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THE TRIANGULAR TOWER, SUMMERS HILL.

*This far seen monumental tower
Records the achievements of the brave
And Angians subjugated power
Who plundered on the eastern wave*

Views
of
Norfolk, Suffolk,
(and
Northamptonshire)
ILLUSTRATIVE
of the Works of
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.



The fields his Study, Nature was his Book.

(L O N D O N)

Published by Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe, Paternoster;

& J. Storer & J. Greig, Chapel Street;

Pentonville.



H. BROUGHAM, Esq. M. P.

Published by Geo. Smeaton, 17, St. Martin's Lane.

~~1st~~

VIEWS
IN
SUFFOLK, NORFOLK,
AND
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE;

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

The Works

OF

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD;

ACCOMPANIED WITH

DESCRIPTIONS:

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,

A MEMOIR OF THE POET'S LIFE,

BY

E. W. BRAYLEY.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE, POULTRY; DARTON AND HARVEY,
GRACECHURCH STREET; AND J. STORER AND J. GREIG, ENGRAVERS,
CHAPEL STREET, PENTONVILLE.

1818.

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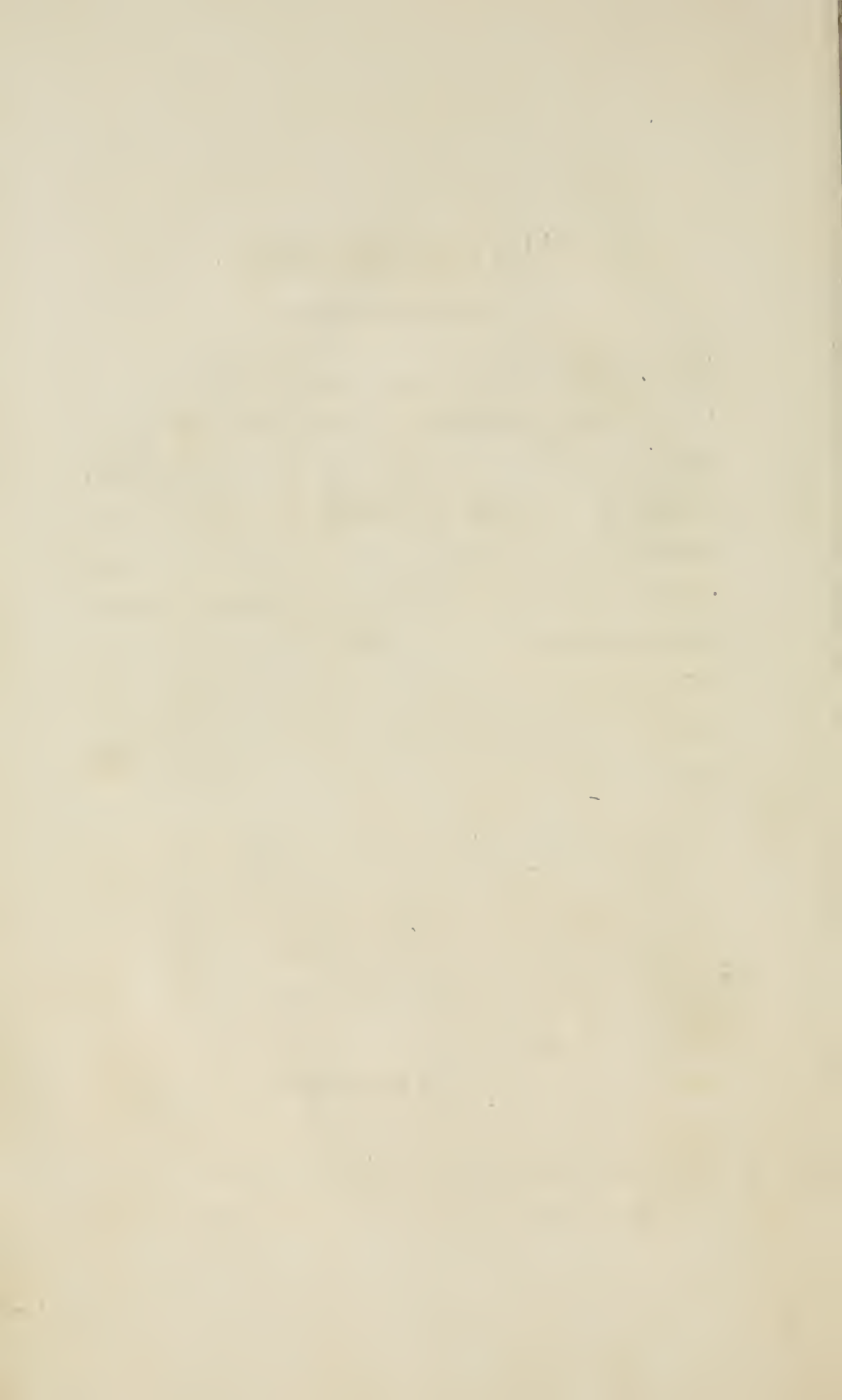
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very flattering reception which the Illustrations of COWPER and BURNS have experienced from the Public, encourages a hope that the same liberal patronage will be extended to the present undertaking; and though we are aware that it is a maxim generally received, that living authors are of comparatively small consideration, we are happy to know that the world have, in the instance of "THE FARMER'S BOY," conferred on its author that generous countenance and support which perhaps equal merit has in former times sighed for in vain.

To CAPEL LOFFT, Esq., of Troston Hall, we are much indebted for his useful communications. Mrs. LATHBURY, of Levermere Magna; the Rev. ROBERT FELLOWES, of Fakenham; and Mr. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD; have equal claims upon our gratitude.

J. STORER AND J. GREIG.



Memoir

OF

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

TO trace the progress of intellect through the successive stages of its growth, from its early dawn to the period of its full expansion, is an interesting and useful labour; inasmuch, as the formation of proper precepts for moral conduct, must always depend on our acquaintance with the nature of the mind, whether deriving strength from education, or acquiring superiority from the independent exertion of its own powers. The more humble the state, perhaps, from which any human being has emerged to eminence through the vigour of his talents, the higher must have been his merit; for the disadvantages of birth and fortune have a far greater influence on the evolution of the mental faculties, than the moralist, who, with Pope, makes "Virtue its own reward," is at all times willing to acknow-

ledge. Powerful, indeed, must be his genius, who can dissever the brazen trammels that Poverty has forged for her children, and 'outstepping' the control of circumstance, make literature his passport to affluence and to fame.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, the *Farmer's Boy*, was born at the little village of Honington, in Suffolk, on the 3d of December, 1766. He was the younger son of George Bloomfield, a tailor; and Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Manby, who was the village schoolmistress, and who instructed her own offspring with those of her neighbours. His father died a victim to the small-pox, when the subject of this Memoir was less than a twelvemonth old, and his mother was left a widow with six children.

It is observable that Bloomfield has incorporated the most material events of his life with some one or other of his poems, so that were all the passages selected, and duly arranged, his history would want but few additional particulars to be told in the descriptive language of his own muse. Thus, in his "*Good Tidings*," after alluding to the family distress occasioned by the fell disease just mentioned, he



The Mother of
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,
the Poet.

London: Published by Vernor, Hood and Sharpe, Publishers, 41, Strand & 7, George Chapel Street, Bathonville.

notices his parent's death, and the general horror which the contagion inspired, in these words :

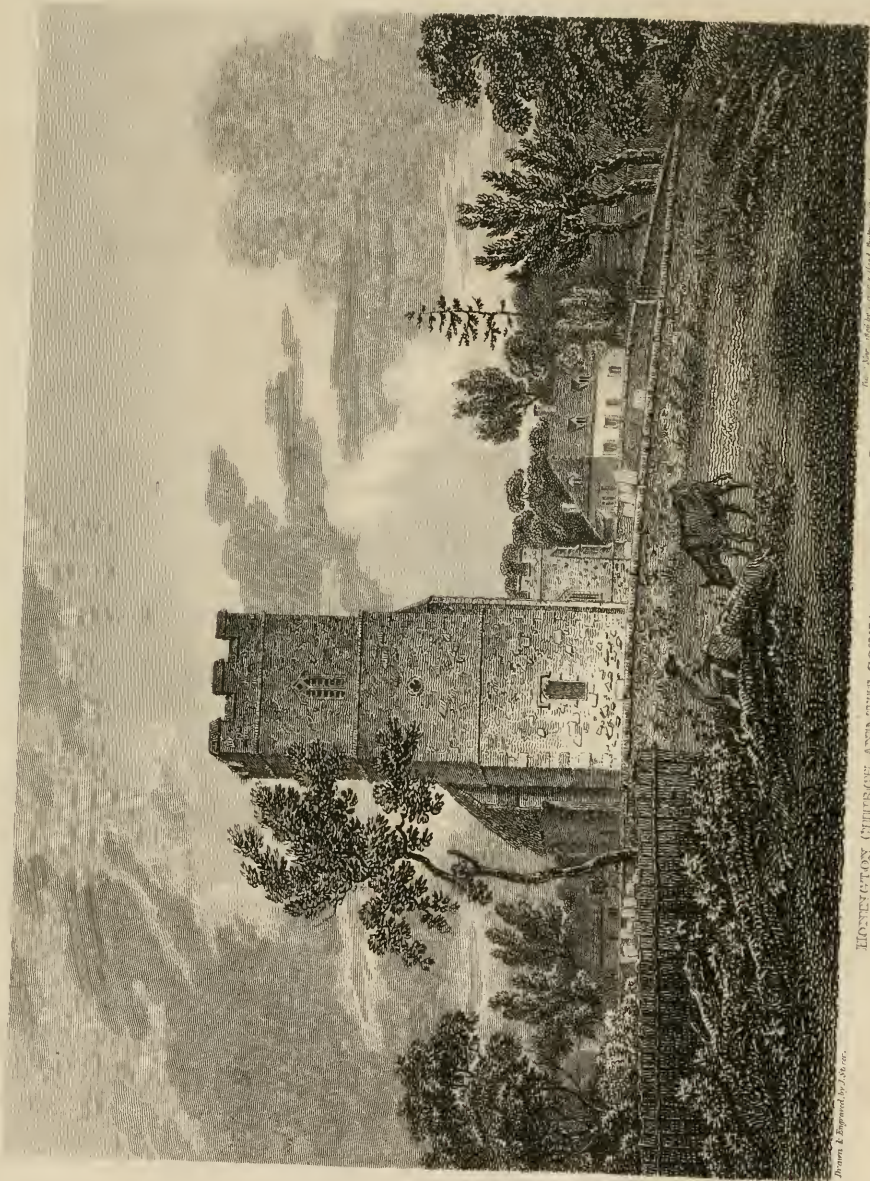
———— Heav'n restor'd them all,
 And destin'd one of riper years to fall.
 Midnight beheld the close of all his pain,
 His grave was clos'd when midnight came again :
 No bell was heard to toll, no fun'ral pray'r,
 No kindred bow'd, no wife, no children there :—
 Its horrid nature could inspire a dread
 That cut the bonds of custom like a thread.
 The humble church-tow'r higher seem'd to show,
 Illumin'd by the trembling light below ;
 The solemn night-breeze struck each shiv'ring cheek,
 Religious reverence forbade to speak :
 The starting sexton his short sorrow chid,
 When the earth murmur'd on the coffin lid,
 And falling bones and sighs of holy dread
 Sounded a requiem to the silent dead.

The lowly occupation of Mrs. Bloomfield, and the number of her children, which was increased by the issue of a second marriage, deprived her of the means of giving her son Robert any regular schooling ; and nearly all the tuition that he ever received out of her own cottage, was from Mr. Rodwell, of Ixworth (now senior clerk to the magistrates of Blackburn Hundred), to whom he went for about two or three months to be improved in *writing*.

At the age of eleven he was taken into the house of Mr. William Austin, his mother's brother-in-law, a respectable farmer of Sapiston, a little village adjoining to Honington, his mother still continuing to find him "a few things to wear," though even this "was more than she well knew how to do." Mr. Austin, having himself a large family, could pay but little attention to his young kinsman, more than to providing him with food and employment: in this respect, however, the treatment of his servants and of his sons was the same; "all worked hard, all lived well."

'Twas thus with Giles; meek, fatherless, and poor,
 Labour his portion, but he felt no more;
 No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursu'd,
 His life was constant, cheerful servitude:
 Strange to the world he wore a bashful look,
 The fields his study, nature was his book:
 A little farm his generous master till'd,
 Who with peculiar grace his station fill'd;
 By deeds of hospitality endear'd,
 Serv'd from affection, for his worth rever'd;
 A happy offspring blest his plenteous board,
 His fields were fruitful, and his barns well stor'd;
 And fourscore ewes he fed, a sturdy team,
 And lowing kine that graz'd beside the stream:
 Unceasing industry he kept in view,
And never lack'd a job for Giles to do.

FARMER'S BOY.



THE HOUSES OF THE VILLAGE NEAR HORN.

HORNSTON CHURCH, AND THE COTTAGES WHICH ROBERT BLONDINELL'S MEN BURN.
(From the Graves)

*For I have heard and seen
The long remembered voice, the Church, the green*

Drawn & Engraved by J. G. Cox.

In this humble station our Poet acquired that intimate knowledge of rural occupations and manners, the display of which forms the distinguishing feature through all his writings. If the perceptive faculties of his mind had not been improved by education, they were at least unclouded by its dogmas; and the sensibility of his soul being awakened by the charms of nature, gave fervour to his thoughts, and he then attained that distinctness of idea and individuality of conception, which became the basis of his subsequent greatness.

Before the age of fifteen it was requisite to make some change in the employment of young Bloomfield, as Mr. Austin had informed his mother that he was so small of his age, as to be very little likely to be able to get his living by hard labour: she wrote therefore to her two elder sons, George and Nathaniel, who were then resident in London: and the former, a ladies' shoemaker, offered to take him and teach him his own business; whilst the latter, a tailor, promised to find him in clothes. On this offer his mother brought him to town, and intrusted him to the care of his brother George, charging him, as "*he valued a mother's blessing, to watch over him, to set good examples for him, and never to forget that he had lost his father.*"

Mr. George Bloomfield then lived in an obscure court, near Coleman-Street, and worked with four others in a light garret, whither Robert was introduced; and whilst acquiring a knowledge of his trade, became, as he has himself expressed it, though on another occasion, “*A Gibeonite, and serv'd them all by turns.*” The most common of his occupations was to read the *Newspaper*, his “time being of less value” than that of his brother, or of the other workmen; and because, when thus employed, he frequently met with words that he could not understand, an old and tattered Dictionary was bought for his use, by a constant reference to which he soon attained a greater command of language, and could readily comprehend the meaning of any difficult passage that might occur. His knowledge of phraseology and enunciation was also increased by a regular attendance at the meeting-house in the Old Jewry, on Sunday evenings, when the late Rev. Mr. Fawcett was delivering his eloquent and celebrated lectures.

The principal, and indeed only, books that at this time were at his command, were a *History of England*, a *British Traveller*, a *Geography*, and the *London Magazine*. These were purchased in numbers by his brother and fellow-workmen;

but, with the exception of the Magazine, were read by Bloomfield more as a task than as a pleasure: yet even from these he attained some knowledge both of Geography and History. The *Poet's Corner* in the newspapers had the greatest share of his attention, and here some of the first productions of his muse were registered; but they were not written exactly at the early age which Mr. G. Bloomfield, in his letter to Capel Lofft, has assigned*. At the time they were published, Robert was really in his twentieth year; yet previously to that, even as early as the age of fifteen, he had made some attempts to array his ideas in a poetical garb.

About this time a person, who was troubled with fits, took lodgings in the same house with the Bloomfields, and by his horrid screams, and frightful gesticulations, so affected the sensibility of Robert, that his brother was induced to remove to a neighbouring court, through the fear of consequences. In their new residence they became acquainted with a man of singular character, a native of Dundee, who had many books, and

* See the eighth edition of *The Farmer's Boy*, where all the pieces alluded to are re-printed.

among them *Paradise Lost* and *The Seasons*: these he lent to Robert, who was particularly delighted with *The Seasons*, and studied it with peculiar attention. The vivid imagery and glowing diction of Thomson, were in strict accordance with his own conceptions of the charms of nature; but when at a subsequent period he re-considered the descriptions of the Scottish bard, he felt a firm conviction that the subject had not been exhausted; and that “the rural occupation and business of the fields, the dairy, and the farm-yard,” would still afford a sufficient range for an original and independent poem.

Soon afterwards a dispute between the masters and the journeymen shoemakers, respecting the right of giving employment to those who had not served a regular apprenticeship, occasioned a temporary suspension in the vocations of young Bloomfield; and till the disputes were settled, his old master and uncle, Mr. Austin, again invited him to his house at Sapiston. The invitation was accepted; and in the very fields where his infant mind first opened to the beauties of the country, and imbibed its fondness for rural simplicity and rural innocence, he experienced a renovation of his original feelings, and ‘became fitted to be the writer of *The Farmer’s Boy*.’

The dispute in the trade continuing undecided, he returned to London after an absence of two months, and was regularly apprenticed to his brother's landlord, in order to secure him at all events from the effects of the litigation. It was understood, however, that no advantage should be taken of the indentures, and he continued to work with his brother till he had acquired a complete knowledge of his business ; his leisure hours being occasionally employed in learning to play on the violin.

At this time his brother left London for Bury St. Edmund's ; and about five years afterwards, Robert, who had continued to follow his trade, informed him by letter that " he had sold his fiddle and got a wife." Her name was Mary Anne, daughter to Joseph Church, a boat-builder in the dock-yard at Woolwich. The marriage was solemnized on the 12th of December 1790.

The early years of this alliance were in some respects embittered by the cares of livelihood, and the sickness of a young family, which interrupted his literary amusements, and for a time made considerable ravages on his health.

Soon came the days that tried a faithful wife,
The noise of children, and the cares of life.

Then, 'midst the threat'nings of a wintry sky,
That cough which blights the bud of infancy,
 The dread of parents, rest's inveterate foe,
 Came like a plague, and turn'd my songs to woe.
 The little sufferers triumph'd over pain,
 Their mother smil'd, and bade me hope again.
 Yet care gain'd ground, exertion triumph'd less,
 Thick fell the gathering terrors of distress;
 Anxiety, and griefs without a name,
 Had made their dreadful inroads on my frame;
 The creeping dropsy, cold as cold could be,
 Unnerv'd my arm. —
 But Winter's clouds pursu'd their stormy way,
 And March brought sunshine with the length'ning day;
 And bade my heart arise, that morn and night
 Now throb'd with irresistible delight.

'To my old Oak Table.'

On the recovery of his strength he resumed his labours in the garret of the house where he then resided, in Bell Alley, Coleman-Street. *Here*, amidst all the din and bustle made by six or seven persons, pursuing the same trade as his own, did Bloomfield compose *THE FARMER'S BOY*; committing it to paper as he found opportunity, fifty, or a hundred lines at a time, and arranging them as they were afterwards printed, in the exact order in which they had been referred by imagination to memory. The strength of the latter faculty was

indeed particularly exerted in the two last divisions of his poem: the whole of his *Winter* and great part of his *Autumn* having been entirely finished before a single verse was written down.

When the manuscript was completed, it passed through several hands before it was examined by any person of sufficient judgment to appreciate its value; or, in other words, before it had the fortune to be read by any one enough superior to prejudice, to allow that a good poem could be composed by an uneducated and unpresuming mechanic. At length, in November 1798, it was referred to the well-known Capel Lofft, Esq., of Troston Hall, near Bury; and under his patronage, and most warmly supported by his influence, it was published in March 1800. To the taste and superior sense of this gentleman, therefore, are the public indebted for all the pleasure they have derived from the productions of a Bloomfield: and while the wreath of immortality is decreed to the poet, the civic crown shall encircle the brow of his protector and his friend.

The publication of *The Farmer's Boy* proved eminently successful, and a greater number perhaps was sold in a less space of time, than had ever occurred with any poem previously committed to

the press. It attracted the attention of the most exalted personages in the kingdom; and many of the most eminent literary characters concurred in bestowing the meed of approbation upon its author. His domestic affairs were greatly improved by the various presents which he received from those who were emulous to reward the exertion of talents under such untoward circumstances, and, conjoined with the profits derived from the sale of the work, enabled him to emerge from the obscurity of his former situation, and to remove to a small house near the Shepherd and Shepherdess, in the City Road. One of the greatest pleasures, however, resulting to Bloomfield from the printing of *The Farmer's Boy*, was the opportunity of transmitting a copy to his mother; which he did immediately after its publication.

In the year 1802 he published a second volume of poems, under the title of RURAL TALES: these added considerably to his reputation:—his familiar representations of nature giving a charm to his poetry that renders it attractive to every class of readers. A third volume, bearing the appellation of WILD FLOWERS, has very recently been published, and will be found to possess an equal degree of merit with his former productions.

The family of Bloomfield consists of his wife, three daughters, and a son: to the latter, who is unfortunately afflicted with lameness, his father has dedicated his *Wild Flowers*. His wife's father is also resident in his house, and it will not be thought undeserving of notice, by those for whom the "simple annals of the poor" have interest, that the "*Old Oak Table*" upon whose "*back*" *The Farmer's Boy* was written, was a gift from this relation towards housekeeping; and to use the words of Bloomfield himself, composed of his

Worldly wealth, the *parent stock*.

FROM the little that can at present be ascertained of the family of BLOOMFIELD, it appears that the great-grandfather of the Poet, both on the male and on the female side, is the most distant ancestor whose relationship can *regularly* be traced; and it is singular that both these relations were tailors, and that they were both placed out to that trade by ladies, whose names are now unknown. *Isaac Bloomfield*, his great-grandfather by the male line, was apprenticed at Framlingham, in Suffolk; but in the latter part of his life he was Churchwarden during twenty-seven years, of the parish of Ousden, in the same county. He lived to the age of eighty-

eight, and had seventeen children alive at one time, of whom James, the youngest, and by a second marriage, was father to Mr. *Charles Blomfield*, who keeps a very respectable school at Bury St. Edmunds, and is at this time a capital Burgess of that town. The difference in the orthography of the names by the omission of an *o*, is known to have been occasioned by a quarrel between old Isaac Bloomfield, and a brother of his, who afterwards settled in the neighbourhood of Colchester, where many of his descendants are now living. This Isaac Bloomfield was accustomed to tell a story of his childhood, which has been regularly transmitted to his great-grandson Robert, and is to this effect; that, "he remembered being at a house at Framlingham, surrounded by a moat, and that a party of horse soldiers were lodged there who were in the interest of Charles the First, but that the partisans of Cromwell overpowering them, the people of the house fled, and in the confusion the maid gave him a handful of silver spoons, and told him to throw them into the moat to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy: he did so, and then ran away himself:" and this he would observe, on concluding his tale, "*was the downfall of our family.*" What his particular meaning was by this dark ex-

pression cannot now be told ; but it is a very curious and remarkable circumstance, that an event which occurred in America about two years ago, appears to bear a strong reference to the above narrative. *Elizabeth Bloomfield*, an elder sister to Robert, is now resident in George Town, Potomac ; and in a letter which she sent to her brother, of the date of February 11, 1805, is the following passage :

“ Your Poems, &c., make a great bustle here ; they are printing again at New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia ; and before I left Philadelphia the Governor of the State of Jersey sent for me. He is an original in his manner ; his name is Bloomfield ; and every one of that name he meets with he sends for, and examines his genealogy to find if they spring from the same branch. I assure you I have not been so catechized since I was a baby : he seemed to wish to find himself allied to the Poet, as he was pleased to call you. He is an old man ; he tells me his great-great-grandfather fled from England in the time of the revolution in England, in the time of Oliver Cromwell. He has a town in the Jerseys called *Bloomfield*, the inhabitants chiefly composed of that name, which he has hunted out :— he finished by telling me, if ever I wanted assistance,

to apply to him, as he made it an invariable rule to help his country people all he could, and particularly those of his own name.”

Though this information is defective in not specifying from what part of England the Governor of Jersey deduced his own origin, yet it may be presumed, with great appearance of probability, that it must have been from the eastern coast, as the Bloomfields (with some variation in spelling perhaps) are far more abundant in Suffolk than in any other part of the island; and if so, that his ancestors were the same as those of the Poet. Among others of the name of Bloomfield, and Blomefield, noticed in Loder's History of Framlingham, John Sutton is mentioned as holding a cottage which was Thomas Buckes' in 1676, and John *Blumfield's* in 1659.

To those who are anywise interested in tracing the rise, the decay, and the connexions of families, a few more words on this subject will not be tedious.—Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 84, has these words: “*William Blomefield*, otherwise Battlesden, born at Bury, in Suffolk, bachelor in physic, and a monk of Bury Abbey, was an adventurer in quest of the philosopher's stone. While a monk at Bury, as I presume, he wrote a metrical

tract, entitled ‘*Bloomfield’s Blossoms*, or the ‘*Campe of Philosophy*.’—Afterwards turning Protestant, he did not renounce his chemistry with his religion; for he appears to have dedicated to Queen Elizabeth another system of occult sciences, entitled ‘*The Rule of Life*, or the *Fifth Essence*.’ ”—Ritson, in his *Bibliographia Poetica*, styles him Sir* William Bloomfield, and says, he wrote “*The Compendiary of the Noble Science of Alkemy*.” and Bishop Tanner, in his *Bibliotheca*, informs us, that after his recantation from Popery, he was made ‘Vicar of ‘St. Simon and St. Jude, in Norwich, whence he ‘was afterwards ejected by the Papists.’

Now, from the birthplace of this Bloomfield being at Bury, it is not improbable but that if the descent could be distinctly traced, he would be found named in the pedigree of the Poet; and it is *possible* also, that Blomefield, the Historian of Norfolk, might be descended from a branch of the same stock.—Whether, however, these things are so or not, the author of *The Farmer’s Boy* requires no adventitious lustre to be reflected upon his name from a connexion with literary ancestors. Modest and unas-

* This title, it should be observed, was given to priests in the Catholic times, as may be evinced by many ancient sepulchral inscriptions.

suming in his manners, retired in deportment, warm in his friendship, and humble in his piety, he is convinced that individual worth must arise from individual merit: and that the inquiry, 'To whom related, or by whom begot,' is only of use when it tends to improve the conduct, and to instruct the heart.

E. W. B.

March 15, 1806.





750. Middlebury College Library. Digitized by Google.

ERSTON HALL.

*The Seat of His Grace The Duke of Grafton.
Where, with Grafton, dwell his rich domains
Round Erston, vale, woods, and sleeping plains*

to Erston, 305

AN ILLUSTRATION
OF
THE WORKS
OF
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

EUSTON HALL.

EUSTON HALL, in Suffolk, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Grafton, was formerly the property of the Earls of Arlington, but came into the possession of the Fitzroys by the marriage of the first Duke of Grafton with the daughter and heiress of Lord Arlington. The mansion is large and commodious, of a modern date, built with red brick, and without any superfluous decorations within or without: indeed, the good sense and good taste of its noble possessor, are conspicuous in every part. The house is almost surrounded by trees of uncommon growth, and the most healthy and luxuriant appearance; and near it glides the river Ouse. Over this stream is thrown a neat and substantial wooden

bridge, at the foot of which the accompanying View was taken. The scenery about the House and Park combines the most delightful assemblage of rural objects that can well be imagined, and is justly celebrated by the author of *The Farmer's Boy* :

Where noble Grafton spreads his rich domains
Round Euston's water'd vale and sloping plains,
Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise,
Where the kite brooding unmolested flies ;
The woodcock and the painted pheasant race,
And skulking foxes destin'd for the chase.

The estate of Euston is of considerable extent ; its circumference is between thirty and forty miles : it includes a great number of villages and hamlets, over which the Duke presides with an attention nearly approaching to parental care.

Fakenham Wood, near Euston Hall, was the frequent resort of Mr. Austin and his family, at the time that Bloomfield was with him, on a Sunday afternoon, in the summer months. Here the farmer was wont to indulge his juniors with a stroll, to recreate them after the labours of the week ; and this was the Poet's favourite haunt in his boyish days, whenever his numerous occupations left him sufficient leisure to muse on the beauties of nature.



EAKENHAM FROM BOSTON PARK.

*Then on she sped and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view,
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That ghost and all pass'd through.*

vide Eakenham ghost.







THE TEMPLE OF VENUS AT PISA

*It has elevated Temple points the way
Our slopes and lawn the park's extensive pride*

On an elevated situation in Euston Park stands the Temple. This elegant structure was designed for a banqueting-house, and was built by the celebrated Kent under the auspices of the present Duke, who laid the first stone himself in the year 1746. It consists of an upper and lower apartment, and is in the Grecian style of architecture. It forms a pleasing object from many points of view in the neighbourhood of Euston, and commanding a wide range of prospect,

——— points the way,

O'er slopes and lawns, the park's extensive pride!

BARNHAM WATER is a small rivulet which crosses the road from Euston to Thetford: it is in the midst of a "bleak, unwooded scene," and justifies the Poet's lamentation in its full extent; for, after noticing the resting-place afforded by its shelving brink, and observing how the coolness of the current refreshed his weary feet on a sultry afternoon, he adds,

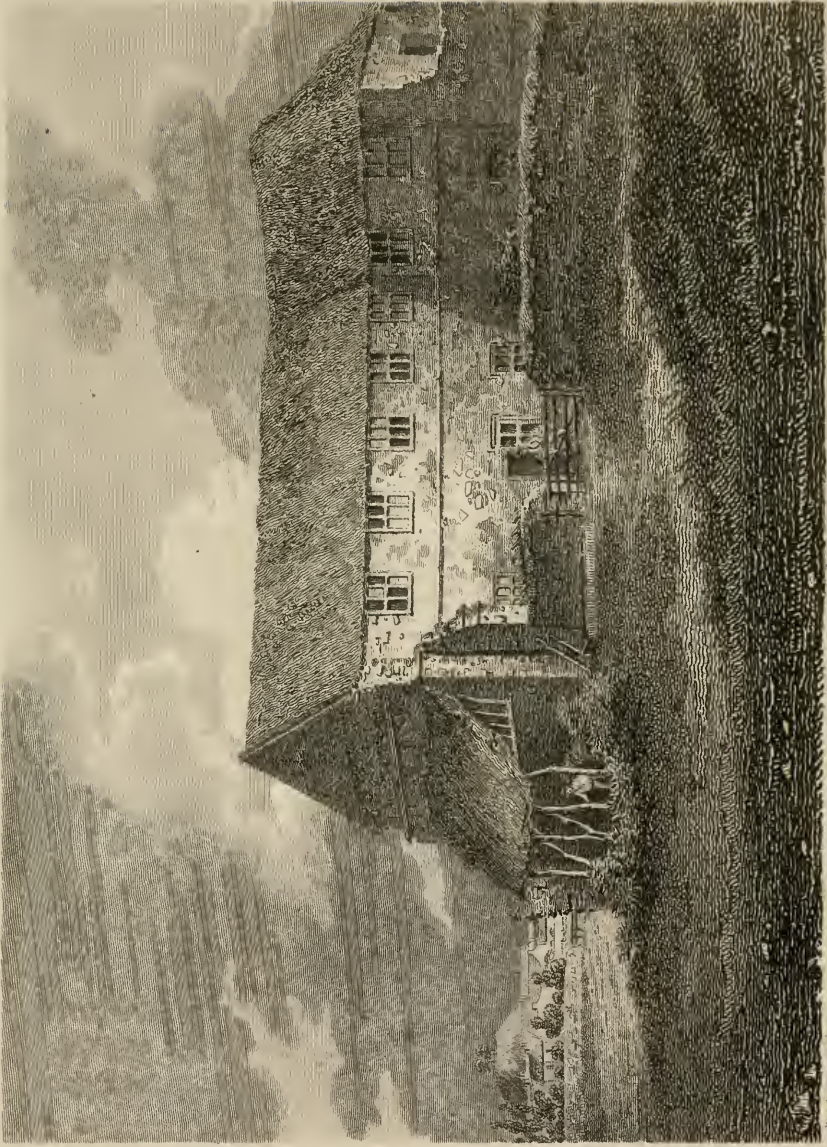
But every charm was incomplete,

For Barnham Water wants a shade.

In this neighbourhood are several Tumuli of

various size: these, when considered in connexion with the purposes for which they were raised, become highly interesting. They have relation to the history of Thetford; and as this is glanced at in the poem on Barnham Water, we shall mention very briefly a few relative, and to our purpose requisite, circumstances.

THETFORD is a town of great antiquity, but has undergone considerable alterations at different periods, and at this time exhibits but little of its former greatness. It is supposed to have been of importance before the Roman invasion, and at that era it was probably situated entirely on the Suffolk side of the river Ouse, though it is now principally in Norfolk. The Romans strengthened and fortified this place for their own security: from them it passed to the Saxons, and afterwards to the Danes, who, in the year 871, under Inguar their leader, defeated and put to death Edmund, the last of the East-Anglian kings: they also destroyed the town, and massacred its inhabitants. The bodies of those who were slain in this dreadful and decisive conflict, were interred under the tumuli already mentioned. Castle Hill, and its appurtenances, which Bloomfield calls the *Danish Mounds*, were raised by the Danes



THE PLACET, T. 18, N. 10, U.S.A.

—where of old rich abbeys stood | By good tradition proudly styled.
In all the pomp of gothic taste | The mighty city on the Coast.

1845



THE DANISH NORDFJENDS, FJERTTUNDE.

*The (Danish) mountains of Jerttund, are in the black sandstone series.
Still, as each mountain tower (except) has its own peculiar length of days.*

previously to the battle, as an annoyance to the town. Here was a camp of extraordinary strength, with this prodigious mount in the middle: on its summit is a deep cavity, in which a number of men may stand entirely concealed. Castle Hill is judged to be the largest of an artificial kind in this kingdom, and is surrounded by three ramparts, which were formerly divided by ditches: the ramparts are still in good preservation. When beheld from the summit of this hill, the adjacent country presents a cheerless prospect; and the only recompense obtained by climbing such a steep, is the bird's-eye view it affords of the town, which being close to its base, has a singular and pleasing appearance, displaying a charming variety of domestic scenery. Thetford, in its prosperous state, could boast of no fewer than eight Monasteries, many remains of which are yet visible, particularly of one founded by Roger Bigod. The gateway of this abbey still exists, together with lofty portions of its walls and great part of its foundations. The gateway is tolerably perfect, and exhibits a fine specimen of the architecture of its time. Some slender and elegant columns are still adhering to the standing walls, which are composed principally

of flint: the foundations evince the monastery to have been of considerable extent.

On the Suffolk side of the Ouse is the ruin of another monastery, called THE PLACE: this was founded by Uvius, first abbot of Bury, in the time of King Canute, in memory of the English and Danes that were slain in the great battle, in which Edmund the Saxon was defeated: it was originally a house of regular canons, but was afterwards rebuilt by Hugh, abbot of Bury, and inhabited by nuns. Great part of this structure still remains, and is at present in a more perfect state than any other of the monasteries at Thetford; but being now appropriated to the housing of corn, and other purposes, it is suffering continual mutilations, and perhaps the date of its entire destruction is not very remote.

Thetford, as we have already intimated, has been the scene of many remarkable transactions, the seat of much contention and bloodshed; for an account of which the curious are referred to *Blomefield's History of Norfolk*. The adjacent country affords no materials for description; and it was rather unfortunate that the poet's observations, as detailed in his "*Barnham Water*," should have

been made in a situation where the beauties of nature are not predominant, a circumstance of which he seems perfectly aware :

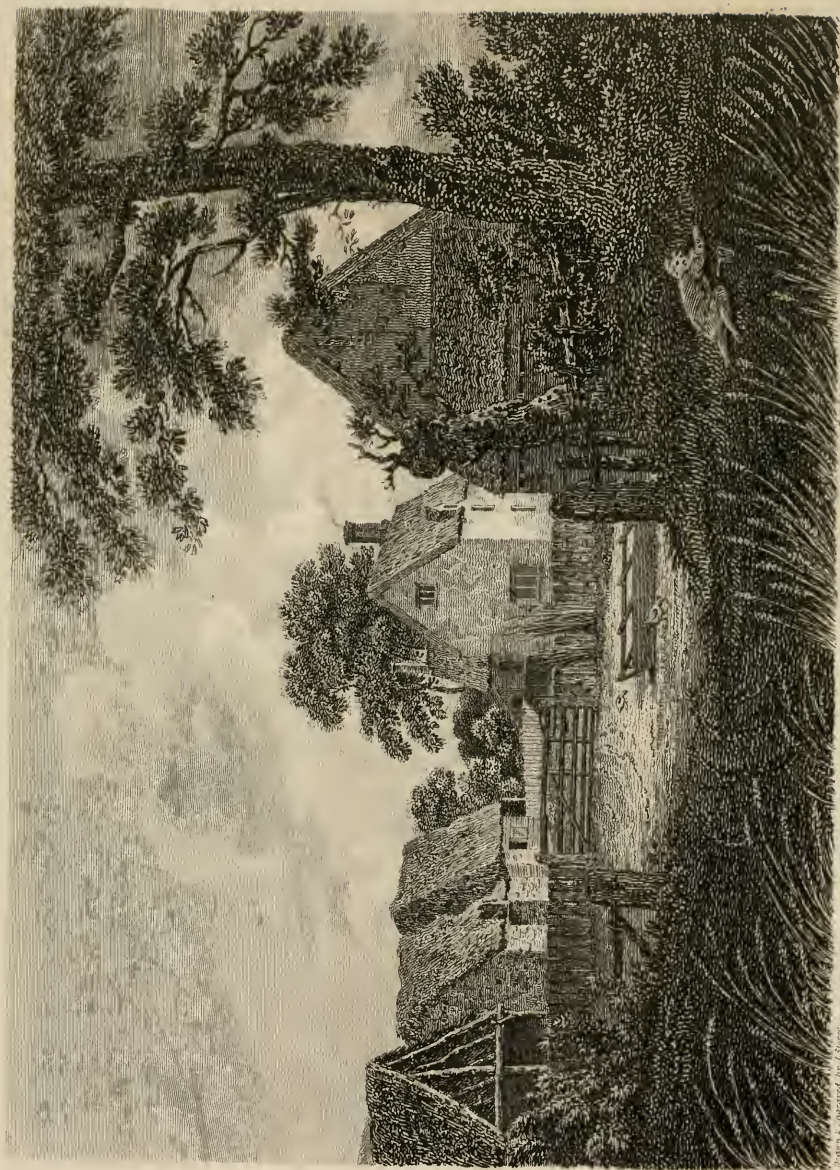
Whatever hurts my Country's fame,
When wits and mountaineers deride,
To me grows serious, for I name
My native plains and streams with pride.

SAPISTON.

THIS pleasant village is worthy of notice from being the place where Bloomfield commenced his humble career as the '*Farmer's Boy*;' a situation which introduced him to the knowledge of those rural employments and occupations which he has delineated with so much felicity and correctness.

Here his first thoughts to Nature's charms inclin'd,
Which stamps devotion on th' inquiring mind.

It affords an instructive lesson, and is an agreeable retrospect, to trace the Poet from his present circumstances, as an author high in the public estimation, to the early years of his life, when he was employed in the field, which forms the foreground of the annexed Print, to scare birds from the corn; and where frequently, basking in the sun at the foot of that aged, and now almost sapless, elm, by the focus of a glass he consumed his paper, and his time, unconscious of the purposes to which they were destined by futurity. The scenery round the farm has been greatly injured within the last twenty-five or thirty years, by felling most of the timber.



THE FARM HOUSE AT SAPISTON.

*We're ever a year's duration low in its cost,
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Who equal all;*

— the Farmer's.

Printed and engraved by Johnson.



SA. 10. 4. 1671.

*Mean, structure where no bones of heroes lie
the rude emblems of poverty
Begin here alone*

side The Bismarck River

Even at the time that Bloomfield resided here, ash and elm were much more abundant than now: the tall trees near the house are the remaining elms under which the cows were collected for the purpose of milking.

Forth comes the maid, and like the morning smiles;
 The mistress too, and follow'd close by Giles.
 A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,
 With pails bright scour'd and delicately sweet.
 Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray,
 Begins their work, begins the simple lay:—
 The full-charg'd udder yields its willing streams,
 While Mary sings some lover's amorous dreams;
 And crouching Giles beneath a neighbouring tree,
 Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee.

The window seen at the gable end of the house admitted light into the usual dormitory of the Poet, where he (with the juniors of the family) was wont to find his way to bed at all seasons of the year without a candle. At a short distance from the farm-house stands *SAPISTON CHURCH*:

Hither, at times, with cheerfulness of soul,
 Sweet village maids from neighbouring hamlets stroll.

* * * * *

The pride of such a party, Nature's pride
 Was lovely Poll.—

This was Mary Rainer, the distracted girl of Ixworth Thorpe, a small village near Sapiston ; a character drawn by Bloomfield in the most exquisite and pathetic language : she still resides at Ixworth Thorpe, but is now in a state of perfect sanity : the Poet acknowledges that he proved an indifferent prophet, when he asserted—

Ill-fated maid ! thy guiding spark is fled,
And lasting wretchedness awaits thy bed.

* * * * *

For in life's road, though thorns abundant grow,
There still are joys poor Poll can never know.

Sapiston Church, like many others in Suffolk, is covered with thatch ; from which circumstance it has many times been nearly unroofed by the pilfering of the jackdaws. In the churchyard lie buried Mr. Austin, the venerable master of Giles, Mrs. Austin, and nine of their infant children.

HONINGTON

WILL in future be celebrated as the birthplace of the most simple and captivating of our pastoral poets. The *Cottage*, which is on the right of the church, as seen in the Print, was purchased as a barn by the grandfather of the Poet, and has since been gradually improving to its present neat and comfortable appearance. It was formerly covered with thatch; but a new roof being necessary at a time when straw could scarcely be procured, the Poet, to whom it has since devolved, covered it with tiles, though with great reluctance, as he lamented the loss of its original simplicity. During the harvest of 1782 or 1783, the village of Honington suffered severely by fire. Four or five double tenemented cottages, the parsonage-house and out-houses, a farm-house and all its appurtenances, were levelled in little more than half an hour. This cottage was immediately in the line of the flames, and was saved almost miraculously by the exertions of the neighbours, assisted by Mr. Austin of Sapiston, and his men: it was on fire several times. The Poet's mother then kept a school at the cottage, and retreated from the distressing scene into the fields with a clock,

and the title-deeds of the house in her lap, surrounded by a group of infant scholars, in full persuasion that her habitation was feeding the flames; but, contrary to her expectation, under its friendly roof, where she had long resided, she finished her career of mortality, and was buried close to the west end of the church, near her first husband, who died of the small-pox*. A stone has been erected to her memory by the Duke of Grafton, on which is the following inscription, written by the Rev. R. Fellowes :

Beneath this stone are deposited the mortal remains of ELIZABETH GLOVER, who died December 1804. Her maiden name was MANBY, and she was twice married: by her first husband, who lies buried near this spot, she was the mother of six children, the youngest of whom was ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, the Pastoral Poet. In her household affairs she was a pattern of industry, cleanliness, and every domestic virtue. By her kind, her meek, and inoffensive behaviour, she had conciliated the sincere good-will of all her neighbours and acquaintance. Nor amid the busy cares of time was she

* Bloomfield has some exquisite lines on the death and burial of his father, in his "Good Tidings, or News from the Farm," written in favour of vaccine inoculation. Dr. Jenner was so well pleased with this poem, that, highly to his honour, he presented its author with a durable and gratifying memorial of his esteem.

ever forgetful of eternity. But her religion was no hypocritical service, no vain form of words!!!—It consisted in loving God and keeping his commandments, as they have been made known to us by Jesus Christ.

READER!

Go thou and do likewise.

BLOOMFIELD has favoured us with permission to copy the annexed portrait of his mother from a picture in his possession, and has himself subjoined the following account of the last stage of her life, together with his first essay in Blank verse, which he has addressed to the *Spindle* that she left *half filled*.

“The portrait of my mother was taken on her last visit to London, in the summer of 1804, and about six months previous to her dissolution. During the period of evident decline in her strength and faculties, she conceived, in place of that patient resignation which she had before felt, an ungovernable dread of ultimate want, and observed to a relative with peculiar emphasis, that ‘to meet WINTER, OLD AGE, and POVERTY, was like meeting three great giants.’

“ To the last hour of her life she was an excellent spinner ; and latterly, the peculiar kind of wool which she spun was brought exclusively for her, as being the only one in the village who exercised their industry on so fine a sort. During the tearful paroxysms of her last depression she spun with the utmost violence, and with vehemence exclaimed— ‘ *I must spin!* ’ A paralytic affection struck her whole right side while at work, and obliged her to quit her spindle when only half filled, and she died within a fortnight afterwards ! I have that spindle now. She was buried on the last day of the year 1804. She returned from her visit to London on Friday the 29th of June, just, to a day, twenty-three years after she brought me to London, which was also on a Friday, in the year 1781.

TO A SPINDLE.

Relic ! I will not bow to thee, nor worship !
 Yet, treasure as thou art, remembrancer
 Of sunny days, that ever haunt my dreams,
 When thy brown felloes as a task I twirl'd,
 And sung my ditties, ere the Farm receiv'd
 My vagrant foot, and with its liberty
 And all its cheerful buds and opening flow'rs
 Had taught my heart to wander.—

Relic of affection, come ;

Thou shalt a moral teach to me and mine.

The hand that wore thee smooth is cold, and spins
No more. Debility press'd hard around
The seat of life, and terrors fill'd her brain ;
Nor causeless terrors : Giants grim and bold,
Three mighty ones she fear'd to meet ; they came—
WINTER, OLD AGE, and POVERTY, all came :
The last had dropp'd his club, yet fancy made
Him formidable ; and when Death beheld
Her tribulation, he fulfill'd his task,
And to her trembling hand and heart, at once,
Cried, '*Spin no more!*' Thou then wert left half fill'd
With this soft downy fleece, such as she wound
Through all her days ! She who could spin so well !
Half fill'd wert thou, half finish'd when she died.
Half finish'd ! 'tis the motto of the world !
We spin vain threads, and dream, and strive, and die,
With sillier things than Spindles in our hands.

Then feeling, as I do, resistlessly,
The bias set upon my soul for verse,
Oh ! should Old Age still find my brain at work,
And Death, o'er some poor fragment striding, cry,
" Hold ! spin no more ;" grant Heav'n, that purity
Of thought and texture may assimilate
That fragment unto thee, in usefulness,
In strength, and snowy innocence. Then shall
The village school-mistress shine brighter through
The exit of her boy ; and both shall live,
And virtue triumph too, and virtue's tears,
Like Heav'n's pure blessings, fall upon her grave.

FAKENHAM,

A SMALL village contiguous to Sapiston, is situated in a pleasant valley, which is watered and fertilized by a branch of the river Ouse. The meadows afford abundant pasture, and the neighbouring uplands are richly cultivated. The whole parish is the property of his Grace the Duke of Grafton, and lying within a mile or two of Euston Hall, experiences much of his attention. The Duke is perfectly easy of access, and lends a ready ear, and a benevolent hand, to the complaints and necessities of every suitor.

In this village, nearly opposite to the church, is a cottage, in which was born the Poet's mother: a sycamore tree stands near the door: this was planted by her father, who, together with his wife, lies interred in front of the church. In the annexed view of FAKENHAM FROM THE VALLEY, is seen the foot bridge adverted to in the tale of *The Broken Crutch*; and near the spot from which the view was taken is a moated eminence, formerly the site of a mansion supposed to have been destroyed by fire.



FAKENHAM FROM THE MEADOWS,

*On thy calm joys with what delight I dream
Thou dear green valley of my native stream!*

Boston Sketch page 31.

The moat remains, the dwelling is no more !
 Its name denotes its melancholy fall,
 For village children call the spot *Burnt Hall*.

Several decayed trees are still existing near the inner margin of the moat ; the remains of a circle of elms that, according to the Poet, once completely surrounded the mansion. This he describes as the residence of one of the characters introduced into the tale before mentioned, and has probably taken up his ideas of the ancient hospitality of the place from some tradition still extant in the neighbourhood :

— his kitchen smoke,
 That from the tow'ring rookery upward broke,
 Of joyful import to the poor hard by,
 Stream'd a glad sign of hospitality.

The view of *FAKENHAM* from *EUSTON PARK* was taken near “ the darksome copse that whisper'd on the hill,” and presents the “ White Park Gate” through which the terror-struck villager fled when pursued by the long-eared apparition.

Loud fell the gate against the post,
 Her heart-strings like to crack,
 For much she fear'd the grisly ghost
 Would leap upon her back.

The house, seen on the right in the distance, is the Parsonage, inhabited by the Rev. R. Fellowes, curate of this parish, a gentleman of great literary reputation, of benevolent manners, and much esteemed by his parishioners.





PLATE 10
'The Seat of Capot Left Esq'

TROSTON HALL.

THIS seat is the neat retirement of Capel Loftt, Esq., to whom the Public are in a great measure indebted for their knowledge of the Farmer's Boy. The proprietor has been at considerable pains to make every appendage consistent with his own peculiar taste; to this end he has inscribed almost every tree in his garden and its vicinity to names of classic celebrity, such as Homer, Demosthenes, Cicero, Milton, Cowley, and many others: the large elm in the foreground of the View is called the Evelyn Elm, in memory of the antiquary and planter of that name. And to commemorate a visit to Troston Hall by the celebrated philanthropist Howard, in the year 1786, a Laurel was planted which now bears his name. Two horsechestnut trees and two oaks were planted here by R. Bloomfield in January 1805, which are carefully reared.

This estate was purchased by Robert Maddockes, Esq., in the year 1680, from whose family it came to its present possessor, by whom a very remarkable anecdote is related of the father of this Robert Maddockes, which exhibits a singular instance of the fluctuations of family greatness. He is said

to have descended from the Maddockes of Wales, who formerly held the sovereignty of that principality ; but the same combination of events which deprived them of a crown, reduced him below the rank of mediocrity ; for this man, who could boast of a regal ancestry, was actually reduced to traverse the extent of country from Wales to London on foot in search of employment, at the age of thirteen, friendless and alone ; and having heard that Cheapside was the most likely place to obtain what he wanted, on his arrival in town he repaired thither. After waiting some time, he observed a merchant soil his shoe in crossing the street. Full of ardour for any circumstance that might give rise to employment, he availed himself of this, and immediately ran and cleaned the shoe. The merchant, struck with the boy's humiliating-attention, inquired into his situation, and hearing his history, took him into his service : when some time had elapsed he employed him in his counting-house ; and he afterwards became a partner in the firm, and acquired a considerable fortune.

Mr. Lofft is known in the literary world by various publications of a professional kind as a barrister ; and several poetical pieces and essays of a political nature.





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WAREFIELD LODGE, WHITLEDEN FORD ST.

*Their homestead leaves the green sods void, | While answering thro' the vale was heard;
 'Twas round the uplands graceful wells, | Each distant hooper tinkling bell;*

WHITTLEBURY FOREST,

IN Northamptonshire, was a grant from the crown in the year 1685, to the Duke of Grafton, who was made hereditary keeper. The forest is well stocked with timber, and presents a beautiful variety of groves, lawns, and upland swells, enlivened by numerous herds of deer and flocks of sheep. There are several lodges on the Forest; the principal of them is Wakefield Lodge, which is frequently the residence of the Duke and his family. It was built by Mr. Claypole, son-in-law to the Protector Cromwell; but many alterations and additions have been made at subsequent periods. The edifice in its present state has a handsome portico in front, supported on four columns of the Tuscan order, and leads to a grand saloon, which occupies nearly the whole area of the building. The grounds about the house are admirably adapted to answer the purposes of utility and pleasure. The gardens are extensive and in excellent order. There is an uncommonly fine grove called the Pheasantry, through which is a winding path of a mile and a half in circuit, affording a most agreeable walk from the

house, as it terminates at a short distance from its beginning.

The View is taken from a rising ground nearly two miles from the Lodge, in the front of which is seen a piece of water containing eighteen acres: in the distance on the left is Bow-Brick Hill, in Buckinghamshire. Near the back of the house two or three noble glades concentrate, which branch out in different directions through the extent of the forest. Bloomfield, who spent some time at the Lodge in August 1800, expresses the particular delight he found in taking a prospect of the country at the extremity of this wood :

Genius of the forest shades,
 Sweet from the heights of thy domain,
 When the grey evening shadow fades,
 To view the country's golden grain ;
 To view the gleaming village spire,
 'Midst distant groves unknown to me,
 Groves that, grown bright in borrow'd fire,
 Bow o'er the peopled vales to thee !

This address to the 'Genius of the Forest Shades,' was made near the foot of *Wake's Oak*. The 'village spire,' is the spire of Hanslop Church, in Northamptonshire, and has since been destroyed



WAKE'S OAK

Where was thy offspring born that play
Around Wake's huge Oak their favorite tree

by lightning; the tower only remains. Wake's Oak is reckoned about eight yards in circumference: its age cannot be ascertained, and the origin of its name is equally obscure.

SHOOTER'S HILL,

PROBABLY so called from the archers frequently exercising themselves here in shooting with the bow*, is eight miles from London on the high road to Dover. It was in former times a place of much danger and dread to travellers from the narrowness of the road over it, and the many lurking-places afforded to thieves by the woods and coppices with which the hill was covered: many robberies were committed here even at noon-day. In the year 1737 a new road was laid out much wider than the old one; the greater part of the wood has also been cleared off, and the above disorders have since been in a considerable degree prevented.

* It is said that King Henry the Eighth and his queen Catharine came to this place from Greenwich on a May-day, and were received by a body of 200 archers in green habits, headed by a captain who personated Robin Hood; and that after the bowmen had exhibited their dexterity before the king, his majesty and his train were conducted into the wood, and entertained in green arbours and booths with venison and wine, and all the parade of gallantry so peculiar to the age.

The summit of Shooter's Hill commands a most extensive and variegated prospect, overlooking as large a city and as fine a country as any in the universe. This place was visited by Bloomfield solely for the recovery of his health.

To hide me from the public eye,
 To keep the throne of reason clear,
 Amidst fresh air to breathe or die,
 I took my staff and wander'd here.
 Suppressing every sigh that heaves,
 And coveting no wealth but thee,
 I nestle in the honeyed leaves,
 And hug my stolen Liberty.

The triangular Tower on the brow of the hill is an elegant erection surrounded by a neat plantation, on a sloping lawn, intersected by gravelled walks. It is an object of considerable interest, as it commemorates a train of exploits of the highest moment to our mercantile transactions with the eastern world. Over the entrance, on a broad tablet of stone, is this inscription :

This Building was erected M.DCC.LXXXIV. by the Representative of the late
 SIR WILLIAM JAMES, BART.,
 To commemorate that gallant Officer's Achievements in the EAST INDIES,
 During his Command of the Company's Marine Forces in those Seas ;
 And in a particular Manner to record the Conquest of
 The CASTLE of SEVERN DROOG, on the COAST of MALABAR,
 Which fell to his superior Valour and able Conduct,
 On the 2d Day of April M.DCC.LV.

We have subjoined from Orme's History of Hindostan a more explicit account of the conquests here recorded, which must necessarily be introduced by some prefatory matter.

“The Malabar coast, from Cape Comorin to Surat, is intersected by a great number of rivers, which disembogue into the sea: it appears that from the earliest antiquity the inhabitants have had a strong propensity to piracy; and at this day, all the different principalities on the coast employ vessels to cruise upon those of all other nations which they can overpower. The Mogul empire, when it first extended its dominion to the sea in the northern parts of this coast, appointed an admiral called the Sidee, with a fleet to protect the vessels of their Mahometan subjects trading to the gulfs of Arabia and Persia, from the Malabar pirates, as well as from the Portuguese. The Morattoes were at that time in possession of several forts between Goa and Bombay, and finding themselves interrupted in their piracies by the Mogul's admiral, they made war against him by sea and land. In this war one Conagee Angria raised himself from a private man to be commander-in-chief of the Morattoe fleet, and was intrusted with the government of Severndroog, one of their

strongest forts, built upon a small rocky island which lies about eight miles to the north of Dabul, and within cannon-shot of the continent: here Conagee revolted against the Saha Rajah, or king of the Morattoes, and having seduced part of the fleet to follow his fortune, he with them took and destroyed the rest. The Saha Rajah endeavoured to reduce him to obedience by building three forts upon the main land, within point-blank shot of Severndroog; but Conagee took these forts likewise, and in a few years got possession of all the sea-coast, from Tamanah to Bancoote, extending 120 miles, together with the inland country as far back as the mountains, which in some places are thirty, in others twenty miles from the sea. His successors, who have all borne the name of Angria, strengthened themselves continually, inso-much that the Morattoes having no hopes of reducing them, agreed to a peace, on condition that Angria should acknowledge the sovereignty of the Saha Rajah, by paying him a small annual tribute.

“ In the mean-time the piracies which Angria exercised upon ships of all nations indifferently, who did not purchase his passes, rendered him every day more and more powerful. There was not a creek, bay, harbour, or mouth of a river

along the coast of his dominions, in which he had not erected fortifications and marine receptacles, to serve both as a station of discovery, and as a place of refuge to his vessels; hence it was as difficult to avoid the encounter of them, as to take them.

“ Eight or ten grabs, vessels from 150 to 300 tons burthen, and forty or fifty gallivats, or large row-boats, crowded with men, generally composed Angria's principal fleet destined to attack ships of force or burden. The vessel no sooner came in sight of the port or bay where the fleet was lying, than they slipped their cables and put out to sea: if the wind blew, their construction enabled them to sail almost as fast as the wind; and if it was calm, the gallivats rowing towed the grabs: when within cannon-shot of the chase they generally assembled in her stern, and the grabs attacked her at a distance with her prow guns, firing first only at their masts, and taking aim when the three masts of the vessel just opened all together to their view: by which means the shot would probably strike one or other of the three. As soon as the chase was dismasted, they came nearer; and battered her on all sides until she struck; and if the defence was obstinate, they sent a number

of gallivats with two or three hundred men in each, who boarded sword in hand from all quarters in the same instant.

“ It was now fifty years that this piratical State had rendered itself formidable to the trading ships of all the European nations in India, and the English East India Company had kept up a marine force, at the annual expense of £50,000, to protect their own ships, as well as those belonging to the merchants established in their colonies. Several attempts were made by different nations to destroy this piratical system; but all proving unsuccessful, the pirate, elated with the idea that his forts were impregnable, threw off his allegiance to the Morattoes: it is said that he cut off the noses of their ambassadors who came to demand the tribute he had agreed to pay to the Saha Rajah. The Morattoes, who were in possession of the main land opposite to Bombay, had several times made proposals to the English Government in the island to attack this common enemy with their united forces. Accordingly Commodore James, the Commander-in-chief of the Company's marine force in India, sailed on the 22d of March, 1756, in the Protector of forty-four guns, with a ketch of sixteen guns, and two bomb-vessels; but such was the exaggerated opinion of Angria's

strong holds, that the Presidency instructed him not to expose the Company's vessels to any risk by attacking them, but only to blockade the harbours whilst the Morattoo army carried on their operations by land. Three days after the Morattoo fleet, consisting of seven grabs and sixty gallivats, came out of Choul, having on board 10,000 land forces, and the fleets united proceeded to Comara Bay, where they anchored, in order to permit the Morattoes to get their meal on shore, since they are prohibited by their religion from eating or washing at sea. Departing from hence they anchored again about fifteen miles to the north of Severndroog, when Rama-gee Punt with the troops disembarked, in order to proceed the rest of the way by land. Commodore James now receiving intelligence that the enemy's fleet lay at anchor in the harbour of Severndroog, represented to the Admiral of the Morattoo fleet, that by proceeding immediately thither they might come upon them in the night, and so effectually blockade them in the harbour, that few or none would be able to escape. The Morattoo seemed highly to approve the proposal, but had not authority enough over his officers to make any of them stir before the morning; when the enemy, discovering them under sail, immediately slipped their

cables and put to sea. The Commodore then flung out the signal for a general chase; but as little regard was paid to this as to his former intention; for although the vessels of the Morattoes had hitherto sailed better than the English, such was their terror of Angria's fleet, that they all kept behind, and suffered the Protector to proceed alone almost out of their sight. The enemy, on the other hand, exerted themselves with uncommon industry, flinging overboard all their lumber to lighten their vessels; not only crowding all the sails they could bend, but also hanging up their garments, and even their turbans, to catch every breath of air. The Protector, however, came within gun-shot of some of the sternmost; but the evening approaching, Commodore James gave over the chase, and returned to Severndroog, which he had passed several miles. Here he found Rama-gee Punt with the army besieging, as they said, the three forts on the main land; but they were firing only from one gun, a four-pounder, at the distance of two miles, and even at this distance the troops did not think themselves safe without digging pits, in which they sheltered themselves covered up to the chin from the enemy's fire. The Commodore judging from these operations, that they would never take

the forts, determined to exceed the instructions which he had received from the Presidency, rather than expose the English arms to the disgrace they would suffer, if an expedition, in which they were believed by Angria to have taken so great a share, should miscarry. The next day, the 2d of April, he began to cannonade and bombard the fort of Severndroog, situated on the island; but finding that the walls on the western side which he attacked, were mostly cut out of the solid rock, he changed his station to the north-east between the island and the main; where, whilst one of his broadsides plied the north-east bastions of this fort, the other fired on fort Goa, the largest of those upon the main land. The bastions of Severndroog, however, were so high, that the Protector could only point her upper tier at them; but being anchored within an hundred yards, the musketry in the round tops drove the enemy from their guns, and by noon the parapet of the north-east bastion was in ruins: when a shell from one of the bomb-vessels set fire to a thatched house, which the garrison, dreading the Protector's musketry, were afraid to extinguish: the blaze spreading fiercely at this dry season of the year, all the buildings of the fort were soon in flames, and amongst them a magazine

of powder blew up. On this disaster, the inhabitants, men, women, and children, with the greatest part of the garrison, in all near 1,000 persons, ran out of the fort, and embarking in seven or eight large boats, attempted to make their escape to fort Goa; but they were prevented by the English ketches, who took them all. The Protector now directed her fire only against fort Goa; where the enemy, after suffering a severe cannonade, hung out a flag as a signal of surrender; but whilst the Morattoes were marching to take possession of it, the Governor perceiving that the Commodore had not yet taken possession of Severndroog, got into a boat with some of his most trusty men, and crossed over to the island, hoping to be able to maintain the fort until he should receive assistance from Dabul, which is in sight of it. Upon this the Protector renewed her fire upon Severndroog; and the Commodore finding that the Governor wanted to protract the defence until night, when it was not to be doubted that some boats from Dabul would endeavour to throw succours into the place, he landed half his seamen, under cover of the fire of the ships, who with great intrepidity ran up to the gate, and cutting down the sally-port with their axes, forced their way into it; on which

the garrison surrendered: the other two forts on the main land had by this time hung out flags of truce, and the Morattoes took possession of them. This was all the work of one day, in which the spirited resolution of Commodore James destroyed the timorous prejudices which had for twenty years been entertained of the impracticability of reducing any of Angria's fortified harbours."

THE END.

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