the abrupt height on which it stands, yawning caverns disclose themselves, the entrances into the limestone quarries, from whence ever and anon waggons drawn by horses, and laden with the product of the mine, are seen to issue; and in their neighbourhood a series of pits stand ready to receive the stone, vomiting smoke and burning flame. Carrying the eye a little further, it takes in the iron-bridge, the river, and its shipping. Beyond this it reposes in distant vales, and upon the fertile meadows of Shropshire; whilst, once more returning to the nearer picture, it catches that magnificent home scenery, the bank we had before traversed, and its Doric temple, together with the rocks and woods, and windings of the dale.

Taking the Bridgnorth road, we passed over the iron-bridge, and wound up a steep and long hill, that repaid us on turning round, for the tediousness of its ascent, by a fine view of the Severn, Madeley vale, the great iron-works, and the romantic bank above them; whilst to the left, a cliff lifted itself high above the bottom, scarred into lime-quarries, which produce inexhaustible quantities of the coarse stone that is thrown into the furnace with

the iron ore as a flux. Under its beetling brow the curious wheel of a mill is seen, whose circumference is one hundred and sixty-two feet, made of cast-iron at the adjoining works. The cottages, stuck as if by accident on the rocky sides of these heights, add much to the singularity of the picture.

Staffordshire opened to the left as we proceeded, with the Severn rolling between us and its distant fields. On the right we were still accompanied by Shropshire, which we were to leave shortly after visiting its ancient town of Bridgnorth. This curious place consists of two parts, separated by the river Severn, over whose waters is a stone bridge of eight arches, where a toll is exacted from the passenger. The higher town has chosen a lofty and beautiful situation on the summit of a red sand rock, whose face is cut into habitations for many indigent families. The lower one is spread along the banks of the Severn, who is here navigable for vessels of one hundred tons. Many vestiges of its having been a fortified place remain; amongst which the fragment of a tower is most remarkable, which inclines upwards of fifteen feet out of the perpendicular. Standing under its projecting head, we could hardly persuade ourselves of the security which the laws of mechanics insured to us in a situation so apparently perilous.

The destruction of the castle (which is of uncertain antiquity) was performed by those *ruin-making* gentlemen, the Oliverians, in the civil wars; who, after beating the Royalists in the neighbourhood, blew up the castle. The mine intended to destroy the tower was not of sufficient extent to effect it, and left an angle of it in the situation above-mentioned. It stands at the corner of the church-yard; where it is associated with a modern place of worship, of dissimilar architecture, and bad proportion. Adjoining this cemetery is the terrace, a fashionable walk of Bridgnorth: conducted along the brow of a cliff one hundred feet high, overlooking the lower town, the river, and a widely-spreading country. On descending from our elevated situation, and passing under this rock, we remarked, that its stratification was extremely curious. Crossing from hence to the opposite side of the meandering Severn, we drove beneath its wild and perpendicular banks, following a most enchanting road for three or four miles, till we reached *Apley-Terrace* (a part of the ancient demesne of the Charltons, now belonging to Mr. Whitmore) the most remarkable feature of this county: a dead flat full a mile in length, and of great height; planted with every variety of tree, which opening at proper distances allow a view of the immense flat to the left.

watered by the Severn, and bounded by mountains. The terrace is of width sufficient to admit half a dozen carriages abreast; its covering velvet turf.

Picking our way through the intricacies of cross-roads, heavy from the sandy soil of the country, we passed through Shiffnall to *Tong-Castle*, the seat of Mr. Durant. This is a magnificent modern castellated mansion, built with great taste on the scite of a more ancient fabric, by the father of the present possessor. Its fronts, nearly correspond with the four cardinal points, that to the east is a very noble one; one hundred and eighty feet in length, sixty-eight in breadth, and ninety-two in height. Towers crowned with *cymatian* cupolas adorn the summit of the building. The park is small, but laid out with great taste. At its north-east corner, about six hundred yards from the castle, is the venerable ancient church of the village; a most pleasing object from the principal rooms. It is famous for its large bell, weighing forty-eight hundred weight, and many noble table monuments of the former possessors of the estate; the Vernons, the Pembridges, the Stanleys, and the Pierreponts. The house contains the following portraits and pictures; but all in bad condition, owing either to damp or ill-usage.

*George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham*, whole length by Dobson. He was made Knight of the Garter by Charles II. to whom his wit and humour rendered him most acceptable, whilst his profligate and licentious course of life made him despicable in the eyes of the reflecting part of the nation. After the defeat of the King's troops at the battle of Worcester, he with difficulty escaped into Holland. On the restoration, he, together with Gen. Monk, rode bareheaded before the King at the public entry, and was appointed master of the horse, and one of the governing lords. His comedy of the *Rehearsal* establishes his character as a wit, and the miserable state in which he is described to have closed a life of riot, dissipation, and extravagance, furnishes a solemn warning to the profligate, and a striking instance of the mutability of human affairs. Ob. 1687, having married

*Mary*, sole daughter and heiress of Thomas Lord Fairfax; whole length by Dobson. She is described to be low in stature, fat, and ordinary; but the imperfections of her person were disregarded by the multitude, sensible of her great virtue and piety, and rendered a secondary consideration to her husband by the splendid fortune she brought him, which he dissipated, uncontrolled by a partner no ways disposed to check

the eccentricities of his course. Obiit 1705, Ætat. 66.

*Sir Peter Paul Rubens and family*; by himself. He was a native of Cologne, and though his name is most familiar as a painter, yet there are few situations in which he was not formed to appear conspicuous. He was an elegant scholar, well versed in six languages, a practised statesman, and accomplished gentleman. To these qualifications he owed the appointment of ambassador to England, where he concluded a peace between Philip IV. of Spain, and Charles I. He received not only the honour of knighthood from the English monarch, but a present of a sword and diamond ring, and was at the same time engaged to paint the ceiling of the banqueting-house at Whitehall, for 3000*l*. Obiit 1640.

*Thomas Killigrew* was page of honour to the first, and buffoon or jester to the second, Charles; who also appointed him resident at Venice, but rather with a view of borrowing money for his sovereign, than of promoting his country's interests; indeed his excesses were sufficiently scandalous to provoke the noble Venetians, who complained of his misconduct to the King.

*Murillo*, by himself. This artist, who was born in the neighbourhood of Seville, is frequently called

the Spanish Murillo, because he never travelled out of his own country. Charles II. proposed to have seduced him to England with the title of his first painter; but he pleaded his age as an excuse to decline the honour. His works are so rare, and deservedly high in estimation, that 1000 guineas were given by an eminent collector at Vandergucht's sale, for a Madona and Child; a copy of which, in needle-work, may be seen at Lambeth-palace.

*Murillo's Wife*, by himself.—*William Lord Byron*, by Dobson. Ob. 1695.—*Charles I.* by C. Janssen.

*Sir Godfrey Kneller, bart.* was a native of Holstein. It is not to be wondered, that a painter who could scarcely avoid making an ordinary face appear fascinating on canvass, should be equally protected by Charles and James II. William, and Anne. He had amassed a considerable fortune by his profession, part of which was, however, swallowed up in the South-Sea scheme; a gulph which proved destructive to thousands. It has been discovered that he seldom painted more than the heads and hands, leaving the back-grounds, drapery, and ornaments, to secondary artists; indeed, he even went so far as to allow them to copy his works, then touch them up himself, and sell them for originals. Thus, perhaps, may be explained, why so many portraits are reputed to have been the work

of this master, a title of which would nearly have occupied his whole life. Obit 1725.

*Lady Essex*, by Lely.—*Late Mr. Durant and Son*, by Reynolds.—*Count Schutz*, by Vandyck.—*Edward VI. and Sir John Cheke, his tutor*; a copy, by Rembrandt.—*Ld. Cromwell, & his Wife* by Holbein.—*George Duke of Buckingham*, when young.

*Nell Gwynne*, by Lely. She was, according to her own description, the *Protestant mistress* of Charles II. which title saved her from the fury of a mob, irritated at the Duchess of Portsmouth, avowedly attached to the Catholic and French interest. She was raised from the humble station of an orange-girl at the Theatre to that of principal comic actress; probably encouraged by Lacy and Hart, celebrated and capital performers, with both of whom, she is recorded by the lampooners of the day, to have been a favourite at the same time. From them, she lived with Lord Buckhurst, who is said to have surrendered her to the King for an Earldom of Dorset. Her eldest son bore the title of St. Alban's, which is still enjoyed by the Beauclerks; who derive from the same source the office of Hereditary Grand Falconer, to which is attached, amongst others, the enviable privilege of driving *sans* royal livery within the railing of Hyde-Park. Obit. 1687.



A fine Boar-hunt, by Snyders, 11 feet 9 by 7 feet 3.—A Stag-hunt of equal merit, by the same.—*Cleopatra terminating her affection and misfortunes by the fatal asp*; an exquisitely fine painting by Guido.—*Venus and Mercury teaching Cupid to read*; by West.—*The Marriage of St. Catherine*; a curious old picture, by Albert Durer, in his characteristic dark and harsh style.—*Susannah and the Elders*; a grand specimen of Hannibal Carracci's powerful pencil.—*Laocöon and his Sons*; horribly fine, by Salvator Rosa. An original idea of his own; having taken nothing from the antique groupe, but the story.—Portrait of *Roubilliac*, the famous statuary, modelling Shakespeare; by Carpentier.—*Cupid discovering the thunder of Jove*, by Guido.

Returning to the Wolverhampton road, from which our visit to Tong-Castle had occasioned a diversion, we drove into the park of Patteshull, the seat of Sir George Pigot, bart. Amid the fine scenery of this inclosure, one regrets that so unfavourable a situation has been chosen for the house, as the bottom in which it stands; but the old mansion had been built on the same spot, and sixty years ago the veneration for ancient sites had not been banished by notions of taste or convenience. The lodge, on the contrary, a building of modern times, a complete specimen of the *simplex munditiis*,

fitted up by Lady Pigott, has seized on a situation of the utmost beauty; having all the park, its fine piece of water, and massive stone mansion, spread beneath it, with a grand view of the distant country. This property formerly belonged to the family of Astley, by a branch of which it was sold to the late Lord Pigot. In the hall of the house a curious painting bears testimony to the gallantry and military skill of one of the ancient possessors of it, Sir John Astley, who lived in the time of Henry VI. It consists of two grand divisions, subdivided into lesser compartments, which represent the regular ceremonies of two tournaments; the one performed on horseback, in *le rue St. Antoine* in Paris, against one Peter de Masse, a Frenchman, in the presence of Charles VII. King of France, on the 29th of August 1438: in which Sir John came off victor, having pierced the head of his antagonist, and won his helmet by the achievement. The little compartments have inscriptions under them, explaining the figures above. 1. The king granting him leave to perform the combat. 2. The manner of his being conducted to the lists. 3. Having gotten the victory, he returneth thanks to God. 4. The king girds him with the sword of knighthood. 5. He maketh oath in the presence of the high-constable and mareschal that he hath

no charm or enchantment about him. 6. He pierceth the helmet of Masse with his spear. 7. He présenteth Masse's helmet to his lady. 8. He is invested with the robes and order of the Garter by the king.—The other division represents a similar rencontre in Smithfield, London, on the 30th of January 1441, between this Sir John Astley and Sir Philip Boyle, an Arragonian knight; in which the former was also victor. It was fought with battle-axes, spears, swords, and daggers, in the presence of the king; who, pleased with his knight's prowess, conferred further favours upon him after the successful termination of the tourney.

Wrottesley-House, the seat of Sir John Wrottesley, bart. stands near the road as we pass on to Wolverhampton; but placed on an eminence, it is seen long before it is approached; and proclaims by its hundred-windowed fronts, that 't was erected before the ingenuity of the financier had discovered that the light of heaven was a fair and rational subject of taxation. Sir Walter Wrottesley, the ancestor of the present possessor, built it in 1696, on the scite of the ancient castellated hall, which had been the seat of the family for centuries. The grounds behind the house are simply and agreeably disposed; where nature has aided taste by producing trees of great beauty and profuse foliage.

Three miles from Wrottesley we descended a hill, on the eastern brow and declivity of which Tettenhall is happily placed. It is one of those few villages which can be called picturesque, in a country whose surface is, for the most part, flat and uniform; and where manufactories wage eternal war with rural beauty. A few neat houses, scattered irregularly over the face of the descent, introduce the agreeable appearance of social happiness; whilst the noble ranks of elms that rise over its green, the venerable yew-trees which shade its church-yard, and the pleasing grounds belonging to Mrs. Pearson's house, (planted and disposed with superior simplicity and judgment, gently descending the hill, and uniting with the fertile meads below) keep alive the equally interesting ideas of rural quiet and rational retirement. These beautiful combinations are best seen from the Wolverhampton road, half a mile from Tettenhall, towards that town; where all the features fall at once into the picture, aided by the village church, and form a most beautiful whole. This sacred edifice is dedicated to St. Michael, and being a royal free chapel or peculiar, has exempt jurisdiction, and various other privileges. The seal for stamping the documents which issue from its courts, bears the Wrottesley arms, and this inscription: "Sigillum

“commune Ecclesiæ Collegiatæ de Tettenhall;” referring to the ancient college of canons that subsisted here from before the Conquest to the Dissolution; of this building, however, not a wreck is left behind.

Equally ancient is the town of Wolverhampton, two miles from Tettenhall, and somewhat similar to it in the nature of its ecclesiastical preferment; being also a peculiar, subject to no power but that of the King, and under it to the perpetual visitation of the keeper of the great seal for the time being. It is called the *deanery* of Wolverhampton; and dates its origin from the charter of Wulfurna, the widow of Athelm duke of Northampton, in the year 996, who gave lands in this neighbourhood for the foundation of a monastery and the building of a church at Hampton: which, in compliment to its benefactress, then prefixed to its own name that of the lady, and from thenceforth was called Wulfrushampton. At the Conquest this religious establishment consisted of a dean and four secular canons or prebendaries. It was conferred by William on his chaplain Sampson, and afterwards attached to the church of Lichfield; but being made independent of its jurisdiction in the reign of Henry II. it continued amenable only to the King and Pope, till the forty-fifth of Henry III.

when that monarch confirmed to Giles de Erdington, then dean of Wolverhampton, the privileges granted to free chapels by Pope Innocent IV. which exempted them from all ordinary jurisdiction, and from every sentence in the metropolitan or diocesan courts of interdiction or excommunication, unless confirmed by licence of the Pope. Subsequent kings confirmed these immunities; but Edward IV. desirous of advancing the revenues of the church of Windsor, annexed the free chapel of Wolverhampton to that of Windsor; so that the dean of the latter should be in future dean of the former, and prebendary of that prebend also.—The statute of the first of Edward VI. completed the business of the Reformation, by dissolving all collegiate churches, free chapels, chantries, &c. with the exception of such as were specified expressly for that purpose. Wolverhampton, not occurring in the list of excepted places, came of course to the king; who, six years afterwards, granted it to John Duke of Northumberland and his heirs. This nobleman, you may recollect, was executed in the first year of the bigotted Mary, who seizing (amongst his other confiscated property) upon the deanery of Wolverhampton, granted it once more to Windsor, under the same regulations as before; with the additional privi-

leges, that the dean, prebendaries, and sacrist of the free chapel of Wolverhampton, should be a corporation, and have a seal. This grant was confirmed by Elizabeth and James I. under which various ratifications the deans of Windsor have held, and at present possess, this ecclesiastical preferment; but have long been in the habit of leasing it to different individuals at the reserved rent of 38*l.* per annum. The present lessee is Sir William Pulteney, bart.

The fine old church, disgraced by a chancel of modern architecture, placed upon the highest part of the town, is seen from afar. Its battlements command a wide range of view. Every thing within the structure bears the marks of antiquity; the massive grotesque wood-work that support the rood-loft; the curious octagonal font, rudely sculptured with figures of saints and representations of flowers; and the pulpit of stone, richly chisselled into arches and adorned with mouldings, which are ascended by a sweeping flight of steps, whose bottom is guarded by the figure of a large stone lion. Many old monuments also, and curious inscriptions, gratify the antiquary, whose taste leads him to this branch of research. Amongst other objects of curiosity is a fine brass statue of a warrior, standing in a recess of the south wall, large as life,

clothed in compleat armour, and bearing in his right hand a truncheon, the emblem of command; a brass plate beneath it informs us, that it commemorates Sir Richard Leveson, of Lelleshul in the county of Salop, who signalized himself in all the gallant actions performed in the reign of Elizabeth; in the defeat of the Armada, at the taking of Cadiz, and on other occasions of importance. The capture of Cadiz, you know, happened on the 21st of June 1596, under the command of Lord Howard, admiral, and the Earl of Essex, general; the latter of whom knighted upon the occasion above sixty persons. Of these, Sir Richard Leveson was one. The generosity of the conquerors at least equalled the gallantry displayed in the achievement; for though the place was taken by storm, the slaughter immediately ceased on capitulation, and the prisoners were treated with the utmost humanity, kindness, and affection. It is not wonderful that such unexpected behaviour should make a strong impression upon the feeling character of the Spaniards, particularly on the sensibility of their too tender fair ones, many of whom formed a strong attachment to the generous victors. Gallant and noble, the character of Elizabeth's warrior, and wiled extremely handsome, it is not surprising that Sir Richard Leveson should have been



favoured with the good opinion of some of the fair captives. Amongst these was a lady of high rank, immense riches, and great beauty, who candidly made him the offer of her person and fortune on the honourable terms of matrimony; a connection which our gallant youth was prevented from entering into by his being already married. The beautiful old ballad in Percy's collection, entitled the 'Spanish Lady's Love,' is said to have been written in consequence of the circumstance. It is so honourable a testimony in favour of the more lovely part of that nation, their sensibility, affection, and generosity, that I cannot forbear transcribing it:—

" Will you hear a Spanish lady,  
 " How she woo'd an English man?  
 " Garments gay as rich as may be  
 " Deck'd with jewels she had on.  
 " Of a comely countenance and grace was she,  
 " And by birth and parentage of high degree.

" As his prisoner there he kept her,  
 " In his hands her life did lie;  
 " Cupid's bands did tie them faster  
 " By the liking of an eye.  
 " In his courteous company was all her joy,  
 " To favour him in any thing she was not shy.

“ But at last there came commandment  
 “ For to set the ladies free,  
 “ With their jewels still adorned,  
 “ None to do them injury.  
 “ Then said this lady mild, “ Full woe is me,  
 “ O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

“ Gallant captain, shew some pity  
 “ To a lady in distress;  
 “ Leave me not within this city,  
 “ For to die in heaviness :  
 “ Thou hast set this present day my body free,  
 “ But my heart in prison still remains with thee.”

‘ How should’st thou, fair lady, love me,  
 ‘ Whom thou know’st thy country’s foe?  
 ‘ Thy fair words make me suspect thee:  
 ‘ Serpents lie where flowers grow.’  
 “ All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous knight  
 “ God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

“ Blessed be the time and season,  
 “ That you came on Spanish ground;  
 “ If you may our foes be termed,  
 “ Gentle foes we have you found:  
 “ With our city you have won our hearts each one,  
 “ Then to your country bear away that is your own.”

‘ Rest you still, most gallant lady;  
 ‘ Rest you still, and weep no more;  
 ‘ Of fair lovers there are plenty,  
 ‘ Spain doth yield you wond’rous store.’  
 “ Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,  
 “ But English men throughout the world are counted kind.

" Leave me not unto a Spaniard,  
   " Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;  
 " I am lovely, young, and tender,  
   " Love is likewise my desert:  
 " Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;  
 " The wife of every English man is counted blest."

" It would be a shame, fair lady,  
   " For to bear a woman hence;  
 " English soldiers never carry  
   " Any such without offence."  
 " I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,  
 " And like a page will follow thee, where'er thou go."

" I have neither gold nor silver  
   " To maintain thee in this case,  
 " And to travel is great charges,  
   " As you know in every place."  
 " My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,  
 " And eleven thousand pounds in gold that tis unknown."

" On the seas are many dangers,  
   " Many storms do there arise,  
 " Which will be to ladies dreadful  
   " And force them from watery eyes."  
 " Well he that I shall endure extremity,  
 " But to be divided in heart to love any else for thee."

" Courtier, say, I love this man,  
   " Here comes all day once is the man,  
 " For England have I already  
   " A second woman to my will."

" I will not fulfil my vow for gold nor silver,  
 " Nor yet for all the fairest dainties that live in Spain!"

" O how happy is that woman  
   " That enjoys so true a friend!  
 " Mine happy days God send her;  
   " Of my suit I make an end:  
 " On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,  
 " Which did from love and true affection first commence.

" Commend me to thy lovely lady,  
   " Bear to her this chain of gold;  
 " And these bracelets for a token;  
   " Grieving that I was so bold:  
 " All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,  
 " For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

" I will spend my days in prayer,  
   " Love and all his laws defy;  
 " In a nunnery will I shrowd me,  
   " Far from any company:  
 " But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,  
 " To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

" Thus farewell, most gallant captain!  
   " Farewell too my heart's content!  
 " Count not Spanish ladies wanton,  
   " Though to thee my love was bent:  
 " Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!"  
 ' The like fall ever to thy share, most fair lady.'

When the savage Oliverians took possession of  
 Wolverhampton, this fine statue of Sir R. Leveson  
 excited their indignation, expressly at war as they  
 were with all the products of the arts, and being  
 torn from its situation, it was carried away in order

to be cast into a small cannon. The Lady Levison, however, who lived at Trentham, rescued it by means of a more valuable metal, gold, and placed it in the church of Lilleshull, where it remained till quieter times, when it was brought back to its old situation. The church-yard contains a remain of very remote antiquity; a round stone pillar, about twenty feet high. It is divided into several compartments by little bands of different patterns; the divisions ornamented with rude sculptures of beasts and birds, and bearing some vestiges of those linear involutions called Runic knots. No tradition exists with respect to the time and occasion of its erection; but we made no doubt, from the nature of its ornaments, and comparisons between it and other captured pillars we had seen, of its being Danish, and perhaps of the ninth or tenth century. The new church built in 1758 is a good contrast to its venerable neighbour; and proves that our present ecclesiastical structures excel those of our ancestors, at least in elegance and convenience, if not in solemnity and majesty. It is in the gift of the Earl of Stamford. All the beauty of Wolverhampton is confined to these two edifices; for the houses are brick built, and stained with the smoke of its manufactories, which chiefly consist of locks, keys, axes, shovels, buckles, &c. which are for the most

part taken off by the Birmingham Canal, which, connected with others, forms a communication between this place and all parts of England. The population is about 19,000. The country for several miles to the eastward of Wolverhampton, as we travelled towards Birmingham, is quite a land of Cyclopes; spotted in all directions with vast works, for the preparation of iron; founderies, slitting-mills, and steam-engines; pouring out flames and smoke, and forming a sight truly tremendous to those who are unaccustomed to the operations of these large manufactories. Add to this, the appearance of a *soil of fire*, where the earth literally burns visibly to the eye, and the no less fearful sight of vast heaps of red-hot coke on all sides, the fiend-like look of the dingy workmen managing the liquid flaming metal; and the horrible din of engines and bellows, the rushing of the steam, and the roaring of the flame, and nothing carried on in the haunts of men can give so compleat an idea of the appearances which we conceive those places would represent, where “the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.” Such are the vast works of Bradeley to the right of Bilston, belonging to Mr. Wilkinson; and the lesser of inferior iron-masters, around and beyond that place. The surface of the ground also is scarred and broken in all directions,

with collieries and iron-mines; the former of which, when worked out, often exhibits that striking phenomenon above-mentioned of a burning soil; for the gob or broken coal left behind in the works, being highly charged with sulphur frequently takes fire, sending up a smouldering flame accompanied with smoke, which, when night has assumed her reign, plays over the surface of the earth in a lambent flame of great extent. As long as the air has access to the materials, the combustion continues; but when that is withdrawn, or a solid mass of coal interferes, it is immediately extinguished. This appearance, extraordinary to those who are unaccustomed to it, was much more awful, sixty years ago in the neighbourhood of Wednesbury, five miles from Wolverhampton, where a tract of ground containing eleven acres was seen at once, and that for a length of time, compleatly on fire. The environs of this village are famous for the quality and quantity of coal found on it, as well as remarkable for being the spot on which one of the first steam-engines was erected by its ingenious inventor, Capt. Thomas Savery, at the commencement of the eighth century. The expansive force of steam, indeed, had been known, and applied, long before his time, both by the ancients and the moderns; but the mode of re-action by condensing the steam by the injection

of cold water, was an important discovery of which this gentleman has a claim to all the merit. The engine, however, in this case did not succeed; for being applied to drain a large tract of land which had been overflowed, the quantity of water was too great for its powers, and in the attempt to increase the expansive force proportionately to the cause, the engine was rent to pieces, and never afterwards repaired. Wednesbury has also to boast the pride of high antiquity, as it derives its name from that of the great northern god Woden, and was consequently built during the times of Scandinavian superstition in this country. No trace of its ancient castle, built by the Saxons, remains; its scite is occupied by a fine Gothic church, and its elegant chancel built in the reign of Henry VII. The cheerfulness of manufactories increased upon us, as we approached Birmingham; but all the lesser stars were eclipsed by the extensive and elegant buildings that form the works of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, called Soho, which, together with the handsome mansion of the former gentleman, cover the declivities of a hill to the right of the turnpike-road, at Handsworth, two miles from Birmingham. The situation of the house is commanding, the disposition of the grounds tasty, and the manufactories as striking for their neatness as magnificence; 89



that the different features of the place form a strikingly-fine whole, both grand and beautiful; the more interesting, when we consider that it is entirely the creation of modern years, formed by the combined operation of taste, science, and wealth, out of a desolate heath, inhabited only by a colony of rabbits. The useful machine we have just mentioned, the steam-engine, was, you know, carried to its present state of perfection by Mr. James Watt, one of the partners in the Soho firm, a gentleman who possesses that rare comprehensiveness of mind, which embraces with equal ease, and to its fullest extent, every subject on which the human intellect can be exercised, from the simplest to the most profound. He procured a patent for it in 1768, and seven years afterwards entering into partnership with Mr. Boulton, began to construct steam-engines at Soho; since when, the adoption of them has been general all over the kingdom in mines and manufactories, to the incalculable saving of labour and money in the laborious and expensive operations of both. The stupendous power of this machine may be best conceived by animadverting to one of them erected a few years since in Cornwall; which worked a pump of eighteen inches diameter, upwards of six hundred feet high, at the rate of twelve strokes, each seven feet long, in one minute.

In the same space of time, it raised a weight equal to 81,000 lbs. to the height of 80 feet, exerting a power that exceeded the combined efforts of 200 horses. The following numerous curious and importantly useful articles and machines are said to have been manufactured at the Soho works, which, when fully employed, give bread to upwards of six hundred labourers:—

Buttons in general; gilt, plated, silvered inlaid with steel; Platina, pinchbeck; hard white metal; fancy compositions; mother of pearl; polished steel and jettina steel-toys; polished steel watch-chains; patent cork-screws, &c. by Boulton and Scale. Patent latches, and buckles; silver, strong-plated, pinchbeck and steel; by Boulton and Smith. Plated and silver wares, in general for the dining-table, tea-table; side-board vessels of various kinds, candlesticks, branches, &c. by Matthew Boulton and Plate Company. Medals in general, and of various metals, by Matthew Boulton. The late beautiful copper coinage comes under this branch of the Soho manufactory; a wonderful operation performed by the immense and curious powers of the steam-engine; which give action to eight machines performing the following processes. 1st, Rolling the masses of copper into sheets; 2d, fine rolling the same cold, through cylindrical steel

rollers; 3dly, clipping the blank pieces of copper for the die; 4thly, shaking the coin in bags; 5thly, stamping the pieces. Each of the eight coining machines, is capable of striking from seventy to eighty-four pieces of money in one minute, that is between thirty and forty thousand per hour; and at the same time that it strikes the face and reverse, it forms the pattern of the edge, whatever it may be, either ornament or inscription; turning it out after all, of shape most perfect, and in dimension most uniform. Four boys of twelve years old are capable of coining, by means of this machinery, two hundred thousand pieces in the course of six hours. To its other wonders, the apparatus adds the magical one of precluding fraud, by keeping an accurate account of every coin which passes through it. Well does this triumph of mechanism deserve the laurel woven for it by the hand of an elegant bard, who has boldly dared to attempt, and happily succeeded in the attempt, to inlist imagination under the banner of science, and to lead her votaries from the loose analogies, which dress out the imagery of poetry, to the stricter ones which form the ratiocination of philosophy.

“ Now his hard hands on Mona’s rifted crest,

“ Bosom’d in rock her azure ores arrest;

“ With iron lips his rapid rollers seize

“ The lengthen’d bars in their expansive squeeze

“ Descending screws with ponderous fly-wheels wound  
 “ The tawny plates, the new medallion’s round ;  
 “ Hard dies of steel the cupreous circles cramp,  
 “ And with quick fall, his massy hammers stamp.  
 “ The harp, the lily, and the lion join,  
 “ And George and Britain guard the splendid coin.”

DARWIN.

Rolled metals of all kind of mixtures, by Matthew Boulton. Iron foundery, patent steam-engines, with rotative motions for mills of every kind, or with reciprocating motions for pumps or mines, or for any other mechanical purposes requiring different powers, from one to two hundred horses acting together. Pneumatical apparatus, large or portable, for preparing medicinal airs; by Boulton, Watt, and sons. Copying machines, large for counting-houses, and portable for travellers; by the sons of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, under the firm of J. Watt and Co. Mercantile trade carried on in Birmingham to Europe and America; by Matthew Boulton.

As much praise is due to the highly-gifted proprietors of Soho for their attention to morals, as to scientific improvements, in their extensive works; which has shewn itself in the orderly and citizen-like behaviour of the little army of labourers employed upon them. All is decorum, cleanliness, and decency, throughout the works; the pleasing effects of good example and wise regulations.

A short distance from this grand manufactory, adjoining to the road on the left hand, is one of fairer form, and gentler character; where the long-lost art of staining glass, is carried on by Mr. Eginton, in the utmost beauty, and apparently to perfection. The house is a neat little modern mansion, consisting of a body and two pavillions, through one of which we were introduced to the parlour; a pleasing entrance, as it is ornamented with several specimens of Mr. Eginton's art. The process, of course, is concealed; but the elegant productions of it are communicated with the greatest readiness to the curious visitor, by the amiable artist. They are of the chastest design, and most beautiful execution; vying with the best specimens of ancient glass in brilliancy of colouring, and infinitely surpassing them in truth of outline and elegance of form. Comparing them with the grandest of the Gothic productions, we cannot but allow the force of the poet's satirical remarks upon the latter, and the justness of his eulogium on the former:

- “ Ye brawny prophets, that in robes so rich,
- “ At distance due possess the crisped nich;
- “ Ye rows of patriarchs, that, sublimely rear'd,
- “ Diffuse a proud primæval length of beard;
- “ Ye saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
- “ More pride than humble poverty display;

“ Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown  
 “ Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown;  
 “ Ye angels, that from clouds of gold recline,  
 “ But boast no semblance to a race divine;  
 “ Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,  
 “ That draw devotion’s ready tear no more;  
 “ Shapes that with one broad glare the gazer strike,  
 “ Kings, Bishops, Nuns, Apostles, all alike!  
 “ Ye columns that the unwary sight amaze,  
 “ And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!  
 “ No more the sacred window’s round disgrace,  
 “ But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space.  
 “ Lo, from the canvas beauty shifts her throne!  
 “ Lo, picture’s powers a new formation own!  
 “ Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain  
 “ With her own energy th’ expressive stain!  
 “ The mighty master spreads his mimic toil  
 “ More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;  
 “ But calls the lineaments of life compleat  
 “ From genial alchemy’s creative heat;  
 “ Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,  
 “ While in the warm enamel nature lives.”

WARTON.

This encaustic staining of glass, or mode of fixing the vivid and finely graduating colours upon that transparent material, was brought to its present state of perfection, after vast expence and infinite trials, by Mr. Eginton in 1784; since which period he has executed many very magnificent pieces of work in that line; the following are the most elaborate and excellent:—

A large window over the altar of Wansted church, Essex, Christ bearing his Cross.—Ditto in the chapel of the palace of the Archbishop of Armagh in Ireland, the Parable of the good Samaritan.—A noble figure of Saint James the greater, in the Bishop of Derry's palace in Ireland.—A large window in St. Paul's chapel, Birmingham, the Conversion of St. Paul.—Ditto in Salisbury cathedral, the Resurrection of our Saviour.—The great east window in the cathedral of Lichfield.—In Hatton church, near Warwick, the Crucifixion, St. Peter, St. Paul, &c.—In Shuckburgh church, Warwickshire, St. John in the Wilderness.—In the ante-chapel of Magdalen college, Oxford, eight windows in *clara oscura*, with whole-length figures and other ornaments;—St. John the Baptist, St. Mary Magdalen, Henry III. Henry VI. William of Wykeham, William of Waynflete, Bishop Fox, and Cardinal Wolsey. The great west window contains the Day of Judgment, which was restored from a state of decay by Mr. Eginton in 1794.—In the chapel at Pain's-Hill, Surry, the good Shepherd, the good Samaritan, the Passion in the Garden, our Saviour carrying his Cross, the Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalen, and St. John weeping over the dead body of Christ; Jesus appearing to Mary Magdalen in

the Garden, and the Ascension.—In the chapel at Wardour-Castle, Wiltshire, a window with a representation of the Holy Trinity, &c.—In the banqueting-room at Arundel-Castle, Sussex; a window of great spirit and splendour—Solomon entertaining the Queen of Sheba at a banquet. There are fourteen figures introduced, of which most are portraits of living noble characters.—In Sundorn-Castle, Shropshire, the seat of John Corbet, esq; three windows—Abraham offering up his son Isaac, Peter delivered from prison by an Angel, Angels weeping over a dead Christ.—In Pepplewick church, Nottinghamshire, over the altar, the figures of Faith and Hope, with emblems.—In a window over the altar in the chapel at Barr, Staffordshire, the seat of Joseph Scott, esq; an Angel and Child.—At Fonthill, the seat of Wm. Beckford, esq; Wiltshire; for the south front of the abbey erecting there, thirty-two figures of kings and knights—William the Conqueror, and the eleven succeeding English monarchs; Robert Earl of Gloucester, Sir Hugh Randolph, John Lord Montacute, Sir Hugh Hastings, Robert Fitzhamon, Lawrence Hastings Earl of Pembroke, Sir Reginald Bray, Arthur Prince of Wales son to Henry VII. Sir Hugh Marville, Sir William Tracey, Gilbert de Clare Earl of Gloucester, Thomas



Dispenser ditto, Sir Brian Stapleton, Sir John Harvick, Bishop Gardiner's father, a figure from an ancient tomb in Malvern, Albert de Vere the second Earl of Oxford, two figures from the tomb of Edmund Crouchback, and an armed knight. For the bow window of the library of the same vast building—St. Jerome, St. Athanasius, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Etheldrida, St. Columba, the venerable Bede, and Roger Bacon.—In the chapel of Stanor, Berkshire, in a window over the chapel, a figure of our Lord.—In Llangollen church, Denbighshire, the Agony in the Garden.

Less considerable pieces of work of fancy designs have been executed by Mr. Eginton, in great numbers, and are scattered through churches and gentleman's seats all over England.

Birmingham lay before us, and as we entered it we could not but reflect with astonishment upon the creative powers of trade and commerce, which in the course of half a century have added nearly five thousand houses to its limits, and thirty thousand inhabitants to its population. The streets, those of modern creation, are for the most part wide and healthy; the mansions handsome and convenient; the public buildings large and elegant. Busily employed in manufacturing the productions of the anvil, and the lesser articles of elegance and

taste in the hardware line, Birmingham was rapidly increasing in riches and inhabitants when the present war threw a cloud over its prosperity, ruined its market, and obliged a large proportion of its workmen to quit the silent manufactories, which no longer required their presence, for the profession of arms; fifteen thousand of them are supposed to have made this unhappy exchange of profession during the long-protracted contest. The population of Birmingham at present is about seventy thousand. We visited its manufactories, which consist, exclusively of those mentioned above of fillagree, pins, buttons, whips, and paper-trays. The last belongs to Mr. Clay, whose obliging civility enabled us to observe at our leisure the following process for preparing this elegant article of furniture:—Large, strong, and thick *cartridge* paper is the material of which it is composed. Of this a wetted sheet is spread upon a flat and even board, the surface of which being pasted over, another sheet is laid upon it; being thus attached to each other, they are conveyed into an oven close adjoining, where they remain till they are dry, which strengthens their cohesion. In this manner, from twelve to eighteen sheets, (according to the required thickness) are pasted upon each other and dried. The pieces are then taken out of the oven, suffered to

cool, and cut into the necessary forms; sawed and worked in the same manner as wood, being to the full as hard as that substance. The article of furniture being formed, it is then given to women and girls, who varnish it with black lacquer twelve different times, being dried in ovens after every varnishing. This is the most unwholesome and disagreeable part of the process. From hence it is carried to another party of *ladies*, who polish it with sand and water, to take off every roughness, and give it one uniform smooth surface. The fine polishers then take it, who give it the beautiful brilliancy of its appearance, with rotten stone, and rubbing of the flat hand. The painters next receive it, of whom there are two sets; one employed in delineating the little fancy patterns, the other in the more beautiful and difficult line of landscape and figure painting. That part of the patterns which is to receive the gold, is first traced over in red paint, which having stood for some hours to dry, the leaf is put on. Part of this adhering to the painted parts, the remainder of the leaf is rubbed off, and the whole is then lackered over to secure the gilding. Buttons also are manufactured here of the same materials as the trays, being cut into a circular shape, they are placed into a machine, where the hank is ingeniously put in and fastened.

Afterwards being made exactly round, they are burnished, and polished with the open hand.

A beautiful example of Mr. Eginton's art claimed our notice before we left Birmingham. It adorns the chapel of St. Paul, and contains the leading features of that apostle's conversion, occupying a large Venetian window, eighteen feet high and seventeen wide. This consists of three divisions; the first exhibits Paul in his ignorance persecuting the church, directing those cruelties which he afterwards so bitterly deplored; the groupe is superlatively fine. In the next we see the conversion of the apostle, whilst journeying to Damascus, our Saviour and attending angels in the clouds, Saul just raised from the ground, some of his companions still prostrate, and the Roman soldiers retreating in terror and dismay. The last division of this interesting piece discovers St. Paul kneeling under the hand of Ananias, receiving his sight, the influence of the Holy Ghost, and the heavenly mission to preach the Gospel of Christ. The whole is beautifully and spiritedly designed; the execution transcends all praise.

After so many gratifying sights at Birmingham, we were content to pass seventeen miles, (the distance between that place and Kenelworth) without murmuring at the uniformity of a level road, or

the dulness of very confined prospects. Had ill-humour indeed triumphed over gratitude, it would have been quickly removed by the sight of a town singularly pleasing, and a ruin at once picturesque and august. Consisting of good houses, standing for the most part separate and detached from each other, Kenilworth looks more like a long scattered groupe of comfortable gentleman's mansions, than the regularly-ranged buildings of a town. Its spired church, and the nearly-adjoining ruined gate-way of its ancient monastery, add to the beauty of the picture; but the dilapidated castle, its former *præsidium et dulce decus*, its safe-guard, and its honour, is the greatest ornament of the place. These remains stand a quarter of a mile from the town, and present a most grand appearance even at a distance, lifting their ivied summits above the solemn woods which encircle them, and awakening immediately the poet's image:

“ Towers and battlements he sees

“ Bosom'd high in tafted trees.”

But on approaching them from the south-east they assume still more interest, grandeur, and solemnity. Here we catch from a foreground, finely broken with trees, a vast and extensive turretted building, proudly seated upon a rising ground, strong in

structure, rich in ornament, and crowned with ivy. Again imagination takes fire, again she darts back with the poet into ages that are passed, into the depth of the days of chivalry, and calls up the fair form of Kenilworth-Castle in its glory; the scene of mirth and of gallantry,

“ Of pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 “ With mask and antique pageantry;  
 “ Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
 “ In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
 “ With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 “ Raise influence, and judge the prize  
 “ Of wit or arms, which both contend  
 “ To win her heart whom all commend.”

Well calculated for such stately feasts and princely cheer was the Gothic hall, a grand apartment eighty-six feet long and forty-four feet wide, lighted by lofty arched windows of the most elegant pattern and costly workmanship; and every other part of the building bore a proportionate grandeur in architecture and dimensions. The great gatehouse, built by Lord Leicester, is also extremely fine; it contains an apartment with its original decorations in oak compleat. The chimney-piece is particularly curious, the upper proportion carved wood, the lower alabaster, bearing the date 1571, the initials of its proud but unfortunate builder, R. L.; these mottoes—*Droit et loyal—Vivit post*

*funera virtus*—and frequent representations of his crest, the ragged staff. The name of *Cæsar's Tower*, *Lancaster's Buildings*, and the *Leicester apartments*, distinguish the parts of these extensive ruins, that were erected at different times. The first of these was built about the year 1120, by the Norman Baron Galfridus de Clifton, treasurer to King Henry I. who also founded the monastery for black canons, near the church. King John obtained possession of the castle from this baron's grandson; and in the crown it continued till Henry III. granted it to Simon de Montford Earl of Leicester, having first expended large sums upon its walls, and ornamented its chapel. But the ambition of Montford (for when was a royal favourite ever found faithful?) placing him at the head of the discontented barons, after a successful battle at Lewes, he was at length defeated near Evesham, and killed; and his son and a few adherents escaping from the field of battle, fled to Kenilworth, and shut themselves up in the fortress. For six months did the persevering gallantry of Henry de Hastings defend the castle against all the forces of the king; nor would it have yielded at last to his arms, had not that irresistible enemy *famine* attacked them within the walls, and forced them to preserve their lives by a surrender. Becoming

thus possessed of Kenilworth-Castle, Henry granted it in 1267 to Edmund his younger son, afterwards made Earl of Leicester and Lancaster; whose successors held it till the Earl of Lancaster's rebellion in the reign of Edward II. in which being unsuccessful, he was taken, executed, and his estates confiscated to the crown. Edward III. however, restored the castle and other demesnes to Henry brother of the last possessor, from whom it came to John of Gaunt, by marrying a daughter of the Earl of Leicester and Lancaster. After adding to and adorning the castle, this powerful noble left it on his death to Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV. which again vested it in the crown.

Having descended regularly through the succeeding monarchs to Elizabeth, she granted it to her favourite Robert Dudley, afterwards created Earl of Leicester. Great additions were also made by this nobleman to Kenilworth-Castle, who likewise had an opportunity of testifying his sense of the value of this rich gift her Majesty had bestowed upon him, by giving her a most sumptuous entertainment on the very spot, that lasted seventeen days. The nature of the elegant amusements of that time may be learned from the following slight sketch of the pageantry and mummery exhibited on the occasion:



“ Here, in July 1575, having compleated all things for her reception, Lord Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth for the space of seventeen days, with excessive cost, and a variety of delightful shews, as may be seen at large in a special discourse thereof then printed, and entitled *The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth-Castle*. At her first entrance, there was a floating island upon the pool, bright blazing with torches; upon which, clad in silks, were the *Lady of the Lake*, and two nymphs waiting on her; who made a speech to the Queen in metre, of the antiquity and owners of the castle; which was closed with cornets and loud music. Within the base-court there was a very goodly bridge set up, of twenty feet wide and seventy feet long, over which the Queen d’id pass. On each side thereof were posts erected, with presents upon them unto her by the gods, viz. A cage of wild fowl, by *Silvanus*; sundry rare fruits, by *Pomona*; of corn, by *Ceres*; of wine, by *Bacchus*; of sea-fish, by *Neptune*; of all the habiliments of war, by *Mars*; and of musical instruments, by *Apollo*. And for the several days of her stay, various rare sports and shews were there exercised, viz. in the chace, a savage man with satyrs; bear-baitings, fire-works, Italian tumblers, a country bridal, with running at

the quintin,\* and morris-dancing. And that there might be nothing wanting that these parts could afford, hither came the Coventry men, and acted the ancient play, long since used in that city, called *Hock's-Tuesday*, setting forth the destruction of the Danes in King Etheldred's time; with which the Queen was so well pleased, that she gave them a brace of bucks, and five marks in money, to bear the charges of a feast. Besides all this, he had upon the pool a Triton, riding on a Mermaid eighteen feet long; as also an Arion on a Dolphin, with rare music. And to honour this entertain-

---

\* Running at the quintin was a ludicrous kind of tilting, performed in the following manner:—A post, as high as a man on horseback, was set upright in the ground; with an iron pivot on the top, on which turned a long horizontal beam, unequally divided. To the upright post was fixed the figure of a man; the horizontal beam representing his arms; the shortest end had a target nearly covering the whole body, with a hole, in the shape of a heart, or a ring, cut in the middle of it; and the longest was armed with a wooden sword, or a bag of sand. Peasants, mounted on cart-horses, run full tilt at this figure, and endeavoured to strike the heart with a pole made like a lance; if they succeeded, they were applauded; but if they struck the shield instead of the heart, the short arm of the lever retiring brought round the wooden sword or the sand-bag with such velocity, as generally to unhorse the awkward assailant. This amusement, somewhat diversified, was not long ago practised in Flanders, at their wakes and festivals. The revolving arms were placed vertically; the lower shewing the bag, whilst the upper one supported a vessel full of water, which, revolving itself on the head of the unskillful tilter, punished his want of dexterity with a severe ducking.—*Beauties of Flanders*, p. 109.

ment the more, there were then knighted here, Sir Thomas Cecil, son and heir to the Lord Treasurer; Sir Henry Cobham, brother to Lord Cobham; Sir Francis Stanhope, and Sir Thomas Tresham. The cost and expence of this entertainment may be guessed at, by the quantity of beer then drank, which amounted to three hundred and twenty hog-heads of the ordinary sort, as I have been credibly informed. Shortly after which, viz. the year next ensuing, Lord Leicester obtained, by grant of the Queen, a weekly market here, upon the Wednesday, and a fair yearly on Midsummer-day."

This was the proudest æra of the history of Kenilworth-Castle, which coming, after the Earl of Leicester's death, to his infamously-treated son Sir Robert Dudley, by Lady Sheffield, was wrested from him by a Star-Chamber decree, and confiscated to James I. On this occasion a survey was taken of the premises, preserved in Dugdale, worth transcription, as it affords a pretty clear idea of the residence of a great nobleman of the sixteenth century.

"The Castle of Kenilworth, situate on a rock. 1. The circuit thereof, within the walls, containeth seven acres; upon which (the walls) the walks are so spacious and fair, that two or three persons together, may walk upon most places thereof.— 2d. The castle, with the four gate-houses, all built

of free-stone, hewn and cut; the walls in many places ten and fifteen feet in thickness; some more, some less, the least, four feet.—3d. The castle, and four gate-houses, all covered with lead, whereby it is subject to no other decay but the glass, through the extremity of the weather.—4th. The rooms of great state within the same; and such as are able to receive his Majesty, the Queen, and Prince, at one time; built with as much uniformity and conveniency as any houses of later times: and with such stately cellars, all carried upon pillars, and architecture of free stone, carved and wrought, as the like are not within this kingdom; and also all other houses for offices answerable.—5th. There lieth about the same, in chases and parks, twelve hundred pounds per annum; nine hundred whereof are grounds for pleasure, the rest in meadow and pasture thereunto adjoining, tenants and freeholders.—6th. There joineth upon this ground, a park-like ground, called the King's Wood, with fifteen several coppices lying altogether, containing seven hundred and eighty-nine acres within the same; which, in the Earl of Leicester's time, were stored with red deer, since which the deer have strayed, but the ground is in no sort blemished, having great store of timber and other trees of much value upon the same.—7th. There runneth through the

same grounds, by the walls of the castle, a *fair pool*, containing one hundred and eleven acres, well stored with fish and wild fowl; which at pleasure is to be let round about the castle.—8th. In timber and woods upon the ground, to the value (as hath been offered) of twenty thousand pounds, (having a convenient time to remove them) which to his Majesty, in the survey, are valued at eleven thousand seven hundred and twenty-two pounds; which proportion, in a like measure, is held in all the rest upon the other values to his Majesty.—9th. The circuit of the castle, manors, parks, and chase, lying round together, contain at least nineteen or twenty miles, in a pleasant country; the like both for strength, state, and pleasure, not being within the realm of England.—10th. These lands have been surveyed by Commissioners from the King, and the Lord Privy-Seal, with directions from his Lordship to find all things under their true worth, and upon the oath of jurors, as well freeholders as customary tenants; which course being held by them, are notwithstanding surveyed and returned at 78,554*l.* 0*s.* Out of which, for Sir Robert Dudley's contempt, there is to be deducted 10,700*l.* and for the Lady Dudley's jointure, which is without impeachment of waste, whereby she may fell all the woods, which, by the survey,

amount to 11,722*l.* The total of the survey ariseth as follows:

	£.	s.	d.
In Land - - -	16,431	9	0
In Woods - - -	11,722	2	0
The Castle - - -	10,401	4	0

---

Total    £. 38,554 15 0''

More honourable than his father, Prince Henry, though delighted with Kenilworth, would not avail himself of the unjust decree of the Star-Chamber, and seize upon the estate; but proposed to purchase Sir Robert Dudley's right in it for the sum of 14,500*l.* Hopeless of having it restored to him, Sir Robert accepted the overtures, and the transfer was made; but no part of the purchase-money ever came to his hands; for the first proportion (3000*l.*) was lost in the hands of a merchant who became a bankrupt; and Prince Henry dying soon after, no notice was taken of his debts, and Sir Robert lost the whole of the sum. Prince Charles took possession of it on Henry's death, and on becoming king, granted it to Carey Earl of Monmouth. In the usurpation it was a fine morsel for Oliver Cromwell's officers to gratify their desolating passion upon; who cut down the woods, drained the pool, destroyed the park, and dismantled the castle. On the restoration, Charles the Second re-

newed the lease of this *ruin*, for such it was now become, to the Earl of Monmouth's daughter; and on the expiration of it, granted the manor to Lawrence Lord Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, in whose descendant, the present Earl of Clarendon, it still remains.

No county in England is more famous for its roads than Warwickshire; a comfort we were fully sensible of when we contrasted them with the stoney ones of Lancashire, and the sandy ones of Shropshire; whose shocks and tiresomeness we had experienced for the last three weeks. The turnpike between Kenilworth and Warwick, five miles, is as hard and level as a gravel walk; added to which source of pleasure the country in its neighbourhood is smiling with the most grateful fertility. Two miles before we reached Warwick, the celebrated place of Mr. Greaves attracted us to its pleasing and picturesque scenery, lying a neck out of the turnpike to the left. It is called *Grey-Cott*, where a beautiful combination of wood, rocks, and water produces a most necromantic effect, as if we had seen in credible tales of magic, which make this place the scene of the conjuring of the *Clay-stone* of Warwick; where (changing the personification of a wonder for that of a hermit) he is believed to have vented his rage and only r. The

champion, indeed, could not have chosen a better spot for the purpose than this scene; the solemnity of which is well calculated to excite higher aspirations in the mind than the thirst of human glory, and to teach better sentiments than the love of slaughter, or the lust of triumph. Dr. Percy has well observed, that the history of Guy, though now very properly resigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taste, for taste and wit had once their childhood; you will, therefore, pardon me, if, in respect to the tales of the times of old, I just remind you that this redoubted soldier is said to have fought with and conquered an enormous giant, called Colibrand or Colbrand, an African and a Pagan;

“ An ugly giant, which the Danes  
 “ Had for their champion hither brought;”

that he afterwards slew “ a boar of passing might and strength, near Windsor;” on Dunsmore-heath, “ a monstrous wyld and cruell beast, called the dun cow of Dunsmore-heath;” and finally, “ a dragon in Northumberland, which did both man and beast oppresse, and all the countrie sore annoye;” and at length came to Guy’s-Cliff,

“ Where with his hands he hew’d a house,  
 “ Out of a craggy rock of stone;  
 “ And lived like a palmer poore,  
 “ Within that cave himself alone.”



I am not desirous of embodying the shadows of legend with the substance of truth, but would only observe, that wild as the above fictions appear to be, they seem to have had some remote connection with fact. Guy, though never Earl of Warwick, nor engaged with the dun cow, certainly did once exist, and the remembrance of his valour and generosity was gratefully and carefully preserved by the successive Earls of Warwick, as well as parts of his armour, which remain to this day at the castle. In compliment to his memory, the eldest son of William Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, was christened Guy. His coat of mail and sword were left specifically by the will of Thomas Earl of Warwick to his son and heir. A third Earl dedicated one of the magnificent towers of the castle to the deceased worthy, and conferred the name of Guy upon his son. And the sword and armour now preserved at Warwick-Castle, became objects of royal care in the reign of Henry VIII. being granted by him to William Hoggeson, yeoman of the buttery, with a fee of 2s. 6d. per day for their preservation.

Proceeding up a gentle ascent from Guy's-Cliff, we soon from its summit obtained a view of Warwick, and such an one as impressed us with an high idea of its beauty and grandeur. A rich cluster

of towers and spires appeared shooting above the head of a tall grove, whose darkness and mass were beautifully relieved by the turrets of the one, and the thin tapering form of the other. Just at this point, the picture was compleat; for as we approached nearer to the town, the modern buildings introduced themselves, and the features became more incongruous and unpiéuresque. Warwick is of regular figure, consisting of two chief streets, which cross each other at right angles, and take the direction of the cardinal points. Its public buildings, ancient and modern, are of beautiful architecture, particularly the courts of justice, and debtor's prison; the former built in a richly ornamented style, the latter of the Doric school, both of freestone. The private dwellings are for the most part handsome; and what is still more agreeable, a general charaécter of neatness and cleanliness attaches to them all. The beautiful sylvan scenery of the Priory, Mr. Wise's seat, is a happy circumstance in the neighbourhood of a large town; the environs of which, in general, are either disfigured with squalid habitations, the residence of poverty and nastiness, or distorted by the whimsies and bad taste of the counter.

But the proudest boast of Warwick is its magnificent castle, the seat of the Earl to whom the

town gives a title. It stands a little to the south of the town, upon a solid rock, lifting its august towers high above every neighbouring building. The approach to it is of the happiest kind, if it be allowed that the sudden display of the whole of a grand object be more impressive than its gradual developement to the eye, by partial disclosures and interrupted appearances. This is through a winding hollow way, cut out of the rock, and judiciously planted and curved, so as to preclude any view of the castle for one hundred yards; till, reaching a turn, the awful structure is at once submitted to the astonished and delighted gaze; its gigantic entrance flanked by embattled walls, from which lofty machiolated towers ascend; its walls cloathed in a solemn garb of ivy; its deep moat dark with shrubs and noble trees, which root themselves at the foundation of the structure, and throw their broad arms over the gloomy dell. A belt of trees encircles this part of the grounds, compleatly shuts out all meaner buidings, and only admits the beautiful tower of St. Mary's church, and the elegant spire of another place of worship.

Passing through the entrance, which formerly presented to the assailant a series of passages, gates, and portcuilises, we found ourselves in the area where the residence of the family stands; a noble

castellated building, to the right of which rises a vast artificial mount finely wooded, surmounted by a part of the old fortification; whose iron grate letting in an unexpected light, has the most happy effect. To the left is Cæsar's tower; and to the right that dedicated to Guy, and called after his name, one hundred and forty-eight feet in height. From hence we ascended to the *hall*, a fine apartment sixty-two feet long by thirty-seven wide, whose windows afforded us part of the beautiful scenery of this place. Forty feet below us the Avon led his silver stream, almost washing the foundations of the castle, and tumbling down a small cascade; opposing his waters a little to the left, a broken bridge raised its ruined head, contrasted by a modern fabrick of like kind more distant in the same direction; beyond which a wide extent of fertile meadows presented itself; on the opposite bank a fine sheet of wood rises gently from the river, and gives the eye a sweet repose after the rich variety of the other scenery.—A cast of *Hercules* adorns this apartment.

The *Anti-Chamber* contains the following paintings:—*Lady Brook*, sitting; painter unknown.

*Anne*, daughter of *Frederick II. King of Denmark*, and wife of *James I. of England*. There is hardly any character of rank so little celebrated in history;

many writers have not even thought it necessary to mention the year of her death, which took place in 1619; and Mr. Hume only says, that she loved expensive amusements and shews, but possessed no taste in her pleasures: whole length.

*Henrietta Maria*, whole length by Vandyck; Queen of Charles I. and mother of

*Henrietta Duchess of Orleans*, (whole length by Vandyck) who was doomed to an early participation of the misfortunes of her family: she was scarcely five years old, when the execution of her father took place, and she repaired with her mother to Paris, where they subsisted on an allowance assigned for their maintenance by the Parliament; which was, however, so ill paid, that Cardinal Retz observes, “ that the Queen’s pension was  
“ six months in arrears, the tradesmen refused credit, and there was not a billet of wood in the  
“ house; and she was lying in bed for want of  
“ wood to make a fire.” From an early display of superior wit and powerful charms, she was designed by the Queen Mother of France, as a match for Lewis XIV. but he declaring his indifference to her, she was betrothed to his brother, Philip Duke of Orleans. Historians have, however, hinted, that the aversion of the elder brother soon afterwards changed into ardent love; and afforded grounds to

conjecture that his passion was not altogether consistent with his consanguinity. Previously to her marriage she came to England with her mother on the restoration, and made a conquest of the Duke of Buckingham, who followed her to Paris, and carried his passion to conduct almost bordering on romance. But her partiality for the Count de Guiches, is spoken of with more suspicion than any other of her admirers. She had a spirit for political intrigue, and was employed in an embassy from Lewis, to attach her brother Charles II. to the French interests, by concluding a dishonourable treaty against the Dutch. She did not, however, live long to reap the laurels of this successful negotiation, being seized eight days after her return to France with violent excruciating internal tortures, which occasioned her death in a few hours, not without suspicion of being poisoned by her husband. Obiit 1670, Ait. 26.

*In the cedar drawing-room,*

*Ferdinand Duke of Alva*, half length, by Vandyck.—*Charles I.* half length, by the same.

*Lucy Countess of Carlisle*, whole length, by Vandyck; daughter of Henry Earl of Northumberland, and wife of James Hay Earl of Carlisle. A lady of singular wit, and sound understanding, celebrated for her next after Sacharissa; re-

corded as a busy politician by St. Evremond, and described by Sir Philip Warwick as a *sbe saint*, who had changed her gallant from Strafford to Pym, and was become “a frequenter of sermons and conventicles.” Obiit 1660.

*Marquis of Montrose*, half length, by Vandyck.

*Martin Ryckaert*, (half length, by the same) a native of Antwerp, who acquired considerable excellence as a painter of landscapes, architecture, and ruins; and lived in habits of close intimacy with Vandyck. He may be reported as more than usually indebted to industry and perseverance for the progress which he made in his profession, having been born only with the left hand. Ob. 1636, Æt. 45.

*Edward Worthly Montague*, half length, by Romney, in a Turkish dress. The garb alone bespeaks some peculiarity of disposition: but indeed, the whole of his life displays, even in the most trivial occurrences, a spirit for adventure. When a boy, he eloped three times from Westminster-school, and followed the occupation of a chimney-sweeper; cried fish in Rotherhithe, and sailed as a cabin-boy to Spain, where he deserted from the vessel, and drove mules; in the capacity he was discovered by the British Consul, who returned him to his friends. In hopes of recovering lost time, he was then provided with a tutor, and qualified for his

future situation in life. He sat in two successive Parliaments; but being the child of eccentricity, he married a washerwoman, with whom he refused to cohabit, because the match was made in a frolic. Involving himself in debts, he quitted his native country, resolving to accommodate himself to the manners of every kingdom through which he passed. In Italy, Spain, Egypt, and Constantinople he formed connections, which he considered no longer lasting than his stay in each place: drank coffee plentifully, wore a long beard, smoked much, drest in the Eastern style, and sat cross-legged in the Turkish fashion. On hearing of the death of *his English wife*, he was desirous of returning home to marry again, and prevent his estate devolving to the children of his sister, Lady Bute; and for that purpose, advertised for a decent young woman, *in a state of pregnancy*; the challenge was accepted, and the expectant bride only disappointed by the hand of death, which arrested this matchless oddity at Padua, 1776. Æt. 64.

*Circe*, by Guido;

“ Who knows not Circe,

“ The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup

“ Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,

“ And downward fell into a grovelling swine?”

The enchantress, however, would not have stood in need of the charmed cup to produce infatuation,



had she possessed such a pair of *eyes* as the painter has given her.—Two Etruscan vases, and a good composition Eagle from the antique, finish the ornaments of this room.

In the *gilt-room*,—*Mr. Thynne*, half length.

*Earl of Strafford*, half length. Having elsewhere\* repeated what I considered the indisputed charge of ingratitude on the part of Charles I. towards this nobleman; let me here make the *amende honorable*, by transcribing from the memorandum-book of Dr. Birch, preserved in the British Museum, the following minute. “The King, upon the  
“ impeachment of Strafford, went to the House of  
“ Lords; and desired that the articles against him  
“ might be read, which was accordingly done. But  
“ many Lords called out, *Privilege, Privilege*;  
“ and when he departed, it was ordered that no  
“ entry should be made of the King’s demand, or  
“ the keeper’s compliance.” The King offered to come to the Tower with a great train, and afford him an opportunity of escaping, but he refused.

*Thomas Howard Earl of Arundel*; to whom the arts are more indebted for their encouragement, than to any nobleman of the age in which he lived. He carried his passion for *virtù* to such a height as to neglect his private and public concerns; and

---

\* Vide Excursions from Bath, page. 61.

even to pronounce that “ he that could not design a little, would never make an honest man.” He collected the *Marmora Arundeliana*, presented by his grandson to the University of Oxford. Ob. 1646, Æt. 61. Half-length, by Rubens.

*Prince Rupert.* Having signalized himself as a military commander in Holland, he came into England in 1642, to promote the cause of his uncle Charles I. and acquired much fame in the outset by several advantages which he obtained over the Parliamentarians; but was surprised into an almost immediate surrender of the city of Bristol, which considerably diminished the reputation he had acquired, and he retired in disgrace to France. Afterwards becoming a favourite with Charles II. he was sworn of the Privy Council, and appointed commander of the fleet fitted out against the Dutch in 1664. Ob. 1682. Whole length, by Vandyck.

*Nicholas Machiavel;* a native of Florence, and one of the most celebrated political writers of the 16th century. He published the history of his native city, Reflections on Livy, and a volume of poetry and miscellanies. It ever will happen, that the works of politicians are applauded or condemned, according to the partialities or prejudices of their readers; therefore this author has been differently described by his biographers. It is evident, how-

ever, that he has been generally misunderstood, and even by the sagacious Frederick the Great himself, who wrote his *Anti-Machiavel* in opposition to his politics. Machiavel gives but too true a picture of human life, but does not offer it as a pattern. Obiit 1530. This is a whole-length copy by Vandyck, from Titian: the fire of the eye and the sagacity of the countenance mark at once boldness and depth of thought; the hair is black, and face handsome and fleshy.

*A Lady*, by Sir Peter Lely.—*A Man's portrait*, unknown: *Lord Strafford*, half-length, by Vandyck.

*Robert Rich Earl of Warwick*; of whom Lord Clarendon gives a full but not very favourable character, “a man of dissolute morals, companion-able wit, and deep hypocrisy, who contrived to get in with the Puritans, and mas for a godly man.” He was appointed lord high admiral by the Parliament, and was in great confidence with Cromwell, to whose daughter he married his heir. He improved his estate more than any of those who trafficked in rebellion. Ob. 1653, *Ann.* 71. This was painted by Vandyck in 1642; there is great spirit and courage in the face.

*Marquis of Huntly*, by Vandyck.—*Rebent's first wife*, by himself.—*Davila the historian*; half-length, by Vandyck.

*Ignatius Loyola*; better known as a religious than as a military character, though the former may be truly said to have risen out of the latter. Being educated in the court of Ferdinand King of Spain, to whom he was appointed page, he distinguished himself at the siege of Catalonia, where he received a severe wound in the thigh; and whilst recovering from the same, his leisure hours being employed in reading the lives of the saints, he acquired such a taste for theological writings, that he became founder of that famous religious order denominated the “Society of Jesus,” and was first president of the institution. Obiit 1556. This is a superlatively fine whole-length, by that great master Rubens; the robes are extremely rich, the eye is cast up to a burst of light, and the expression of countenance is grand; nothing can exceed the skill with which the elevated right hand is fore-shortened.

*Lord Lindsay, Charles I. and Henrietta Maria*; three half-lengths; and a Portrait of a Man, very like Charles V.; by Vandyck.—A fine Etruscan Vase.

In the *state bed-chamber*,

Another wife of Rubens, extremely handsome; small half-length, by himself.

*Robert Devereux Earl of Essex*; an undoubted original by Zuccherò. Experienced in all the vicissitudes of a favourite’s fortune, he may be said to

have inspired his royal mistress with the excess of love and hatred; and whilst the latter passion had possession of her breast, he fell a victim to the machinations of enemies raised by his open and manly spirit, which was unable to brook an affront, even from Queen Elizabeth: he was beheaded 1601. The face is cheerful and full of expression.

*Margaret Luchess of Parma*; a grand whole length, by Titian.—Three Etruscan vases.

In the *Dressing-Room*:

Two inside views of Churches at night; by Nief.

*Catherine Bulen*, aunt and governess to Queen Elizabeth; an exquisite small half-length by Holbein. The face is lovely, equally marked by animation and simplicity; great delicacy of flesh, but too nearly approaching to ivory.

*Anne Bullen*; half-length, by Holbein. Having been raised to the royal bed, by the sacrifice of Catharine of Arragon, from whom Henry VIII. was divorced, under the pretext of indulging conscientious scruples, we cannot wonder that in her turn she became the victim of the tyrant's caprice, and gave place to his third queen Jane Seymour, whom he married May 12th, 1536, the day after Anne was beheaded.

*Prince Maurice, and his brother Rupert*, in one picture; half-lengths, by Vandyck; small and silly faces.

*Barbara Duchess of Cleveland*; (half-length, by Lely) the most noble by birth and ignoble by conduct of the numerous mistresses of Charles II. She was sole daughter and heiress of Villiers Lord Grandison, and early married to Roger Palmer, a student in the Temple. The beauty of her person soon recommended her to the royal notice, and her husband was created Earl of Castlemaine. But neither gratitude nor affection could guide her passions, and she shortly afterwards discovered a partiality for Churchill, a subaltern in the army, (afterwards known as Duke of Marlborough) and occasionally conferred her favours on Jacob Hall the rope-dancer, Goodman the actor, and Wycherley the poet. When removed from the royal protection, she married the celebrated Beau Fielding, by whom she was so ill treated, that necessity compelled her to prosecute him for bigamy; and having clearly established the charge, she was liberated from his severity, and died of a dropsy, 1709.

*Dutch Boy*; whole length, by Vernosi, very fine.

*William first Duke of Bedford*, father of the patriotic Lord Russel; a distinction not considered of secondary moment by King William III. who, in conferring the dukedom, thought that he could not assert more noble pretensions than a recital of the virtues and amiable qualities of his illustrious

son, which are fully detailed in the preamble of his patent. Obiit 1700, Æt. 87.

*Henry Fourth of France*; a small and beautiful whole length, in a plain black dress.

*Martin Luther*; fine half-length, by Holbein.

*Francis second Earl of Bedford*, (half-length, by Vandyck) one of the most distinguished patrons of liberty during the troubles of Charles I.; but, though a zealous promoter of its principles, yet never accused of being hurried beyond the bounds of discretion or propriety; wherefore his death in 1641 was considered as an irreparable loss to the king, as no man had it so much in his power to curb the outrage of the popular leader.

*Mrs. Digby*, in the dress of an abbess; small half-length, by Holbein.

*Two old Heads reading*; a sketch by Rubens, amazingly fine.—*A small Virgin and Child*; exquisite, by Corregio.

*A Sea-storm and Wreck*; by Vanderweel, a painter better known in Germany than England; the fifth part (one whole room) of the Dusseldorf collection being by him. He distinguished himself by his fine and soft flesh; which, however, approached too nearly the whiteness of ivory. At Mr. Gevers's, in Rotterdam, is a fine portrait of this artist by himself, value 200 guineas, and

considered as the perfection of that line of painting. He was in the service of the Elector Palatine, and painted for his collection.

A fine bronze antique vase.—Ditto, groupe; and some Etruscan vases.

The view from hence embraces another part of the extensive park (which is nine miles in circumference) where the soft-flowing Avon is seen to wander, forming an island in its wanton course. The fringed banks relieve its lustre, and a grand bridge of one arch, peeping out from a clump of trees, gives a classical dignity to its waves. Two handsome lodges are caught in the proper places to afford an agreeable variety, whilst woods and distant hills shut up the scene. This room terminates the suite of apartments, which extend in a right line three hundred and thirty feet.

In a small adjoining room, decorated with the finest painted glass, casting “a dim religious light” over the apartment, is an exquisite half-length by Rubens, of *Catharine of Arragon, first wife of Henry VIII.* who was divorced from him in 1533, and died 1536, aged 51.

In an adjoining armoury, which contains the finest collection of old English armour in the kingdom, we saw every species of the military accoutrements of our forefathers; and amongst the rest, the



doublet in which Lord Brook was killed at Lichfield. Several antique vases and Roman bronzes, also, are in this collection. The passage that leads to it contains some good paintings; amongst the rest are,

A fine *Landscape* by Salvator Rosa; rock, cataract, and trees.—*Charles I. and the Duke D'Espernon*. The original of this picture is in the royal collection at Kensington.—*Queen Elizabeth*.—*An old Head*, of great spirit and expression, by Rubens.—*Two portraits*, by Vandyck.—*Oliver Cromwell*, half-length; fine.

*Mary Queen of Scots, and her son James I. an infant*. A duplicate of this picture is in Draper's-Hall, London; but the two are in some degree to be considered imaginary, as it is notorious that the unfortunate Queen never saw her son after he was a year old.—*Sir Philip Sydney*; half-length, original.

Returning through the long range of apartments which we had already visited, we were conducted to the dining and breakfast rooms; the latter of which forms the other termination of the suite. In the *dining-room* are the following portraits:

*Princess of Wales, and her infant son George III.* Still and bad, by Philips.—*Frederick Prince of Wales*; by ditto.—*Sir Fulke Greville Lord Brocke*, ambitious of no other title than what he desired to have engraven on his tomb—"The friend of Sir

Philip Sydney." Ob. 1628. Painted 1586.—  
Three antique vases.

In the *Breakfast-room*:

*Thomas Parr the elder*; by Vandyck. Of the several recorded instances of longevity, we shall probably not find one more abounding with extraordinary events than this "old, old, very old Thomas Parr;" who for incontinence *did penance* at upwards of 100; married at 102, and had children. He is thus described by Fuller:

"From head to heel, his body had all over  
"A quick-set thick-set natural hairy cover."

*Dutch Burgo-master*; very fine, by Rembrandt.

*Another*, half-length, in armour; of equal merit, by the same master.—*Snyder's Wife*; by himself.

*Marquis of Spinola*; by Rubens.

*Gondamar*, (by Vandyck) ambassador from the King of Spain to James I. One of the most accommodating political characters to be found in history; who, by "becoming all things to all men," contrived to promote the interests of his Court more than any of his predecessors; he drank with the King of Denmark, talked Latin with King James, and proved an over-match for both.

*Family of Charles II.* by Vandyck.

From the ca de-yard, in which the mansion stands, to the garden grounds we were conducted

through a portcullis, and over the moat by a bridge; a way lately formed with great taste and judgment; and soon found ourselves in a broad gravel walk, winding towards the green-house, skirted to the right by a thick plantation, and open to a lawn, spotted with trees to the left. From hence the towers of the castle, and the spire of St. Nicholas, are seen to good effect. A Gothic front has been properly chosen for the green-house, which looks out upon the velvet lawn, and catches beyond it a reach of the Avon, backed by a gradual slope, whose thick plantations embosom an elegant lodge. In this building is preserved the celebrated *antique vase*, presented by Sir William Hamilton to the Earl of Warwick; of vast dimensions, and the most rare of its kind. The material is white marble; the form circular, the depth rather shallow for its capacity, which enables it to receive one hundred and thirty gallons of water in the square feet of its surface; and it stands on a pedestal in the house of the vessel, engraved in a circular way on the summit of a voluted base, which ornaments its body with some beautiful scrolls, which branches, of most exquisite design, and elegant proportion; terminating in a finial, that is not only all the ease and address of human hands, but also spreading its rays. The decorations have all the appearance of Grecian

design, and happily designate the festal purposes to which the vase was dedicated; the emblems of the rosy god, his *Nebris*, and his *Thyrus*; the heads and claws of his panther, and the comic countenance of his inebriated attendants. What renders this grand antique the more valuable, is its admirable preservation; no parts are wanting, nor have any been added by a modern hand as we discovered, except an head of one of the satyrs. The base on which the vase stands bears the following inscription:

HOC PRISTINÆ ARTIS ROMANÆQUE MAGNIFICENTIÆ MONUMENTUM RUDERIBUS VILLÆ TIBURTINÆ HADRIANO AUG. IN DELICIIS HABITÆ EFFOSSUM RESTITUI CURAVIT EQUES GULIELMUS HAMILTON, A GEORGIO TERTIO MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REGE AD SICIL. REGEM. FERDINANDUM QUARTUM LEGATUS, ET IN PATRIAM TRANSMISSUM PATRIO BONARUM ARTIUM GENIO DICAVIT AN. AC. N. MDCCCLXXIV.

A wooded serpentine walk led us from the greenhouse to the Avon, opening into occasional glades, and admitting passing peeps at the towers of the castle and the churches, rising sublimely above the groves, which, wisely allowed to retain their unhewn primæval grandeur, produce a gloom that well assimilates with the character of the building. This walk is crossed at right angles by another path,

winding through an extensive plantation to a magnificent bridge of one arch, built by the late Earl of Warwick, over the Avon. That, however, in which we were, still detained us. It stretches a mile in length, was disposed entirely by his Lordship about twenty years ago, and may dispute the palm of taste with any example of picturesque improvement. Descending towards the river, the walk opens upon a lawn, where we have the grandest association possible of beautiful objects; the green-house, its shrubs, and velvet turf to the left; beyond it a mass of wood, its dark line broken by proud towers and spires. Further on, a member of the castle rising high above the Avon, which flows at its foot, broken into a cascade; and more still to the right, a gently-rising wooded bank, and fertile distance. Crossing the bottom of the lawn, we reached the pavillion, where a magical change takes place in the picture; a solemn scene, beautifully harmonizing with serious sentiment and stillness of soul. The fore ground is now shut up by a grove of trees, whilst to the right the eye is led along a reach of the river, finished by the cascade, which seems to make its fall beneath the Gothic arch of an ancient ruined bridge, whose battlements are destroyed, and its neglected head overgrown with weeds. To the right, also, the eye is precluded

from distant excursion by a deep skreen of wood, that admits only a few meadows and a plain old bridge into the canvas, and then shuts up the scene. Emerging from this groupe of trees, we were again indulged with a partial view of the castle to the right, and a beautiful slender tower, embattled and machicolated, springing as before from the shade; over the corner of which, a Scotch fir of gigantic size and unusual irregularity throws its arms. The uninterrupted rushing of the cascade opened another avenue of pleasure to the mind, and of course heightened the intellectual effect. Passing through a tower called the Hill-House, we wound up a wooded mount by a zig-zag path, on whose broad summit is the north tower, the occasional resort of the family on summer evenings; and, indeed, it would be difficult to find a spot, where so much beautiful scenery displays itself as from this place. The crystal Avon, the noble one-arch bridge, bestriding the stream, and the nearer grounds are seen on one side; and on the other, the stupendous eastern tower, castle-yard, and mansion, through the iron gate before-mentioned. From this pleasing elevation, we descended again into the court-yard, and being looked at the large bell-metal porringer, holding one hundred and sixty-two gallons, said to be Guy's pot, his sword, shield, helmet, and

breast-plate, all of gigantic size, we left a place of uncommon magnificence and equal beauty. Most of the alterations in the castle, and of the improvement, in the ground, are the works of the present Earl of Warwick within the course of the last twenty-five years; and it must be confessed, that they have rendered his residence superlatively fine. Nature and ancient art, indeed, had done much for him in furnishing this spot with a beautiful river, august woods, and a magnificent old castle; but that nice perception of the beautiful, that delicate discriminating taste, which constitutes the *picturesque feeling*; which sees when to conceal, and when to display; which knows how to associate, and how to detach; could alone produce the striking effect that now arises from their admirable and judicious combinations.

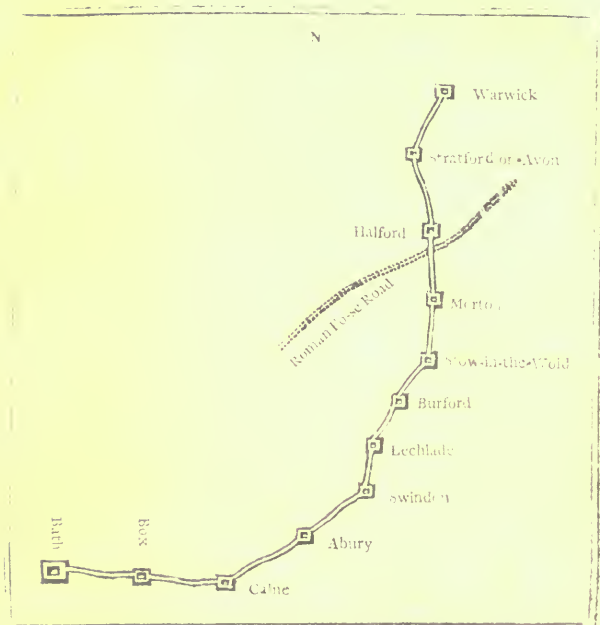
Yours, &c.

R. W.

---







## LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

*Bath, Aug 10.*

**F**ROM military I must lead you to ecclesiastical antiquity—from the castle to the church; which for beauty of ornament is no unworthy associate of the residence of the Earl of Warwick. It consists of two parts, the eastern division or body of modern, the western or choir and lady's chapel

of ancient, architecture. Of these, the latter were built by Thomas Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, in the year 1394; the former in the year 1694; the older body having been burned down in a dreadful fire; the particulars are commemorated in the following inscription on the north, west, and south sides of the tower:—

TEMPLUM B. MARIE COLLEGIATUM PRIMITUS  
 A REG. DE NOVO BURGO COM. WAR. TEMP.  
 STEPH. R. INSTAURATUM POSTEA A THO. DE  
 BELLO-CAMPO C. WAR. EX TOTO REEDIFICA-  
 TUM. ANNO MCCC XCIH, CONFLAGRATIONE  
 STUPENDA, NON ARIS, NON FOCIS PARCENTE,  
 DIRUTUM V<sup>o</sup>. SEP. MDC XCIH. NOVUM HOC  
 PIETATE PUBLICA INCHOATUM, ET PROVEC-  
 TUM; REGIA ABSOLUTUM EST, SUB LETIS  
 ANNÆ AUSPICIIIS, ANNO MEMORABILI MDCC III.

The body of the church and its adjoining members have many handsome tablets scattered upon their walls, amongst the rest we were particularly pleased with one, bearing the following Latin inscription, which, at the same time that it preserves to posterity the remembrance of an exemplary character, does credit to the feeling and liberality of an ancestor of the present Earl of Warwick; who, by the erection of this monument, gratefully endeavoured to perpetuate the recollection of his virtues:



- “ If a faithful discharge of duty, and the most honest, diligent, and attached conduct, for a long course of years, ever claims the expression of gratitude, it is due to the memory of John Bagley, who departed this life on the 15th day of September 1792, aged 65 years, and lies interred near this place.
- “ As a memorial of his regard for an excellent servant, and a worthy man, whose loss he much laments, this stone was erected by George Earl of Warwick, 1793.”

But the lady's chapel, the northern chapel, and the choir, far eclipse the other part of the fabric in the splendour of their monuments, some of which afford the finest examples in the kingdom of sepulchral sculpture. The first of these, built at a time when popular superstition attached the idea of miraculous power to the relics of martyrs and the figures of saints, displays, in its fillagreed niches and exquisitely-worked shrines (the rich depositories of their wonder-working trumpery) the cost and labour that were exhausted on their account. We view with wonder the nicety and variety of these elaborate ornaments, particularly on observing that they are wrought out of the common sand-stone of the neighbourhood. But our attention was soon directed from these decorations to another specimen of ancient art, in the marble tomb of Richard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, the most splendid noble monument in this kingdom. He was the

founder by will of this beautiful chapel, which occupied twenty-one years in building, from 1443 to 1464, and, together with his tomb, consumed the sum of 2481l. 4s. 7d. equal at present to 40,000l. On the top of it lies the effigy of that nobleman, clad in armour; at his head a swan, at his right foot a muzzled bear, at his left foot a griffin; the whole (together with a raised lattice-work frame covering the figure) of brass, double gilt. The faces of the tomb are scudded with fourteen brazen images of noble personages, male and female, they are as follow.—At the head, Henry Beauchamp Duke of Warwick, and Lady Cecil his wife; at the foot, George Nevile Lord Latimer, and Elizabeth his wife; on the north side, Alice wife to Richard Nevill Earl of Salisbury; Eleanor daughter to Richard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, and wife to Edmund Beaufort Duke of Somerset; Anne daughter of Ralph Nevill Earl of Westmoreland, wife to Humphrey Beaufort Duke of Buckingham; Margaret eldest daughter to Richard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, and wife to John Beaufort Earl of Somerset; Anne daughter to Richard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, wife to Richard Beaufort Earl of Somerset; on the south side, Richard Nevill Earl of Salisbury; Edward Beaufort Duke of Somerset, Humphrey Stafford Duke of

Buckingham, John Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury,  
Richard Nevil Earl of Warwick.

Another grand marble monument, on the north side of the chapel, bears the finely-sculptured statues of Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester and Lettice his wife. To the memory of the latter a tablet attached to the wall is inscribed with the following lines, by Gervas Clifton, no mean poet of the day. The lines are full of those *conceits* which made the wit of the times, and partake much of the manner of Cowley, whose offspring is always injured by the efforts of parturition. She died upon Christmas-day in the morning, 1634:

“ Look in this vault and search it well,  
 “ Much treasure in it lately fell;  
 “ We all are robb’d, and all do say  
 “ Our wealth was carried this away;  
 “ And that the theft might ne’er be found,  
 “ ’Tis bury’d closely under ground;  
 “ Yet if you gently stir the mould,  
 “ There all our loss you may behold;  
 “ There may you see that face, that hand,  
 “ Which once was fairest in the land,

“ She that in her younger years  
 “ Match’d with two great English peers,  
 “ She that did supply the wars  
 “ With thunder, and the court with stars,  
 “ She that in her youth had been  
 “ Darling to the maiden queen,



omit the mention of the lady to whom we are indebted for its admirable preservation. A modest marble against the north wall commemorates at the same time her name and generosity. She was Catherine the wife of Sir Richard Leveson, of Trentham in the county of Stafford; who, “ taking  
 “ notice that the tombs of her noble ancestors being  
 “ much blemished by consuming time, but more  
 “ by the rude hands of impious people, were in  
 “ danger of utter ruin by the decay of this chapel,  
 “ if not timely prevented; did in her life-time give  
 “ 50*l.* for its speedy remedy, and by her last will  
 “ and testament, bearing date the 18th of Decem-  
 “ ber 1673, bequeathed 40*l.* per annum, issuing  
 “ out of her manor of Foxley in the county of Nor-  
 “ thampton, for the perpetual support and preser-  
 “ vation of these monuments, in their proper state;  
 “ the surplusage to be for the poor brethren of  
 “ her grandfather’s hospital in this borough.” To this bequest she appointed the celebrated anti-  
 quary William Dugdale (whose exhortations, and veneration for these precious remains of ancient sculpture, had induced her to make this provision for their preservation) and his heirs, conjointly with the mayor of Warwick, trustees for ever.

The choir, originally begun by Thomas Beau-  
 champ Earl of Warwick, and finished by his son



Thomas, has the beautiful tomb of its founder in the centre, bearing the effigies of himself and his wife in hard white plaister, a substance different from alabaster. The right hands of the figures are clasped in each other; an amiable and beautiful emblematic representation of that affectionate faith, "strong and unconquerable e'en in death," which characterised this couple. A curious cornice surrounds the slab, which is formed of beautiful composition in imitation of marble; a grey ground with yellow and white spots. The roof of this building is of a design equally singular and pleasing; it consists of open work, formed by the intervals between the ribs that ramify from the pillars to the centre of the ceiling not being filled up, as is usual in masonry of this kind; the effect and relief are very striking.

To the north of the choir is the old library of the monastery, a low room, now converted into a vestry. Adjoining is the chapter-house, a semi-octagonal apartment, which Fulke Lord Brook turned into a mausoleum; erecting in his life-time a splendid monument for himself and family. The design is a sarcophagus under a canopy with this inscription round it: "Fulk Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and a friend to Sir Philip Sydney;" an inscription

which will be considered either as an instance of a good climax, or of the bathos, according as taste or ambition pre-eminete in the heart of the reader. The words “Trophaum Peccati,” are seen at the north end; with banners, trophies, and similar emblems, hanging over them.

Very different from the associations to which Warwick-Castle and its church had given rise in our minds, were those that the sight of Stratford-upon-Avon excited; the birth-place of that all but immortal dramatist, who, for poetical genius, is deservedly placed at the head of English writers. Whether, indeed, we consider Shakespeare as a *poet*, one of those uncommon beings, “*rari nantes in gurgite vasto,*” whose eye, according to his own admirable definition of the term,

“ in a fine phrenzy rolling,  
 “ Doth glance from heav’n to earth, from earth to heav’n ;  
 “ And, as imagination bodies forth  
 “ The forms of things unknown, whose pen  
 “ Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
 “ A local habitation and a name ;

or whether we consider him as “ a man amongst men ;” a nice analyzer of their minds, a penetrating observer of their impulses, and an accurate simulator of their passions; whether we contemplate him “ exhausting worlds, and then creating  
 “ more ;” inventing fresh images; giving novel

combinations to those already made to his hand; or unfolding the secret springs of human action; as a genius in the most comprehensive, or a practical metaphysician in the most rational, sense of the term; we shall be unwilling to allow that any of the sons of men have gone before him in intellectual excellence. We entered into Stratford with that pardonable pride of heart which attaches some portion of the merit of a countryman to oneself; and whilst we were surveying the frequent vestiges of Shakespeare scattered through the town, conceived that we were in some measure associated with the praise, as well as the talents, of this favourite child of fancy.

The town is agreeably situated in the center of a broad and fertile valley, through which the Avon, the classical stream of England, rolls his transparent waters. Containing not more than two thousand inhabitants, it is rather straggling than compact. It consists of nine streets, which, for the most part are clean, neat, and well-built. Many traces of the respect in which the memory of Shakespeare is held by the inhabitants, are sprinkled up and down the place in signs and inscriptions. The town-hall edifice is a more durable monument to his fame, being built and dedicated to his memory by general contribution and the munificence of the corporation

in 1768, when his great admirer Mr. Garrick recited an occasional ode. In the north front a good statue of the bard appears, leaning upon a pillar, the classical emblem of that duration which his compositions would experience, and pointing to a scroll bearing the lines already quoted descriptive of the poet, deservedly said to be one of the first passages in his works. The pedestal beneath has an inscription from the same rich mine of natural sentiment and beautiful imagery most truly and happily applied to himself as a poet:

“ Take him for all in all,  
“ We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

The great room presents another tribute to his memory—a large painting of the bard by Wilson, and another good full-length portrait of Garrick by Gainsborough; both presented by Garrick in the year before he disgraced his *magnus Apollo* and himself by the Jubilee. On enquiring for the birth-place of our great poet, we were not a little surprised to be carried through a small butcher’s shop into a dirty back room; which, together with a miserable apartment above stairs, constituted the greater part of the house of his father Mr. John Shakespeare, a wool-stapler in the sixteenth century, where William was born April 23, 1564. Here are piously preserved the chair in which he

eat, and the cupboard in which he kept his books. A tobacco-stopper also was shewn us, said to be that which he had been accustomed to use for some years; but as we found this inestimable relic might have been purchased for 1s. 6d. and that parts of the chair and cupboard might be procured upon similar reasonable terms, we were as much inclined to give credit to their genuineness, as we had felt ourselves willing to believe the traditions of Guy Earl of Warwick, his shield, sword, and porridge-pot. Homely as the tenement was, however, we had much gratification in recollecting that it had been the birth-place of our great poet, and the scene where the first dawning of his gigantic intellect was displayed. We were naturally led to a recollection of the circumstance (ill-starred as it was thought at the time) that, throwing the young bard upon his own exertions for subsistence, evolved those sparks of genius, which had they not been elicited by necessity, would probably have remained latent and unknown, and never kindled into a meteor that for upwards of a century has surprised and delighted the civilized world; and will continue to surprise and delight, as long as sense, feeling, and taste, influence the human mind.

Shakespeare, you know, had quietly settled himself in his father's trade of a wool-dealer, and to

ensure greater steadiness in his pursuit of business, had taken unto himself a wife, the daughter of one Hathaway, in the neighbourhood of Stratford. Good-nature or incaution, however, led him into the society of some idle youths, who committed occasional depredations in the parks of the surrounding gentry. Being detected in a nocturnal adventure of this kind upon the property of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Chalcot near Stratford, he was prosecuted for the offence; and irritating the prosecutor to a still greater degree of violence, by an abusive ballad, he was under a necessity of avoiding the effects of the criminal process, by quitting his business and family at Stratford, and hiding himself in the metropolis. As his usual means of living were now at an end, Shakespeare was obliged to adopt some new ones for his future support. His situation required promptitude of decision, and the *stage* no capital and little preparation; he, therefore, determined upon that line, and accordingly immediately engaged himself upon low terms, and for the most subordinate parts. But the omnipotence of exalted genius is not to be controled for any length of time by the frowns of fortune; Shakespeare soon emerged from the obscurity in which necessity had for a moment involved him; and though his histrionical talents never raised our poet to capital

characters, his power as a writer soon gained the admiration of his own profession, and the unbounded approbation of the public. Now was the meridian of Shakespeare's life, and for some years his sun shone with noontide glory; pouring upon him praise, popularity, and opulence. Still more pleasing, however, was the evening of his day, when it beamed with weaker, indeed, but with steadier light; when returning full of honour, and blessed with competency, to his native place Stratford-upon-Avon, he built a handsome house, and passed some few remaining years in social intercourse and kind reciprocities. Here he died on his birth-day, having exactly completed the fifty-third year of his age, as universally lamented as he was generally beloved. Good-nature was the chief ingredient in his disposition; and if ever he bordered upon any thing severe, the satire was always justified by the worthlessness of the object at which he levelled it. Some instances of his poetical sarcasms are upon record, but local tradition confirms the assertion now made of their just application. They are written on John Coombe and his brother Tom, both notorious for penury and usury. The former, in a party at which Shakespeare was present, had sportively observed, that he apprehended the poet meant to write his epitaph in case he outlived him,

but as he should lose the benefit of the composition if it were deferred till his death, he begged it might be done whilst he lived, that he might admire the tribute, and thank the writer; Shakespeare immediately presented him with the following lines:—

“ Ten in the hundred lies here engrav’d,  
 “ ’Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav’d;  
 “ If any man ask, ‘ Who lies in this tomb?’  
 “ Oh! oh! quoth the Devil, ’tis my John a Coomb.’

The epitaph upon the brother, whether called for or not, I cannot say, is of a similar spirit:

“ Thin in beard, and thick in purse,  
 “ Never man beloved worse;  
 “ He went to the grave with many a curse;  
 “ The Devil and he had both one nurse.”

The house in which the social happiness of Shakespeare’s latter years was displayed, stood near the chapel. Here his mulberry-tree flourished, a venerable monument of the bard, and would have pointed out the residence of “Fancy’s child” for many years after the edifice had fallen into decay, but a man by the name of Gastrell, out of spleen, malignity, or perhaps from the motive that actuated the fiend who fired the temple of Ephesus, cut the former down, and levelled the latter with the dust. Would to heaven the same fate had attended him



as the incendiary experienced, and his name had been blotted out of the book of memory for ever! The tomb of Shakespeare makes one of the remarkable of Stratford, and we considered it of course as a sufficient inducement to lead us to the church, which stands in a situation particularly beautiful, at the southern extremity of the town. The Avon laves the eastern side of the large church-yard, and no meaner building introduces itself to take off the attention from the fine Gothic structure before the eye. The style of architecture which chiefly prevails (for it has been built at different times) in this edifice, is that of the Norman age, and marks out the æra of its erection to be about the 12th or 13th century. Nothing is certainly known of the time when, or of the person by whom, it was founded; but as the arms of the Bishops of Worcester are discovered in many of the ancient Mosaic tiles scattered over its pavement, it has been thought that the founder was one of that see. The chancel is by far the most beautiful member of this building. This was erected by Dr. Thomas Balsall, about the year 1474, partly from the funds of the college here, of which he was warden, and partly out of his own private fortune. The windows are fine and the roof light. In the north aisle, at the eastern end, is a small chapel de-

dedicated to the blessed Virgin, which has for some ages been the burial place of the Cloptons, a family that receives its name from a manor about one mile and half from Stratford. This was granted by Peter de Montford to James de Clopton, in the reign of Henry VIII. since when it has been enjoyed by the lineal descendants of the original possessor to the present time.

The memory of some of these worthies is still held in respect by Stratford, for instances of their munificence towards the town. To Sir Hugh Clopton, who lived in the latter end of the 15th century, it is indebted for the remarkable bridge and causeway over the Avon, which stretch three hundred and eighty yards, and connect the town with the opposite side of the river by nineteen arches. The remains of this knight were deposited in the city of London, where he had been lord-mayor, and for which he had always a strong predilection; but a great many of his successors found their last home in the church of Stratford. These, however, did not long detain us from the monument of Shakespeare, which is fixed in the north wall of the chancel, and consists of an ornamented arch, forming a recess, within which is placed the half-length bust of the poet, holding a pen in his right hand and a scroll in his left. At present the whole of the

sculpture is painted white, which, it seems, was done a few years since by the direction of Mr. Malone, who preferred this uniform colour to the various tints which then covered the different parts of the bust. The story of the alteration is this:—The bust had been originally coloured as near to nature and reality in the complexion, hair, and dress, as possible; but time having faded the colours considerably, the manager of a company of comedians, which were performing in Stratford about fifty-five years ago, in the enthusiasm of his zeal for the memory of the bard, determined to rescue his Apollo from the dinginess of his appearance, and to dress him out in fresh decorations. He accordingly dedicated one night towards raising a fund for the purpose; the house was well attended, and a pretty large surplus remained for the adornment of the bust. But as the vanity of this Thespis was not inferior to his admiration of Shakespeare, he resolved to make the projected improvements commemorative of himself, as well as the poet; and accordingly directed Pallet to accommodate his colours to the dress and hair, eyes and complexion, of himself. Cruel Mr. Malone! who could thus obliterate the only vestiges by which this poor son of the buskin might hope to hand

himself down to posterity. The inscriptions are as follow:—

“ *Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,  
“ Terra teget, populus mæret, Olympus habet.*”

“ Stay, Passenger! why go'st thou by so fast?  
“ Read, if thou canst, whom envious death has plac'd  
“ Within this monument; SHAKESPEARE with whom  
“ Quite nature died, whose name doth deck this tombe—  
“ Far more than cost; such all that he hath witt,  
“ Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.

“ *Obiit A. D. 1616, Ætatis 53, die 23d April.*”

A flat stone, lying on the pavement over the place of his interment, has this inscription, said to have been written by Shakespeare for his own monument:

“ Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear  
“ To digg the dust enclosed here;  
“ Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
“ And curst be he that moves my bones.”

Near the remains of Shakespeare lie those of Anne his wife, who died the 6th of August 1628, aged 67; of Susannah Hall, (his daughter) the wife of John Hall, gent. who died the 2d day of July 1647, aged 66; and of John Coomb, esq; the object of Shakespeare's severe epitaph, a joke he never forgot or forgave. Like most other misers, he was generous enough of his money when he no

longer retained the power of enjoying it; and left several sums to charity by his will, though during his life no art could extort a single shilling from his gripe without the expectation of a return. His heir, or executor, has had the modesty to terminate a long English inscription with this *very applicable* motto—*Virtus post funera vivit.*

The chapel of the guild is a fabric built in imitation of the chancel of the church, by Sir Hugh Clopton, knight, lord-mayor of London, about the year 1456. Still more ancient is the Guildhall, which Robert de Stratford obtained permission to erect in 1296, of Godfrey Gifford Bishop of Worcester. He appropriated it to the guild of the Holy Cross, an ecclesiastical fraternity, which had subsisted at Stratford from very high antiquity. This was dissolved in the seventh of Edward VI. and the hall granted to the corporation, which has ever since transacted its business in it. A chantry also was established here in 1331, by John de Stratford Archbishop of Canterbury, for a warden and four priests, who were to celebrate divine service in the chapel dedicated to the martyr Thomas a Becket, built by the founder on the south side of the church. The establishment was swept away by the Reformation, and its endowments transmitted to lay hands; but the residence of the

priests is still seen in the large fabric adjoining to the church-yard.

Shortly after passing over the long bridge of Stratford, we found ourselves in a part of Worcestershire, which by a singular separation is divided from its parent county, and pushed into the southern extremity of Warwickshire.

A series of beautiful villages and rural pictures succeeded each other for six or seven miles, till we reached the pleasing little hamlet of Halford, on the road from Warwick to Stow-on-the-Wold. Close to the inn at this place runs the great Roman road, called the Fosse, in a direction N. N. E. and S. S. W. crossing the river at the bottom of the hill towards the latter point, and pushing on to Cirencester and Bath. Here we had it very visible in many parts, and with the assistance of our landlord, a very decent antiquary, ascertained its structure, which consisted of a layer of stones at the bottom and a stratum of gravel upon it; he had more than once had occasion to overturn its foundation in different places, and found many skeletons placed about fourteen inches under its lower stratum. One of them, which he had dug up about five years ago, measured six feet three inches in height; it lay in a direction north and south, and was accompanied by the remains of a

spear, and a small sword lying on the right side. For some distance from the inn the Roman way ran parallel to the road, and occasionally rising gently above the level of the surrounding fields, might plainly be perceived and easily traced as far as Moreton, could we have commanded leisure to detect its progress. Most of the houses in this town are, indeed, built upon the side of the Fosse Road, and of course point out its direction.

The application of names indicative of the circumstances of the situation of places, by our Saxon ancestors, was extremely judicious, and is well exemplified in the town before us, which is literally the town situated in the moor; for lying in the bottom of a vale that affords no ready drain for the waters flowing into it, the town in moist seasons is surrounded by a marsh as unwholesome as it is unpleasant. As we now ascended into the high parts of Gloucestershire called the Cotswold, we lost every thing that constituted the picturesque, and in lieu of the beauty of Warwickshire, had only wide views of naked country; interesting, however, to the farmer, as they produce that breed of sheep so highly esteemed over the kingdom, and which were celebrated even in the time of the topographical poet Drayton:

“ To whom Sarum’s plain gives place, though famous for  
 “ her flocks,  
 “ Yet hardly doth she tythe our Cotswold wealthy locks.  
 “ Though Lemster him exceed for finenesse of her ore,  
 “ Yet quite he puts her down for his abundant store;  
 “ A match so fit as he contenting to her mind,  
 “ Few vales (as I suppose) like Evesham hapt to find:  
 “ Nor any other wold like Cotswold ever sped,  
 “ So fair and rich a vale, by fortunung to wed!”

POLYOLBION.

From its situation, upon one of the highest points of this tract, Stow has received an addition to its name, and is called Stow-on-the-Wold. Nothing, indeed, can be more exposed than its scite, which is so lofty as to render it an object for many miles round the country, and the very palace of the winds. An old proverb tells us, that this place wants three of the four elements out of four—earth, fire, and water; from the scarcity of its common lands, the dearth of wood, and the absence, or at least the great depth, of springs; but the loss is made up in the fourth element, which is here found in an everlasting current. The want of water also is now obviated by the ingenuity of a common mechanic, who has found means to supply the town with a sufficient quantity of the element upon reasonable terms, by the simplest machine imaginable. The structure which contains the apparatus consists of two divisions; a circular



stone-work apartment, twenty feet high and thirty-six feet diameter at its base, and a wooden frame-work upon it of rather greater height, but gradually decreasing in diameter as it ascends. This is composed of perpendicular shutters, that open or close by a very simple contrivance, and thus admit the wind from any point, which acts upon a vertical fly-wheel made of upright planks, of a breadth nearly equal to the diameter of the frame-work. This fly-wheel gives motion to three levers, out of which works a pump, whose compounded powers raise the water about one hundred and thirty feet into a large reservoir, from whence it is carried through a series of pipes into the town. A good brisk wind will throw up about sixty-three hogsheads in two hours. When this powerful agent is wanting, a horse is fastened to an arm at the bottom of the fly-wheel, who will raise about sixteen hogsheads in the same time. The expence attending the construction of the machine and its covering, was about 320*l.*; that of laying the pipes, 72*l.* additional. The receipts, however, are not answerable to the risque and charges; as only 11*l.* is received from the water-rents of the houses to which the element is conducted, and out of this about 75*l.* must be deducted for annual expences. Jonathan Hill, the contriver and architect, (another

Brindley, perhaps, were there another Duke of Bridgwater to bring him forward) erected the whole of the edifice about four years ago, and is retained to work and keep it in repair. We had no doubt that it might be applied with great success to the grinding of corn, and other equally useful purposes.

The long descent by which we quitted Stow for Burford, gave us a fine view over the eastern part of Gloucestershire, and the western side of the county of Oxford, whereon we now entered, and, after a drive of ten miles through a naked level country, found ourselves at Burford, one of the oldest towns of the Mercian kingdom.— Equally remarkable in the page of history and the annals of sporting, this place affords contemplation for the antiquary, and speculation for the black-legs. The former, indeed, must be contented with the unsubstantial enjoyment which arises from reflection upon past events, since no traces of antiquity (save the western door of the church) remain to feast his eye; but present joys occupy the attention of the latter, who here experiences the palpable delight of relieving the young students of the neighbouring university of their superfluous cash at the races, which are held in the environs of the town every year. Here also was the scene of that decisive battle which liberated the West-Saxons from

the intolerable tyranny of the Mercians; when their gallant prince Cuthred suddenly threw the yoke from the necks of his galled subjects, defeated king Ethelbald in a pitched battle in the year 752, and tore from him the magic standard which bore a golden dragon on its folds. The scene of conflict is pointed out by the name of a field a little westward of the town, *Battle-Edge*; and the memory of it is said still to be retained in a procession which the inhabitants make on the eve preceding Midsummer-day. Here, too, an ecclesiastical synod was held in the conclusion of the seventh century, to determine the time when Easter should be held; when it was decreed that Aldhelm, who was then present, should announce to the British church the proper period for the celebration of this festival, and exhort them to correct the error in which they had hitherto been in this respect.

Again we entered the county of Gloucester, and passed on for several miles through a country rich in the productions of the earth, particularly beans, pease, and clover; ornamented with the neatest and most judicious agriculture, but by no means remarkable for picturesque scenery. At Lechlade, we met the Thames; here, indeed, only an infant, but at the same time superior in magnitude and consequence to the little Lech, which arrogantly

imposes its own name upon the town. Satisfied, however, with his future fame and prospects, and the grandeur of his growing tide, which ever and anon receives a tributary stream, the Thames glides peaceably and quietly on, regardless of the little local triumph of his rival. He knows he is to bear the wealth of nations on his bosom, and is not anxious, therefore, to be godfather to a country village. His banks, notwithstanding, which well deserve the poet's epithet of "willow-fringed," are highly beautiful; and the fertility of the meadows by their sides proves the bounty which his waves dispense.

As we had now exhausted all the grand and picturesque of our tour, it remained for us to enjoy, as much as we could, the tamer features of scenery which presented themselves to us; and our minds, willing to make the most of what was before us, readily entered into the plan. Our eye therefore reposed with pleasure upon the rich north-eastern division of Wilshire through which we were passing, so different to the naked downs of its middle and southern divisions. We rambled with pensive delight in the well-wooded church-yard of Swindon, by the side of its Gothic house of God, and under the beam of a full-orbed moon; pleased with the reflection, that in England alone these improving and delightful ambulatories are found.

We discovered charms in the sequestered village of Wroughton, far removed from the contaminating communication of cities; and as we ascended the hill beyond it, that was to afford us the last view of the country through which we had lately passed, we felt an emotion of gratitude to the bountiful BEING who had gifted us with that perception of the beautiful, (call it sensibility, or taste, or what you please) which enabled us to regard the lovely features of Nature's varied face, formed by his benevolent hand, with admiration and delight.

The country now began to change its appearance, and assume that wide coat of down, which (like the *toga* of a Roman, that covered all his person, except the head and feet) only leaves the northern and southern extremities of the country to diversified vegetation. The appearance of distant barrows, studding the surface of this verdant plain, announced our approach to that august remain of Druidical times, Abury, the largest temple, perhaps, in the world. They were seen like little lumps, upon the horizontal line, breaking by their inequalities its lengthened level; and doubtless affording in their primæval state (whilst their chalky substance still continued unobscured by vegetable accretion) a very picturesque appearance to the eye; ornamenting the widely-extended carpet

of green with occasional spots of the most brilliant white. Abury would make a pleasing picture:—a wooded village, standing upon the skirt of Salisbury-plain, with no objects in its immediate neighbourhood; a thatched house appearing here and there amongst the trees, and the tower of its Gothic church rising over their solemn heads. The remains of its temple are not seen till we are close upon the village, and the stones are then so irregular, that it would be difficult to ascertain what their original arrangement was, were we not assisted by the remarks of Mr. Aubrey, and the accurate Stukely; the latter of whom, animated by an unconquerable patience and a warm passion for British antiquities, examined this remain with the most minute attention, and afterwards communicated the result of his observations to the public in a folio volume. From these gentlemen we learn the following particulars: The whole of Abury “is environed with an immense circular rampart or terrace of earth sixty feet broad, and a ditch within it of the same breadth; the diameter is fourteen hundred feet, the circumference four thousand eight hundred feet, and the area inclosed twenty-two acres. The first circle of stones within this area is thirteen hundred feet in diameter, and consisted of one hundred stones from fifteen to

seventeen feet square, reduced in 1722 to forty, of which only seventeen were standing, and about forty-three feet asunder, measuring from the centre of each stone. Within this great circle were two lesser, each consisting of two concentric circles, the outermost of thirty, the inner of twelve, stones of the same size, and at the same distances from each other as the others. The southernmost of these circular temples had a single stone in its centre twenty-one feet high, the northernmost a cell or table, formed of three stones placed with an obtuse angle towards each opening to the north-east, before which lay the altar, as at Stonehenge. Both these temples were almost entire about 1716. Of the north temple outer circle remained only three stones standing 1723, and six down; of the south temple fourteen, half of them standing. In the south end of the line connecting the centres of these two temples is a middle-sized stone with a hole in it, perhaps to fasten the victim to. Numbers of these stones have been broken by burning to build houses with, others buried to gain the ground they stood on for pasture. The two original entrances into this stupendous work were from the south-east and west, and had each an avenue of stones. The first of these, or Kennet avenue, was a mile long, of one hundred and ninety stones on a side,

of which seventy-two remained in 1722, terminating at Overton-hill, which overhangs the town of West-Kennet, and on which was another double circle of forty and eighteen stones. This was called by the common people the *Sanctuary*, and is described by Mr. Aubrey as a double circle of stones four or five feet high; the diameter of the outer circle forty yards, and of the inner fifteen; many were then fallen, and now there is not one left. He speaks of the walk leading to it set with large stones, of which he says one side was nearly entire, the other side wanted a great many. He noticed only one avenue from Abury to Overton-hill, having no apprehension of the double curve it makes; but he erred in saying there was a circular ditch on Overton-hill. From the west side of Abury goes another avenue to Beckhampton of the same length, and composed of the same number of stones, of which scarce any remain. On the north side of this avenue was *Long-stones*, a cove of three stones facing the south-east, its back made of one of the stones of the avenue; it stood on a little eminence, and served as a chapel. This stone and another flat are each sixteen feet high and broad, and three and a half thick, the third carried off. Aubrey calls these three stones the *Devil's-coits*. Not far from them is Long-stone long-barrow. Dr.



Stukely calculated the total number of stones employed to form this stupendous work of Druidism, with its avenues and Overton temple, at six hundred and fifty. He supposed it altogether, when entire, represented the Deity by a serpent and a circle, the former represented by the two avenues, Overton temple being its head; the latter by the great work within the vallum at Abury."

Within these last thirty years, many of the stones which remained in Stukely's time, have been carried away, so that without the clue above described, all would be confusion and irregularity to the enquirer. But what remain sufficiently point out the nature of the stones, the place from whence they have been removed, and the fact of very little art having been used in their exterior, preparatory to their being placed in the situations which they respectively occupy. They are known in the country by the name of *bolders*, *stones* or *sarsons*, (a word said to signify a rock in the Phœnician language) consisting of siliceous grit, and are found in several bottoms in the neighbourhood of Abury. Indeed they accompany the great southern stratum of chalk which crosses the kingdom from east-north-east to west-south-west through its whole course; lying imbedded in the red earth which crowns its surface.

From these inexhaustible mines of *boulders* a careless choice would have been sufficient for the purpose of selecting stones proper for the temple; as most of them assume a form approaching to the parallelogram. That this was really the case, and that the architect of Abury had not recourse to the labour of the chissel, in order to give these huge masses of rock a regular shape, is evident from the first glance of such of them as remain; a simplicity which throws back its erection into the remotest depths of time. Indeed, a second survey of this temple only served to confirm that idea which I had before thrown out in a publication of last year;\* that Abury was constructed by the *aborigines* of Britain, or that body of Celts which first peopled this country. Others may conceive that the rudeness of its materials arose from the observance of that law which confined the Jews to the use of *unhewn stones* in the building of their stone altars: “And if thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone, for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it:” but I am free to confess myself as attributing the total absence of art in the appearance of the stones, to arise from a want of knowledge of its instru-

---

\* Vide Excursions, p. 182.

ments and rules. Scattered over the adjoining country are many barrows, covering the remains of the departed, which Dr. Stukely (with more fancy, perhaps, than truth) has systematically classified; attributing some to arch Druids, others to plain Druids; some to kings, others to their subjects. Amongst them the most obvious, from its surprising size, is that called Silbury-hill, close by whose side runs the turnpike road from Marlborough to Bath. Its height is one hundred and seventy feet perpendicular; its diameter at the summit one hundred and five feet; and at the base five hundred and twenty feet. The earth dug out of the bank that surrounds the mound originally formed it. In the year 1723 a penetration was made five feet down on its top, when a human skeleton appeared, accompanied by the bit of a bridle, an iron knife with a bone handle, and some deer-horns. In the year 1777 a perpendicular pit was cut through the mound by Major Drax; but the only treasures discovered were a rotten post, and a rusty knife.

One of the smaller barrows, at Upton-Lovel Down, was opened a few days ago; a slight sketch of the appearances that were then discovered will give you a pretty accurate notion of the construction and contents of them all:—The *tumulus* was

a circular one of neat form, and stood about one hundred feet to the eastward of the large campaniformed barrow, called, from its superior size and elevated situation, Upton-Barrow; its base was fifty feet in diameter, and its perpendicular height six feet. A ditch surrounded it. Its composition appeared to be for the most part vegetable earth; it must, therefore, have been raised entirely from the turf of the neighbouring ground, as the chalky stratum appears immediately beneath this verdant covering. The workmen opened it by a cut in its centre, six feet by north and south, by four feet wide east and west. After paring off the turf on the surface, a thin stratum of small flints appeared, which from the manner in which they were placed seemed to have been spread originally over the whole of the barrow. From hence to the surface of the common ground, the mound consisted of common vegetable earth, mixed with which were animal bones, and the teeth of horses, oxen, and swine. On reaching the level, a circular cavity appeared cut in the chalky soil, nearly two feet in diameter, and six or eight inches deep, containing about half a peck of burned human bones, some of which were calcined to powder, and all the others blanched perfectly white, except a thigh bone and shoulder blade, which seemed to be half burned

and blackened with flame. Under these remains lay a brass lance or spear head in very good preservation. About two feet to the south of this cavity, on the level of the common soil, a large urn was discovered, its mouth turned downwards, and containing upwards of three parts of a bushel of fine ashes, small charred wood, and very small fragments of bones; the latter so compleatly burned that they crumbled to atoms on being touched. The urn had a double rim, was neatly ornamented, of a lighter colour and better burned than those generally found in similar situations. The incumbent pressure had cracked it in several places, and part of the upper rim was forced off and broken; the spear or lance head resembles in shape some found by Stukely, in his researches in the neighbourhood of Stonehenge; but is of neater workmanship, and more elegant form. The material appeared to be a whitish brass.

We were glad once more to refresh our eye with the richness of the meadows, and the waving of the woods, as we proceeded to the westward, and approached the fertile environs of the town of Calne, where Amalthea has scattered the contents of her horn with the most liberal hand. The town also claims attention from its pretensions to high antiquity, being of the Saxon age, and one

of the first boroughs summoned to return a representative to Parliament, in the reign of Edward I. A palace of the West-Saxon kings conferred dignity upon it twelve hundred years ago; and a miracle that took place here four hundred years afterwards, decided two of the most important questions that ever agitated the Anglo-Saxon church. This was the celibacy of the priests, and the confirmation of the monks in the benefices of the secular clergy; both supported by the influence of the ambitious fanatic Archbishop Dunstan, and at length established by his violence and cunning, by his bold eloquence and lying miracles. The most impudent of these was played off at Calne, when a grand council was appointed to meet to determine the dispute subsisting between the monks and the priests in 977. Dunstan, with his accustomed arrogance, had delivered his sentiments on the subject, and the advocates for the unfortunate seculars were combating his arguments, when Heaven, displeased with the impious doctrine of the legality of priests aspiring to conjugal felicity, suddenly caused the supporting beams of the apartment to give way, the floor to fall in, and all the company to be buried in its ruins, except the Archbishop, who completely on his throes. Under which the flooring was entirely uninjured. The superstition of the

times immediately translated the event into a visible manifestation of the ALMIGHTY'S favouring the Archbishop's cause; though we, who are not fond of allowing these supernatural interpositions, *nisi dignus vindice nodus*, are rather inclined to unite in opinion with those historians, who believe that Dunstan had previously arranged a part of the miracle, by sawing nearly asunder all the beams of the flooring, except that which supported his end of the room, and trusting to the weight and agitation of the company to perform the rest. Calne, however, has been more indebted to a manufacture of broad-cloth than to palaces and councils; they have raised it to happy independence and general comfort, blessings that seldom associate with courtly parade or ecclesiastical squabbles.

We now passed through Corsham, and ascending Box hill, caught a view of the higher buildings of the city from which we had departed nearly three months ago. The pleasing vision flashed delight upon our hearts, but it was only a transient impression; for the next moment our imagination conjured up a thousand apprehensions of intricate and a thousand changes and chances, that could have taken place in our domestic circle, during an absence which, by man, who is but *of low degree*, may well be reckoned as long. An hour's pass-  
 2

in these pardonable fears and anticipations, at the end of which I had the satisfaction of ascertaining that, like most of our alarms, they had been all unfounded, and the happiness of finding myself (by the blessing of **God**) once more in the arms of my family.

Your's, &c.

R. W.

---











UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

MAR 18 1988

*Grubbs*

MAR 16 1988

Warner -  
A tour through  
the northern  
counties of  
England.



SC

LIBRARY



AA 000 098 640 6

