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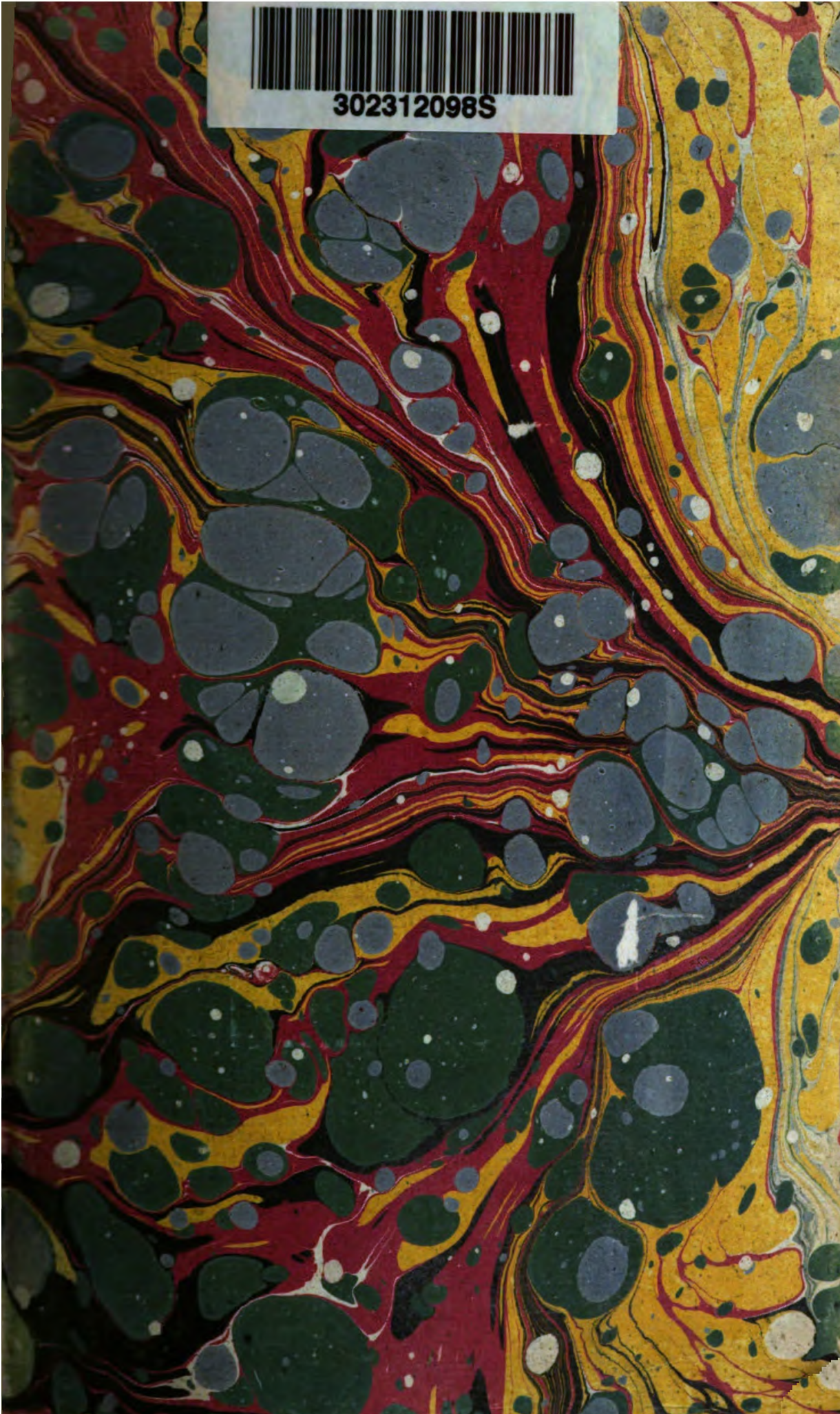




Henry Herbert Lee.



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Henry Herbert Lee.



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Stuart Piggott Bequest
November 1996



A
T O U R
THROUGH THE
SOUTH OF ENGLAND, WALES,
AND PART OF
I R E L A N D,
MADE DURING THE SUMMER OF
1791.

ENGLAND! with all thy faults, I love thee still.

COWPER.

L O N D O N:
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M. DCC. XCIII.



T O U R

Through the

SOUTH OF ENGLAND, &c.

— — — Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum filebo.

HOR.

TO

The Honourable HENRY TUFTON

THE AUTHOR

DEDICATES THIS TOKEN

OF

E S T E E M.

P R E F A C E.

TO those, who can feel interested in the rambles of an Englishman, who can survey with pleasure a simple delineation of British scenery, the following pages are respectfully addressed. The emanations of fancy, the sportive ebullitions of inventive genius, beam not through the thin texture which is here interwoven from the materials of a summer excursion. The impulse of the moment, and the impressions which are conveyed by the contemplation of new objects, dictated, for the most part, those hasty sketches, which the reader will find so

b

loosely

loosely thrown together. The author has, however, no apology to make for his temerity. Conscious of his numerous imperfections, he deprecates censure without court-
ing applause ; and will feel himself more than satisfied if he succeeds in dissipating the tedium of a winter's evening.

The desire of introducing any further remarks with regard to the tenor of this work will be suppressed. Authors are ever loquacious ; but the adventurer, who now intrudes upon the public, wishes not to be considered either as averting, or anticipating the harshness of criticism.

ROUTE OF THE TOUR.

From LONDON *to*

HAMPSHIRE. PORTSMOUTH *
ISLE OF WIGHT
COWES, NEWPORT, STEEPHILL
SOUTHAMPTON †
RUMSEY
WILTSHIRE. SALISBURY, ‡ WILTON
STONEHENGE §

* Portsmouth, so called from its situation at the mouth of a bay.

† Southampton, anciently called *Hantun* from its situation upon the bay of *Anton* (the old name of the river Test) and now called *South-Hanton* or *Hampton*, to distinguish it from *Northampton*.

‡ Salisbury, anciently called *Sarum*.

§ Stonehenge, purely Saxon, signifying *hanging stones* or *a stone gallows*. The ancient Britons called it *Choir-gaur*, or *the great church* or *cathedral*. The monks latinized *Choir-gaur* into *Chorea gigantum*.

DORSETSHIRE.	BLANDFORD
	DORCHESTER
	WEYMOUTH, ISLE OF PORTLAND
	BRIDPORT
DEVONSHIRE.	AXMINSTER *
	HONITON
	EXETER †
	CHUDLEIGH
	ASHBURTON
	IVY BRIDGE
	PLYMOUTH ‡
	DOCK
CORNWALL.	SALTASH §

‡ Axminster derives its name partly from its situation on the river *Axe*, and partly from a *minster* established there by King Athelstan for seven priests to pray for the departed souls of those who were killed in his army and buried there, when he defeated the Danes in a bloody battle fought in a field in this neighbourhood, which is still called *King's Field*.

* Exeter, a contraction of *Excester*, which signifies a *castle on the Ex*.

† Plymouth, so called from its situation upon a small river called *the Plym*.

‡ Saltash, a corruption of *Salteffe*. The town was originally called *Villa de Esse*, or *Esse's town*; *Esse* being the name of several families to this day.

CORNWALL.	LESKARD
	LESTWITHIEL *
	ST. AUSTLE
	GRAMPOUND †
	TRURO ‡
	PENRYN §
	FALMOUTH
	HELSTON ¶

* *Leftwithiel*, from the Cornish word *Loftwithial*, which signifies *a lion's tail*. The Earl of this province bore a lion for his arms, and the strength of the lion being supposed to consist principally in his tail, and this town being anciently the Earl's place of residence, where his exchequer was kept and the affairs of his government transacted—It is supposed from these circumstances to have been called *The Lion's tail*, or *Loftwithial*.

† *Grampond*, or *Grampont*, from *Grand Pont*, *Great Bridge*, so called from its bridge over the *Fal*.

‡ *Truro*, from the Cornish word *Truru*, which signifies *three streets*.

§ *Penryn*, so called from its situation on a woody hill, *Penryn* signifying *a curled head*.

|| *Falmouth*, so called from its situation at the mouth of the river *Fal*.

¶ *Helston*, or *Hel's Town*, a town on the river *Hel*.

CORNWALL.	MARKET-JEW *
	PENZANCE, LAND'S END †
	REDRUTH
	ST. MICHAEL ‡
	BODMIN
	LAUNCESTON §
DEVONSHIRE.	LIFTON
	OAKHAMPTON
	HATHERLY

* Market-Jew, or *Market-Ju*, so called from its market day, Thursday, *die jouis*, which in the Cornish language is *Jeu*.

† Penzance is supposed to have been *Pen-saint, Saints-Head*, the arms of the town being the baptist's head in a charger; but it seems more probable that it was originally either *Pen's Sands, the Head of the Sands*, or *Pen-Savas, the head of the channel*.

‡ St. Michael is supposed to have been originally *Modisbole*, and to have been fainted by a vulgar error after it was corrupted to *Michael*.

§ Launceston was called *Llanstaphadon, the church of St. Stephen*, and of this name *Launceston* is a corrupt contraction.

|| Oakhampton, or *Ockington*, so called from its situation on the river *Oke*.

DEVONSHIRE.	TORRINGTON*
	BARNSTAPLE †
	SOUTH MOLTON
	BAMPTON ‡
	TIVERTON §
SOMERSETSHIRE.	WELLINGTON
	TAUNTON
	BRIDGEWATER ¶

* Torrington, originally *Touridge Town*, so called from its situation on the river *Touridge*.

† Barnstaple, is a word compounded of the British word *Bar*, which signifies *the mouth of a river*, and the Saxon word *staple*, which denotes *a mart of trade*.

‡ Bampton, or *Baunton*, a corruption of *Bathampton*.

§ Tiverton, or *Twyford Town*, from its situation near two fords which were formerly at this place, one over the *Ex*, and the other over a small river called the *Loman*, where there are now two stone bridges.

|| Taunton is so called by a corruption of the original name *Thone-Town*, or *Tone-Town*, which is derived from its situation upon the banks of the river *Thone*, or *Tone*.

¶ Bridgewater appears to be a corruption of *Brugge Walter*, i. e. *Walter's Borough*, a name by which this place was called soon after the conquest.

SOMERSETSHIRE.	WELLS
	BATH
	BRISTOL *
	HOT-WELLS
	NEW FERRY
MONMOUTHSHIRE.	BLACK-ROCK
	NEWPORT †
GLAMORGANSHIRE	CARDIFF, ‡ CAERPHILLY
	PONT-Y-PRÎDD
	LLANDAFF §
	COWBRIDGE
	MARGAM
	ABERAVON
	BRITON-FERRY

* Bristol derives its present name from the ancient Saxon name *Briġhton*, which signifies a famous or celebrated place.

† Newport had this name in respect to the old port, *Caerleon*, out of whose ruins it arose.

‡ Cardiff, or *Caerdiff*, “*A city on the Taff*,” so called from its situation on the river *Taff*.

§ Llandaff derives its name from its situation, the word *Llandaff* signifying “*a church on the river Taff*.”

GLAMORGANSHIRE. SWANSEA*

NEATH ||

LLWGHOR

CAERMARTHENSHIRE. LLANELTHY

KIDWELLY

CAERMARTHEN ‡

PEMBROKESHIRE. NARBARTH

TENBY

PEMBROKE †

MILFORD HAVEN

HUBBERSTON

HAVERFORDWEST

* Swansea, or *Swine-Sea*, receives its name from the Porpoises or Sea-Hogs, which are found here in great numbers.

|| Neath is so called by a variation of the British name *Nedh*.

‡ Caermathen, or *Carmarthen*, or *Caermardhin*, is so called from the Welsh name *Caer-Vyrdhin*.

† Pembroke, or *Penbroke*, derives its name from the ancient British word *Penuro*, a cape or promontory.

CARDIGANSHIRE. CARDIGAN *
 LLANARTH
 LLANRUSTED
 ABERYSTWYTH †
 TALYPONT

MONTGOMERYSHIRE. MACHYNLETH

MERIONETHSHIRE. MALWYDD
 DOLGELLY
 TAN-Y-BWLCH
 PONT-ABER-GLASSLYN ††
 BEDDKELERT

CARNARVONSHIRE. CARNARVON †
 BANGOR ‡

* This place is from its situation called *Aber-Teivy*, the mouth of the Teivy; the derivation of the word Cardigan is not known.

† Aberystwyth, or *Aber Ystwyth*, i. e. "the Mouth of the Ystwyth."

†† Pont-aber-glafsllyn, i. e. *the Devil's bridge*.

‡ Carnarvon signifies the Town or Fort of *Arvon*, or *Arvonnia*, a name by which this country was anciently called from its situation opposite to the Island of Anglesea.

‡ Bangor, or *Banchor*, retains its ancient British name, which signifies "a beautiful quire."

CARNARVONSHIRE. BANGOR FERRY

ISLE OF ANGLESEA. GWINDEE—PARIS MOUNT.
HOLYHEAD

IRELAND. DUBLIN.—THE DARGLE.—
LORD POWERSCOURT'S
PARK, &c.

ISLE OF ANGLESEA. HOLYHEAD

GWINDEE

BANGOR FERRY

CARNARVONSHIRE. ABER-CONWAY §

DENBIGHSHIRE. ABERGELY

FLINTSHIRE. ST. ASAPH *

HOLYWELL

FLINT

CHESHIRE. PARK-GATE

LANCASHIRE. LIVERPOOL †

§ Aber-Conway preserves its ancient name signifying
“the Mouth of the Conway.”

* St. Afaph derives its name from *St. Afaph*, its patron
saint, who was the second Bishop of the see. It is called by
the Welsh *Lhan-Elwy* from its situation at the influx of the
River Elwy into the Clwyd.

† Liverpool—*Leverpool*, *Litterpool*, or *Lirpool*, was by the
Saxons called *Lirneppole*, as it is supposed, from the waters
of the Mersey spreading themselves here like a pool or fen.

LANCASHIRE.	PRESCOT
	WARRINGTON
CHESHIRE.	NORTHWICH
	HOLM-CHAPEL
	BRUERTON
STAFFORDSHIRE.	TALK
	NEWCASTLE UNDER LINE †
	LITCHFIELD

† Newcastle under Line was first called *Newcastle* from a castle, now in ruins, built here in the reign of Henry the Third, and by way of distinction from an older castle which stood at Chestertown, a village in the neighbourhood. It was afterwards called "*Newcastle under Line*, or *Lime*, from its situation upon the east side of a branch of the Trent, called the *Line*, or *Lime*, and to distinguish it from *Newcastle upon Tine*, in the county of Northumberland.

|| Litchfield is by some thought to be a corruption of *Licidfeld*, an ancient British word signifying *dead carcases*, but by the generality it is said to be so called from *Lichenfeld*, *Lichen* in Saxon signifying *a dead body*, and it is thus *the field of dead bodies*. Those, who adopt the former opinion, found their assertions upon a great slaughter of Christians, which they say took place here in the persecution under the Emperor Dioclesian. On the other hand, the advocates for the Saxon etymology of the word *Litchfield* say, that this name was given it in memory of a dreadful massacre of an army of Christians, who fought at Litchfield
against

WARWICKSHIRE.	BIRMINGHAM
	STRATFORD UPON AVON
OXFORDSHIRE.	WOODSTOCK § BLENHEIM
	OXFORD *
	SLOUGH
BERKSHIRE.	WINDSOR
MIDDLESEX.	LONDON

against Ofwius king of Northumberland, upon the first introduction of Christianity. And they moreover add that Ofwius, after his conversion to Christianity, in repentance for having been the cause of so great a slaughter first founded the Cathedral of Litchfield.

§ Woodstock derives its name immediately from the Saxon Wudeſtoc which signifies *a woody place*.

* Oxford was by the Saxons called Oxen-ford, a name generally supposed to have been derived from a *ford*, or *passage for oxen*, over the river Thames at this place. The Cities of Bosphorus, upon the Lake Mæotis in Greece, and Ochenfurt, upon the River Odur in Germany, derive their names from the same origin, each signifying *a ford for oxen*. The Welsh name for this place is Rhid-Ychen, which also signifies *a ford for oxen*, and the city arms are *an ox passing a ford*; yet some have thought that the ancient name of this city was *Ousford*, a ford over the Ous, a name by which the River Thames, by the Latins called Isis, appears to have been known. Here and there are some islands formed by the river at this place, which are still called the *Ofeney*, or *Ousney Islands*.



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T O U R
T H R O U G H T H E
S O U T H O F E N G L A N D, &c.

S E C T I O N
T H E
F I R S T.

IT is not the effect of a particular species of diet, nor the impressions made by a fickle climate upon the disposition of Englishmen, that cause those phlegmatic vapours, and that depression of spirits, which are so justly become the characteristic of a whole nation. From what source then does this evil originate? evidently from a relaxation of the mental powers, indulged to an excess. Air, exercise,

cise, and even literary resources, without a certain degree of novelty, fail in their effect. A variety of new objects, and a total change in the scenery around us, operate, in a delightful manner, upon the spirits and the health. The faculties of the mind, when absorbed in the speculation of the future, or too much engrossed in the contemplation of the past, become a prey to indolence and spleen, the very parents of suicide.

Our continental neighbours are those, to whom we are indebted for every exaggeration of our natural infirmity. They are represented of a livelier turn, and of a disposition happily indifferent to all the serious occurrences of life. And to what is this owing? to that love of novelty, that avidity, which ever marks the tenor of a Frenchman's temper, in the pursuit of something new. There does not exist a people more eager for the *τὸ καινόν* than these sons of gaiety; and I am much mistaken, if that spirit of liberty, which has so lately agitated the very bowels of their constitution,

tution, and which, they tell you, has trampled upon the insignia of despotism, had not for its *primum Mobile*, a meaner consideration than the subversion of a mighty empire.

It is said of the great *Brown*, who rendered himself so famous for his capacity in the arrangement of ground, that his first consideration in drawing out a plan, was, to make a change. Thus, so long as the estate he undertook to improve was made different from what it was before, it was sure to be admired. And this is the case with our neighbours the French. They have thrown down the pillars of their ancient buildings, they have removed the avenues which led to them, and have endeavoured to give every thing a new appearance. They have demolished every vestige of a place, which was grown so old fashioned, and venerable from its antiquity, and they have presented to the world a scene, cut, and decorated, according to a new mode, and open to every wind that blows.

So much has been effected by the fascinating charms of novelty, and such is the mighty instance of its power! if any part of that miserable multitude, who labour under the heavy oppression of despondency, and whom we see daily falling victims to the influence of spleen, were to model the system of their conduct upon the basis of a Frenchman's felicity—we should not be thus stigmatized for that violent *penchant* which we are said to possess, of cutting our own throats. It is torpid inactivity alone that Englishmen should dread. The pursuit of novelty, and a frequent change of situation, by affording a full scope for variety, would entirely annihilate the hydra, and extirpate all the powers of *ennui*. It is for this reason, that travelling has such a delightful effect, in elevating the spirits, and bracing the nerves. The mind constantly employed in beholding a succession of new objects, receives a vigour from the task, which, in a full current, flows directly to the heart.

These

These sentiments, and these reflections, took up my attention one fine morning in the month of May, as I was preparing to make a summer excursion with a friend. We had passed the winter in a solitary retirement, among the woodlands in the Weald of Kent, and looked forward to the period we had fixed upon, for the commencement of our tour, with all that impatience, which those feel, in confinement, who contemplate the prospect of approaching liberty.

Our little system for travelling being properly arranged, and every thing in readiness, we left the metropolis, and directed our course towards Portsmouth; intending to traverse the south of England, and afterwards investigate that remote corner of our island, which presents such bold and superb scenes, among the Welch Mountains.

The

The road to Portsmouth exhibits nothing particularly remarkable. Noblemen's seats, scattered up and down, serve to adorn that barrenness of country, which seems often predominant, and would otherwise weary the attention. Passing over a dreary heath, about seven miles beyond Godalmin, we gained the summit of a hill, which commands a most fullen prospect of the country around. On the right, a barren, inhospitable valley, which, from its singular form, has been styled "*the Devil's punch bowl*," presents its unfertile features: the road passes close to its sides, and in this spot, a monument has been erected as a memorial of a murder committed there, on the body of an unknown sailor, with this motto, "*Whoso committeth man's blood, by man, shall his blood be shed!*" the perpetrators of this crime are suspended in chains, upon a gibbet near the place; upon the whole, the simplicity of the monument, the gibbet, with its chains, and the *triste et sombre* appearance of the country which

surrounds it on all sides, form a scene of a terrific nature. We reached

P O R T S M O U T H

about seven in the evening, and walked to the parade—to hear with what ease, and indifference, some wretched military musicians, could convert harmony to discord.

Portsmouth may, without impropriety, be called the key of England. Its noble haven, capable of containing a thousand sail of the line ; its extensive fortifications, arranged and executed by engineers of the first ability ; the number of its inhabitants, its dock-yards, its wonderful importance to Great-Britain, render it the admiration of Europe. The entrance to the harbour does not exceed, in breadth, that of the Thames at Westminster Bridge, a circumstance, which forms a considerable addition to its strength. There is also such plenty of water within it, that a first rate man of war may always float in safety, and moreover ride secure from every

* wind

wind that blows. The mouth of the harbour is defended by a fort, called South Sea Castle, erected by Henry VIII. and situated about a mile and a half south of the town. This castle is fortified with a double moat, pallisades, ravelins, and a counterscarp, from which there are several advanced works, to cover the fort against the approach of an enemy. There is also on the same side a large platform, on which are placed pieces of ordnance; and on the opposite side, next Gosport, there is another platform, of twenty great guns, nearly level with the water.

One great convenience with respect to the harbour at Portsmouth, is the safe and spacious road of Spithead. It is defended from all the winds that blow from the west to the south east, by the high lands of the Isle of Wight; and from the winds of the opposite quarter, by the main land of Hampshire. The bottom is perfectly sound and good, and the flux and reflux of
the

the sea repairs all the injuries done by the anchors.

This wonderful rendezvous of the royal navy, fortified on all sides, is a striking proof of the opulence and industry of Englishmen. An extensive fosse is filled in half an hour with water, eight feet deep. Within the fosse rises a wall 15 feet perpendicular, on which is a double parapet, regularly flanked with bastions and curtains, having also a glacis and covered way. These works are carried round the dock yards, so that the magazine of stores, arms and ammunition, defies every attack of an enemy.

The dock yard contains such an astonishing quantity of every article necessary for the royal navy, and is placed in a style of such uncommon regularity, that it exceeds imagination. There are seldom less than a thousand men employed within its walls, and sometimes double that number. These, in time of war, are all disciplined, and formed into a regiment, under the command of

C

the

the Commissioner, who is Colonel; the Master Builder, Lieutenant Colonel, and the Clerk of the Cheque, Major; the Subalterns being chosen from among the other officers. The dock, and other yards, now resemble a town, and may be said to form a corporation, there being large rows of dwellings, built at the public expence, for all the officers, who are obliged to reside on the spot. The rope-house, where the cables, &c. are made, is 870 feet long, and some of the cables are so large, that it requires above 80 men to work them. The labour is so excessive, that they can only continue it for four hours in the day. From one end of this remarkable room, it is not easy to discern the pigmies working at the other. In this place, that noted incendiary, *Jack the Painter*, laid his system of combustibles, which is the more remarkable, as at least 100 men were constantly employed around him. The smith's shop is a curious spectacle, and reminds one of Vulcan's laboratory, where we find a trio, performed by the Cyclops, upon the anvil,

vil, in every corner. Among other things here, they shew you a sledge hammer, which the king used in this place, and beg of you to pay two-pence, and strike a blow with *his Majesty's hammer*. The tarring of the hemp is a most curious operation, being performed by horses; but it is impossible to convey upon paper, any idea adequate to the appearance of these immense magazines, where ships are lifted in their docks, like infants in their cradles, and the most stupendous works conducted with all that ease, and ingenuity, so peculiar to the inhabitants of this country, in the superior excellence of their naval armaments.

Being favoured with a letter of recommendation from Admiral L—— G——, to the Commissioner of the yards, we had a fortunate opportunity of examining the wonders of this immense place. I have been more minute in my description of it, and the respective fortifications of the town, than perhaps there was any occasion for, from one, who seeks merely to gratify the curio-

fity, or patience, of his readers. But when I considered the amazing importance of the place, not to the nation, or its allies, but to my present publication, and its readers, as being almost the first object noticed in my tour, I deemed it both expedient and proper, to adopt the mode of many a good scribbler before me, namely, to gloss over the opening of my work, with an appearance of sagacity, precision and exactness.

But, gentle reader, whoever thou art, whether prelate, or peer, sailor, or soldier, critic, or Commissioner of his Majesty's dock yards, reflect, that as yet we have travelled together but a short space—be not, so early, the fullen clouds of discontent upon these traces of my pen—consider me as one employed solely to give thee amusement—view these pages with candour, and I promise thee, as we sojourn together in future, I will not again interlard them with musty descriptions of *ravelins* and *counterscraps*, nor pillage the works of my forefathers

forefathers, for delineations of “*double parapets, flanked with bastions and curtains.*”

From the dock yards we went with a similar letter of recommendation to Capt. P——, of the Formidable. The whole fleet was at that time riding at Spithead, and to those who are unacquainted with naval exhibitions, no spectacle can be more striking. Upon our arrival on board, we understood that the Captain was on shore, but one of the Lieutenants conducted us over every part of the ship. And here I can but mention, with sincere and grateful pleasure, that uncommon politeness and attention which the officers of our navy shew to those strangers who go on board. The midshipmen seem to have a miserable birth, being confined in a small hole, without any light, but that proceeding from the sorry glimmering of a tallow candle, and with just air enough to vegetate. My companion amused himself with making comparisons between the army and the navy—and indeed, the appearance of the naval officers

officers in general, rather favours of the *mal-propre*, when placed by the side of a spruce military beau. But surely, whoever considers the amazing utility of our navy, the exertions of our seamen, their bravery, and the great hardships they undergo, will never draw the line of comparison between a British sailor, and the generality of those effeminate, finical, puppies, who perfume the parades—unless it be, to exalt and revere the noble character of the sons of Neptune.

When we had finished our walk over the ship, we were led into the wardroom, and introduced to the lieutenants. Here our conductor pressed us to stay; “Our tea,” says he, “is prepared, and if you can put up with a sailor’s fare, we heartily invite you to partake of it.” We were obliged to decline this kind invitation, but I could not leave the ship, although as genuine a land-lubber as any within the sound of Bow bell, without regretting my inability to pass a few hours in such pleasing company.

We were scarce seated in our little dusty, dirty room, at the Crown, before our valet and fac-totum, Jeremy, came running in, with wildest marks of consternation in his phiz, to tell us, that *they had put him into a room amongst soldiers, and a done-a-many people!* This Jeremy was a country fellow, that had been educated to the profession of the comb, and used to attend us three times a week at H—, as our sole dependance in the article of frizzing. I had found him to be honest and simple, and had hired him to attend us, like another *la Fleur*, jack of all trades, yet master of none. He had never been fifty miles from his own door, and found the bustle of the wide world replete with difficulty and alarm. London scared him out of his wits, and Portsmouth did not promise to restore them. The inside of a large inn, was a scene that filled him with terror and apprehension, and what with bowing to the waiters, and running against the cooks, he got kicked by one, and pushed by the other, until able to support

port it no longer, he flew to us for shelter and protection.

Leaving Portsmouth, we embarked in a small packet-boat for the

I S L E O F W I G H T.

The approach to this island is full of *agrèmens*. The country every where rises from the sea, diversified with abundance of wood and pasture, and seems to smile in the richness of its fertility. It possesses the best of all the productions of England, and seems as if old Albion's genius had presented it upon the bosom of the waters, as an elegant sample of the beauties and blessings of Britain. We drank our tea at

C O W E S,

a small and narrow town on the sea shore, and then proceeded to

N E W P O R T,

the capital of the island. I had often annexed

nexed an idea of neatness and comfort to this isle and its inhabitants, and it gave me pleasure to find that, at least, in one instance, disappointment was not the consequence of a sanguine expectation. Every thing around me teemed with fertility, and every house, and every inhabitant, wore the vestiges of opulence, industry, and cleanliness. To those, who have been confined amidst the dirt of the metropolis, or the filth of Portsmouth, who have speculated with delight upon the distant hopes of rural retirement, a visit to this island must be a treat indeed. In Newport, the houses are neither showy nor magnificent, but there is a degree of neatness and simplicity visible in every street, that calls to one's mind the wonderful *propretè* of those renowned villages in North Holland, Sardam and Brook. We slept in comfort at the Bugle Inn, and in the morning drove a light gig as far as

S T E E P H I L L,

the southermost point of the island. Within a quarter of a mile of this spot, we were

D suddenly

suddenly struck with such a stupendous prospect of the sea, the cliffs, &c. as to excite a momentary degree of apprehension for our own safety, at such an amazing height. The hill here becomes so steep, that it is almost impossible for any vehicle whatever, to proceed, either up or down. Leaving the chaise to our guide, we alighted, and walked down to a small cottage, hanging in a manner peculiarly romantic from the side of the cliff. (close to this spot stands Mr. Tollemache's elegant little villa, the views from which are the most wild and picturesque of any in the island.) A neat respectable looking woman, brought us in a collation of eggs, cold fowl, and brown bread—at the same time making a curtsy, she told us we need not be ashamed of her little cottage, for that the Duke of Wirtemberg had, a few days before, dined in the very room we were in, and that if we would please to look round, we should find the names of many very great personages who had honoured her with a visit. The walls were absolutely black with the number of
those

those adventurers, who having the "*Cacothetes scribendi*," to a degree of *furor*, attempt to immortalize themselves upon every wall, and every window, they come near. It might truly be said of our good landlady,

"*The walls of her cell were insculptur'd around.*"

The climate here is so remarkably fine, that one may apply the same remark an ancient author does of *Baiæ*,

Nullus in orbe locus Baiis præluet amænis.

This little spot is so much sheltered from the wind and the tempests, that myrtles grow spontaneously. We observed a fig tree, at this early season of the year, absolutely bending beneath the weight of its fruit.

Returning to Newport, we passed by the delightful seat of Sir Richard Worsley, Apledurcombe, situated pleasantly under a hill. On each side of the road, the fields of pease, beans, &c. perfumed all the air. Not a mile was passed over without regret,

and as we returned again to Newport, I could not help lamenting the short period allotted for our continuance in so delightful a spot.

We next visited the ancient

CASTLE OF CARISBROOK.

This fortress was originally founded by one of the Saxons, who first landed in Britain. At the Norman conquest, it was considered as a place of great strength, but in the reign of Henry the First, it was pulled down, and a more magnificent structure erected in its stead. The prospect from the walls is more delightful than can be conceived, but what renders this place peculiarly remarkable, is, that not thirteen months previous to the death of Charles the First, that unhappy monarch was confined here. Soon after his escape from Hampton Court, being closely pursued by his enemies, he formed the resolution of visiting the Isle of Wight, and applied to Mr. Hammond, the governor, for protection, in order to expedite more effectually

tually his passage to France. This gentleman having married a daughter of the illustrious Hampden, and being besides a sincere friend to Cromwell, sent immediate notice to Parliament, and received orders to keep the king a close prisoner, without suffering him to be seen by any of his friends. The circumstances subsequent to his confinement, are too well known to require any illustration, but the remarkable words of the king, upon finding himself betrayed, and a prisoner, are well worthy of notice. “ *There are but few steps between the prisons and the graves of princes!*”

From Carisbrook we proceeded once more to Cowes, and there hired a small vessel to conduct us to

SOUTHAMPTON.

Excepting only the Bay of Naples, and that of Dublin, the passage from Cowes, up the river to Southampton, presents the finest piece of water in the world. We had, however, such a windy and turbulent excursion,

curfion, and the sea broke over our little bark with fo much violence, that I was willing to defcend into the cabin and take a nap. This I foon found was impoffible, for fome hofpitable foul, had fo plied our valet with the good things of the ifland, that he forgot all his fears, and made a moft terrible noife. Endeavouring to give the man at the helm a portion of our rum, his foot flipped, and down came poor Jeremy into the cabin, at the fame time, by way of an opiate, pre- fenting the contents of his tumbler in my face. After entering the mouth of the bay, the profpect became exceffively fine. A rich country rifes on each fide, from the banks of an extenfive piece of water, and at a diftance is feen Southampton, with its packets, hoys, trading veffels, &c. riding before it. The town is handsome and well built; the ftreets are broad, and excellently paved, and the fhops feem to vie with thofe of London, in their appear-
ance.

Southampton

Southampton is pleasantly situated between the rivers Test and Itching, both of which are navigable for a considerable way up the country. It is at present surrounded by a wall, built of very hard stone, resembling those little white shells, like honeycombs, that grow on the back of oysters. It is still a considerable place, and during the season for bathing, numbers of the nobility, and of the *beau monde*, resort to it. Nevertheless, the trade of Southampton has made a great decline since the beginning of the last century. The country around it is well cultivated, and its allurements, such as they are, attract a variety of both sexes, in the pursuit of health, pleasure, and dissipation.

From Southampton we went towards

SALISBURY,

and on the road, saw the elegant seat of Lord Palmerston. There are in it some fine paintings. The rooms are small, but fitted up with great taste. They shew you
 3 here

here a beautiful dairy of white marble. The vessels which contain the milk, &c. are all of Wedgwood's ware. The strait roads leading to Salisbury, have a most disagreeable effect. I have often remarked, that one feels more fatigue, and the attention becomes more wearied, by passing over one mile in a right line, than by proceeding double that distance in a serpentine direction. This effect is rendered still more tedious, by an open flat country, for the eye taking in at one view every object around, has no source for variety afterwards.

It was about six in the evening when we arrived at Salisbury, and being Sunday, the shops were all shut, and every thing appeared to disadvantage. However, as a city, it is but a shabby place, and was it not for the Cathedral, with the wonders of Stonehenge, I should suppose no one would be led here by motives of curiosity. The streets are ill paved, and that famous current of water passing through them, which the inhabitants pride themselves so much upon,

upon, carries with it a very inelegant appearance.

Salisbury, situated in a valley, about a mile to the southward of Old Sarum, stands on the confluence of three rivers, the Avon, the Nadder, and the Willey. The Cathedral is one of the most elegant and regular gothic structures in the kingdom. At the time we visited this place, it was undergoing great alterations. Orders had been issued that no person should be admitted to see it. This was a great disappointment to us, as we had long speculated upon the hopes of seeing Salisbury Cathedral. I was at a loss how to act, but thinking our best method would be to make immediate application to one of the Canons, I dispatched Jeremy for that purpose. In a short note, I stated our situation to Mr. K——k, and that gentleman, with much civility, not only gave us his permission to visit the Cathedral, but also conducted us himself, and pointed out every object worthy our attention. To those who have visited the cha-

E pel

pel of King's College, in Cambridge, all the wonders of other Gothic buildings, however superb or different in their structure, fade away. The Cathedral at Salisbury is undoubtedly an astonishing piece of architecture, but so very slight in its construction, that the architect seems rather to have considered what he *could*, than what he *ought* to do. A building may be too light, as well as too heavy, in its *contour*. It is built in the form of a lantern, with a spire in the middle, having nothing but buttresses, and glass windows on the outside, without any wall. The cross isle is inexpressibly beautiful. From the center of the roof, which is one hundred and sixteen feet high, rises a beautiful spire of free stone, four hundred and ten feet from the ground, supposed to be the tallest in the kingdom. The outside is magnificent, and adorned with beautiful simplicity and elegance. The curious old tradition, concerning this Cathedral, which since the days of Bishop Poore, its founder, from the

3

year

year 1219, to 1791, has been delivered through centuries to the present hour, ought not to be omitted.

“ As many days as in one year there be,
 “ So many windows in one church we see;
 “ As many marble pillars there appear,
 “ As there are hours throughout the fleeting year;
 “ As many gates as moons one year do view,
 “ Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true.”

The spire, with its tower, rests solely upon four pillars. These have verged considerably from their perpendicular, which has caused the people of Salisbury to strengthen them with an additional arch. It is, however, most probable, that the spire has remained in its present state from the time of its first settlement, and is likely to continue so for ages. Great improvements are now carried on within the Cathedral, conducted by the ingenuity of Mr. Wyatt; and those who have seen it in its former state, will hardly recognize the original, disguised in its new form. The altar piece is removed; a new organ is given by the King, and a fine painting of the resurrection, executed

by an artist at Birmingham, in stained glass, is about to be erected in the east window, over the altar.

When the King came to visit this Cathedral, two intrepid fellows had seated themselves upon the cross of the spire, with flags in their hands. His Majesty, walking in the cloisters, was suddenly surprised with the old stave of "God save great George our King!" coming, as it were, from the clouds. Looking up, he espied these daring adventurers maintaining their station, upon the pinnacle, in a high wind, with colours flying, and bellowing forth, "send him victorious," in a degree of vehemence, that would have strained the very lungs of a Stentor. Such an unusual instance of loyalty, did not fail of the desired effect, his Majesty ordered them both to be rewarded. The manufactures of this city are flannels, druggets, sciffars, &c.

From Salisbury we made an excursion to

W I L T O N,

famous

famous for its carpet manufactory, but being pressed for time, were unable to inspect it. Our whole object was to procure a sight of the two greatest curiosities the country affords, and these are, Stone-henge and Wilton-house. The latter is the seat of the Earl of Pembroke. It was founded on the ruins of a sequestered Abbey, towards the end of the reign of Henry the eighth, but not finished 'till many years after. No expence has been spared, no ingenuity wanting, to render it the most superb edifice in England, as well as the most magnificent repository of statues, busto's, paintings, &c. that any individual in this kingdom can boast of. To attempt a minute description, would not only be absurd, but on my part impossible. The catalogue has already swelled to a volume, and that too, of such a size, as would put to flight all my endeavours to particularize. At the same time, it may not be improper to mention a few of those antiquities, which struck me as being the most remarkable. As we advanced before the *façade* of the house, our attention

was

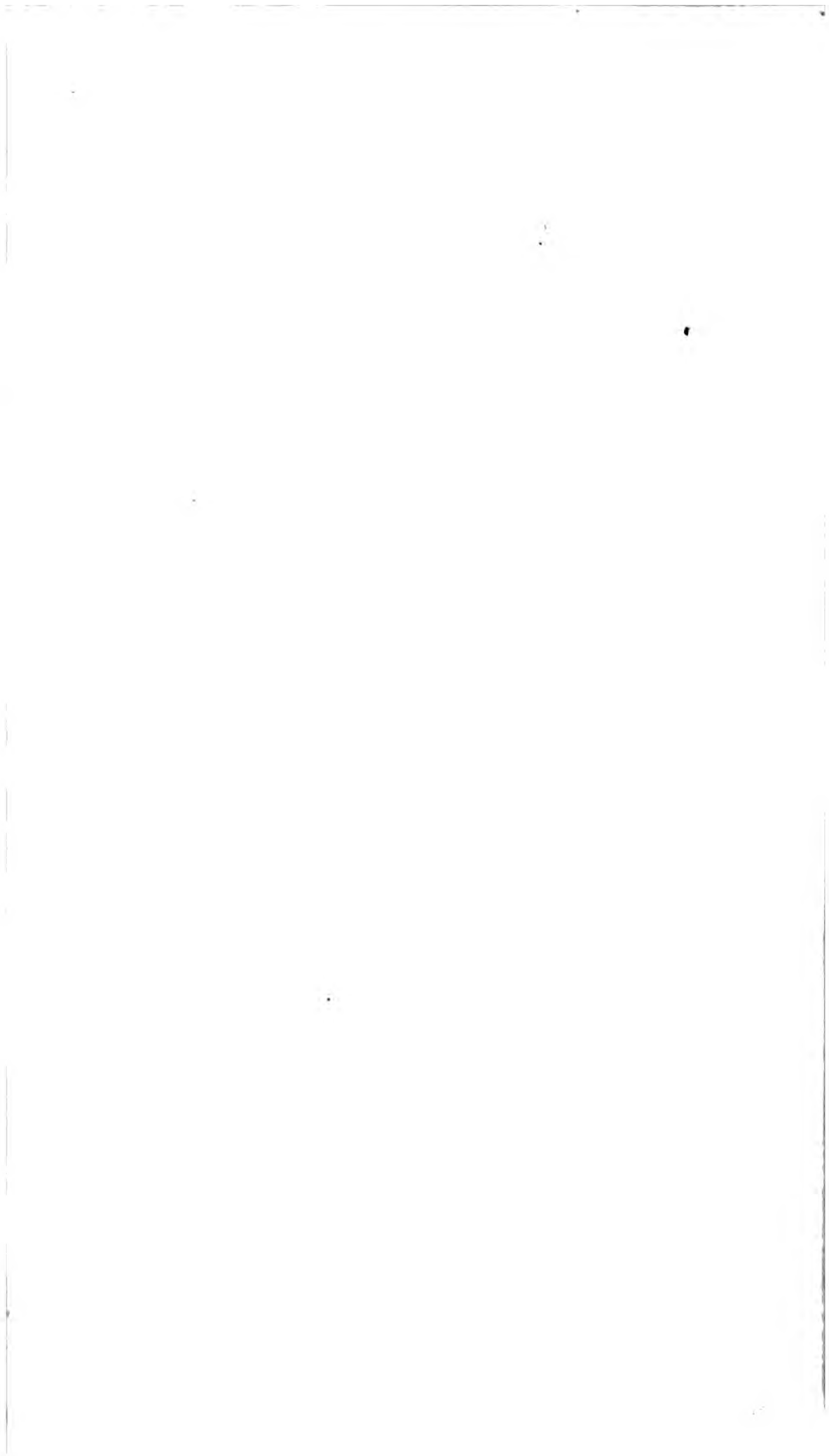
was caught by a beautiful column of white Egyptian granite. The shaft is of one piece, and weighs between sixty and seventy hundred weight. On the top, which is about thirty two feet from the ground, stands a fine statue of Venus, the same that was erected before the Temple of Venus Genetrix, by Julius Cæsar. A Corinthian capital, and a base of white marble have been added to it; and since it fell among the ruins of Rome, it has never been erected until it was brought here. On the lower fillet of this column, are five letters, which having the proper vowels supplied, make *Astarte*, the name by which Venus was worshipped among the ancient eastern nations. In one of the niches of the pedestal, is an uncommon fine statue of Venus. She is represented as picking a thorn out of her foot, and it is really impossible to convey an idea of the inimitable turn of her body, and the expression of pain in her countenance. The porch leading to the vestibule, was built by Hans Holbein. In a passage beneath the tower of the great gateway, is a statue of Shakespeare

Shakespeare. The attitude is the same as that in Westminster Abbey; the inscription differs, being taken from Macbeth.

“ Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
“ That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
“ And then is heard no more.”

The geometrical staircase is beautiful, and is at the same time a curiosity, it being the first of the kind erected in Britain. Of the paintings, I think no one equalled a whole length of Democritus, by *Spagnolet*. There was something of ill-nature and contempt, expressed in his sarcastic grin, beyond any thing I ever saw. Beneath a glass case in one of the rooms, is an exquisite piece of sculpture. It represents the rape of the Sabines, and is executed in one entire block of marble. Great part of Wilton House was built under the direction of Inigo Jones. The grounds about it are remarkably fine. The river Willey is formed into a canal before the house, and over it is erected that beautiful structure, the Palladian

dian Bridge, which so justly excites the admiration of its numerous visitants. The prospects from the house are delightful; the objects consist of the garden, the river, the bridge, the water-fall, a piazza, the front of the stables by Inigo Jones, a wood in the park upon a hill, the engine-house with two ornamental fronts, the cold-bath, and upon it a compleat cast of the fine statue of Antoninus at Rome, an arcade, and at a distance, rising over the water among the trees, not only the spire, but the whole west front of Salisbury Cathedral, Clarendon Park, with the adjacent country. From this paltry insignificant outline, I leave the peruser of these pages to form his own opinion, as to the wonders of Wilton. I am neither willing nor able to give him a better, and must beg leave to inform him, that the whole of my remarks were collected from the cursory observations that could be made during a short excursion in a sorry Salisbury gig. To form a just idea of this magnificent museum, a man must visit it himself; to give any adequate description of
it,



Plan of Stone henge on Salisbury Plain.

A Vallum

A Vallum

West

Salisbury

or entrance

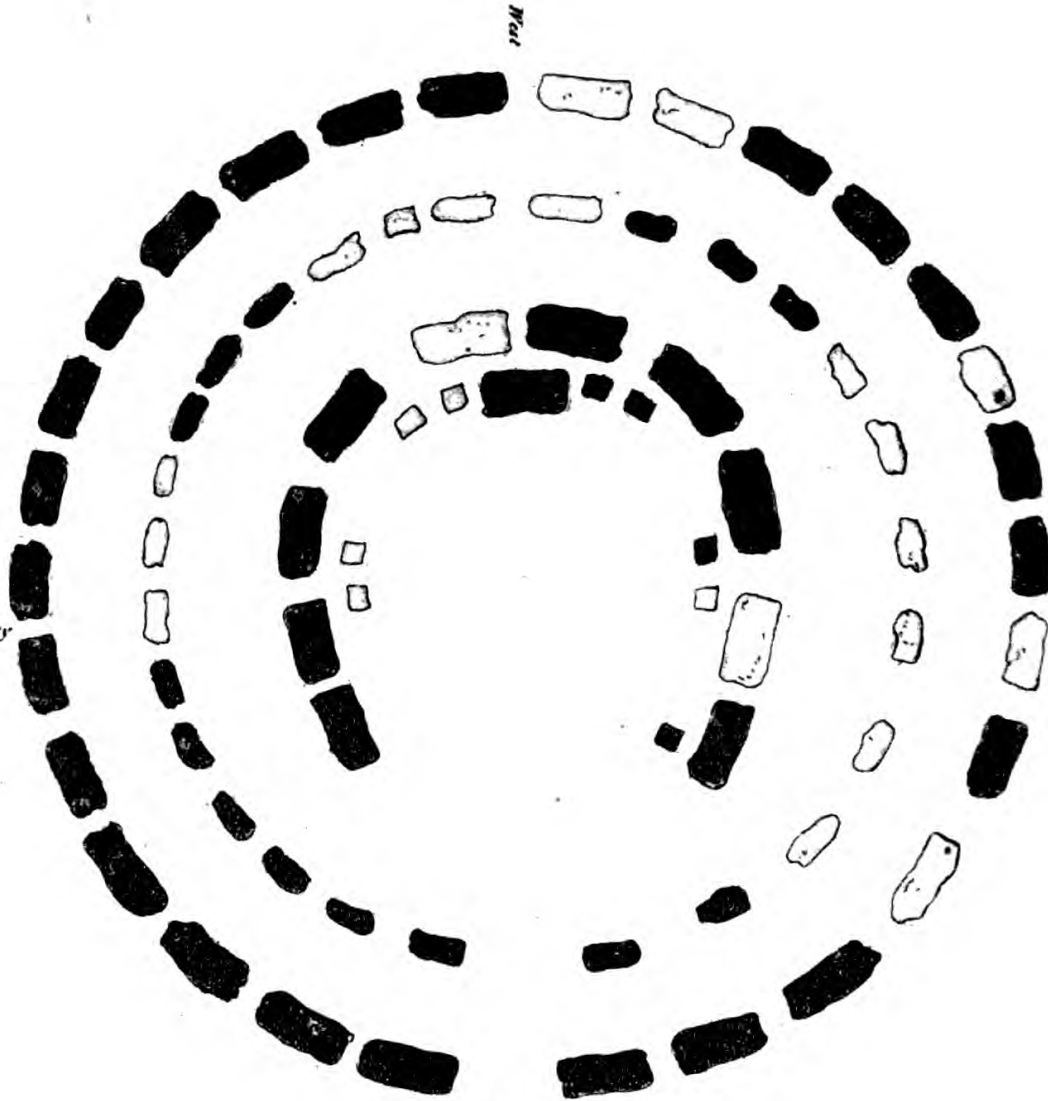
East

20 Feet long

A Stone distant from the Circle



Diameter of the outward Circle 311 feet.



it, he must be possessed of taste, learning, and ingenuity. He must be master of his own time, and permitted to examine it at his leisure. Nothing must be represented in a hasty manner, nothing omitted. The whole is just, regular, and great; conducted with spirit, and combined with ability. You may conceive then, reader, what an undertaking a true representation would prove.

From Wilton we went to

STONE - HENGE,

and notwithstanding the rebuffs of the rain and the wind, had spirit enough of the antiquarian to venerate and admire this stupendous monument of our forefathers. In the middle of a barren plain, where hardly a tree is visible, or any vestige of human habitation, these gigantic pillars of stone present their aged bosoms to the astonished spectator. How they could be brought here, and when brought, how placed in the regular geometrical order, in which they

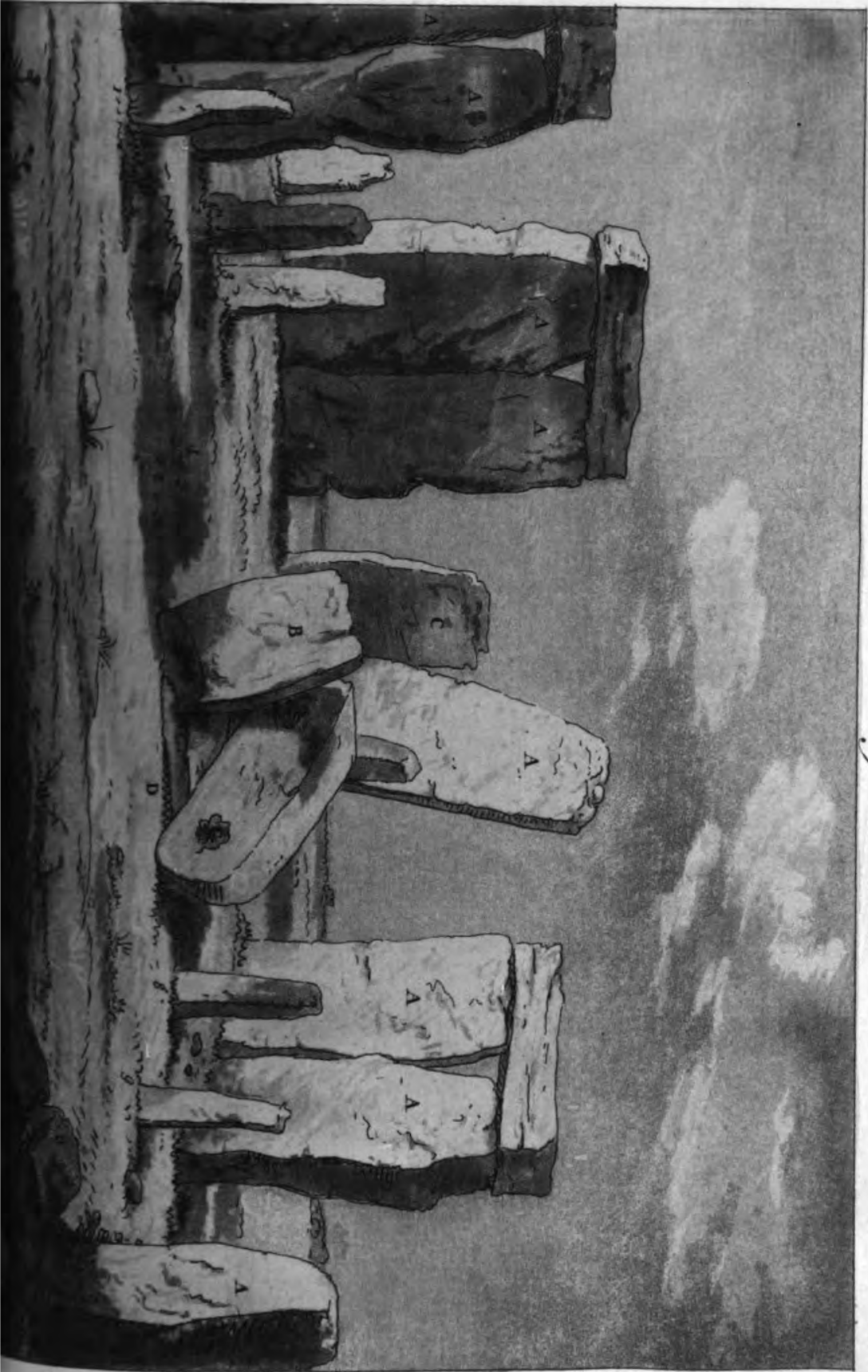
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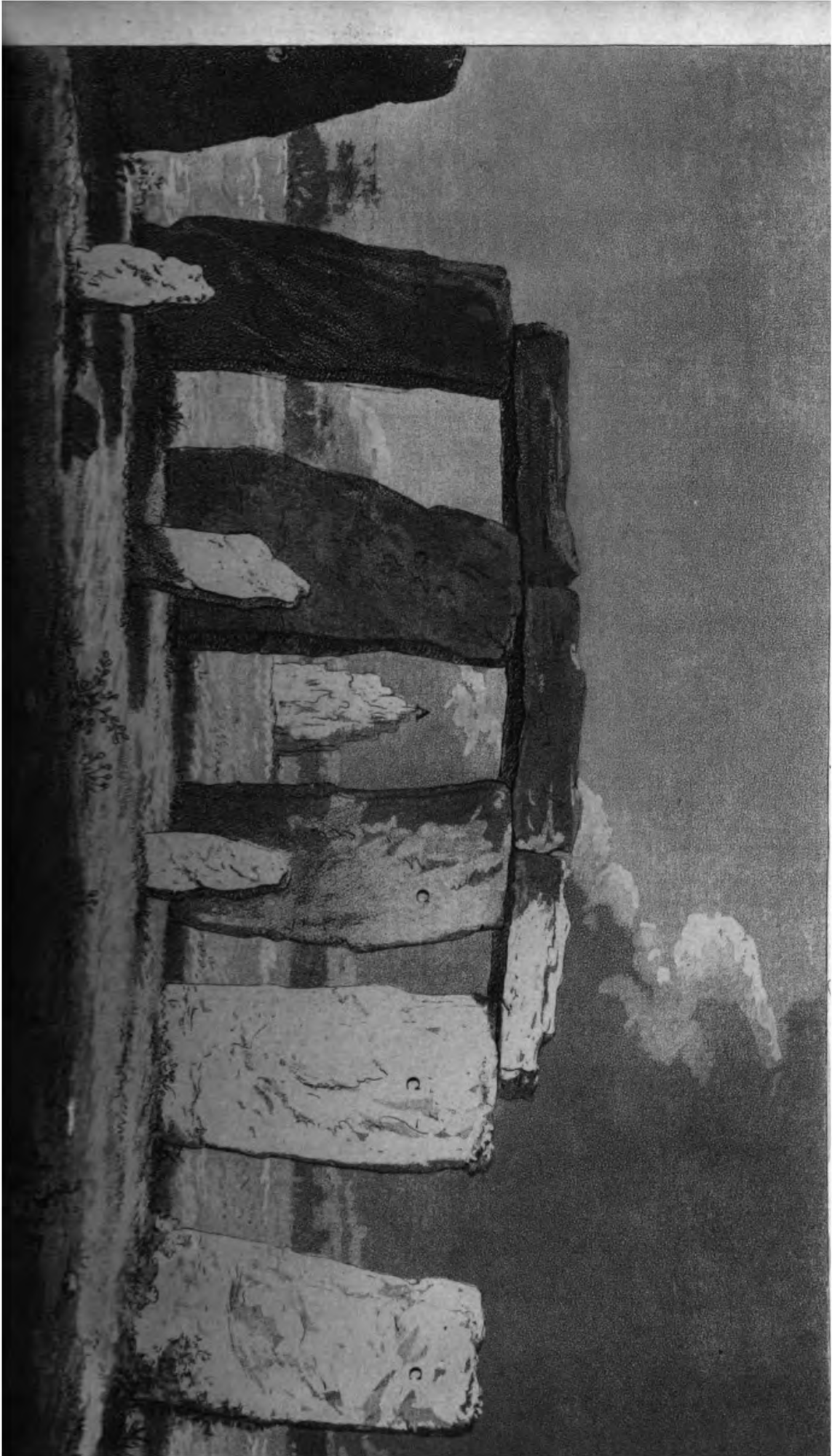
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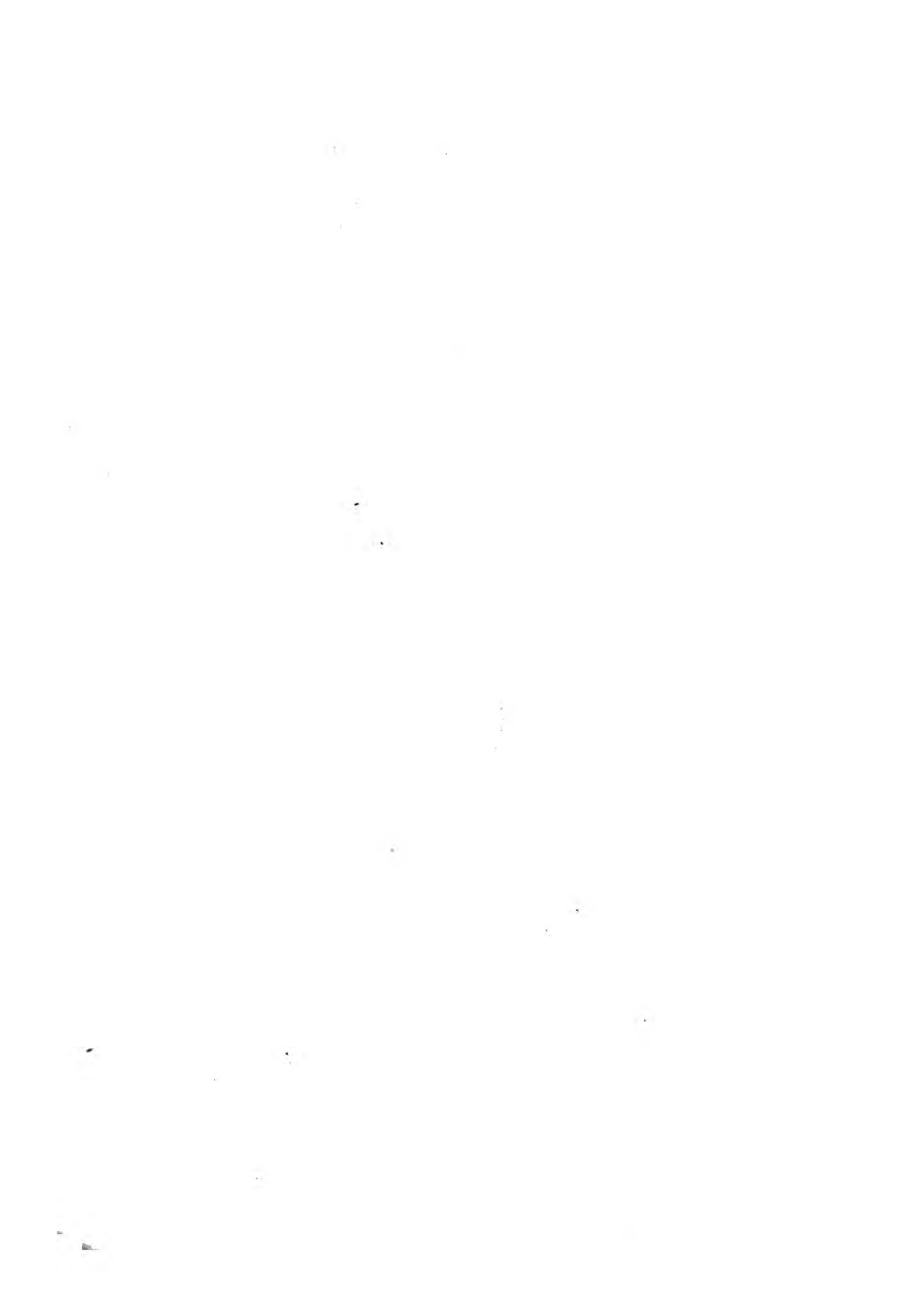
now stand, is miraculous. It has suffered much from the rude hands of barbarians; much from length of time, and more than all, from the prying fingers of curiosity, which has induced many to dig, and injure the foundation. The general opinion, with regard to this enormous fabric, is, that it was a temple built by the Druids, for the exercise of their religious functions, or for astronomical observations. Antiquaries have puzzled their heads for ages, in deciding upon the probability of their different assertions.* They have measured the angles of the

* In a work by Inigo Jones, intitled, "*The antiquities of Stone-henge, on Salisbury Plain, restored,*" published after the death of that celebrated architect, by Mr. John Webb, in the year 1655, after much reasoning, and a long series of authorities, he concludes at last, that this ancient and stupendous pile, must have been originally a Roman Temple inscribed to Cælus, the senior of the Heathen gods, and built after the Tuscan order. Mr. Jones's scheme, however supported by learning and argument, did not yet give a general satisfaction. His notion was warmly attacked by a Dr. Walter Charleton, in a Treatise called *Chorca Gigantum*, which was published in 1663, and here the Doctor is very positive, that this extraordinary monument was erected by the Danes. This brought on a controversy, which left the world as much in darkness as ever.

Inward View looking Westward.







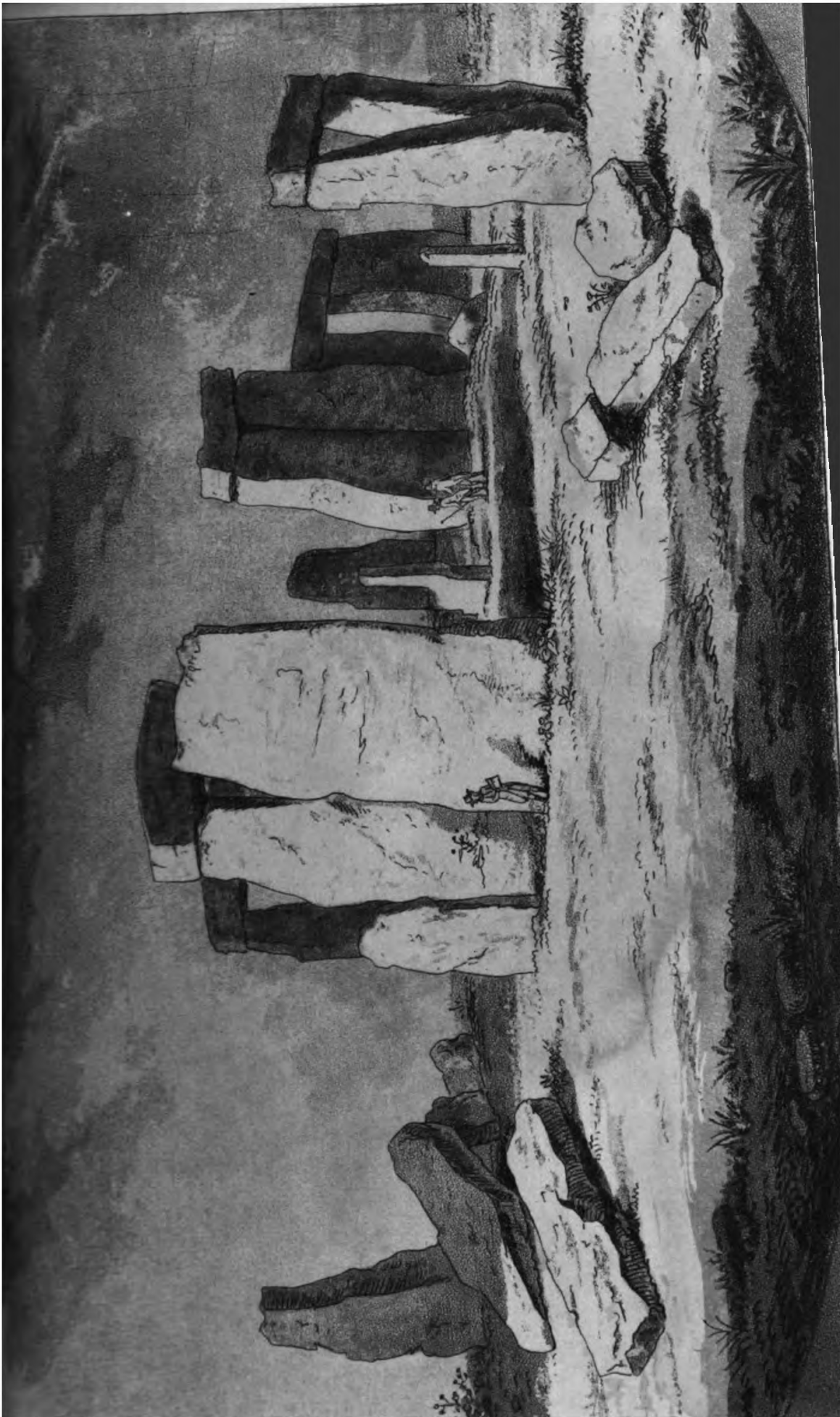
the trilithons, and taken the length, breadth, and thickness, of the imposts; they have described, with wonderful accuracy, the exact diameters of the circular ranges, and in spite of the † tradition, which threatens with destruction the author of such an undertaking, they have ascertained the precise number of the stones. The system of the structure being finally delineated, they proceed to account for its appearance, by ascribing it to the devout labours of the Druids. But how shall we account for the methods which they pursued to raise it? In a country, without a stone quarry, where did they procure the stones? allowing, what

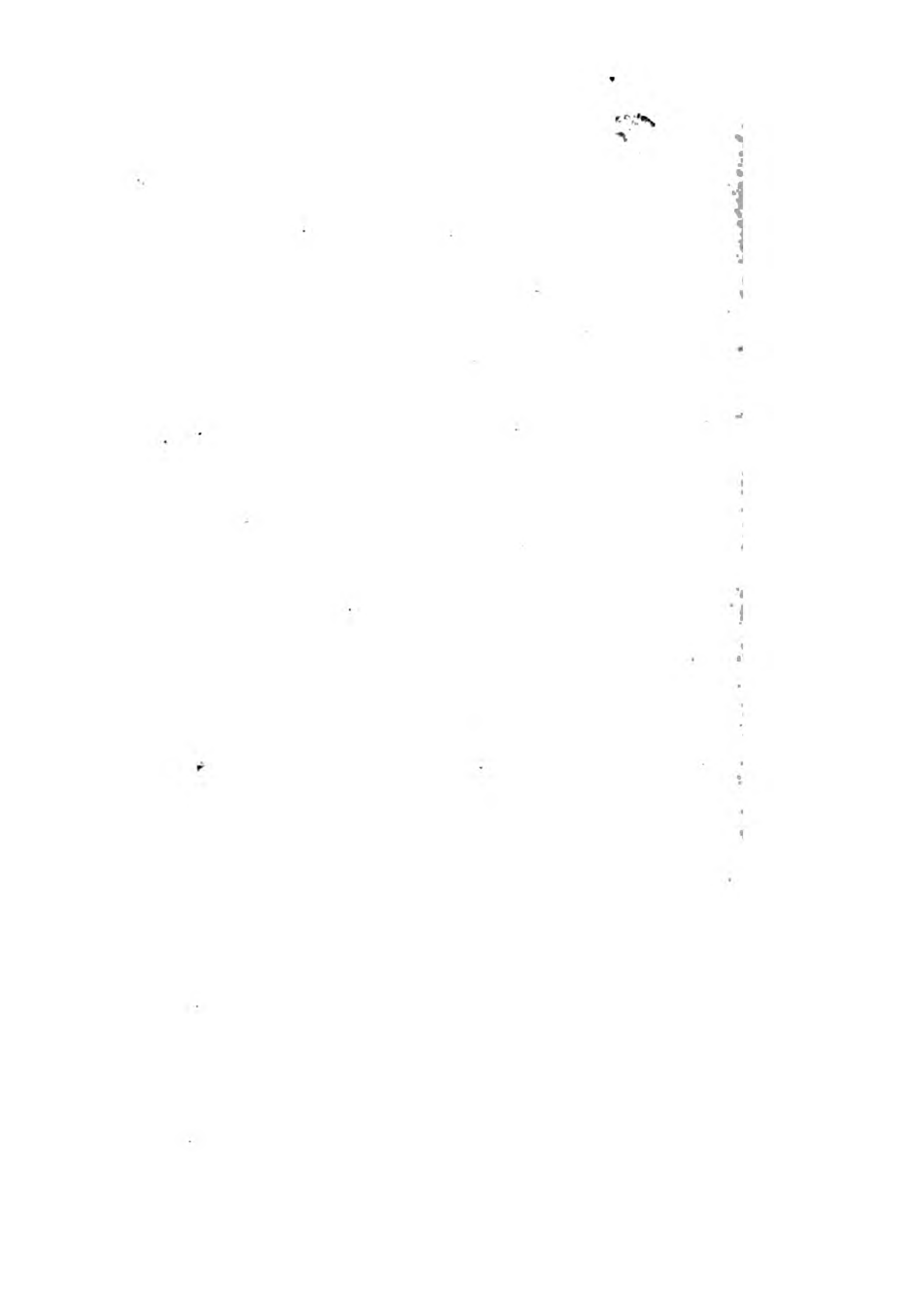
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† The common people about Stone-henge entertain a notion, that no one could ever count the number of the stones, as they now stand; and that, should any one succeed in this attempt, instant death would be the consequence of his temerity. Sir Philip Sidney, in his sonnet of the wonders of England, seems to agree in opinion with the first part of this assertion, as he says,

—Near Wilton sweet, huge heaps of stone are found,
But so confus'd that neither any eye
Can count them just, nor reason reason try,
What force brought them to so unlikely ground,

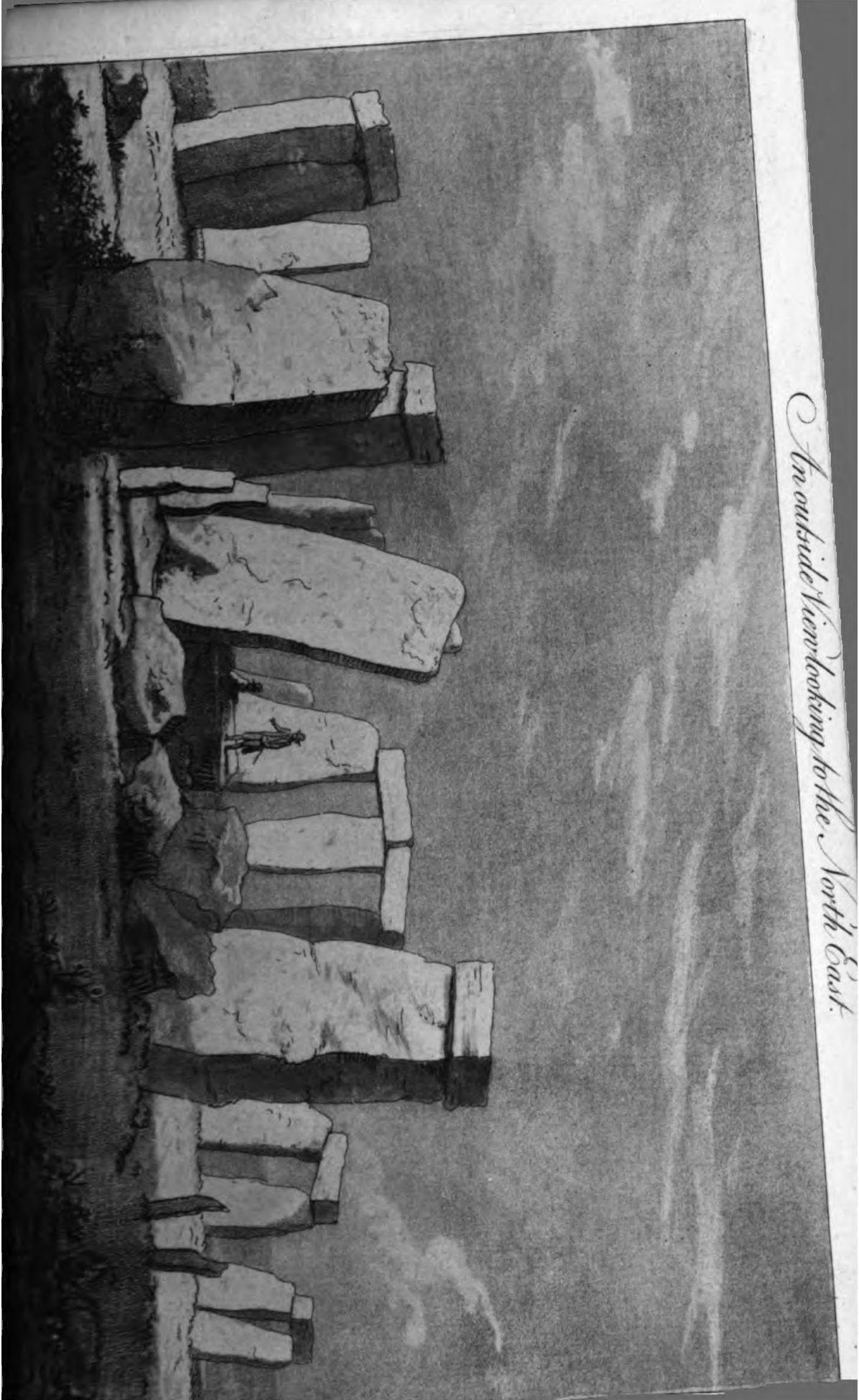
some suppose, that they are a species of Purbeck marble, by what means were they brought from that peninsula? or adopting the opinion of others, respecting their being dug at Anbury, can we suppose that machines were found in the neighbourhood of Marlborough for the purpose of conveying them, constructed by a people totally unacquainted with the mechanical powers? for my part, I am a little of our valet Jeremy's opinion, who exclaimed upon the first view of this place, that "*It must have been a tedious great waggon, to bring such stones over Salisbury Plains!*" Every idea one forms of Stone-henge, is faint, except those we receive upon the spot, in the contemplation of its awful chasms and stupendous features. It consists of two circular, and two oval ranges of rough stones, having one common center. The outer circle contains a diameter of one hundred and eight feet. In its original state, it consisted of thirty upright stones, seventeen of which are still erect, and seven more lying on the ground, some whole, and others broken. The upright stones are from eighteen
teen

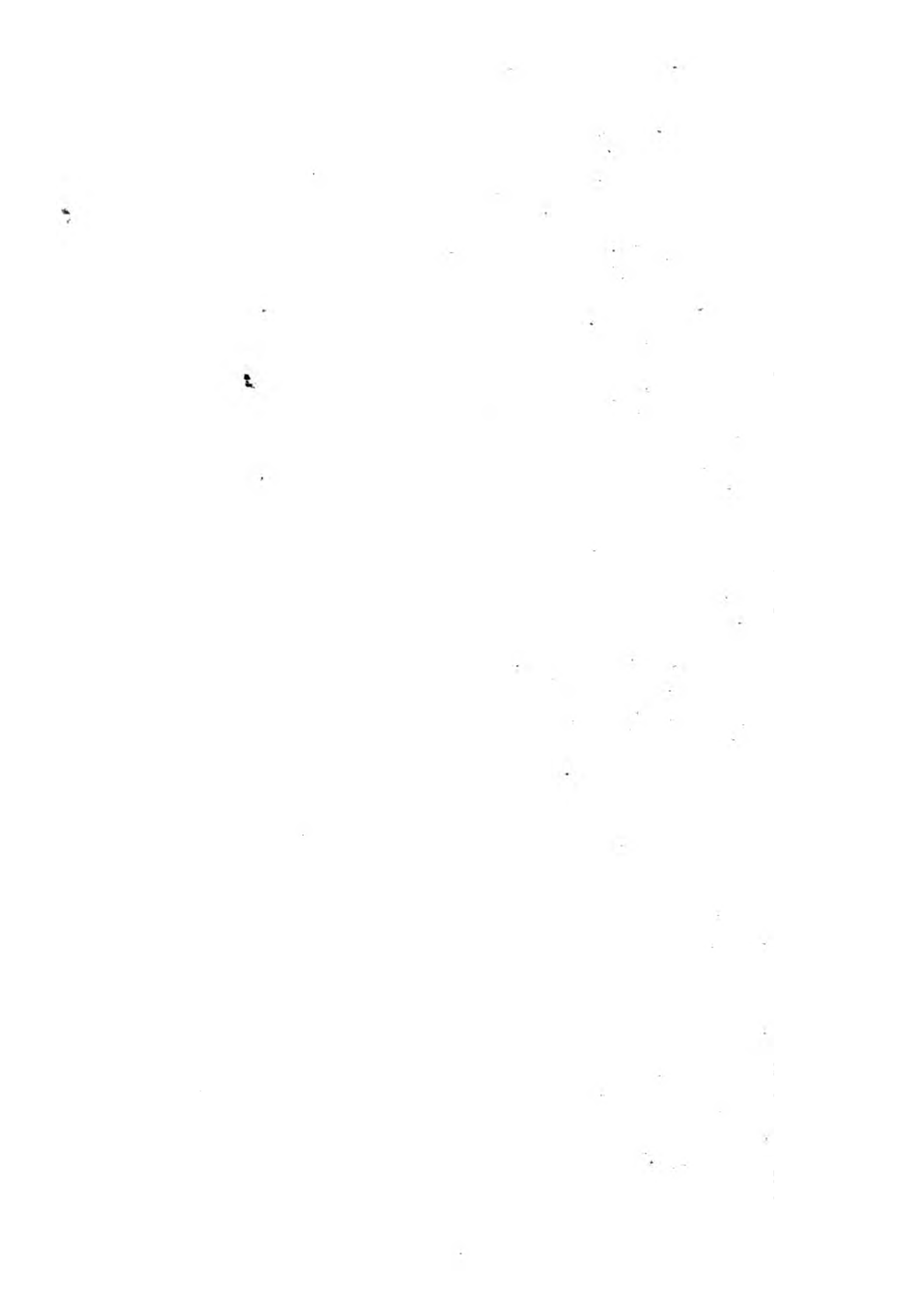






An outside view looking to the North East.





to twenty feet high, from six to seven feet broad, and about three feet thick. These are placed at regular distances from each other, and joined at the top by imposts, with tenons, fitted to mortices, for retaining them in due position. The inner circle is about eight feet from the outer one, and consisted of forty stones, nineteen of which still remain, eleven erect, and eight upon the ground. Between these two circles, is a walk of about three hundred feet in circumference. During the reign of Henry the eighth, some labourers dug up a tin plate at Stone-henge, on which several uncouth characters were engraven. Antiquarians have long lamented the loss of this valuable relic. The labourers, supposing it of no value, destroyed it, and thus vanished the only gleam of light that ever has, or perhaps ever will, appear to explain the real origin of this remarkable fabric. For a considerable distance round Stone-henge, are seen burrows of earth neatly covered with turf, surrounded at the same time by a small fosse, and raised into the shape of a bell. Such of these as have been opened, contained

contained human bones, ashes, instruments of war, &c. In that which Dr. Stukely opened, was found, among other things, the jaw and collar bone of a human figure entire; it was supposed to have been a female, by the trinkets, &c. buried with it. A javelin found at the same time induced this learned antiquary to suppose, the person buried had been a heroine, and, from other circumstances, that she was fourteen years of age. The trinkets consisted of a variety of amber and glass beads, of different shapes and colours, together with a bodkin, round at one end, and pointed at the other.

From Stone-henge we returned over those dreary plains to Salisbury; and in the morning took post chaises for Weymouth. In our way we passed through

B L A N D F O R D,

a large populous town, situated on the banks of the river Stour, and surrounded by delightful meadows, and well cultivated fields. Also

DORCHESTER,

D O R C H E S T E R,

famous for health and beer; the principal town in Dorsetshire, and remarkable for its antiquity, having been one of the winter stations of the Romans, and used, after their departure from Britain, by the Saxons, who defended it for a considerable time against the Danes. In the neighbourhood of Dorchester, are several remains of Roman antiquity. Amongst others, part of a noble amphitheatre, a wall which incloses the town, a camp, and their highway, entering the town on the west, called Iknening Street. After leaving Dorchester, the road gradually descends to

W E Y M O U T H,

the view of which, as you approach it, is very fine. The prospect consists of the town, situated in a low, but agreeable spot, commanding at the same time the sea, and a distant view of the Isle of Portland. Weymouth is a little, narrow, dirty place, ill-paved, and irregularly built. The new
street,

street, called the Esplanade, is well situated, and facing the sea, has a handsome appearance. It resembles that part of Brighton which wears the same aspect. Was it not for its bathing place, and the late visits of the King, few would resort to Weymouth for the pleasure it affords. It has, perhaps, the finest shore for bathing in the whole world. A fine clear sea, with a beautiful carpet of white sand gradually declining, invites even the most timid to the luxury of the water.

A little to the south of Weymouth, is the peninsula of

P O R T L A N D .

It is commonly called an island, but without justice, as it is connected with the main land, by a large bank, or breach of small stones, thrown up at different times by the violence of the sea. We made an excursion over the whole of this little spot, in one of those jolting vehicles, suspended upon springs, but in other respects like a
common

common cart, which are constructed for the purpose of conveying strangers round the peninsula. It is seven miles in circumference, and has within it seven villages. The stone here, so well known by the name of the place, is exceeding hard, and the whitest of any in England. St. Paul's, the Monument, Westminster-Bridge, &c. were built with it. The whole of this place appeared to us like one continued rock of stone, rising from the sea. The poor people of the villages brought out pewter dishes, containing a variety of natural curiosities. They are dug in the quarries, and consist chiefly of pebbles, petrefactions, spiral shells, and a species of stone, so exactly resembling sugar-candy, that strangers are often deceived by it. We entered the immense quarry from which the stone is dug. They first separate it by gun-powder, and afterwards shape it into cubic blocks, of three or four tons weight. These are moved with an uncommon degree of labour, on sledges, and drawn by horses to the sea. From thence they are

G shipped

shipped off to different parts of the kingdom. To see what a horse is able to perform, one should pay a visit to Portland. It is really incredible what they are inured to in this place. I saw a horse, as is often the case in the neighbourhood of the stone quarries, fastened behind a block of four tons, which he was endeavouring to sustain by leaning back upon his haunches. If it was not for this precaution, the stone, in descending a hill, would sometimes overwhelm both the driver and his team. The poor beast was no sooner placed there, than he squatted upon his hind quarters, and for half a mile, in proceeding down the hill, continued to slide on, exerting his utmost strength in keeping back the load which the rest were drawing forwards. So great is the exertion used upon this occasion, that few horses support it for any length of time, and the usual consequence is, that the animal founders and dies. From the quarries we came to the light houses, two edifices, which have been erected by a liberal contribution, for the guidance of vessels on this

dangerous coast. One of these cost, in building, two thousand pounds. It rises in a cylindrical column of Portland stone, to the height of sixty or seventy feet. At the top are placed a number of the patent lamps, each arranged in such a manner, between a reflector and a lens, as to throw a powerful light to an immense distance. There is before every lamp a lens of glass, convexed outwardly, five inches and a half in thickness, and twenty inches in breadth. These alone cost fifty pounds each. The reflectors are of copper, concave, and plated with silver, which has a very high polish. Over the entrance, at the bottom, is a marble slab with this inscription.

“ FOR THE DIRECTION AND COMFORT
 O F S E A M E N ;
 FOR THE BENEFIT AND SECURITY
 O F C O M M E R C E ,
 A N D
 FOR A LASTING MEMORIAL
 O F BRITISH HOSPITALITY
 TO ALL NATIONS,
 THIS LIGHT HOUSE WAS ERECTED,
 &c. &c. &c.”

Proceeding in our jolting machine, we came to a hole about five feet wide, which sent up a noise like "the rushing of mighty waters." Here our guide stopped, and alighting said, "This is Keeve's hole; most people call it a great curiosity." I approached the edge to examine it, and looking down, saw the sea at a great distance below me, dashing and foaming over huge fragments of stone. Desiring to be more acquainted with a phenomenon, apparently so extraordinary, I addressed myself to our guide, and asked him if any person had ever descended into the hole. He said that no gentleman had ever ventured, but that the boys of the island frequently did, and the general opinion was, that a subterraneous cavern, originating from the sea, proceeded through the whole island. By stepping from one fragment to the other, I contrived to descend below the roof of the cavern. Here, seated upon one of the most prominent points of the rock, I had an opportunity of contemplating

contemplating a spectacle so truly awful and sublime, as to beggar every power of description. Impelled by the same motives of curiosity, many may have ventured to explore it, as I did; but I am confident the same reflection arose from the view of it. That it is one, among the stupendous features of nature, which can only be conceived by those, who contemplate its beauties on the spot; and in all attempts to depicture it, whether by the pencil, or the pen, however lively the delineation, it must fall short of the original. And this is one of the first emotions which a traveller feels, in beholding the magnificence of nature—a consciousness of the impossibility of retaining, or relating, the impressions it affords: inasmuch, as it is beyond the power of mechanism, to give to inanimate matter the glow and energy of life. I found it to be indeed a cavern, not as our guide had described it, proceeding through the whole island, but such as amply repaid me for my trouble. Winding from its entrance, into
the

into. But in the world above I had companions of a more restless nature, who soon roused me with their bawling, and by a shout of impatience snapped the thread of my meditations.

The soil of Portland affords rather an unpleasing aspect. With hardly a mark of fertility, or the grateful features of wood and pasture, the whole spot appears bleak and barren. The poor, though well provided for in other respects, experience a great scarcity of fuel. Necessity has, however, taught them to substitute the dung of cattle in its stead. They apply it wet to the walls, and the sides of their houses, where it adheres until it is fit for use, when they collect it together, and burn it, as the poor in other parts of England consume their peat.

Returning to Weymouth, we dined, and took a post chaise to

B R I D P O R T,

a low,

a low, unhealthy, antiquated, borough town. It is mentioned so far back as the reign of Edward the Confessor. Our stay here was as short as we could make it, since we found no allurements, either of nature or of art. Jeremy, having met with some rebuffs, either from his grace, the waiter, or his highness at the bar, betrayed his impatience to get forward, by his eagerness in assisting the postillion. "How now, Jeremy!" said I, "you are more alert than usual!" "The master's eye, sir, makes the horse fat! I lost a leather strap at Weymouth, and as this seems to be a rum place, I'll take a squint at the length of their fingers, for fear the trunk should go too."

From Bridport we came to

A X M I N S T E R,

famous all over Europe for its carpet manufactory. I was surprised to find such a little, paltry place, the origin of so much magnificence. The manufactory is all the
property

property of one man. The work is chiefly done by women. We saw forty of these employed; the pattern lays before them, and with their fingers they weave the whole. This they execute with great quickness, and it is amusing to observe how fast the most elegant designs are traced out by the fingers of old women and children. They were then employed in weaving a large carpet for Lord Harewood, late Mr. Lascelles, which was to cost one hundred and forty pounds. A workshop is also building, solely for the purpose of making a single carpet for the Empress of Russia.

Leaving Axminster, we proceeded to

HONITON,

and descending a hill into the town, had for a mile and a half, one of the finest prospects in England. Indeed, from the great richness and fertility of the country, Devonshire abounds in beautiful prospects. Honiton is populous and flourishing. The manufactory of serges is carried on here to

H a con-

a considerable extent. By this means, the poor of every age, and sex, find employment, and the whole wears an appearance of industry and frugality. A stream of clear water passes on each side, through all the principal streets, a circumstance of essential utility to the inhabitants, and should they be subjected to a similar calamity, which befel them by fire, above forty years ago, the dreadful effects of it might be, in some measure, avoided.

After leaving Honiton, we reached

EXETER,

about four o'clock in the afternoon. This city, the capital of the county of Devon, is large, airy, and capacious. One street in particular, is of great extent, being near a mile in length, and at the same time broad, and well furnished with shops. Trade, in every form, looks brisk at Exeter, and was it not for the vile manner in which it is paved, few cities would rival it. It appears by one of the arches of the south gate, that
Exeter

Exeter was first built by the Romans. At different periods, a variety of Roman antiquities have been found in the city and its environs. The Cathedral, like most of our ancient edifices, was built by different prelates, at different times. It is a gothic structure, dedicated to St. Peter. The manufactories of Exeter are confined to the woollen trade, and vast quantities of serge, cloth, &c. are exported from this place to different parts of Europe. The amount of their exportation has been estimated at a million sterling, which alone would render it a city of importance. Travellers meet with little or nothing worth seeing here. A Cathedral with a painted window, an extensive terrace with fine prospects, are all that would detain the curious. The method of loading horses here, is singular. One hardly ever sees a cart; but the town is filled with poor half starved steeds, bending beneath immense loads of bricks, hay, cabbages, faggots, &c. I myself saw a horse, with near four hundred weight of bricks piled upon his back; and it is usual to see

one poor steed moving slowly along, beneath a column of hay, sufficient to load a cart. A number of genteel families have fixed their residence here, which in the old tour of Great-Britain, by De Foe, Richardson, &c. is said to be the origin of a tradition, "that two things are found in Exeter, which seldom meet any where else, trade and gentility."

After we left Exeter, we passed through

C H U D L E I G H,

a considerable market town, and

A S H B U R T O N,

dedicated almost solely to the woollen trade, and came to

I V Y B R I D G E,

a single house, for the accommodation of travellers, situated most romantically on the banks of a river, whose name I have forgot, but I believe it to be the Aune. This
singular

singular current of water, presents one continued cataract, falling among huge rocks and pebbles, and from its origin, until it disembogues itself in the sea, its channel is fretted with rock work. After a shower, or during heavy rains, it rushes foaming over its stony bed, with a roaring noise, and bringing along with it ponderous masses of rocks, they are heard to strike against one another, with a report like that of a cannon. I lamented that I had not a more perfect view of this river. It was near midnight when we reached Ivy Bridge, and being pressed for time, I was obliged to creep along its banks, and explore it by moonlight. Even this pleasure would have escaped me, if it had not been for Jeremy, who not being so attentive to the *length of their fingers here*, as at Bridport, or not so anxious for the welfare of his *leather straps*, had strolled, while the horses were getting ready, to poke about, for what he deemed *Cowrofities*, and returned eager to communicate his discoveries. All the country about Ivy Bridge, is uncommonly beautiful; at least,

least, from the observations I was enabled to make, by the light of a full moon, and a clear sky, I had not seen any where, setting aside the wild romantic scenes in the Isle of Wight, a country so richly diversified as this.

We passed through the town of Plymouth to the

D O C K.

It may perhaps appear singular, that I should thus pass negligently over Plymouth, and proceed immediately to the description of a place, which is entirely the offspring of the other. The reason is this, the town of Plymouth, although rich and populous, does not afford that excellent accommodation to strangers, which is met with at the Dock. They are two places entirely separated and distinct from each other. The dock-yards, store-houses, and other offices belonging to the royal navy, are situated about two miles distant from Plymouth. By this means has been formed, by gradual

increase of inhabitants, what might be stiled *a new edition of Plymouth*, in every respect more sumptuous and inviting than the original. We found here a handsome town, well built, paved, broad and elegant. It is larger than Plymouth, and in the peculiar beauty of its situation, far exceeds it. A small arm of the sea separates it from

MOUNT EDGECUMBE,

the beautiful residence of the Earls of that name. A ferry is formed at this place, which we crossed on the morning after our arrival. They say his Majesty was not much pleased with Mount Edgecumbe, in his late visit to that delightful spot. With all due deference to our Sovereign's taste, it might be wished, that in this instance, at least, his opinion had been suppressed. When I say his Majesty was displeased and disappointed in his excursion to Mount Edgecumbe, I would only infer, that from the general report, he so expressed himself. Nothing here is forced, nothing formal.
nature

Nature reigns supreme, wild, simple, and frequently contracting her features to a frown, assumes an appearance, grand, sublime, and awful. Wherever you walk, the winds bring odours. Around you extends romantic scenery, continually varying, and ever beautiful.

“ Nor God, nor Goddess, great or small,
 “ That dwelling his or her’s may call;
 “ I made Mount Edgumbe for you all.”

said the poet Lyttleton, in a happy moment of conception, and celebrated Mount Edgumbe, as formed for a union of benignant beings. Lord Valletort, the only son of the Earl of Edgumbe, has contributed much to the improvement of the place, and still continues, with great delicacy of taste, to add new beauties to the scene. The pleasure ground is formed into a circumference of five miles; this affords a delightful ride, which will soon be extended to eight miles. Myrtles flourish here like native shrubs; orange trees, citron, and lemon, are seen in the natural soil, and exotics, of every species,
 live

live in the open air, and prosper as in a green house. From various eminences, you have extensive prospects of the sea, of Plymouth, of the dock yards, the town of Stonehouse, the Island of St. Nicholas, Drake's Island, the shipping, the lighthouse upon the Eddystone rock, and all the country round. The house is small, when compared with the grounds around it. The apartments appear contracted, but the furniture and the ornaments are elegant and well selected. In the hall, there are a number of beautiful pillars, which, with a variety of polished tables, and other specimens of the marble of the country, were dug from quarries in the neighbourhood of Plymouth.

It is usual, in this part of the world, to see women employed in the management of the ferry-boats. We were conducted, on our return to the dock, by two of these nautical females. From the skill which they evinced in feathering the oars, and their dexterity in managing the sails, I do

I

not

not see why his Majesty's navy might not be supplied, upon emergencies, with these aquatic amazons. Can any one say what the effect would be? It would at least, in this experimental age, be an important attempt at improvement. Our seamen, when engaged by the side of their favourite *Susans*, might exert themselves with additional vigour, both from the fear of being excelled by women, and haply for the preservation of those they love. At any rate, it appears that many a female, who plies a bench of oars at Plymouth, would adorn our navy full as much as the ranks of our army are disgraced, by a number of effeminate figures in scarlet, whom one sees daily, bepowdered, and perfumed, armed cap-a-pee for the parades.

At Plymouth Dock there are post chaises always ready, in the streets, which stand for hire, like the hackney coaches in London. On the evening of the next day, we went in one of these to

P L Y M O U T H,

in

trade, &c. are brought to the very heart of the town, so that a person might, with ease, leap from their prows into the streets.

Returning from Plymouth on foot, I contrived to lose both my way and my companion. I found myself ascending the summit of a steep hill, commanding a grand extensive prospect of the sea, Drake's Island, Stonehouse, Plymouth, and Dock. While I was gazing about, to see what course I ought to take, I observed, upon the side of the hill, an old gentleman, in a musing posture, leaning upon his cane, and apparently indulging himself in the contemplation of the surrounding scenery. Fortune could not, thought I, have thrown a better person in my way, to extricate me from this dilemma. "Sir!" said I, approaching him, "be kind enough to tell me the nearest way to Dock. I came from Plymouth, and have missed the road." "I perceive you have, said he, and if, as I suspect, you are a stranger to this place, it is lucky you have so done. We reckon our
walks

walks around this spot, the finest in the world, and excepting the views from Mount Edgecumbe, this is the best we have. You are now upon Stonehouse Hill. Commercial speculations confine me during the week to other contemplations, but on a Sunday, I constantly visit this terrace, to enjoy the beauties of the scene before us. When I was younger, I used to ascend to that point above us, in order to extend my view. You appear to be of an age for climbing, and if you have curiosity enough to lead you to the top, you will be amply repaid for your trouble." I took the old gentleman's advice, and seating myself upon the summit of the hill, found how necessary it was for a traveller now and then to lose his way. Those who day by day pursue the beaten track, turning neither to the one side, nor the other, and anxious only to perform their journies with expedition, had much better be seated in a chimney corner at home. They neither discover the beauties of their country, nor enjoy them, when chance throws them in their way. The
characters

characters of human life have no variety for them ; their views are selfish, and all their endeavours tend only to the most convenient methods of vegetation.

At the bottom of the hill stood the neat little town of Stonehouse. On one side Plymouth, on the other Dock. Around me extended the vast surface of the waters, with its vessels floating, as if, in the security of conquest, and displaying their pendants proudly to the wind. At a distance Mount Edgecumbe, peeping from its tufted groves, seemed the residence of some tutelar deity. A little spot, like a fairy island, appeared to float upon the waves. The evening became serene and mild. The marine band was playing in the barracks below, while the soft notes of the music, seemed to swell in the air, and vibrate upon the calm expanse of the sea.

“ Scylla wept, and chid her barking waves into attention,

“ And fell Charybdis murmured hoarse applause.”

The

The evening gun, like a clap of thunder, all on a sudden reminded me of the time I had spent here. "Tis all mighty fine, said I, but it would be still finer, if I had leisure to dwell upon its beauties. They will certainly suppose me lost," so bidding adieu to this enchanting spot, I ran down the hill, and in a short half mile, with a straight road, blundered and lost my way so often, that I found it absolutely necessary, if I wished to reach the King's-Arms that evening, to forget Mount Edgumbe, the Fairy Island, and think no more either of Scylla's barking waves, or the murmurs of Charybdis.

By a letter of recommendation to Commissioner Fanshaw, we obtained permission to visit the dock yards, storehouses, &c. And this we had some difficulty in procuring, for a report became prevalent at this time, that six incendiaries had been landed in England, sent by the Empress of Russia, expressly for the purpose of firing the docks. The ridiculous ceremony being over, of
writing

writing our names and the place of our abode in the porter's folio, where every one is left at full liberty to christen himself according to his own fancy, we proceeded to the breakfast table of the Commissioner; and from thence to the inspection of the docks. We found every thing here nearly upon the same plan, and conducted in the same manner as at Portsmouth, only upon an epitomized scale, and the whole is formed into so regular a system, the place itself wearing an appearance so compact and neat, that it carries with it an air of improvement: as if Portsmouth had afforded the outline in modelling the docks at Plymouth, and those defects which are observable in the former, were omitted in the latter. There is here a wet dock and a dry dock, with a basin two hundred feet square. They are hewn out of a mine of slate, and lined with Portland stone. The dry dock is formed after the model of a first rate man of war; and the wet dock will contain five first rates. In this place there are conveniences of all kinds, both for building and repairing

repairing ships; and the whole forms as compleat, though not so large an arsenal, as any in the kingdom. The country abounds with that species of slate rock, upon which the yard stands. Those who are acquainted with the nature of this stone, may readily conceive what amazing labour and expence are requisite in forming a place of this nature; much more, one so compleat as that of Plymouth. We saw a fine ship building here, which is to be named the Cæsar. It is constructed upon a new plan, after a French model, having eighty guns, and only two decks. A great convenience will result from this form of the ship, as it often happens, that in rough weather, an eighty gun ship, with three decks, cannot open her lower ports.

K

SECTION

SECTION THE SECOND.

“**T**HAT jade memory,” says Gray, is
“ ten times worse than a lead pencil !”
Half a word fixed upon, or near the spot,
is worth a cart load of recollection. His
advice to travellers is so particularly striking,
that I cannot refrain from introducing it.
“ When we trust,” says he, “ to the pic-
“ ture that objects draw of themselves on our
“ mind, we deceive ourselves; without accu-
“ rate and particular observation, it is but ill
“ drawn at first; the outlines are soon blur-
“ red; the colours every day grow fainter,
“ and

“ and at last, when we would produce it to
“ any body, we are forced to supply its de-
“ fects with a few strokes of our own ima-
“ gination.” Want of time and opportunity
has left a large blank in my common-
place book, and I am now necessitated to
recognize events, in some measure obli-
terated by present occurrences, and return
to the scenes which are gone, when I ought
to be remarking those which are before me.

Having crossed the ferry from Plymouth
to Mount Edgecumbe, we entered the
county of Cornwall. A gentleman accosted
us, on landing, and introduced himself to
us as a Lieutenant in the navy. He had
fastened his portmanteau behind our chaise,
and begged permission to see it conveyed to
Truro, as he understood our rout lay that
way. In return for this indulgence, he
would favour us with his company in the
chaise, and pilot us part of our journey.
What need we had of a pilot, I was after-
wards to learn; but seeing something more
than usually eccentric in this volunteer, we
K 2 consented,

consented, and hoped to derive a little amusement from the adventure. Our companion soon became sufficiently communicative; he had travelled over the whole globe; knew every thing, and every body. Our company suited him of all things; we were exactly the men he liked; he would never quit us, and would take care we should not be imposed upon. The Cavalier, who supped with Gil Blas, often came to my recollection; I hardly knew what to make of our friend, but we resolved to humour the scheme, and mark the event. At Leskard we dined; the bill displeased our pilot; he was suddenly enraged, and swore he would prosecute the people; stamped, cracked his whip, and made a great noise, when all at once, hearing the chaise was ready, he flew to seat himself, and left us to pay the bill quietly. As we drove off, "Well gentlemen," said he, "I see you are resolved to be cheated, and by G—d, I will never leave you 'till you are more acquainted with the world." Then swearing at the postillion for not doing his duty, and
kicking

kicking, and hallowing, 'till he was tired, he called for his horse, saying, " He would no longer ride, when such a scoundrel drove, and wished us a pleasant journey."

We were congratulating ourselves upon this unexpected delivery, when our valet, with his hair on end, seated himself in the chaise ; " Well, Jeremy, what's the matter ?" " The Lord deliver you both from that fellow, I'm sure he's a highwayman, and he will get you to gambling !" We laughed at his honest simplicity, and were comforting ourselves at having got rid of this troublesome genius, when, as the chaise drove into Lestwithiel, behold our pest of a pilot, all dust, without his horse, and his hat off, hallowing in the middle of the street, " A chaise waits for you, gentlemen ! and I have taken care to have a proper person to drive it !" We got into it, and drove off at a vehement rate, once more leaving our pilot. We had not proceeded five miles, before a deep groan from Jeremy announced his appearance again. He came galloping

galloping by, flogging our horses, and d—ning our driver, for not doing his duty. All the way to St. Austle, we were amused in this manner, and occasionally with loud quarrels between our pilot and postillion. After leaving St. Austle, it grew very dark, the night became gloomy and tempestuous, and nothing was wanting to render our situation truly dismal, but the prospect around us, which we were told was a wide and barren moor, rugged, black and desolate. Suddenly the chaise stopped; our pilot presented himself at the window, and demanded one of our pistols, to defend himself from some highwaymen, which he said he had observed upon the reconnoitre for plunder. I gave him the pistol, contrary to the advice of our valet, who on his knees intreated that I would not be so imprudent. “He will shoot us, and rob us, sir! as sure as you are born!” “Let him try first, said I, Jeremy,” and taking the other pistol, I cocked it, and felt determined to fire at him the instant he attempted to interrupt us. For three or four miles we proceeded in
this

this uncertainty; at length, suddenly advancing before the horses, he fired his pistol in the air. Jeremy fell down, bawling, to the bottom of the chaise. I let down the window. "In G—d's name, Sir! what are you doing?" said my companion and myself, both in the same instant. "Don't be alarmed gentlemen! I would not for the world make you uneasy, what I did, was merely for the sake of trying your pistols, and I must say they are not worth twopence!" "Sir, said I, they answer our purpose, to prevent us from interruption, and to intimidate scoundrels." "And, Sir, said my companion, be kind enough to return that which you have borrowed, since you seem to have as little occasion for it as we have for your company,—Sir, we wish you a good evening!"

—Fortunately for us, he took the hint, and we saw him no more. Thus ended an adventure, so singular, and so unpleasant, that I could not refrain from giving it a

place among occurrences of a very different nature,—not so much with a view of affording amusement, as with a hope of furnishing a caution to succeeding travellers, which may prove of service to them in similar situations.

After this long digression, or rather, after this detail of the mad actions of an eccentric tar, it is necessary to give some account of the country we passed through.—As you enter the county of Cornwall, from Plymouth, every object wears the rugged aspect of penury. But with all this appearance of the most miserable poverty, like a rich miser in a threadbare coat, it possesses immense hoards of treasure. Wide prospects of barren heath, extensive plains without a hedge or a bush, stone walls, bleak hills, and a rocky soil covered with loose fragments of stone, make up the general complexion of Cornwall. I never saw a country whose features were so unpleasant, and so inhospitable. Sometimes one meets with
a small

a small spot of cultivated ground, but it is as rare to see any thing pleasing upon the face of the country, as it is in Devonshire and Somersetsshire, to meet with any thing but picturesque and beautiful scenery.

The next town we passed through was

SALTASH.

Situated on the declivity of a steep hill, not more than three miles from the dock of Plymouth. The harbour will receive ships of any burthen, and the inhabitants carry on a considerable trade in malt and beer. They also furnish the inhabitants of Plymouth dock with almost all the necessaries that are sold at Market; for they chuse rather to go by water to Saltash, than by land to the town of Plymouth, because provisions are much cheaper at Saltash than Plymouth, and because the boat, without any additional expence, brings home what they buy.

L

From

From Saltash we proceeded to

LESKARD.

This town, seated upon a hill, is said to be one of the largest and best built in Cornwall. In the reign of James the First it consisted of little else than the ruins of ancient buildings, the vestiges of former greatness. It is said to carry on a considerable trade, with the neighbouring towns, in boots and shoes, and to spin considerable quantities of yarn for the clothiers of Devonshire.

We next came to

LESTWITHEL.

In the last age, vessels used to bring manufactures and commodities of various kinds to this place. It then boasted a great degree of popularity—and was in a very flourishing state. However, that is not the case at

present, for the river Fawy, on which it stands, is so choaked with sand, that it is no longer navigable. Its trade consists in woollen manufactures. Leftwithiel contains nothing worth a traveller's notice, except he deems the spire of the church a curiosity. For my part, I admire the methods by which modern scribblers swell their works to a voluminous form. One, who shall be nameless, thinks it worth mentioning, that Leftwithiel "has a church, with a spire, the only one, except that of Helston, in the whole county!" And yet this man has published his two volumes quarto—who wonders at it?—Being so minute, he might have added, —That weeds are found to flourish prodigiously in the church yard; the only one, in Cornwall, where they thrive in such abundance!—In the evening we arrived at

ST. AUSTLE,

Of which I have nothing to insert but the name, and proceeded through

GRAMPOUND,

A market town, consisting only of one street, to

TRURO.

This town is situated in the centre of the county, near the conflux of two small rivers, which almost surround it, and form a large wharf, with a commodious quay, for vessels of one hundred tons. The streets are regular, and the church, a large Gothic building, is not inferior to any in the county. Although Truro gives place to Falmouth, it is a town of such considerable importance, that it may be reckoned the capital of Cornwall.—The sea flows quite up to it, entering at Falmouth harbour, and extending eight miles up the country to Truro. The first object that strikes a stranger's attention in visiting this place, is the tin which lies in the streets, and round the market house. It is shaped into large blocks of about twelve or thirteen guineas value, and these are brought here to be stamped or coined.

L 2

From

From thence they are exported to different places, and the exportation of tin and copper ore forms the chief article of trade in Truro. They have here a good theatre, and the inhabitants live in so genteel a style, when compared with those of other towns in Cornwall, that the *pride* of Truro is one of the by-words of the county. Between this town and St. Michael are mines in abundance, of tin, lead, and copper ore. They have also discovered a silver mine, but I could not find that it was of much value.

It is these subterranean treasures which render this country and its inhabitants of so much consequence to the nation. Men have said, and I believe with truth, that the Cornish miners, and their adherents, will dictate even to the minister himself. They know their own importance, and convert it to material advantage. The people of Truro, I have before mentioned as ranking themselves somewhat higher than the rest of their neighbours in their mode of living, and their more polished society. At the
houses,

houses, even of tradesmen, a gentleman is noticed in proportion to the sums he will venture at cards. Some officers of the thirty third, who were quartered here, and from whom we received every mark of civility, informed me that they will play to any amount, and are offended if you offer to stake less than half a guinea for a point at whist.

The naturalist will find in Cornwall a larger field for philosophical disquisition than can be met with in any part of England or Wales. Here he may indulge himself in endless experiments. Curiosities of every kind, numberless productions, both of nature and of art, present themselves in abundance. He has here an opportunity of penetrating into the very bowels of the earth, of exploring her inward recesses, and searching into her secret caverns. It would far exceed the limits of such a circumscribed work as this, to enter upon a detail of the vast variety of antiquities, minerals, fossils, soils, plants, manufactures, lakes, caverns,
with

with a long *et cætera*, in addition to the list of curiosities which would engage the attention of philosophers. I can only lament my inability to be more minute. I pass lightly over such topics, and press forward to a series of new objects, hoping to cull from every one some small share of amusement and information for my readers,

——apis matinzæ,
More modoque,———

being well aware, that was I to enter minutely into every subject, folios would be inadequate to the task.—

Of fossils, the most remarkable in this county are trees of various kinds and sizes, that are found at a considerable depth below the surface of the earth.

Of their antiquities, the most remarkable are those simple monuments, which consist of single stones, not only uninscribed but unhewn. Other monuments there are composed

posed of two, three, or more stones, arranged sometimes in a strait line, and sometimes in a circular one. Stones are frequently found in heaps, and now and then three or four large flags or thin stones, are still standing, cap'd with a much larger stone. On almost every plain throughout Cornwall, as well as on the tops of hills, is a most singular appearance, formed by those artificial heaps of earth, or stone, which are called barrows.* These are monuments of the remotest antiquity, and often of the highest dignity. They were originally intended for the more secure protection of the remains of the dead, though afterwards they were raised to answer other purposes. Barrows are found in most countries, but in Britain, and the British Isles, they are very numerous; occasioned by the practice of the Druids, who burnt and then buried their dead.

In the Cornish tin mines have been often
found

* The word *Barrow* seems to come from the Saxon word *Byrigh*, from which the English word *bury* is also derived.

found gems or precious stones. These are generally so small as not to be properly viewed but by a microscope. Among these may be mentioned some very high coloured Topazes, and some of a paler yellow colour. Rubies have been met with of various shades, from a pale red to a deep carbuncle. Various sorts of chrystals, some colourless and others of different hues, are also found in and about the mines. Marble of a coarse kind is very common in Cornwall; they mend the roads and face their houses with it. Frequently it appears mixed with spar and different sorts of granite. The minerals found in this county are so various that, according to the judgment of foreigners, no county exceeds it for variety and plenty.—But of all the Cornish fossils, which are mineral only, and not metallic, that called mundic is in the greatest plenty. It is almost every where intermixed with tin, lead, and copper; and is sometimes found making a vein by itself, without any metal near it. This is called by some pyrites; though it is better known to

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naturalists

naturalists by the name of marcasite. Munding is thought to be a composition of arsenic, sulphur, vitriol, and mercury.

Most of the metals in Cornwall are found in veins, or fissures, and their contents are called loades. The sides or walls of these fissures, do not always consist of one and the same kind of matter, nor are they equally hard, for though one side of the fissure may be a hard stone, the other is sometimes a soft clay. In general it happens, nevertheless, that the walls are harder than the loades they inclose. They are often perpendicular, but much oftener decline to the right or left as they descend. The course of the great fissures is generally east and west, though in some places they have a north and south direction. The larger fissures have many smaller branches, like the boughs of a tree, which at length terminate in threads.

Of all the metals, tin is the lightest, yet does it in this place merit our early notice,

it being the most valuable production of the county. As to the antiquity of the Cornish mines, nothing certain can be said; but there is reason to believe the Phœnician colonies of Spain traded here several hundred years before Christ. These were long the principal tin mines in the world, 'till about the middle of the thirteenth century. A tinner of this county, being disobliged by Richard Earl of Cornwall king of the Romans, went into Germany and found the same metal, teaching the Saxons how to distinguish, search for, and dress their tin. The quantity however is small, and the expence of raising and carrying it by land very great. On the Malabar coast, in the East Indies, tin hath been lately discovered and brought into Europe. It has been said that tin has been discovered in several parts of the Spanish West Indies, but the working is neglected, because they have richer metals. Yet the Cornish tin is still allowed to be the best in the world.

Tin is found either collected and fixed, or loose and detached.—In the first case it is

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either

either in a loade, or floor, or intersperfed in grains, or bunches, in the natural rock. In the disperfed state it is either in fingle feperate ftones called floads, or in a continued course of fuch ftone, called the beuheyl, or laftly, in a pulverized fstate. Of the loade notice has been already taken, and the floor is a horizontal layer of the ore; but it is not fo often found in this manner as in a loade. The floors are many fathoms deep, and frequently rich; as, for inftance, the ftupendous fpecimen at Paris Mountain, in the Ifle of Anglefey. Sometimes the fame ore is a perpendicular loade for feveral fathoms, and yet at length extends itfelf into a floor. Thefe, however, are not only the moft expenfive, but the moft dangerous, becaufe they require very large and ftrong timbers to feure feveral paffages of the mine. If this is neglected, it may happen to fink in, as did formerly the ground at Bal-an-uun, for a large compafs, and buried all the men below within its reach.

The run of a loade of tin is frequently difcovered by the barrennefs of the furface of
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the ground, and the want, or weakness, of the grafs in a particular furrow. But the surest indication of tin, found in cliffs and caverns, is where the loades lying bare to the depth of some fathoms, its several stages may be easily examined.

No one is allowed to search for tin when and where he pleases, without the permission of the lord of the manor. Except upon a waste or common, where he may mark out the bounds, observing the legal forms, and search for tin.

When the load is found, the miner must first dispose of the barren rock and rubble ; discharge the water, which abounds more or less in every load, and lastly raise the tin. Various engines are required in the management of the mines, but of all those hitherto invented, the steam engines are the most powerful. These are now erected in almost every place of this sort ; there is hardly a coal pit in England, that does not use them to drain the water from the works.

When

When the tin ore is obtained, it is carried to the stamping mill, and there pulverized by lifters falling on it, which receive their motion from an axle-tree turned by a water wheel. Being thus pulverized, it is then filed through a driddle, or grate, and afterwards washed, to separate all the particles of earth, stone, &c. from the pure ore.

The tin being dressed, it is carried in sacks upon horses, or mules, under the general name of black tin, to the smelting houses, where it is assayed, and melted in a reverberatory furnace, with a fire of pit coal, brought from Wales. When melted it is produced from a hole punched in the bottom of the furnace, and conveyed in a liquid state into quadrangular moulds of stone, containing about three hundred and twenty pounds weight of the metal, and the block, as it is then called, is carried to the coinage town. At the coinage towns the officers assay it, by breaking off a piece of about a pound weight from the under part of the block. If they find it well purified, they stamp the face of
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the block with the impression of the seal of the dutchy, which authorizes the owner to sell it. This stamping the tin with a hammer is called coinage. Five towns are appointed for this purpose, and they are Lefkard, Lestwithiel, Helston, Penzance, and Truro.

I have here introduced as accurate an account, as I can furnish, of the whole process relating to tin, from the first discovery and digging of the ore, until the blocks are shipped off to their different destinations. I shall now proceed to say a few words on the subject of copper, of which metal there are some very rich mines in this county.

Copper is sometimes found deposited on the sides of fissures, in thin films, which are nothing more than the sediment of waters proceeding from some copper load. It is at other times met with in spots and bunches irregularly dispersed. Veins of copper are often seen in cliffs, where they are laid bare by the sea. But the most encouraging
leader

leader to copper is called *goffen*, which is an earthy, crumbling, ruddy, ochreous stone, like the rust of iron. The ores of copper are of various colours. The most common are brass colour, green, blue, and grey. When it is richest it assumes a uniform lead colour, and is then worth from fifty to sixty pounds a ton. Copper ore rises much more beautiful in its appearance than that of tin, and is more easily perceived. Tin rises in an opake body, like grey sand stone; sometimes it appears in dark spots. Its richest form is a black chrySTALLIZATION or diamond, fretted upon the rock.

The most perfect copper ore is the malleable, which, from its purity, is called virgin ore. This is found in small quantities in all the considerable copper mines.

With regard to the digging, there is no great difference between the copper works and those of tin. But the method of dressing, or preparing the metal for sale, is very different. There are belonging to the
copper

copper mines, overseers, called under-ground captains, who are appointed to superintend the labouring miners, to see all the richer sort of ores kept together in the bottom, and afterwards raised as unmixed as may be. The best is broken small, with hammers, or brought away to the adjacent bucking mills, where they bruise it on a rock, with a short bar of iron, and carry it to the heap of best ore. The best small ore is washed and sifted into a tub, as near the shaft as possible. In short, the different sorts of ore are broken and raised, sized, washed, stamped, and sorted into particular heaps, for about one tenth part of the whole produce when sold. The price is according to the qualities of the ores; and the agents for the copper companies of Wales and Bristol, who reside at Truro and Redruth, attend to sample the ore, in consequence of which, after assaying it, the value of each pile is determined. After this it is shipped off to the above places, to be melted and refined.

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There are also lead mines in Cornwall, though not so considerable as those in Derbyshire. Small quantities of gold and silver have been found there at different times, but not in such plenty as to make it worth their while to search further for either of these metals.

Soon after my arrival at Truro, I visited some of the most considerable mines in its neighbourhood, and selecting that of Poldeis, which is the oldest, the largest, and I believe the deepest in England, went to the bottom of it.

When you declare your intention of descending with the miners, the captain, as he is called, takes you into a room, and equips you in a woollen shirt, trowsers, night cap, and jacket. As for stockings, it is usual not to wear any, and agreeable to the advice of the experienced miner, we descended with our legs bare. They then tie old shoes to your feet, fit for the purpose, and having accommodated each person

with a candle in his hand, and half a pound more suspended from his neck, he is declared compleatly equipped, and conducted to the mouth of the mine. It requires a good strong stomach, and a large portion of curiosity, to go through all this. For besides the fatigue and toil in the mine, the cloaths they give you are as greasy as sweat can make them, smell abominably, and are often stocked with a republic of creepers. Should any one be induced, hereafter, to explore these regions of darkness, I would advise him to prepare, at least, a woollen shirt, and a pair of trowsers, that he may avoid those unpleasant sensations, which arise in every man's breast, when compelled to have recourse to a miner's wardrobe.

These preliminaries being adjusted, we began to descend. A miner went first, to serve as a guide, and to caution us against the danger which frequently arises from the broken staves in the different ladders. Jeremy followed the miner. After Jeremy,

came my companion and myself; and last of all the captain, giving us this comfortable assurance, "That if we made a slip, or a single false step, or looked either to one side or the other, we should be ground to atoms in the steam engine, or dashed to pieces in the mine." The descent resembles a large well, with an immense machine, for the purpose of draining the mine of water, continually in motion all the way down. Mr. Bolton, of Birmingham, receives annually some thousands from the county of Cornwall, for the use of them. I had not time to examine these useful machines, therefore shall not attempt a minute description of them. In this mine there was a very curious one, which, with a small power at the top, by perpendicular shafts, passing down the same aperture, worked in two directions, and drained the mine north and south at the same time.

We continued to descend by ladders, which were from four to five fathoms in length, and being soon wet through, weak
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from want of proper respiration, and half stifled with the fumes of sulphur, began to hesitate whether we should proceed or not. Curiosity got the better of our fears, and we went on. Had I known what we should endure, I never could have attempted so much as I did. I had no idea of the difficulty and danger attending such an undertaking, and only wonder that accidents are not more frequent among the miners, who run up and down these slippery places like lamp-lighters, singing and whistling all the way.

At about eighty fathoms depth we came to a vein of copper ore, where two sorry wretches were busied in the process of their miserable employment. With hardly room to move their bodies, in sulphureous air, wet to the skin, and buried in the solid rock, these poor devils live and work for a pittance barely sufficient to keep them alive; pecking out the hard ore by the glimmering of a small candle, whose scattered rays will hardly penetrate the thick darkness of the place. Those who live on earth in affluence, and are continually murmuring

muring for additional comforts, would surely, if they saw these scenes, be happy with what they have. I took a pick-axe and worked, and putting a small piece of the ore in my pocket, "This, said I, shall serve as a memento of a lesson I received in the bowels of the earth; and may I think always of the comforts of life, as I do at this moment." Proceeding in our descent, we reached at length the bottom of the mine, and stood one hundred and thirty fathoms below the surface of the earth.

Thus far we had seen a mine of copper, but in this place is contained a vein of tin also, and a communication is dug from the copper to the tin. Through this we crawled upon our hands and knees, sometimes sprawling upon our bellies, over wheel-barrows and stones, pick-axes and hammers. This we found was trifling, to that which we encountered afterwards, for we crossed over into a rapid stream whose waters rushed abundantly over us, as we crawled along in a space just sufficient to admit us upon all fours. Jeremy poured forth his ejaculations

tions, and concluding all was over with him, vowed, "If he escaped this time, it should be his own fault if he was ever caught so near the old gentleman again!"

After you leave the surface, you no longer meet with clay or mould, but a hard sharp stone, in which the loads of ore run. Those of copper and tin run from east to west, those of lead from north to south; and this never varies, except now and then the miners meet with what they call cross loads of ore, in contrary directions. These hardly ever extend far, and like the branches of a tree, generally terminate in a point.

When the ore is dug, it is conveyed up in baskets, through perpendicular shafts, to the surface. The day we went down, it happened to be a holiday for the miners, of which they have many in the year, and of course very few were at work. These holidays they call *grace days*, by which they mean surface days, as they call the surface
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of the earth *grace*, *graefts*, or perhaps *grafs*. It is very difficult to understand what they say, and our captain, who kept bawling out his precaution all the way down, might as well have held his peace, since not one of us could comprehend a syllable of his jargon.

Working our way in a direction from north to south, we came at last to the shafts of the tin mine. Here we saw, as before, two figures, that hardly wore the appearance of human beings, sifting at their work. We found it exceedingly difficult to pay them a visit, as we had to descend by a single rope down a chasm, never broader than a chimney, until we reached the loade where the miners were employed. The process is exactly the same as that used in the copper mine, the only difference in either is in the colour of the ore.

Having perfectly gratified our curiosity, and having wandered, until we were weary, among these dismal caverns we began to ascend again. Before we reached the top, I found
myself

myself so faint, I should not have been able to proceed, had it not been for the water from the steam engine; which although very disagreeable in the beginning of our descent, we found very refreshing upon our return. It falls over every part of your body like a shower of rain, and when the heat of the mine combines with the fumes of sulphur, to fatigue and oppress you, is the only remedy that can be procured.

A different passage from that which we used in descending, conducted us once more to the welcome spectacle of day light; after having been upwards of four hours, from five in the evening until past nine, buried in the bowels of the earth. I wished much some one of our acquaintance could have beheld us, as we approached the light. I would have defied my own parents to have discovered whose child I was. It would take two days, at least, to go over the whole of this mine, we were contented in having visited the bottom of it. It is impossible to describe the luxury one feels in breathing again the fresh air, and washing with cold

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water,

water, after these subterranean excursions. The heat of a mine is excessive, and the deeper you go, the warmer becomes the air. The miners are quite naked when engaged at their work, and they told me, that the change of climate, and the revolutions of winter and summer, were not to be perceived at that great depth.

My next visit was dedicated to the smelting houses. I saw the process by which the tin ore is rendered into solid metal. But as I have before treated upon this subject, any further explanation would not only be tedious, but needless.

We were now entirely fatigued with subterranean scenery, and with all the wonders of the Cornish mines. Accordingly we broke up our encampment at Truro, and hastened by a road which extends south west from that town, to

P E N R Y N .

This is a neat pleasant place; the streets
3 are

are in good order, decently paved, and the houses are well built. The inhabitants appeared to be chiefly taken up with the pilchard fishery. They catch, cure, and export these fish, and make them a very considerable article of trade. The sea enters in a creek, and flows close to the town. It has a good quay, and a commodious Custom-House. The old story of the actors at Penryn is known almost to every one, but since it is a remarkable circumstance, I will not quit this article without relating it.

In the reign of James the first, a company of strolling players, at Penryn, were engaged one night, during a very late hour, in the representation of a battle on the stage. They were just setting Sampson upon the Philistines, and sounded their drums and trumpets upon the occasion. At this instant, a party of Spaniards, who had privately landed the same night, were marching to attack the town. Upon hearing the alarm, they apprehended a discovery was made, and fled with precipitation.



tion to their boats, firing only a few shots, by way of bravado. Thus were the townsmen delivered from an impending danger, by the accidental representation of a play.

We made a very short stay at Penryn, and immediately after leaving it, proceeded to

FALMOUTH.

This celebrated sea port town is by far the most considerable place in the county. Its spacious harbour is not only commodious but safe, having a deep channel, and a bold shore, secured from almost all winds by winding creeks and rising hills. It is but of late years that this town has become well known; which is chiefly owing to its excellent harbour having been made one of the stations for the royal navy, and the packet boats sailing from hence. For the defence of it King Henry the Eighth erected two strong castles, St. Maws situated on the east side, and Pendennis on the west. The castle of
Pen-

Pendennis is situated on an eminence, formed by the sea into a Peninsula. It is large and well fortified; the works having been considerably augmented by Queen Elizabeth. A garrison is usually kept here; in time of war always. It held out long for Charles the First, but after a close siege was compelled to surrender to the parliament forces. When we arrived at this place, the inhabitants were busied in the Pilchard fishery; they carry on a very considerable trade in that article. From Falmouth a road extends in a southern direction fourteen miles to

HELSTON.

It is situated on the river Low, and has a good harbour belonging to it, at which many of the tin ships take in their lading. The town is populous, consisting chiefly of four streets, which intersect each other in form of a cross, like those in the city of Chichester, and through each street flows a stream of water. In the center of the town stands the
market

market place ; there is also a Guildhall, with a neat church, the steeple of which serves for a sea mark. In the neighbourhood of Helston are to be found many of those barrows which I mentioned before as forming a conspicuous figure in the list of Cornish antiquities. Such of these as have been opened afforded urns containing the bones, ashes, warlike instruments, and reliques of the dead. In some, however, there are no urns, but in or near the centre are round or square pits, containing black greasy earth. In others there are neither urns nor little repositories instead of them, but human skeletons, without any sign of their having passed through the fire.

In places where they were easily collected, the barrows are composed of stones, which are seldom larger than one soldier might easily carry. In other places they were formed with earth. Besides these plain barrows, there are others which shew greater art; they being surrounded with a single row of stones, forming the base, or with a
ring

ring and fosse of earth. Many have a large flat stone on the top, and some a pillar, with now and then an inscription, but oftener without. The barrows intended for private persons, were placed near public roads; but the sepulchres of common soldiers were generally on the field of battle. On St. Austle's Downs, in this county, the barrows lie sometimes two, three, and even seven in a strait line. Their size is various, but generally large, in proportion to the quality of the deceased, or the vanity of the survivors.

This way of burying under tumuli, was so universal, that it is not easy to decide by what particular nation any barrow was erected; unless some criterion within it determine the uncertainty. Thus we may form some conjecture from the materials and workmanship of the urn, the cell that contains it, or from coins, or instruments of war or domestic life, which may accompany the bones. All conjectures are vain, where these
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are wanting, or where no articles are found of a similar nature as a basis for supposition. If, however, it be true, that the Saxons and the Danes had left off burning their dead, before their arrival and settlement in this island, we may then safely conclude, that all the barrows in Cornwall, and perhaps in other parts of the British Islands, containing urns or ashes, must be either British or Roman. They cannot well be attributed to the Grecian or Phœnician traders, owing to their distance from the sea ; and of these such as have no coins or pavements underneath, or elegance in the workmanship of the urns, or choice of materials in which the urns were made, or Roman camp, or Road, near, or in a line with them, were probably not Roman. It is indeed difficult to distinguish the British barrows from those erected by the Saxons and Danes ; yet such as contain human skeletons, are, for many reasons, more likely to belong to the two last nations than the first.

We

We proceeded, after leaving Helston, by a road that leads north west, through

MARKET-JEW,

a mean inconsiderable place, little frequented, and hardly worth the few words by which I have noticed it. As we approached Penzance, we were suddenly struck with one of the most remarkable spectacles in the whole county.

We beheld a mountain in the middle of a beautiful bay, spreading its broad base upon the glassy waves, and extending its proud summit high above the waters, with an air of uncommon dignity. It shoots up abruptly from the sea, and terminating in a point, presents an object of uncommon grandeur. Its rugged sides are broke with rocks and precipices, displaying a most beautiful contrast to that pleasant prospect of fields and villages which surround and enclose the bay. As the sea ebbs and flows it is alternately either an island or peninsula. It is called

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St. Michael's Mount. At the top of it is a building resembling a church, the seat of Sir John St. Aubyn. The most skilful architect could scarcely plan a structure which would better adorn the mountain, or be more adapted to the shape of the hill on which it stands. The tower of the church is almost in the middle of the whole building, and rises from the center of the mountain's base; terminating the whole as a cone does a pyramid. The church, bells, and parapet walls, spread themselves round the tower, so as to cover the area or summit of the hill. Enlarging itself gradually from the building downwards, the hill swells into a base of a mile in circumference. It stands near the center of a delightful piece of water, and making the most remarkable figure in any part of its circuit, gives it the name of Mount's Bay. We visited the exalted residence of the Baronet before-mentioned, who may truly be said to dwell—"in the moon's neighbourhood."—It is remarkable on no other account but its stupendous situation, which is so very high, that from the
tower

tower we could see half across the channel. Formerly it was used as a garrison and fortified accordingly. Charles the First confined the Duke of Hamilton in this very place, who was afterwards released by the parliament forces. In earlier periods a priory of Benedictine Monks stood here, founded by Edward the Confessor, and until the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion it served for the purposes of religion only.

At the bottom of the mount are docks for shipping, &c. with a few scattered houses, probably the residence only of artificers employed in building the small vessels which are made here.

PENZANCE

is the last town of any note westward, towards the Land's End. This is a place of considerable consequence in this part of the world. Its streets are paved, its trade flourishes, it is populous, and is the residence of many Cornish gentlemen. We saw

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here a tin mine worked in the sea. It is situated about half a mile from the shore. The tin is found in a hard rock, and appears in small black spots mingled with the stone. They are only able to work it five months in the year; and we were told that during the last season the owners cleared five hundred pounds. They have a curious custom of conducting their fisheries here, which I shall relate exactly as I observed it.

I was walking one fine evening upon the walls, when I observed a number of seafaring men, gazing earnestly over the parapets, as if watching with eagerness the approach of some object at sea. I joined them, and endeavoured to discover what they were so intent upon. For some time I remained quite ignorant of the cause of their watchfulness. At length a confused murmur among them directed my attention to a distant part of the bay, and I beheld a thick black cloud suddenly breaking thro' the green surface of the water, and as quickly
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disappearing. In an instant they all shouted, "A school! a school!" and running to their boats, immediately put out to sea. In a short time they returned so laden with mackarel, that I concluded some of their vessels would certainly sink before they could dispose of their cargo and bring it to land. It would wear an appearance of improbability if I was to mention the vast draught of fish that were taken that evening. I was informed that this frequently happened when they were fortunate enough to discover a school, as they called it; and that it would be perfectly needless to go out to sea, for the purpose of taking mackarel, without this previous observation of their arrival. During the pilchard season, they conduct their fishery after the same method; and when the happy intelligence is spread, that a school is observed, the bells are rung, bonfires lighted, festivity reigns, and the inhabitants indulge themselves in every demonstration of joy.

From Penzance we went to

THE LAND'S END,

and stood upon the extreme point of that part of this island, which, at the distance of three hundred miles from the metropolis, extends south-west into the sea. From this spot you command at once the entrance to the great channel, and the Bristol channel. It is an astonishing sight. The most immense rocks lie scattered up and down, piled upon each other, as if the fables of old had been realized, and the giants of Etna had burst from their sepulchres to heap these ponderous masses, in horrible confusion, against the pillars of heaven.—The sea, in vehement fury, dashed its rough surges against their craggy sides, and disclosing the black visages of at least a thousand breakers, that frowned half-concealed among the waves, betrayed the terrors of a place which had proved so often fatal to the shipwrecked mariner. The Islands of Scilly appeared at a distance through the thick gloom that enveloped

veloped them. The sea fowl screamed among the cliffs. The clouds were gathering up apace, and the wind, as it broke through the chasms of the rocks, in short convulsive blasts, predicted a terrible storm. It began already to howl, and the vast surface of the ocean swelled into a foam. I know not a spectacle more awful than a storm at sea, but if I wished to place a spectator in a spot, from which such a scene would appear more terribly sublime than usual, it should be upon the stupendous promontory which presents itself in this remote corner of our island.

Other things called off our attention from these striking objects. We hastened from hence, and were conducted to the Logan Rock, an immense stone of one hundred and fifty tons, poised in so exact and critical a manner upon another stone below it, that it moves with the least touch. The rocking stones, or logan stones, as they are called in Cornwall, are not peculiar to this county only; other parts of our island afford similar curiosities

fities. Some of these are to be seen in the north of England, and in different parts of Europe they have been found both natural and artificial. On the island of St. Agnes, in Scilly, there is a very remarkable stone of this kind. It is supported by a rock which is ten feet six inches high, forty-seven feet in circumference, and touches the ground with no more than half its base. The rocking stone rests on one point only, and is so nicely poised that two or three men can move it. It is eight feet six inches high, and forty-seven in the girth, and has a large basin eleven feet diameter, and three feet deep at top. I would recommend it to all travellers who visit the Land's End, to make an excursion among the Scilly islands.* We were prevented by tempestuous
wea-

* There are about one hundred and forty-five islands which go by this name, all lying in a cluster, to the west of Cornwall. They contain about one thousand inhabitants. The Phœnicians traded here for tin, and so great is the antiquity of their traffic in this way, that we find them mentioned by the Greeks, under the title of *Κασσιτερίδες*, or the tin islands. The Latins called them *Sigdeles*, *Sillinæ*, and *Silures*, from whence came the English words, *Sylley*, *Sulley*, and *Scilly*.

weather from having so much satisfaction. Trifles would not have impeded us, but as, without a skilful pilot, it is at all times dangerous to explore these seas, during stormy weather it becomes, of course, impracticable. I have said, that there are stones of the logan sort to be met with in other places, but at the same time I may venture to say, from all I have seen myself of that kind, or read, or heard of, I know not a more singular one than that which I am describing. It stands at Castle Treryn, a promontory, consisting of three distinct piles of rocks, near the southernmost point of the Land's End. On the western side of the middle pile, in a very elevated situation, lies this immense stone, so evenly poised, as I have said before, that a hand, nay a finger, may move it.* And

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* Many of these logan stones have basins at the top of them, which receive the rain water; also channels, conveying it from one to another, into a principal receptacle. It is supposed that the Druids made these basins subservient to their purposes when they predicted future events, or tried the innocence of suspected criminals, by the mobility or firmness of the stone. If they chose that the logan should
be

what is still more singular, not any force, however applied, in any mechanical way, can remove it from its present situation.

be easily moved, no art was required ; but if, on the contrary, it was their intention, then no small degree of strength should stir it, they had only to fill one of the basons at the extremity with water, or rather, to stop the opening at which it discharged itself, and permit it to remain filled ; when this was effected, their purpose would be completely answered ; for the center of gravity being thus removed to a considerable distance from the point where it was when the bason was empty, it must necessarily follow, that the difficulty of moving it would be greatly increased, and perhaps would then defy the influence of any human force.

Mr. Mason, in his *Caractacus*, act ii, scene 6, has introduced the very ceremony I am alluding to.—Modred, speaking of the Logan Rock, thus addresses Vellinus and Elidurus—

Thither youths
 Turn your astonished eyes ; behold yon huge
 And unhewn sphere of living adamant,
 Which, poised by magic, rests its central weight
 On yonder pointed rock : firm as it seems,
 Such is its strange and virtuous property,
 It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
 Of him whose breast is pure ;—but to a traitor,
 Though ev'n a giant's prowess nerv'd his arm,
 It stands as fixt as Snowdon— —

It

It was on a holiday, not long ago, that a vast number of miners and peasants assembled together for the purpose of hurling this prodigious rock into the sea. Every effort was exerted, and all their force applied to no purpose. The vast orb moved as if to mock their toil, but still retained its equilibrium. The people beheld it with astonishment; they concluded it was retained by supernatural agency, and returned venerating the stone.

Those who are hereafter to visit this place, and have not yet beheld this almost miraculous spectacle, will rejoice that it still keeps its center, and resists every effort to move it. Yet if it was to fall I much wish to be a witness of its overthrow. So huge a mass precipitated, like the stone of Sisyphus, and rolling with prodigious ruin from precipice to precipice, over rocks into the sea, must afford a very striking spectacle. The prospects around it are very grand; they wear a complexion something similar to the scenery at the Land's End.

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It

It is more than picturesque—It is bold—
it is gigantic—it is awful!

There is a singularity even in the composition of the stone both about this place and at the Land's End. It exactly resembles the tin ore which is dug from the marine mine at Penzance. I am not sufficiently skilled in these matters, to say of what nature the stone is, but it contains a number of little black spots, so very like those of tin, that I immediately enquired of the miners, why they did not convey it to the smelting-houses. They assured me it had not a grain of tin in its composition;—whether this is true or not, I leave to be decided by those who are better versed in these subjects, and more interested in such researches.

All the country about the Land's End, like the rest of Cornwall, is miserably barren. The poor, as in the Isle of Portland, chiefly burn horse and cow dung; and I declare I saw, when I visited the mine of Poldeis, an old woman hobbling after our horses
in

in hopes of a little fuel from their excrement. The meanest town in Cornwall boasts of its mayor and corporation. They relate a story of a corporate town, which, upon some great occasion, had to search for its mayor, and found him thatching a barn. The language of the common people is a gross mixture of the ancient Cornish with bad English. It is neither one thing nor the other; a kind of Olio, and often as incomprehensible as the Erse or the Celtic. In my way to the mines, I called one day at the cottage of an old woman, and asked her to shew me the way. Her reply to my enquiries was abrupt and brief—

“Nan!”

I said no more, concluding the poor woman was deaf, and was calling to her maid or daughter to answer me. After waiting some time in silence, and finding no one appeared, I myself, in a louder key, bawled out, Nan!—At this the old woman was so frightened, she hobbled away as fast

as

as she could, leaving me in full possession of her cottage. When I returned home, I told my tale, and got laughed at for my ignorance. The poor woman said, Nan? a contraction of Anan, that is, "What do you say?" But any one would have supposed, both from her tone of voice and her attitude, that she was calling to a third person to set us right.

The Cornish tongue is a dialect of that, which till the Saxons came, was common to all Britain, and more anciently spoken in Ireland and Gaul; but the inhabitants of this island being driven into Wales and Cornwall, and from thence to Brittany in France, the same language, for want of intercourse, became differently pronounced, spoken, and written; and in different degrees mixed with other languages, so that at this time the inhabitants of Cornwall and Wales, do not understand each other. Until the time of Henry the Eighth, this language was so generally spoken in Cornwall, that in the latter part of that King's reign,

the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments, were first taught in the Cornish tongue. After this the people of Cornwall, mixing gradually with the English, their language declined, and it is now never used in common conversation. Indeed so difficult is it to meet with the pure Cornish, that a gentleman,* who made a tour through the country, in pursuit of it, found but one old woman, near ninety years of age, who could speak it, and but two other old women, who could understand her.

Taking our leave of the Land's-End, we returned through Penzance to

R E D R U T H,

a town lying in the midst of the mines, and made populous by the resort of the tanners. And from Redruth we came to

S T. M I C H A E L,

a borough without a market, consisting of about thirty houses, inhabited by poor people,

* The Honourable Danes Barrington.

ple, who have neither trade nor privilege, except that of sending two members to Parliament. Weary with the unfertile features of Cornwall, we pressed forward to more pleasing scenes, and passed through

ST. COLUMB,

a small market town, pleasantly situated on the banks of a small river, to

BODMIN,

a large borough town, consisting of one long street, and formerly a place of more consequence than it is now. It has been eminently concerned in two rebellions. Perkin Warbeck collected his forces here, 'till he thought himself in a condition to attack Exeter. And in the reign of Edward the sixth, one Boyer, Mayor of Bodmin, was put to death for his activity in assisting an insurrection of the men of Devonshire and Cornwall. I mention this, merely to introduce the manner of his execution,

cution, which will shew to what a pitch of cruelty men were carried, even at so late a period.

Sir Anthony Kingston, was Provost Marshal of the King's army. This wretch, on his coming to Bodmin, sent orders to the Mayor, for a gibbet to be erected in the street, opposite his own house, by the next day at noon. At the same time he sent his compliments, letting him know that at that time he would dine with him, in order to be present at the execution of some rebels. The unsuspecting Mayor obeyed the command, and at the time appointed, provided an entertainment for his guest. Kingston put about the wine, and when he observed the Mayor's spirits were exhilarated, asked him if the gibbet was ready. Being told that it was, with a wanton and diabolical sneer, he ordered him to be hanged upon it. Among other unhappy persons, whose mistaken zeal had drawn them into this rebellion, was a miller. This man's servant had such an affection

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for

for him, that hearing his master was to die, he generously came to Kingston, and intreated to suffer in his stead. The horrid wretch coolly told him, in reply to his petition, that since he liked hanging so well he should not be disappointed, and instantly ordered them both to be tied up. We passed the night at Bodmin, and the next morning passed over the most dreary country I ever saw, not excepting even the road from Royston to Cambridge, until we came to

L A U N C E S T O N ;

and in the neighbourhood of this town, were pleased to observe again, the grateful vestiges of fertility and verdure. It is now populous, and the residence of many families of rank. The ruins of the old Castle form a fine object, as you enter from Bodmin. It was once a fortress of considerable strength and importance, indeed in some measure it might have been styled the bulwark of the county. It is situated
on

on a rising ground, about a mile and a half from the banks of the river Tamar.

The last place we visited in Cornwall, was

NEWPORT.

This town we passed through after leaving Launceston, which place it seems so connected with, that one may be called the suburbs of the other. Its privilege of sending two members to Parliament, is the only distinction I know of, which prevents them from being included as one and the same place. Soon after leaving Newport, we crossed over the Tamar, and re-entered Devonshire. This river, which separates the two counties, rises about three miles from the sea coast, in Moor-Winstow, the most northern parish of Cornwall. It issues from the summit of a Moor, and receiving many small streams in its course, after flowing forty miles in a direction nearly south, forms the harbour of Hamoze, and there making

two large creeks on the west, St. John's and Millbrook, and one on the east, called Stonehouse Creek, it falls into the sea.

As we left Cornwall, the country began to wear a new face, and form a delightful contrast between the rugged aspect of a barren soil, and the rich scenery of Devonshire. We passed through

L I F T O N,

an inconsiderable town, yet almost as much worth notice as

O A K H A M P T O N,

or Ockington, a place supported entirely by its high road, and a small manufactory of ferge. As soon as we left this town, we verged towards the north part of the county, and quitting the Exeter turnpike, proceeded over one of the worst roads we had yet encountered, in a post chaise, with four horses, whose drivers told us, we might think

think ourselves well off that they condescended to conduct us at all, and were dragged through

HATHERLEIGH

and

TORRINGTON,

to

BARNSTAPLE.

Hatherleigh gave birth to a very extraordinary genius, one Jasper Mayne, an eminent poet and divine, of the seventeenth century. A legacy of this man's, to one of his domestics, may perhaps be thought worth relating. He had an old and faithful servant, who for many years had humoured all his master's caprices, and with great fidelity had smoothed his passage to the grave. To this man he bequeathed a large trunk, and on his death bed delivered the key, saying

ing, " Stephen, my lad, take this ! it opens the trunk I have left for you, in which you will find something to make you drink, when I am no more !" The doctor's eyes were no sooner closed, than his servant paid a visit to the trunk. The key was applied, the lid opened, and discovered, to the eager eyes of the astonished valet, *a red herring !*

At Barnstaple we saw the silk mills, a most exquisite piece of mechanism, by which means labour is rendered so extremely simple, that boys and girls conduct with ease, the chief part of the work. One wheel puts the whole in motion, and, what is admirable, any part may be stopped without discomposing the rest. The process appeared to be merely as follows. The silk, as it is wound from the worms, appears of various colours, according to the difference of diet. In general, however, the silk receives but two distinct shades, orange and white, for it does not often happen, that the same collection of worms are fed in a
different

different way. These colours are separated, and wound upon reels; the reels are given to the spinners, who, as they are ordered, unite for different purposes two, three, or more threads together. It is then carried to the last room, where it is again wound into hanks, which are twisted up, and packed off to the looms.

Barnstaple is a very neat respectable place. Its streets are well paved, and its houses are of stone. It has a bridge of sixteen arches over the river Taw. Trade flourishes among the inhabitants very rapidly, and its markets really appeared more crowded than even those of Covent Garden, in the height of spring. The poet Gay, was born either in Barnstaple, or very near it. He was educated at the school there, and from thence bound apprentice to a silk mercer in London. From Barnstaple we came to

SOUTH MOLTON,

rich in the production of serge, shalloon, &c. and to neat

TIVERTON,

T I V E R T O N ,

which, excepting the city of Exeter, boasts of more popularity, more extensive manufactories in woollen, and also of being larger, than any of the inland towns in Devonshire. But the greatest glory of Tiverton is the free school, founded by Peter Blondel, a clothier of this place. It maintains eight scholars at the two Universities, which are elected from it, and placed at Baliol College Oxford, and Sidney College Cambridge. Entering Somersetshire, a county abounding with pleasing views, and peculiarly happy in its rich display of verdure and fertility, where agriculture seems to smile among the trees, and promise its blessings to industry, we proceeded in our itinerary through

W E L L I N G T O N ,

with its large church and little hospital, its pots and its wool, and came at the end of
a fine

a fine evening, to the very handsome town
of

TAUNTON.

This is one of the most populous boroughs in the kingdom. The streets are spacious and handsome, the inns good, the markets well supplied, and affording plenty of articles; in short, it offers a very inviting reception for all travellers of every denomination. The manufactories employ many thousand persons in the fabrication of all woollen stuffs, for the weaving of which, eleven hundred looms have at one time been employed in this place. We slept at Taunton, and having spent the chief part of the next morning in strolling about the town, proceeded afterwards through

BRIDGEWATER,

a port situated at the distance of twelve miles from the Bristol Channel, upon the
S river

river Parnet, by which ships of two hundred tons may come up to its key. It is one of the most considerable towns in the county, and carries on a very extensive trade, both foreign and domestic.

“ Aliquando dormitat Homerus.”

There are three words for you, reader, to chew upon—what think you, are they misapplied. I have waded along, trudging many a weary mile in search of amusement for you, and having dragged you through several dull pages, set you down, at last, to rest yourself in

W E L L S.

The fact is, from the moment I left the Logan rock, until this hour, I have met with nothing worth writing about. But as I well know how inconsistent it would be, with the usual mode of travelling scribblers, to bring you, by a sudden jerk, from the Land's End to the City of Wells,

without bestowing a syllable upon the places intervening, I contrived to hurry you, full speed, through Redruth, St. Michael, St. Columb, Bodmin, Launceston, Newport, Lifton, Oakhampton, Hatherleigh, Torrington, Barnstaple, South Molton, Tiverton, Wellington, Taunton, and Bridgewater, paving my way with a word here, and a remark there, merely to avoid a blank in my itinerary. Leaving you therefore in full view of the Cathedral, and at leisure to take breath, I shall withdraw to my repose, and hope to rise in the morning with spirit to resume my pen, and inclination to renew my conversation with you.

SECTION THE THIRD.

*BON jour! ami lecteur—*are you ready to proceed? *Eh bien! Allons!*

There are many things which occur in the progress of a tour, and which one ought to see, not so much for the pleasure the view of them affords, as for the fame of saying one has seen them. Of this number, I think, is the Cathedral of Wells; which, with all its antiquity, would not induce me to visit that city, if it did not lay in the road to Bath. And yet should any
one

one observe, in a large company, that he had been at Wells, and did not visit the Cathedral, four out of five would exclaim, "Not see the Cathedral? Oh Goth! oh Vandal!" so prevalent is the desire of boasting that one has seen every thing. But however to prove that, in this instance, I was neither a Goth nor a Vandal, it is necessary I should give some account of what I really did see.

The front of this Cathedral, which has been built upwards of five hundred years, is the first object which strikes the attention. Such a profusion of imagery, such an exuberant display of carved work, so embodied with cherubim and seraphim, mitredom and martyrdom, kings, demigods and devils, is a spectacle more unique, than I ever met with before, or ever desire to see again. Thus much for its exterior, and of the interior little need be said; except that it is well swept and white-washed, and contains a curious antique clock, and a painted window. The palace is reckoned one of
the

the handsomest in the kingdom: it is fortified with walls, and a moat. On the south side it wears very much the appearance of a Castle. The cloisters, adjoining to the church, are spacious, and the Chapter-House, like many other edifices of the same nature, is a rotundum, supported by one pillar in the middle.

As for the founders of the Cathedral, with all due reverence to that venerable part of our progenitors, who dedicated their devout labours to these ancient monuments of their liberality and zeal, I pass over them with respectful brevity; not from any wilful inattention of my own, but because my readers, whose interest I most covet upon these occasions, will not be the better pleased with me, for introducing to them his Majesty King Ina, or the right reverend Fitz Joceline, with a long account of that Monarch, who in the year seven hundred and four, built the Cathedral, and his successor, the Bishop, who afterwards repaired it.

The

The Cathedral being seen, nothing else remains to detain travellers. The streets of Wells are broad, and the buildings rather handsome than otherwise. But it would be nugatory to hesitate a moment in descriptions of streets or buildings, while we are in the vicinity of that pattern of all neatness, that mistress of elegance, the city of

B A T H.

Its numerous visitants were dispersed when we arrived. Its parades were empty, and its throng removed. But although the season was over, for pleasure and dissipation, we had the more leisure to contemplate. Its edifices, its public rooms, its baths, its streets, are beyond any thing the world can parallel of a similar nature. The situation of the city, and the view, as you approach it, is delightful. A range of hills encircle it in the form of an amphitheatre, and in a beautiful valley, upon the banks of the Avon, stands the city itself. I shall not
pre-

presume to enter upon a minute detail of all its churches, hospitals, and customs, nor of its curiosities, whether ancient or modern. The few remarks I am enabled to make, will at all times be found sufficiently trifling. Such as they are, I wish to confine them, in general, to subjects which are not quite so well known as the history of cities and towns. A place so often described as Bath, admits of no room for novelty. Abler hands have satisfied the world in this respect; and one's ear aches with hackneyed fables of King Bladud, and his leprosy, his hogs, and his springs; and with dull old stories of the good things which Beau Nash said to the ladies near a century ago.

There is no doubt but that the city of Bath owes its origin entirely to its salubrious waters. From doubtful sources we derive a tradition, that long before the birth of our Saviour, and consequently before the coming of the Romans, its admirable hot springs were celebrated for the cure of numerous diseases. From these uncertain
accounts,

accounts, we form some conjecture of the origin of Bath, and the discovery of its springs. However, very little is known with regard to those who first found out the use of them, and that little is involved in obscurity. This however, is certain, that for ages past, a vast resort of people, whose disorders could be either removed or alleviated by the waters, has been occasioned by them. Both the city of Bath, and the adjacent country abound with these springs, which are both hot and cold. In some places the hot and cold arise very near each other; in one place within two yards, and in others, within eight or nine of the main bath. It is remarkable, that these hot springs are always the same, for the longest and heaviest rains neither make them discharge more water, nor the driest seasons occasion their discharging less. Hence it is evident, that these waters are not diluted, and their mineral virtues weakened by rains; neither are their virtues heightened, nor is the water made stronger by dry weather.

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Of

Of these springs, that called the cross bath, from a cross formerly erected in the middle of it, is of a gentle and moderate warmth, and a person may endure to stay much longer in it than in any of the others. It is enclosed with a wall, covered by James Lee, Earl of Marlborough; on the sides of which are seats, and at the ends galleries for music and spectators, under which are slips or rows of small dressing rooms, one of which ranges is for the gentlemen, and the other for the ladies; who being dressed in linen habits, go together into the water, the men keeping on one side, and the women on the other. In the middle is a marble pillar, adorned with curious sculptures, erected at the expence of the Earl of Melfort, in compliment to king James the second and his queen, and in memory of their meeting here. This bath fills in sixteen hours.

The hot bath, which is so called from its being much hotter than the cross bath, is fifty-eight feet and a half distant from it.

This

This bath has a well, the water of which, not only supplies its own pump, but is conveyed by pipes to the pump in the cross bath, though the latter also has a spring, whose water is milk warm.

The king's bath, which is much the largest, is accommodated with many dressing places, some of which are appropriated to the men, and others to the women, both of whom bathe in linen shifts and drawers. There is here a spring so hot, that they are obliged to turn most of it away, for fear of heating the bath too much; however, the heat of the hottest spring is not sufficient to harden an egg. Before this bath there is an handsome building, called the pump room, well known as the resort of all those who meet to drink the Bath waters, or to see one another, or merely for the purpose of lounging.

I cannot be reconciled to that method which is here pursued, of pouring down hot water by the quart, whether in health or

not. The pumpers assure you, that it rises from the very mouth of the spring, and is conveyed to them by pipes, before it reaches the bath. This may be all true, but since we are so much guided by the eye, in what we eat and drink, and fancied filth is almost as bad as filth in reality, I think a better plan might be adopted, and one more accordant to the delicate nerves of invalids, than the present mode of drinking the Bath waters; setting aside the indecency of exposing to public view, all ages and sexes, smoaking pell-mell beneath the windows of the pump room.

“ So while little Tabby was washing her rump,
“ The ladies kept drinking it out of the pump.”

A new edifice is however erecting, and I believe for the purpose of a drinking room. This evil may then perhaps be remedied, which might be effected with the greatest ease, as it is only altering the situation of the windows.

The Queen's Bath has no spring of its own, but is supplied by water from the king's. There

There is also a bath for those afflicted with the leprosy, and none but those who have that disease, or some other of the same nature are allowed to use it. The poor who bathe in it are supported by the town, and by the contributions of those who enjoy the benefit of the other baths. It is made by the overflowing of the Cross Bath.

The seasons for drinking the bath waters are the Spring and Autumn. The first begins with April and ends in June. The Autumn season begins with September and continues till December. In the Spring, Bath is frequented chiefly by invalids, but in the Autumn, at least two thirds of the Company consist of those who visit this place for the pleasure it affords. Amusements of every kind are met with in abundance, and in some seasons there have been no less than eight thousand persons at Bath, besides its constant inhabitants.

The buildings in Bath have a degree of elegance which no other city can boast.

This

This is owing to the great plenty of stone which is found in the neighbourhood, with which the chief part of the city is built. It is dug from the quarries in Clarton Downs, where the races are kept, and brought from thence by machines invented by that public spirited, generous, and ingenious man, whom Pope has immortalized in his "Man of Rofs," and who will be remembered as long as Bath endures, for his liberal contributions to the support of that city, and for the relief of the poor. Mr. Allen gave all the stone used in erecting the infirmary—a noble structure, capable of receiving one hundred and fifty patients, who are admitted from all parts of the kingdom.

Among the edifices which add so much to the beauty of Bath, is that elegant quadrangle called Queen's Square, enriched with columns and pilasters of the Corinthian order. On one side is a fine chapel, and in the center is an obelisk seventy feet high, which, as the inscription imports, was erected by Richard Nash, Esq; in grateful remembrance of the
honours

honours conferred on this city by the prince and princess of Wales, in the year 1736, when they lodged in this square. In that near the Abbey church, called Orange Square, is a monumental stone, in compliment to the Prince of Orange, whose health was restored by the Bath waters, erected by the same person.

The new edifices, which compose Queen's Square, Chandos Buildings, the North and South Parade, King's Mead Square, Galloway's Buildings, and the Circus, (a noble circle of magnificent buildings, beautifully fronted with stone, with a fine circular area in the middle, encompassed with palisades of iron) were all built after the plans of that celebrated architect Mr. Wood. An ingenious author, and one to whom I am indebted for the greatest part of this account of Bath, observes that it far exceeds London in regularity of building, and in being proportionably a much finer city. "The most criticising eye," says he, "must allow, that the Circus is truly beautiful, and orna-
 3 "mented

“ mented to that just degree of elegance,
“ which, if I may be allowed the expres-
“ sion, lies between profusion and sim-
“ plicity.”

The Crescent, an elegant semicircular range of buildings, would, if Bath could boast no other edifice worth our attention, claim a particular share of admiration. I do not know how far my taste may be called in question, when I say, I cannot but prefer the Crescent to the Circus; for setting aside the pre-eminence it receives from its form, over the stiff and formal cut of a circle, its situation, as fronting a delightful prospect of a fine country, would alone induce me to give it the preference. There is a sameness in the Circus, which may not perhaps be perceived by those who view it merely as a fine piece of architecture, but must be felt by others who are doomed to reside in it. The effect is not so in the Crescent; there is, to use an expression of Gray's, something so *rus-in-urbe-ish* in the whole of it, that I would chuse a house in that edifice, when
com-

compared with one in the Circus, with full as little hesitation, as I would prefer apartments in the front of Wilton House, to the dull monastic chambers in the first court of St. John's College, Cambridge.

The Cathedral, at Bath, is a small, but noble structure, and the inside of the roof is neatly wrought. The Theatre is large and elegant. In short, the buildings of this city are magnificent, and in a grand taste; the streets are large, well paved, and clean; the market place is spacious and open; the grove, the squares, and the parades afford the most agreeable promenades.

The remains of Roman magnificence, their baths and sudatories, and many antique specimens of very august structures, are still visible. The wall with which the city was formerly surrounded, is still easily traced. Thus Bath may be said to afford a universal scope for every thing that is desirable. The man of pleasure, may be here satiated with amusement; the philosopher, may analyze its

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salubrious springs; the antiquarian, may pursue his researches till he wearies himself with conjecture; the man of letters, will find ample repositories of genius; the poet, endless subjects to exercise his wit; the painter, may delineate the features of beauty, or pourtray the luxuriant variety of landscape; and, last of all, the dejected invalid, may restore to its wonted tenour the shattered system of a broken constitution, and, by rousing his debilitated nerves to their accustomed tone, revive his health and renovate his spirits.

About Bath, the country on each side the Avon, is very hilly and uneven; these hills form a most beautiful prospect, although they are of little advantage to their possessors, being neither fertile in herbage nor timber. In general the soil consists of rocks, which lie near or quite up to the surface. The fruitfulness of the vallies, however, entirely makes amends for the barrenness of the hills, and they are generally employed in pasture.

There

There is perhaps no part of the world, setting aside the infernal purlieus of St. James's, where gaming is carried to so high a pitch as at Bath. This is owing, in great measure, to that swarm of dæmons, who under the general name of *black-legs*, or *sharpers*, infest all places of public amusement. In Bath one is never secure from the insidious designs of these indefatigable harpies. They infest the rooms, the promenades, nay, inconsistent as it may seem, the very churches are not free from the profanation of these vermin. The highwayman, who openly demands his plunder, is a hero to reptiles such as these. What is our police? Where are our magistrates? in the name of equity and honour, why sleeps the rod of justice? when scoundrels with white hairs, I had almost said, venerable villains, are suffered to patrol our streets, arm in arm with the flower of our nobility, whom they pillage at their leisure, under the assumed and specious mask of gentlemen.

BRISTOL

lay next in our route, a city long renowned for dirt and commerce. Here the traveller finds renewed all the throng and bustle of the metropolis. Busy faces, crowded streets, carts, coaches, smoke, and noise, represent so exactly the hurry and confusion of London, that it requires a very slight exertion of the fancy to imagine one's self absolutely in the Strand.

At first sight we are apt to wonder why Bristol possesses the convenience of hackney coaches, and so elegant a city as Bath has no other mode of conveying its inhabitants from place to place but by sedan chairs; a substitute so very inferior. The reason soon presents itself. At Bath there are few places in which a coach can enter; its parades, its by-courts, and allies, in which many genteel families reside, are so formed that nothing of this sort, except chairs, can be admitted.

Bristol

Bristol is no less than seven miles in circumference; it contains above thirteen thousand houses, and one hundred thousand inhabitants. It is situated between two rivers, the Avon, and the little river Frome. It is said to be partly in Gloucestershire and partly in Somersetshire, because it stands upon the north and south sides of the Avon, but being a county of itself, it properly belongs to neither. These parts of the city are connected by a stone bridge over the Avon, and the uncommon display of vessels, on each side of this bridge, whose masts, like a crowded forest, extend as far as the eye can reach, afford a convincing proof of the opulence of Bristol, and its dignity in trade.

The quay is one of the most commodious in England. It is half a mile in length, and is seen thronged with merchants of all nations, and laden with productions from every quarter of the earth.

The

The cathedral, on the college green, is a Gothic structure, adorned with the effigies of several of the kings of England. There is nothing in the building worth notice.

Queen's Square, adorned with rows of trees, forms a pleasing promenade for the citizens: In the center of it is an equestrian statue of King William the Third.

The manufactory of glafs is carried to a great extent in Bristol; this a traveller will easily perceive from the vast number of cones which are seen smoking in different parts of the city.

The royal exchange is worth seeing. It is about two thirds as large as that in London, and is built in the same manner.

The theatre is a very good one; I wish I could say as much of the performers. There is now and then one or two tolerable actors to be seen, who come from London during the summer, but in general the stage
is

is supplied with the ranters from Bath, who are very indifferent actors.

One of the hackney coaches conducted us two short miles from Bristol to the

HOT-WELLS.

From the houses on each side of the road, all the way, a person would suppose it was merely a continuation of the city; but a very short residence proves that they are as distinct and different as it is possible for two places to be, which are so near each other.

The Hot-wells, like Bath, has been formed by the virtue of its springs. The waters are not of the same nature; I believe they are used for very different purposes, but as to the effect they are said to produce, or the properties which distinguish each of these mineral fluids, it is not my present intention to determine.

Of all the watering places in this kingdom, there is perhaps no one more pleasing
 3 than

than the delightful village which is here formed for the reception of its visitants. Its scenery has more glowing colours, and I believe presents bolder strokes of the *picturesque*, than can be found in any other part of England. The Avon winding through precipices, whose sides, almost perpendicular, shoot up to a prodigious height, interrupted and broken with rocks, seems as if it had stole a passage through one of those stupendous chasms which nature leaves after her most violent revolutions. Thus, immured as it were by an earthquake, it flows silently along, while trees which have forced their roots through the craggy interstices of its banks, wave their proud arms high above its surface.

The beautiful fossil, called Bristol stone, abounds in great plenty upon the banks of the Avon and among the rocks in the neighbourhood of the hot-wells. The houses which have been built, for those families who resort to this place, are formed into a village above the wells, which is called
Clifton.

Clifton. It is near this place that these stones are found in the greatest quantity. Those dug from St. Vincent's Rocks, are of the crystal kind; some of them are perfectly clear and colourless, and others a little inclining to white; but of these last there are very few. They are naturally as well polished as if they came from the hands of a lapidary, and many of them seem fit to be set in rings without any further trouble, except that of separating them from each other. They are found in large quantities, in the cracks of rocks, and cavities of stones, but chiefly in those of iron ore. The poor people, the wives of the labourers who dig the stone for building the houses at Clifton, and the shops near the pump-room, all sell these stones. They will ask extravagant prices for good specimens of it, and the chief part of that which is the most common they send away to embellish grottos, for which purpose they are very proper, as they have a polish that will last for ever.

These stones rise in a great variety of forms in different places, and the clusters
 X of

of them are yet more curious in their appearance. About Clifton they resemble table diamonds, but where the pyramids stand upright they have the appearance of rose diamonds. In some places also about Clifton, where they are very small, short, and numerous, they have so many angles, and the light is so variously reflected, that they appear like clusters of small brilliants, set by a jeweller. In the neighbourhood of King's Weston, the clusters rise higher, and are more irregular, yet have an elegant appearance. Some shoot up like the hinder teeth of a calf, and others like the spires and turrets of old cathedrals. In some there seem to be little hairs, in others white specks, in many bubbles of air, and in others drops of water. Those that are pure and clear, and such as are slightly tinged with colours, are exceeding hard, and will bear a strong fire without alteration; but those that are flawed, or otherwise imperfect, cannot bear this trial, for they will crack, or turn white in the fire.

Wherever

Wherever there is a crack between the solid parts of a stone, or wherever there is a cavity in a lump of ore, these crystals are to be found. They generally adhere to the rock or ore at one end, but this is not always the case, for some adhere to the stone by one side, and these are pointed at both ends. They are commonly composed of a column or stem of six sides, and terminate in a point like a pyramid that has also six sides. The small ones are tinged with various colours much more frequently than the larger.

We dedicated one morning, during the time allotted for our continuance at the Hot-Wells, for an excursion to King's Weston. If any one should succeed me in the route I have taken, I would strongly recommend a ride to this place. All that renders it worth visiting is the uncommon beauty of the prospects around it. On one side, looking towards Bristol and Bath, the eye commands an extensive range over the most delightful country the imagination can conceive, cultivated to the highest de-

gree, and forming a rich display of almost every thing that can render a landscape beautiful. By changing the situation, and looking in a contrary direction, the Bristol channel, the river Severn, and the opposite shores of Glamorganshire, with all the southern coast of Wales is presented at one view. I hardly know so beautiful a spot, nor do I believe one can be found in England combining a greater variety of scenery.—

Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
 Ruffet lawns, and fallows grey,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast,
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

Milton.

The season for drinking the Bristol waters continues from April to September, during which time this place is much frequented. There is a very good pump-room, and the amusements are carried on upon the same plan as at other watering places.

SECTION THE FOURTH.

WE now directed our course towards the Severn, intending to cross into Wales by the new ferry. Some officious friend favoured us with his advice upon this subject, and I was silly enough to be persuaded it was good. Lest others should be also misled, and, by following our example, lose the opportunity of seeing Tintern Abbey, with the gardens of Chepstow, I beg leave to insert a few lines of admonition.

There are two passages over the Severn, one called the Aust, the other the New Ferry. There is not a doubt but that the former is the proper passage, and for the reasons I have mentioned; but as the tribe of innkeepers and

3 postillions,

postillions, interested in favour of each other, employ all their ingenuity as best suits their own purposes, I would caution every person against paying the least attention to any scheme they devise, and particularly so when it interferes with a plan already arranged.

From the Hot-Wells we came through a beautiful country to the New-Passage House upon the banks of the Severn. There are no small boats kept at this place; but when passengers arrive too late for the larger vessels, they light a bundle of straw, the smoke of which gives notice to the people on the opposite shore, that some persons are waiting to cross over. We took the opportunity of dining while this ceremony was going forward, and beheld from our window a charming prospect of the Severn, bordered with the rich pastures of Wales, whose meadows, rising from the banks of the river, present a distant but inviting specimen of the country. Upon the shore we found vast numbers of beautiful white pebbles, apparently a species of alabaster, which seems to abound in this country. We were told that the inhabitants
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of Worcester convey away large quantities of these pebbles, which are used in their manufactories of China ware.

Our boat soon made its appearance, manned with four stout rowers, who conducted us three miles across this beautiful piece of water, which, although as yellow as the Avon at Bristol, nevertheless like that river presents such beautiful scenery on each side of it, that unmindful of its colour we glide over its muddy waters with delight.

Landing at a place called Black Rock, we entered the county of Monmouth, and formed no bad presage of the cleanliness and comfort of these Cambro-Britons from the neatness of our inn, and the homely hospitable deportment of our landlady.—But as it will happen, that the manager of travelling excursions must now and then call off his attention from the surrounding scenes, to contemplate things of less importance, so I found at this place, that, if I regarded the safety of our luggage, I must depend more upon my own discretion, and not so much
upon

upon the bewildered brain of our blundering valet. To him all was surprise and amazement. Every new scene opened a new system of gaping and enquiry, and lost as he was among the wonders around him, we might have deemed him a lucky mortal in having been so fortunate as to retain his head upon his shoulders.

Our dressing-case contained numberless little necessaries, without which it would not be easy to proceed. I had often cautioned him against dropping this box and our trunk from his list of *mementos*, and had as often been assured that nothing was more impossible *as he had nothing else to think of*. However, at landing, we wished to get our flutes out of the trunk. "Well, Jeremy, where is the key?" "In the dressing case." "And where is the dressing case?" With a most profound shake of his head, thrusting both his hands into his breeches pockets, then into his coat, then into his waistcoat, he cast a look of scrutiny towards the boat, and from the boat over the river

to

to the opposite shore, and from thence, in a direct line towards Bristol, then back to the inn where we dined, and from the inn to the boat again, breaking out at last with a most pitiful exclamation, "By Jingo, the dressing case!" recollecting that it was exactly eleven miles on the other side the water, standing upon a little square table in the closet adjoining my bed room at the Hot-Wells.

The passage over the Severn is, from the great rapidity of that river, rendered often unpleasant and sometimes dangerous. The number of sand banks, and sharp black rocks, which are dispersed in different places, make it necessary to have a good pilot upon these occasions. Our landlady entertained us, at supper, with the story of a melancholy accident that happened, a few years ago, to a party who were endeavouring to cross the Severn at a time when the weather was unfavourable.

A sudden gust of wind took off the hat of a gentleman, and conveyed it away, in an

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opposite

opposite direction, when the boat was half way over. The gentleman insisted that the waterman should put about and endeavour to recover it. They assured him that it was as much as their lives were worth to risk such an attempt. The other passengers remonstrated with him, but in vain; the gentleman continued inflexible, and finding all his entreaties were to no purpose, he suddenly seized the helm, and endeavoured to turn the boat. In the struggle this occasioned, the helm got a wrong twist, and the boat instantly filled and went to the bottom. The hat was afterwards found, when it appeared that the owner had cogent reasons for his inconsiderate conduct, as several bills were secreted in the lining of it.

Various other accidents have been occasioned in this passage; some, from the disturbance arising in these vessels when cattle are unmanageable, others, from the ignorance of the watermen who undertake the guidance of the passage boats, and many, from the turbulence of the passage itself, which

which is often greater than one would expect to meet with in a place of this nature.

The next morning, bending our course westward towards Milford haven, we came to a piece of Roman antiquity, about two miles from Black Rock. It is a curious tessellated pavement, and is situated in the middle of an orchard, in the little village of

CAERWENT.

This Mosaic pavement is a remarkable specimen of Roman elegance; and from its high state of preservation, ought by no means to be neglected by those who wish to notice things worthy of observation.*

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* Mr. Wyndham thus speaks of this Mosaic pavement, in his tour through Monmouthshire and Wales.—“ The original level is perfectly preserved, and scarcely a stone is missing from it. If we consider this uncommon preservation, added to the exactness and elegance of the composition, I shall not be afraid to assert, that this antiquity need not to yield the palm to any tessellated work that has been discovered, either on this, or on the other side of the Alps. In my own opinion, it is equal to those beautiful pavements, which are so carefully preserved in the palace of the King of Naples at Portici.”

A labourer, about seven years ago, was digging a hole in the orchard for the purpose of planting an apple tree. About twelve inches below the surface of the earth he met with this pavement, and, astonished at the circumstance, communicated the discovery to the owner of the estate. Fortunately for the curious the proprietor* happened to be a man of taste, and possessed too great a regard for the works of his forefathers to destroy so precious a relic for the sake of a pippin. The ground was cleared away, the rubbish removed, and a shed erected over the place, to defend it from the injuries of the weather and the plundering curiosity of the common people. It is well so much precaution was used, or, like the brazen plate at Stonehenge, we should have heard of the discovery and destruction of it at the same instant of time.

It appears to have been the floor of some magnificent apartment belong to the Romans,

* Mr. Lewis, of Chepstow.

mans, and in the pattern of the workmanship is not very unlike one of our Axminster carpets. It is composed of small cubic pieces of stone, or marble, none of which are larger than common dies. They consist of four colours, blue, white, red, and yellow; which are varied and disposed according to the pattern of the pavement. The discovery of this piece of antiquity has induced the poor villagers to make further researches, and accordingly they have dug from their gardens, their fields, and the banks of the public road, a number of copper coins, with now and then a few square tiles, ornamented with antique figures and Roman inscriptions. I made enquiry after these, and with difficulty procured about thirteen small pieces, which, although apparently of less value than an English farthing, they had already learned to appreciate with all the spirit of antiquarians.

Caerwent, although now an obscure miserable village, was a considerable station during the periods of Roman greatness. Until lately it had nothing but the fragments
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of its ancient walls to manifest its former magnificence.

As for the æra, in which this pavement originated, we may reasonably conclude that it was made during the time Agricola commanded in Britain. From Tacitus we learn that he was the first general, who, by introducing the luxuries and refinements of Rome, endeavoured to meliorate the savage manners of the ancient Britons.

In the neighbourhood of Caerwent, the traveller begins to observe the features of that delightful scenery which so strongly marks the landscapes in South Wales. The country becomes inexpressibly beautiful, adorned with culture, and diversified with vegetation. We left Caerleon on our right, and passed on to

NEWPORT;

not from any wilful neglect on our side, but because we were ignorant, at that time, of

its possessing any curiosity whatever. This was owing to our want of a proper guide through the country. Mr. Wyndham's excellent account of his tour is become exceedingly scarce; we were not able to procure even a sight of it, at the commencement of our tour, nor was it until our return to London, that we were fortunate enough to meet with it, when, after much difficulty, and more entreaty, we obtained a copy of that valuable work.

Caerleon was once a Roman city of great fame, and considerable eminence. Many remains of its ancient magnificence are still extant. As it lies so contiguous to the route every one should pursue, in a journey through South Wales, and is remarkable for its antiquities, I would caution all those who come after me, against such an omission as ours. I cannot help wishing, upon these occasions, that a word or two was added, now and then, to the finger board of a directing post, signifying, that such and such things were to be seen by turning to the

the right or to the left. Surely this is worth the attention of a parish officer, when he considers, what no person of his stamp deem beneath their notice, that by this means will be occasioned an influx of money within the sphere of his own prerogative— But to return.

Newport is a town of some consequence in this part of the world. We met with two things here for the first time; the natives speaking Welsh in common conversation, and that delicious fish the *Sewin*, which is not found any where but in Wales, and which the inhabitants are very proud of. The sewin is exactly like a large trout, and I believe differs from that fish only in its superior flavour. At first I concluded that it was young salmon, which they were so fond of sending to our table, but was soon convinced of my mistake, by finding the sewin mentioned, as the peculiar pride of this part of Wales, by one of our early English writers.*

* Daniel de Foe.

Newport

Newport is situated upon the banks of the Uſk, and has over that river a wooden bridge, of ſuch a ſtupendous height, that no one can paſs it without fear. It is floored with boards, that are all left looſe, on account of the immense ſwell which ſometimes takes place in this river, when it riſes to the height of fixty or ſeventy feet, and would blow up the bridge, if this precaution was not uſed, of leaving the boards unfaſtened.

The ſhell of the old caſtle, with which Newport was formerly ſtrengthened, is almoſt entire; it ſtands on the brink of the river.

We proceeded from Newport to

C A E R D I F F, *

* After leaving Newport, the traveller will uſe his own diſcretion, whether or not it is more expedient to make a circuit by the caſtle of Caerphilly, and the Pont-y-Pridd, ending afterwards at Caerdiff, or to purſue the route we followed, by going from Newport to Caerdiff, and making it the amuſement of one day, during his ſtay there, to viſit thoſe places.

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the largest town between the passage over the Severn and Swansea. It is situated on an extensive flat, near the mouth of the Taffe, and, as a Welsh town, is both handsome and populous. But what renders Caerdiff a place of importance to travellers is, its fine old castle, the property of the Mountsuarths, who, by marrying a branch of the Windsor family, became possessed of a number of these Welsh ruins.

It was in this fortress that Robert, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, suffered twenty-six years of imprisonment. After numberless vicissitudes, this unfortunate prince was cast into confinement, by Henry the first; and afterwards William the second, determined to equal his brother Henry in unnatural cruelty to Robert, deprived him of his eyes. We were introduced to the black tower, and saw the very dungeon in which he lingered out his days.

Lord Mountsuarth is now employed in fitting up a great part of the castle for the reception

ception of his family ; and, from the appearance it already makes, this antique structure promises to become a magnificent abode.

A subterranean passage, the old bugbear of all castles, is said to continue from this place to a priory at some distance ; and, what added a little to the veracity of the story, the person who conducted us over the ruins, assured me, that he had ventured to explore it himself, as far as he could proceed, but that finding his candle go out, and the damps become excessive, he returned, and since that time, the entrance has been buried with rubbish.

Making an excursion from Caerdiff into the more interior parts of Wales, we came to

C A E R P H Y L I,

a town consisting of a few straggling cottages, embosomed amidst mountains, whose rude and barren sides have not a mark of cultivation.

cultivation. About two miles before we reached this place, ascending the summit of one of these hills, we were amused with a fine prospect, extending as far as the eye could reach; and which our driver assured us, as they always do of a fine sight, was not to be equalled in Wales. The point of view is under the broad arms of an ash tree, where some old Briton has invitingly constructed a turf seat, for the benefit of travellers.

The grand objects, although distant ones, are, the Bristol Channel winding to the right as far as Swansea, where it opens to the Irish sea, and the opposite shores of Somerset and Devon. In an extensive vale below, the town of Caerdiff, with its castle, and all the country around it, spreads before the view.

Caerphylly affords one solitary alehouse for the accommodation of strangers. It seems almost improper to dignify this place with the name of a town; it resembles more the irregular

gular assemblage of huts, which one would expect to meet with among the hottentots, or a body of the wild Tartars. The arrival of a post chaise spreads consternation among the inhabitants; they assemble together uneasy and astonished, and demand of each other in a volley of gutturals, *whether the Pope or the French are coming among them.*

But since it is neither to see the town of Caerphyli, nor to alarm the natives, that strangers penetrate these remote wilds, the condition of the former, or the apprehensions of the latter, are little to the purpose. They will find here a curiosity that will amply compensate for bad roads and worse accommodations.

The castle of Caerphyli, is another of the antique edifices belonging to the Mountstuart. It is esteemed as being the largest castellate ruin in Europe; and is said to have been built four hundred years before the birth of Christ. I am inclined to doubt the latter part of this intelligence, as it is found-
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ed solely upon conjecture. A discovery I made myself, will prove the great antiquity of the castle, although it will throw very little light upon the origin of it.

Lord Mountstuart has frequently employed labourers to dig in different parts of the castle, in hopes of finding coins, or some other relics of antiquity. The guide, whose business it is to shew strangers the castle, told me, this had always been done to no purpose. I said I was not surpris'd at it; since it is almost impossible for an ignorant labourer to distinguish any thing of this sort from the rubbish he throws away. The old Welshman would not allow this, and replied with some tartness, "*What, hur think poor people such fools, hur not tell monies from dirt? Dirt very common — monies very scarce. -- Got pless hur! not so scarce but hur knows monies when hur sees it, inteed!*" This was exactly what I suspected—they dig for a Roman obolus with the same impatience which they would feel in searching for a heap of English gold fresh from the mint.

Unless they see something rise from the spade, glittering and fine, away goes the rest, with a *Got pless bur, dis is not monies, 'tis dirt!* As a proof of this, I produced some of the coins I had collected at Caerwent, and laying them on a heap of new mould and rubbish, which the labourers had thrown up in their researches, asked the keeper of the castle, if he perceived any thing worth taking notice of? “*No, bur sees nothing but dirt.*” “Not see any thing, said I, why these are the very coins your master has ordered you to search for.” “*Odd living,*” said the old man, “*What be they Quines—why bur has got one o'they, and here it is!*” Upon this he produced a small Roman copper coin, which he said had been dug up, about two months before, in one of the courts of the castle. I wished very much to obtain it, but finding that it was one of the long sought *Quines*, the old man would sooner have parted with his life; although, five minutes before, he hesitated whether, or not, he should resign it to the rubbish among which he found it. I persuaded

suaded him, however, to let me take the impression in wax, but from the very imperfect state of the coin itself, I cannot hazard a conjecture as to the date of it.

I think this circumstance may be allowed to pass as a proof of the antiquity of Caerphyli castle; for supposing this species of coin to have been current no longer than the Romans were in Britain, this edifice must have been in its vigour before the year three hundred and eighty-eight, as they left this island a short time before that period.

The castle of Caerphyli is two miles in circumference. It had formerly thirteen drawbridges, and as many towers, and seems to have been a most admirable fortrefs.

But that which renders it peculiarly remarkable is a tower, which, either from accidental decay, or from the shock of an earthquake, has been separated from the main wall, and impends eleven feet from its base. This is esteemed as great a curiosity as the cele-

celebrated leaning tower of Pisa, in Italy. Mr. Wyndham is of opinion that part of the present building was constructed in the year 1221; the ancient castle having been razed in 1217. The most noble part of the ruins is included within the inner moat. The hall strikes the spectator with astonishment; excepting only the roof, it still continues perfect. It is nearly a double cube of thirty-five feet and a half, the length is seventy-three feet, and the height, before the floor became covered with earth and rubbish, was thirty-five feet. Its beautiful Gothic windows, its clustered flying pillars, which project from different sides of the room, and from which sprang the vaulted arch of its roof, give an uncommon charm to that justness of proportion for which it is so celebrated.

The English language is as little understood at Caerphyli, as among the mountains of Merioneth. We found but one person in the whole place who could speak it, and of his fluency I have given a speci-

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men, for it was no other than the keeper of the castle, the indefatigable *Quine-Collector* for Lord Mounstuart.

When we had concluded our walk among the ruins, and finished a dinner of three courses, eggs, bacon, and cheese, we pursued our route to the

PONT-Y-PRÎDD,

that beautiful bridge, which attracts the notice and wonder of every body, and which Europe, nay the whole world cannot parallel.

It is composed of a single arch, thrown over the Tæffe in the lightest manner possible. This arch is the segment of a circle, whose chord is 140 feet. It was built by a methodist preacher, one William Edwards, a common mason of Glamorganshire. This man stipulated with the county, and for a stated sum undertook to erect a bridge at this place across the river Tæffe. The

undertaking was hazardous in the extreme, as the great rapidity and violent force of that river had hitherto put a stop to every proceeding of that nature, and had carried every thing before it. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, Edwards finished his first work, and erected a bridge of three arches. This was of short duration; the ground, in which the foundation was laid, proved unfavourable, and soon convinced the architect, that, even if the floods spared his work, the instability of its base would soon be the cause of its fall. The work was scarce finished ere the rains came, the river swelled, and overwhelming every obstacle to its fury, swept away the bridge. Edwards, undaunted by disappointment, beheld with composure the remnant of his labours, and perceiving how futile it was to oppose any work against the prodigious violence of the Tæffe, first conceived the noble design of throwing a single arch over this ungovernable stream. This he accordingly completed; but the crown of the arch being very light and thin, was quickly forced upwards by the heavy pres-

sure of the butments, which were necessarily loaded with an immense quantity of earth, that the ascent of the bridge might be practicable.

Undismayed by repeated ill success, Edwards renewed his labours with additional vigour, and boldly dared to improve upon his work by the execution of a *chef d'œuvre* in architecture. He removed a large share of weight from the butments, and considerably lessened the remaining pressure by forming through each of them three cylindrical tunnels. By this means his purpose was completely effected; the tunnels answer all the end proposed in them, and add a lightness and elegance to the structure, which seems suspended in the air above the reach of the most violent floods, and bids defiance to the utmost rapidity of the river.

If the artists of remoter periods had left the remains of such an arch to be discovered by modern amateurs, what a fuss would

would have been excited to ascertain the architect! What volumes would have been written by contending parties, to determine the time of the builder, and stamp the æra of his labours! Prodigious *Bruce* might have added one more volume to his mass of lies, and cursed the press with new lumber to prove the credulity of his countrymen. The *luminous historian*, whose affected pen hath glittered through “the dim light of “legend and tradition, of conjecture and “etymology,” whose easy transitions from every topic, however distant, to his favourite creed, have alarmed, but not convinced, mankind, might from such a relic deduce a new system of infidelity, some more ingenious libel upon Christianity.

It is foreign to my present purpose, or else, perhaps, it would be amusing to trace, even in imagination, the various and discordant opinions which might arise, if the remains of such a work had been discovered among the ruins of Greece or Rome, but

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“*Virtutem incolumem odimus.*”

The Cambrian architect emerged from his native mountains, left this monument of his exquisite taste and genius to vie with the finest works of antiquity, and then retired, unnoticed and unknown, to his former obscurity.

As I fear the reader is already sufficiently fatiated with my encomiums upon honest William Edwards, and his bridge, I beg leave to lead him to a curiosity of a different nature. It is to be found about a mile further upon the banks of the Tæffe. The whole river falls about fifteen feet among broken rocks and precipices, and although an epitome of a cascade, has been constructed by nature in so singular a manner, that no one would think his time thrown away if this spectacle alone had cost him a journey from Caerdiff. Whenever there is a cavity among the rocks, or any part of the river, undisturbed by the cascade, the water appears as clear as crystal. Before its fall
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it flows over smooth tablets of stone, and slabs of a cubic form, but so regular and even in their surfaces, that they appear like an immense work of art. This does not at all diminish from their picturesque beauty; for they are so irregularly disposed, and bordered on each side by such a luxuriant display of mountains, woods, and precipices, that it is not possible to form an idea of scenery more romantic.

On one side, looking down, I beheld a circular basin, formed by nature with the greatest nicety and evenness; in which large trout, young salmon, and silver eels, seemed to frolic like Chinese fish in a vase of clear water. A singular circumstance has been here observed to take place, which would perhaps be doubted, was it not for the indisputable proof which I shall offer in confirmation of its veracity. It is well known that, wherever there is a fall of water, salmon will stem the torrent occasioned by it, and endeavour to leap above the fall. This is so common among the rivers in Wales that
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the natives use it as an expedient for taking those fish, and often create an artificial cascade, where nature has denied one; they then place nets near the edge of the fall, and the salmon, endeavouring to leap above it, are caught in the attempt.

All this may be easily conceived; but it will create some degree of surprise when it is asserted, that, at the place I have been describing, where there is no partial fall of water, no insignificant drizzling of a paltry stream, but the impetuous precipitation of a whole river, the salmon actually ascend to deposit their spawn in the more undisturbed waters above the cascade, and perform a leap of fifteen feet perpendicular. It does not require a large share of credulity to credit this account; a plain fact will fully demonstrate the truth of it; for setting aside the observations that are frequently made by those who see these fish engaged in repeated efforts to ascend, the circumstance of their being actually taken above the cascade, at no great distance from the source of the river,

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ver, and in a part of it totally unconnected with any other stream, will put to flight every doubt that may be raised with regard to so remarkable a fact.

The Welsh have another method of taking salmon, in the neighbourhood of the Pont-y-Pridd, and about the cascade, which is in some degree singular. They erect small platforms or stages against the banks of the river, which extend a little over the surface of the water. These are used only in the night time, when the owners of them bring a lighted torch, and holding it over the river, the salmon are seen to assemble, with other fish, in large bodies collected immediately under the light of it. The fisherman eyes the whole troop as they gambol below, and selecting the finest among them, takes his aim and plunges a harpoon into the destined victim, who is immediately brought to shore. The rest are not the least intimidated by the loss of their companion, but continue their frolics as before. As soon as the fisherman has re-adjusted his

B b tackle

tackle, he makes another dart with his harpoon, and, if his aim is a good one, succeeds a second time. In this manner several are caught in the course of the night, and they are generally of the largest sort; for if the fisherman is not fortunate enough to attract fish of a tolerable size, he is the less likely to succeed in his attacks upon them.

A curious circumstance occurs at the cascade, which the Welsh guides seldom omit shewing to strangers. If a stick, or the bough of a tree is thrown down with the torrent, it sinks for a considerable time, and at last is seen rising in a distant part of the river, where the water appears very much agitated. This led the people to suppose, what I believe really to be the case, that the fall of water has in process of time worn a passage under the rock; so that it rushes at first down a hole that has been formed in the stone, and, forcing its way out again, rises at some distance from the place where it falls. To prove the truth of this, the master of the ale-house at Pont-y-Pridd, with

with no small degree of cruelty, threw a favourite old mastiff, which from its fidelity he himself told me he valued at ten guineas, into the river, and forced him down the cascade. The poor animal was hurried headlong with the torrent, but to the mortification of his master never rose again. They have since that time thrown down branches and sticks as before, which as constantly rise after disappearing; but the poor dog still remains in his watery grave, nor has a single part of his mangled carcase left the sepulchre his ungrateful master assigned him for his services.

We returned by a different route to Caerdiff, and passed along a road that extends most delightfully upon the banks of the Tæffe. The country, on each side of this headlong river, is richly diversified with mountain scenery, whose sides are mantled with trees, and made venerable by the thick foliage of the oak, whose aged branches totter over the craggy rocks that form the bed of this impetuous torrent.

LANDAFF

is pleasantly situated on a gentle elevation; we soon arrived here after crossing the river at Caerdiff; but upon a slight inspection of the cathedral, found nothing to detain us; for, although an episcopacy, it is in reality a beggarly village. I am sensible that it is my duty to say something respectable, at least, of the cathedral. Such an heterogeneous mixture of architecture was perhaps never before so combined in one structure. It is half ancient, half modern, half Norman, half Gothic, half magnificent, half absurd. A christian altar sprouts from beneath the portico of a heathen temple, and usurps the very body of the choir itself. The monuments deserve a few minutes notice; they are worth seeing. There is one, in particular, of the Matthews's family, which has great merit. It is executed in polished alabaster, and is remarkable for the delicacy with which the head-dress, hair, and necklace, of a female figure, is delineated.

We

We made a very short stay at Landaff, and came next to

COWBRIDGE,

a town consisting of one broad street, and remarkable for the number of castles in its neighbourhood. Indeed castles abound so much in Wales, that there is hardly a prospect of any extent without some old ruin or ivy-mantled fortress as the principal object in the view. These are, without doubt, highly ornamental, and the amateur of picturesque beauty will find among them an ample scope for the powers of his pencil; but I think the common traveller, who trusts almost entirely to his pen, should not be led away by a fine object *here*, and a broken wall *there*, if the accidental display of light and shade upon the one, or of weeds upon the other, form the sole article of curiosity. It has appeared to me that the world is weary of that word *picturesque*, it is forced in upon every occasion; nay, one gentleman, the grand master of landscape, has contrived
with

with the aid of a few muddy sketches, to swell that word to a volume. It is for this reason, that I turn neither to the right nor to the left to visit the mouldering fabrics of my fore-fathers, unless something remains to be said of them besides the *picturesque beauty of their situation*.

The day, in which we left Cowbridge, proved so unfavourable that we could hardly see any thing of the country; and after we arrived at

MARGAM

we had to lament the loss we sustained in being prevented from paying that attention to the curiosities of the place which they so justly demand.

Margam Abbey is situated at the bottom of a high mountain, which is wholly covered with wood. It is now the property of Lord Talbot, and is a nobleremnant of antiquity. The old Chapter House is remarkably,

ably fine, and until these few years, it was in a state of high preservation. Part of the roof is now fallen in, and more will soon follow, unless care is used to prevent it. It really grieved me to see the absurd method which is used to preserve it. The least precaution a man of taste would use to preserve so elegant a structure, would be a covering of lead, or something of the same nature, to protect the roof from the injuries of the weather. A precaution has certainly been taken, but will the reader believe me, when I tell him what that is—will he credit that a nobleman, possessed of one of the most elegant specimens of light gothic architecture in all Wales, has spread over the roof of it, as the only security against the rains, *a paltry covering of oiled paper?*

When Mr. Wyndham visited this edifice, in the summer of the year 1777, he took notice of this circumstance, and has expressed his astonishment at it, in hopes of rescuing this beautiful building from destruction.

struction. It was then perfect, and had suffered no detriment from neglect, but should he be induced to visit it again, he will be mortified in viewing the change that has taken place.

The great ear of the chapter house, through which the Monks received petitions and confessions, is still to be seen; but it is placed so near the floor, that the stoutest layman of them all was reduced to the necessity of crouching upon his marrow-bones, when he had any thing to communicate to the secretary.

Part of the Abbey Church is still kept up for the use of the parish. It is a Norman edifice, and is a fine specimen of that species of architecture in its best style. The remains of the cloisters, which led from the Abbey to the Chapter House, are still visible. In the church we met with a curious Latin inscription, in monkish rhyme, upon a brazen plate, which the Talbot family have placed there, in memory of an
old

old and faithful servant, a huntsman, who died some time ago. There are besides, several marble monuments of the Mansell family, who were the ancient possessors of this abbey.

The orangery, green-house and gardens, attract more visitants to this place, than all the beauties which are to be found among the ruins. The largest orange trees in England flourish at this place—one in particular was of such a size, as to admit me among its branches, where I seated myself with as much ease as in an apple tree. Indeed all the exotics grow to a prodigious size, so that one would imagine, from the appearance they make, that Lord Talbot had fixed his residence among the rich gardens of Marseilles.

A new green-house, after the Doric order, is lately erected, for the reception of the finest plants I ever saw. This structure is worth seeing; it is a noble building, but the ornaments on the outside are injudiciously
 C c selected.

selected. From the bull's heads in front, one would suppose it was intended for a Grecian temple, with the insignia of the hecatombs; and yet the urns on the top destroy such an idea, as there could be no greater profanation of the temples of the Greeks, than to have the ashes of the dead exposed upon their places of public worship.

These are trifling inaccuracies, but they ought to be attended to by those who expend large sums of money in erecting edifices that are to remain in after ages as monuments, by which posterity may judge of the taste, grandeur, and ingenuity of their ancestors.

The road from Margam to

A B E R A V O N

continues to wind under the mountains, affording the boldest features of landscape, and passing close to some large copper works, crosses a stone bridge at this place, built
3 with

with one arch, by the maſon of Pont-y-pridd.
After this it leads to

BRITON FERRY,

where the ſcenery becomes uncommonly ſuperb, breaking forth into a rich proſpect of mountains, woods, and rivers, diverſified in the moſt beautiful manner the imagination can conceive.

Juſt above the ferry, is the ſeat of Mr. Vernon, ſituated on an elevation, in the centre of this enchanting view.

We rode along the beach for a few miles, after leaving Briton Ferry, and afterwards croſſed over the river Tavey to

SWANSEA,

which is ſituated upon its banks. Swansea is a town of conſiderable importance in this part of Wales. It is remarkable for the convenience it affords to bathers, being

C c 2 almost

almost equal to Weymouth in its white sand and beautiful shore. Many officers upon half-pay, invited by the cheapness of provisions, make this town their place of residence. It carries on a considerable trade in coals, pottery and copper.

We went one day to a public breakfast at the bathing house, and were agreeably surpris'd by seeing the company stand up to dance as soon as the tables were removed. This is an established custom here, and we found it a very pleasant scheme. All was mirth and good humour; the harp struck up with a violin. I jumped up, as if by instinct, seized upon the sprightly daughter of an ironmonger, and footed it away in my boots, like the rest of the company, nor did we conclude our pastime until the room became empty, and we were compelled to dance by ourselves.

A few days after our arrival we hired an open chaise, and drove to Mr. Morris's coal mine. The method of exploring these
subterranean

subterranean caverns, is here rendered far more pleasant and expedient than those we visited in Cornwall.

The entrance is vaulted, and perfectly level, and continues so for about one hundred yards, when our guides made us turn off to the right, to a sort of a staircase, which they call the horse-road. By this we descended to the depth of eighty fathoms, and came to a spacious area, where the miners were sending up the coal in baskets, through a shaft, to the vaulted level we had just quitted. It is there put into carts, with friction wheels, and drawn by oxen to the mouth of the mine.

It is pleasing to see the ease and quickness with which these amazing works are carried on. If a stranger beholds the dark passage by which the horses descend, who bring the coal from the place where it is dug to the shaft, he would indeed be astonished, and unable to conceive how these animals can be taught to practise, without
stumbling,

stumbling, and with facility, what he with care and attention, would find difficult to perform. Proceeding onward, we came to some miners, who were engaged in blowing up a part of the rock with gun-powder, in order to make a communication from one part of the mine to another. Still farther onward, about half a mile from the entrance, we came to the cutters, as they are called, a troop of poor miserable black devils, working away their very lives amidst sulphur, smoke, and darkness.

All the passages in these coal mines are broad and low. The roof appears as smooth as the ceiling of a drawing-room, but the fatigue of stooping as you proceed, becomes often excessive, and would prove intolerable, was it not for the relief that is occasionally offered at intervals, by meeting with more lofty areas.

As you creep among these regions of darkness, the guide who precedes you, calls out, every now and then, desiring you to
stand

stand close. This happens when a load of coal is coming along the passage, which is heard at a distance, and if you stand close to the side, you are sure of being safe. The wheels are placed upon iron bars, which they receive in a groove, and these bars being continued parallel to each other, and at equal distances from one end of the mine to the other, they serve both as a guide to the cart, and by lessening the friction, greatly diminished the weight of the load. As soon therefore as the guide gives warning that a load is coming, you know by your distance from the parallel bars, how near the load will approach you.

It is curious to see one of these carts pass. They are drawn by horses, and if they are empty, the driver lays along in them, seizing his beast by the tail, which serves him as a rein to guide the animal round the different turnings and windings in the passages. It is really astonishing to see the horses perform their work. They move securely along, enveloped by total darkness,



darkness, never either striking their heads against the roof, or mistaking the road they are to go, or falling among the number of uneven places they meet with. Among others, an old blind horse, who had been fifteen years a servant in the mine, passed by us. Our guide assured us, that he was so well acquainted with his work, that if left to himself, he would find his way through all the mazes of the mine.

We did not proceed more than half a mile under ground; but were sufficiently fatigued with the excursion. If a person has spirit and strength sufficient to explore the whole of this mine, he would have above three miles to walk in these gloomy abodes.

Their method of cutting the coal is ingenious, as it saves a great deal of labour. They first place strong props of wood against the vein, and then cut out a small quantity from the bottom, and from each of the sides; the supporters are then removed, the whole mass gives way, and
by

by this means, sixteen or twenty tons of coal are frequently brought down at one fall. From the fall it is conveyed in carts by horses, to a perpendicular shaft, through which it is sent in baskets to the level, and being again put into carts, is, as I have said before, drawn from thence by oxen, to the mouth of the mine.

Emerging from these gloomy caverns, we afterwards went to

VII NEATH,

in hopes of seeing the beautiful house and grounds of Sir Herbert Mackworth, with the cascade belonging to them, which although forced and artificial, would never be discovered to be so, by those who are unacquainted with the place.

The famous fall of the Cledaugh, near the forges of Melincourt, we also wished to see, and hired fresh horses for that purpose; but alas! there seemed to be a fatality

D d attending

attending upon our excursions in this neighbourhood, for it rained so inordinately, we were confined to the inn. Sir Herbert's, of course, could not be seen, but the fall of the Cleldaugh we were determined to visit. When we came within a mile of Melincourt, we met a post-chaise with some gentlemen, who had been upon the same plan, and were returning much chagrined; by these we learned that there was no water, and as a cascade without water is hardly worth seeking for, we were also compelled to return wet to the skin, dirty, and disappointed.

One beautiful spectacle, however, we had the luck to meet with, on our return to Swansea, and it came the more grateful, as it was unexpected. This arose from the smelting houses, which in the middle of a heavy rain, and a dark night, displayed such a glorious light, and so many beautiful colours from their ashes which lay on each side of the road, that I should not have regretted

regretted being wet through, if it was for the pleasure of seeing these alone.

As the rain continued to descend in torrents, we thought it would not be a bad plan to call at one of these smelting houses, and see the process of smelting the ore of copper.

After the copper ore is dug from the mines in Cornwall, it is sent to the smelting houses in Wales, to be refined and rendered fit for use. This is owing to the convenience which arises in Wales, from the great plenty of coal in that country. Both coal and lime abound in such vast quantities, that the Welsh farmers use it to manure their land. Almost all the cottages in Wales are white-washed on the outside, which gives them a very neat appearance, and the operation is so cheap, that there is scarce a hut in the whole country, which is not regularly brushed over once in a month.

The ore of copper, when it comes in its raw state from Cornwall, is first calcined, then mixed with a portion of lime, and smelted. Then it is calcined, and smelted again, and thus, after going through twelve or thirteen operations, it becomes perfect; but this depends, in great measure, upon the richness of the ore, as some will take a much longer process, and infinitely more trouble and expence to be reduced to copper, than others. I procured a piece of ore in Cornwall, which when it rose raw from the mine, sold for sixty pounds a ton; and often perfect copper, when it has been rendered malleable after all the operations of the smelting house, does not sell for more.

The situation of Swansea is agreeable, and its environs inviting. It is situated on a small eminence between two hills, close to the sea.

Their pottery is well worth notice. It is the largest, and indeed the only one of any

any consequence, in all Wales. The works are very extensive, and although it was my ill fortune to visit them at a time, when hardly any business was going forward, yet from the great attention and politeness of the master, I became acquainted with an outline of the process, by which this beautiful ware is made.

They receive a species of white clay, in large balls, from the pits in Devonshire. These are pulverized and mixed with water. It then passes through a sieve, finer than any cambric in the world. After this, it is united with the powder of calcined flints, and sifted again. Being thus refined, it is placed in a long cistern, under which passes a stove, or furnace, constructed in such a manner, that a flame is drawn from a small body of coal fire, at the mouth of the furnace, and passes under the whole length of the cistern, to the distance of sixty yards.

By

By this process, the water becomes evaporated in steam, and leaves the pure clay behind. They then beat it with great care and attention, in order to extract every particle of air from the whole mass; for should it so happen, that by carelessness or inattention, a bubble of air is left in the clay, it will expand by rarefaction in the oven, burst, and destroy the work.

After it has been thus beaten, it is given to the potter. This man sits at a wheel, something similar to those by which the common earthen ware is made, and forms the different articles of their manufactory, with the most surprising quickness. From the potter it passes to the turner, where it is shaped with greater nicety, and formed in the same manner as the Tunbridge-ware is made. From the Turner, it goes to another artificer, whose business it is to put on lips, handles, &c. After this is done, a variety of hands have a share in completing it. The painter, the glazer, the enameller, the baker, &c. &c. &c. all have something

something to do with it before it makes its appearance in the warehouse, where in beauty and elegance it vies with the most exquisite productions of China.

The Town Hill should not be neglected by a person who wishes to have a perfect idea of the situation of Swansea, and the country round it. From this place you have a fine prospect of the town, the sea, the opposite shores of Devon and Cornwall, and also a prospect of the Mumbles, two small islands, lying on the right, which furnish a secure haven for the shipping.

While we were at Swansea, a melancholy accident happened in one of the principal families, which gave us an opportunity of being present at a Welsh funeral.

A young man, on his return from London, after a long absence from his friends, died upon the road. He was very fond of driving, and had persuaded the coachman of the mail to entrust him with the reins.

A flock

A flock of sheep met them, in passing which, either by accident, or want of skill in the driver, or from the horses taking fright, the coach was upset, and the unfortunate youth killed upon the spot. I was looking from the window of our inn on a Sunday evening, when suddenly I perceived an uncommon throng of people gathering in the street. I enquired the reason of this assemblage, and they informed me of the circumstance I have just related, and that a hearse, with the body of the young man, was now moving towards the church. My companion was eager to see the funeral, and we both ran to attend the ceremony. The crowd was amazing. From the gate of the churchyard to the church door, we had as much difficulty in forcing our way, as we ever found in gaining admittance to the theatre on a benefit night. Women screaming, children crying, men swearing, dogs howling, cats squalling, formed a scene, of all others, the most unlike a funeral. The doors were at last opened; in we rushed,
and

and happy was he who could maintain his legs. The church became instantly filled, but what became of the body, or the clergyman, I never could discover.

Thus ended this motley specimen of Cambrian interment. I have heard many strange things of the Welsh, and expect to hear many more, "Their name," they say, "liveth for evermore," but of all their eccentricities, I defy any one to say of them, that "their bodies are buried in peace."

From Swansea we proceeded to

LLANELTHY,

through a wild country, where the little white cottages, scattered up and down, sometimes at the foot of a steep hill, at others, smiling in a fertile valley, and as often hanging from the side of a rough mountain, formed a pleasing picture of innocent and rural life

E c

Llanidlos,

Llanidlos, and the beautiful vale of Towy, with its ruins, and Grongar Hill, immortalized by Dyer, all called us off, by a different route, after leaving Swansea, but the incessant rains compelled us to proceed as we could; and indeed we deemed ourselves fortunate in being able to gain ground at all, during a season so unfavourable.

After we had passed Llanelthy, the sky brightened for a short time, and from Straddy Hill, we had one of those perspective landscapes which stretch forth with so much redundancy in the rich paintings of Claude Lorrain. The road is cut in the side of a mountain, and down a bold descent you overlook a long tufted valley, which opens towards the river Penilaw. The village of Llanelthy forms one of the principal objects in the prospect. The country all around this place is inexpressibly beautiful. A ridge of hills, at a distance over the water, bound the whole, at the bottom of which appear the copper works, sending up a volume of smoke, which
curling

curling in spiral wreaths above the summits of the mountains, add no inconsiderable object to the rest of the scenery.

We passed an old castle at

K I D W E L L Y,

apparently in good preservation, but the weather would not permit us to see it. This lowering atmosphere continued to frown upon us, until we came within a few miles of Carmarthen; the clouds then began to break, the thick mist which had so long enveloped us, dispersed; the setting sun again put forth his lustre, and shooting his gaudy rays athwart a delightful landscape, tinged all its outlines with crimson. At this particular season of the year, the prospect of a rich country at sunset, does so exhilarate the features of nature, that she seems conscious of her rich attire, and her smiles beam rapture. This effect is heightened after a storm, when the winds are hushed, and the sun breaks unexpectedly

E e 2 through

through the gloom, with an effulgence that enlivens the whole face of the creation.

“ If chance the radiant fun with farewell sweet
 “ Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 “ The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 “ Attest their joy, that hill and valley ring.”

MILTON.

We had not yet seen any part of the country more fertilized by cultivation, nor more abundant in woods and pasture than this part of South Wales.—And much as we wished before, when assailed by incessant rains, to reach the end of our day's journey, we could not but feel a momentary regret, in exchanging the serene beauties of rural scenery, for those unalluring receptacles of intemperance, the alehouses of

CAERMARTHEN.

Perhaps I may be thought too censorious by my Welsh readers, in taking this liberty with their houses of accommodation. But I consider myself as writing to Englishmen,
 and

and would not incur their displeasure by so gross a misrepresentation as the dignifying any place of this sort, which is to be found among the mountains of Cambria, with the title of *an inn*.

Caermarthen is famous for the birth of the prophet Merlin, who flourished about the year four hundred and fifty. Considered as a Welsh town, it may be called handsome; it is situated pleasantly on the river Towy, and is esteemed the politest place in all South Wales. This, however, I cannot vouch for myself—the writers of other times, who have gone before me in this itinerary, all agree in celebrating the urbanity of the people at Carmarthen. At first I was puzzled to account for this singular unanimity of sentiment, which a slight scrutiny has since unravelled. Giraldus Cambrensis, who in company with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, penetrated the savage recesses of the Welsh, so early as the year one thousand one hundred and eighty-eight, for the purpose of preach-

ing

ing the crusade, first celebrated the refinement of Carmarthen. Finding, perhaps, that the precepts of his creed, and his legendary tales, were imbibed with greater facility, and more genuine superstition, by the people of that place, than by the rest of the principality, he distinguished them from their fellow barbarians, in an eulogium upon their manners. Camden caught the sentiments of Giraldus, and a swarm of compilers, with De Foe and Richardson at their head, followed implicitly *et verbatim* the principles of Camden. Writers of more modern date delighted to tread in the footsteps of their forefathers, and especially, when by adopting the judgment of others, they were saved from the difficulty of forming any opinion of their own.

Caermarthen is no more than a common market town, one of some eminence in this country, but the reader must not be surprised, if, after all he has heard and read of *the politest place in all South Wales*, he should visit it, and be gratified with a
picturesque

picturesque display of one entire street, formed by *mansions of mud*.

The walls of the old castle are still visible ; it is of the Norman times. Castellate ruins are so abundant throughout Wales, that, as if they were the necessary appendages to every village and every town, one feels a disappointment whenever they happen to be missing.

Dogs are universally used, in this part of the world, as turnspits. We saw several at work. They swarm in the streets, and being the favourites of the kitchen, assume the complexion and appearance of their patrons, that of being most independently fat and dirty.

The sewin is found in great plenty at Caermarthen, some of which weigh thirty pounds.

The dress of the Welsh women is universally the same. They appear in large black hats

hats with broad brims, and the generality of the common people despise the use of shoes or stockings. They consider these appendages as a useless piece of extravagance, and I often met Welsh girls upon the road, who were dressed for a visit to their friends, in a clean white petticoat tucked above the knee, trudging along the hard road, bare-footed, with their shoes and stockings under their arms.

The men are distinguished also by their broad hats and bare feet; as for the difference of sex, it would hardly be perceived in Wales if it was not for the criterion of the breeches, for labour seems equally divided between men and women, and it is as common to meet a female driving the plough, as it is to see Taffy seated at the milk pail.

Their ignorance is amazing. I never found a Welshman who could give me information with regard to his country if my enquiries extended above ten miles from the

spot. However of their manners, their customs, and their character, I shall speak hereafter, when I have seen more of their country and themselves.

The substitute for coal, called culm, which is used in Caermarthen, as well as in other parts of Wales, strongly marks that propensity to *save* which is a leading feature in the characteristic of the people,

I was surpris'd to see a pail brought into the room, filled with balls of mud; as they at first appeared to us. These they place regularly along the upper bar of the grate and as soon as they are heated they burn with great freedom. They give a great heat, but it is of too sulphureous a nature to be borne long. I found the ill effects of these sorts of fumes for some time after my subterranean excursions in Cornwall, and not chusing to subject myself to other experiments of the same nature, left the room before the point of suffocation had power to take place. The Welshmen smile at this

F f affectation,

affectation, as they style it, and, inured by habit, breathe the most noxious fumes with as much ease as the purest air. Foreigners often complain of the smell from an English coal fire, what would they think of a Welshman's lungs, if they were seated a few minutes in a room where culm is used?

This composition is made from the dust of stone coal, mixed with nearly an equal quantity of loam or clay; it is then formed with water into a consistence of the same stiffness as strong mortar; after this it is rolled into oval balls, and laid in the air to dry.

In a country, abounding with coal pits, where there is no scarcity of any sort of fuel, one would not expect to meet with this economical preparation. The price of genuine coal, at Caermarthen, does not exceed threepence a bushel; but the compost does not fetch half that price, and nobody understands better than a Welshman the

tenor of the old adage, "*A penny saved is a penny got.*"

Upon the road from Caermarthen, by a long and gradual ascent, we at last reached the summit of Brandy-hill, and from this spot had the most extensive prospect I ever saw. From one point of view we were able to command six counties, and proceeding a little forward, beheld almost as extensive a scope on the other side. The country seemed fertile all about this place, although it did not afford that beauty which distinguishes the rich environs of Caermarthen. The excessive haziness of the weather prevented our seeing clearly the bird's-eye view that was spread before us; but we had reason to consider ourselves fortunate in being able to discern any distant objects, for I believe a day perfectly serene and clear affords a spectacle very unusual in Wales. At

T A V E R N S P I T E,

a single house, we changed horses, and hav-

ing procured some dinner, proceeded immediately to

NARBARTH.*

An old castle, rising from an eminence on the right hand, as you enter this place, affords a fine object for the pencil. We could learn no particular account of it, nor find any one who made it their business to shew it; but while my companion was arranging matters with the postillion, and ordering fresh horses, I took our valet Jeremy with me and we ran to examine the ruins of its walls.

A per-

* It may be here necessary to inform the reader, that, if he chuses, he may pursue a different route; and without visiting Caermarthen, proceed from Kidwelly, over Caermarthen bar, and, by the castles of Llanstephan and Laugharne to Tenby. Or, if he wishes to take Caermarthen in his route, as being the capital of the county, he may afterwards proceed to Tenby, and take those castles, which are well worth seeing, in his way. But one thing should be premised, namely, that he must not expect so good a road as if he followed my route from Caermarthen to Narbarth and Tenby.

A person more skilled in the legends of antiquity than myself might have found enough of this decayed fortress remaining, to have traced out its original features. I found much to admire, but little to comprehend; and considering it only as a piece of romantic scenery, was contemplating a turret that separated from the rest, seemed to contain at least a dozen chimnies, all connected into one stack. All at once, Jeremy vanished. I looked about for him for some time, and was pleased to find that even he could find source for amusement among these tottering monuments of his progenitors. At length, to my unspeakable surprise, I discovered my supposed virtuoso giving ease to nature, in a snug corner among the ruins, and, with the most supercilious contempt for those venerable vestiges of antiquity, dedicating the ivy-mantled walls of Narbarth to the goddess Cloacina.

The

The road leading from Narbarth to

TENBY

is not distinguished by any thing worth taking notice of, except that it leads to one of the most beautiful, most romantic, little spots perhaps in all Europe.

Tenby seems one continued heap of castellate ruins. You can hardly turn your eyes, but you behold some old wall, staircase, or tower, belonging to a former fortification.

When the sea overflowed the land of the Flemings, in the reign of Henry the first, they were permitted to come and people this part of the country. The fortifications of Tenby were built at that time for their use; and in case they were molested by the Welsh, they had an opportunity of sending for assistance to Bristol. This was the origin of these mouldering fabrics. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth they were repaired for
other

other purposes, as appears by the initials of her name, the date, and the year in which they were completed, engraved upon one of the stone walls.

It was also again repaired and more strongly fortified for the cavaliers in the reign of Charles the first; and they still shew the field in which Oliver Cromwell planted his batteries, when he demolished it.

In the church, they shew a specimen of the ravages committed by Cromwell's soldiers among their places of public worship. One of these ruffians, either by way of frolic, or mistaking, from intoxication, a stone figure of a man kneeling, for a devotee in reality, fired his musquet and shot the figure in the neck. The mark of the bullet is very visible, both in the figure and upon the wall.

A gentleman, with his wife and two children, had hired a boat one morning for the purpose of putting the lady on board a sloop,
that

that lay off in the bay, bound for Minehead. I was desirous of making a little excursion upon the water, and hearing me express myself so to my companion, they very politely invited me to join their party. The wind blew rather fresh, there was a great swell in sea, and the waves ran higher than I had been accustomed to see them in the small list of my marine adventures. I believe my countenance exhibited evident marks of uneasiness, for, as if determined to convince me what a land-lubber I was, whenever the boat mounted, or a wave larger than common assailed her, the little girls cried, "*Huzza! Here we go, mamma! Here we go, up! up! up! I wish it blew harder! Here we go again!*" In tacking about we shipped a sufficient quantity of water to wet us to the skin. This was a new source of mirth; a loud laugh burst from them all, each endeavouring to push his neighbour to windward, in hopes of getting him a ducking. I, being more awkward than the rest, got completely soured, and felt that I cut a very ridiculous figure among these volatile

ar-

argonauts. The whole was new to me, and infinitely beyond what I either desired or deserved ; but, since I had found women so perfectly undismayed by the terrors of the sea, I endeavoured, by an awkward usurpation of indifference, to convince them that I was so too. The lady, of all the women I had ever seen, was the most courageous. Her partiality to the water arose almost to madness. Finding how agreeable it was to be tossed about at the mercy of the waves, and every now and then, immersed by the fury of the spray, she made proposals to the sailors, and offered to give them their own price if they would conduct her to Minehead, sixty Miles across the Bristol channel, in the open boat. Her husband thought fit to remonstrate against this scheme, and told her the risk she would encounter. She smiled at his apprehensions, and hearing her daughter Mary, sobbing behind her at the thoughts of her mother's danger, she sung the well-known stanza from " Poor Jack," which I thought was never more happily applied.

Why,

G g

Why, I said to our Pol, for d'ye see she would cry,
 When last we weighed anchor for sea,
 What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye;
 Why, what a fad fool you must be.
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
 And if to old Davy I should go, my friend Poll,
 Why, you never will hear of me more.
 What then? all's a hazard! come don't be too soft,
 Perhaps I may laughing come back;
 For that same little cherub that fits up aloft,
 Will keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

When she had pacified her little girl, and subdued the fears of her husband, she renewed her offers to the watermen, which they, after a short hesitation, declined. Thus the intrepidity of a female was found to overbalance, if not the prudence, at least the courage, of veterans. I own I was much astonished; but it only served to confirm me in an opinion I had before formed, and which I intruded upon the reader's attention, after my return from Mount Edgecombe; namely, that a society of those damsels,

such

such as piloted his majesty's barge during a naval review at Weymouth, and such as we often meet with, adapted for marine exploits and interested in the welfare of British tars, would upon emergencies lend aid and ornaments to our navy.

When we reached the floop, the captain informed us that the wind was so unfavourable he could not put out to sea ; therefore, after buffeting for two hours more with the wind and the waves, and with a child on each side of me straining their lungs in all the death of sea-sickness, we once more gained *terra-firma*. I could never have uttered a more sincere thanksgiving than escaped me upon quitting the boat. I took to my heels, fearful of being again caught *a-pleasuring*, as the rest of the crew styled this state of penance, and, eager to ascertain the wide difference between relating an adventure, and being a party concerned in it.

Tenbigh is situated on a promontory which stretches forth into the Bristol chan-

nel. At high water the sea ingulphs it in such a manner, as to inclose almost a third part of it with the tide. It affords a very good harbour for the shipping. During the summer many genteel families reside here; it is an excellent bathing place, and the country around it is beautiful. The lodging houses are not built or fitted up in so elegant a style as those at Brighton, but they have the same aspect, towards the sea, and are situated upon a cliff of much greater grandeur.

The views between Tenbigh and

PEMBROKE,

are beyond any thing that can be expressed. The distance is only ten miles, and all the way the delightful prospect of the sea on one side and a magnificent country on the other is without doubt far beyond any other landscape in South Wales.

There

There is one point of view which I am particularly inclined to dwell upon, and which my pen is unable to delineate, although it may be more successful in pointing out the spot for others to remark upon. It is that, where you command at one view the castles of Carew and Llantphey, with a distant prospect of Pembroke, upon the shores of Milford haven. The village of St. Florence, with its white church and cottages, are among the nearer objects, and the mountains rising in perspective behind, as a remote limit to the whole, make this in my own opinion, a *perfect* landscape. It combines every object that is necessary towards the formation of a fine prospect, yet so much is the pencil wanting upon these occasions, that it is impossible to do justice to such scenery by verbal delineation.

The grand approach to Pembroke is from the water, and it is then only that its venerable castle is seen to advantage. The town is situated upon the ridge of a long and narrow rock, gradually ascending to the
 3 highest

highest point, on the summit of which, at the edge of a bold abrupt precipice, stand the mouldering turrets of the castle; whose old walls are completely covered with ivy. It is founded upon the solid rock, trees grow nevertheless upon the walls, hang from the lofty battlements,

— and whistle hollow as they wave.

AKENSIDE,

It is a Norman structure, mixed with the early Gothic. The principal tower, which rises to a great height, has even at this day its stone vaulted roof remaining. This fortress was built by Girald, constable of Windsor, the ancestor of Cambrensis.

The natural cavern, called the Wogan, lies immediately under the chapel, and opens with a wide mouth towards the river. A communication from the cavern to the castle was made by a staircase on the outside of the rock, which led directly into the chapel.

The

The staircase still remains, and also the walls of the chapel.

We were leaving Pembroke, when Jeremy came running breathless with speed, to inform us, that the people had shewn him a great curiosity. We asked him of what nature it was, but could learn nothing except that it was, "some mischief done by Alderman Crumble; and that he wished to know who this alderman was, as he verily believed the same person turned Canterbury Cathedral into a stable." He then led us to the church, and pointed to a breach which had been made in the tower of it, by a cannon ball. The mystery was now open—Alderman Crumble proved to be no less a personage than Oliver Cromwell, who had formerly placed his batteries against the church, which has not been repaired since, and still wears the marks of his cannonading.

We hired a boat at Pembroke, to conduct us over Milford haven to the little harbour of Hubburston.

This

This wonderful piece of water, that deservedly attracts the notice of the whole world, appears like a vast lake, surrounded on all sides with steep hills covered with verdure. It is one of the finest bays in Europe; affording such plenty of water and such excellent anchorage, that the whole navy of Great Britain might at once be contained within it, and moreover ride secure from every wind that blows.

These considerations have long induced men to suppose, that a public dock would be established here. In the year 1759, parliament took this under consideration, and accordingly an act was passed for erecting fortifications at Peterchurch, West Lanyon, and Neyland; not with a view to prevent the enemy's ships from advancing into the haven, for the mouth of it is much too large to be protected from either shore, but to secure the inward harbours, and to provide against distresses similar to those which befel the French shipping at St. Maloes and Cherbourg in the last war.

Lieu-

Lieutenant Colonel Bastide, director of engineers, was appointed to survey the works, and ten thousand pounds was granted towards carrying them on. This plan was however never completed, although a great deal was done, as the walls of the embryo fortification which still remain can testify.

A plan is now in agitation, if it is not already begun, of having a town built upon one of the adjoining hills, with the stone which was brought for the fortifications, and it is to be called New-Milford.

We failed about for some time upon this magnificent lake, for I can give it no name more adapted to its appearance, and having almost encompassed the whole of it, landed at

HUBBERSTON.

This is one among the numerous harbours which are found on every shore of Milford
H h haven.

haven. It is in a flourishing state, exporting corn, coals, and limestone. I speak comparatively, when I say it flourishes; I would not lead future travellers to expect either accommodation or amusement at this place, beyond what an alehouse can afford for the one, or a combination of fishermen's huts supply for the other. Formerly it was a more miserable hole than it is now; but since the establishment of the Waterford packets, it has gradually improved. Two of these convey passengers from this port to Waterford in Ireland, which has proved of material advantage to the place. One of the packets had been so fortunate as to make twenty-nine trips in three months.

The distance from Hubburston to Waterford is twenty-three leagues; but what makes this station more convenient than most others, is, that the packets can sail at any time of the tide, and with almost any wind, storms alone preventing them.

Through

Through a country of no particular beauty, and chiefly remarkable for its flat campaign features, we came from Hubburston to

H A V E R F O R D W E S T,

a strong well-built town commodiously situated by the side of a hill, on a creek of Milford haven, over which it has a stone bridge of some grandeur. The ruins of the castle are very large, and present a fine object to the approach from Narbarth.

It was evening when we arrived here, and as we did not intend to leave the place before the next morning, I ordered our supper, and went out with my companion to survey the town.

We had proceeded but a few paces from the door, when I discerned on the opposite side of the way something like a place of confinement; but so barricadoed, and so miserable in its aspect, that I conceived it to

be a receptacle for wild beasts. Upon further inspection, I discovered through a small window, double grated, a man in a melancholy attitude, with a book in his hand. He was clothed in the tattered remnants of a naval uniform, and as we obstructed the light which glimmered through the grate upon the pages of his book, he started, and saw us. We were going to withdraw, when finding how much we were struck with his appearance, he addressed us. "Gentlemen, (said he) you see here an unfortunate officer of the navy, who, for a trifling debt, has suffered five months imprisonment in this abominable dungeon; without any support but from the benevolence of strangers and the uncertain charity of a few among the inhabitants, denied even water to gratify his thirst, unless he can raise a halfpenny to pay for it, and condemned to linger here without a prospect of release."

We asked him by what means he had incurred the debt, and how he became unable to discharge it.

He

He said he was a Lieutenant in the navy, and formerly belonged to a King's ship, called the Trimmer. That he had been stationed with the rest of his crew at Haverford. It happened one day that he was out upon a visit, when his comrades hearing of some smugglers went in pursuit of them, and left him on shore. During their absence, he had lived, he said, as other gentlemen do in the neighbourhood. He had visited them, hunted with them, and partook of the amusements of the place. When he wished to leave Haverford, he had written to his agent at Liverpool for cash. The people of the house where he lodged knew this, and when the answer returned, with a spirit of parsimony hardly to be conceived, and in violation of every honest and honourable principle, intercepted and broke it open. It was then discovered that his agent had failed, and could remit him only five guineas, which were inclosed in the letter. This sum the harpies instantly seized, and threw their unfortunate victim into the dungeon where

we

we found him, and where he had languished ever since.

I felt my blood chill with horror at his narrative, and interrupting him, In God's name, sir, said I, have you no friends, is there not one to whom I can write in your behalf?

My name, said he, is G—th. I was one of those who accompanied Captain Cook in his circumnavigations. I lived but by my profession, and have done so from my infancy; I have no relations, and hardly a single friend. There may be those who would hasten to extricate me, if they knew of my situation, but I wish to keep them ignorant of it, nor can I bear to apply to them.

Finding all our intreaties were ineffectual, in endeavouring to serve him by writing to those who knew him, we begged he would accept of our assistance in a different way, and leaving a small donation with him,

we went to make other enquiries among the inhabitants. They all knew him to be a gentleman of good character, and great ability in his profession; every information we received tended to invalidate his own assertions; but this only increased our astonishment, to find that in so large a town as Haverford-West, there could not be found liberality enough among the people, to save a gentleman from prison for a paltry tavern-bill.

Once we heard he had made his escape. A deserter was thrown into the same dungeon with him, and this fellow effected the means of his deliverance. They had not quitted their prison above a quarter of an hour, before their flight was discovered, and the gaoler rang the fire-bell to alarm the town. Mr. G—th and the deserter were then in one of the fields near the town. As soon as they heard they fire-bell Mr. G—th fainted. Overcome with weakness, from confinement, and the apprehension of being retaken, he fell at the feet of his companion.

nion. Upon this, the deserter dragged him into a ditch, and covering themselves with some new hay that was in the field, they remained concealed until the morning, when they both endeavoured to escape. The deserter, being the strongest, soon got out of the reach of his pursuers; but Mr. G—th, unacquainted with the country, and unable, from excessive weakness, to proceed, was re-taken by the Sheriff's officers about twenty miles from the town. As soon as he perceived them, he made a desperate attempt upon his own life, and before they could seize him, stabbed himself in the side. The wound proved not mortal, and he recovered to undergo, what he dreaded much more, the horrors of his prison.

We returned to him again, and apologizing for the meanness of our former offer, begged we might improve it. He seemed overcome with the thoughts of having found a human being who could feel for his situation. Upon further conversation,

I found

I found he was well acquainted with a fellow collegian of mine, and with his whole family. He said he was certain of having the command of a vessel if he could be released; that he had frequently offered to compromise with the woman who imprisoned him, and would give her cent. per cent. for her money until it was paid, if she would enable him to return to his profession. The inexorable d—l, for I cannot now think of a worse name for her, had refused all his requests, and would not pay the least attention to any application that was made for his release. The original debt did not exceed twenty pounds, but his prosecutors, by her villainous machinations, by rascally attorneys, and the expences of his imprisonment, had nearly doubled it. It was not until eleven at night that I gave over my enquiries with respect to Mr. G—th; and among the variety of questions we put to different people, no one gave him an ill word, but all were unanimous in encomiums upon him. Thus, in a hostile country, surrounded with persecutors, imprisoned,

I i and

and in debt, he seemed without an enemy. Some despaired of his release, others were in hopes he would receive his liberty at the assizes, as a society of gentlemen had promised to subscribe for that purpose.

YE GENTLEMEN OF HAVERFORD! could ye not find one spark of pity or generosity resident among ye? a stranger came and fell into misfortunes, and was there not one Samaritan, who would visit the prison of the wretched, and soften the iron fetters of his bondage? Yes, one there was, and more than one, and happy must they feel who have hitherto supported him in his captivity. But YE ALDERMEN OF HAVERFORD! for it is to you I dedicate these effusions of my soul—and if ever your eyes glance upon these pages of my work, may the traces of my pen sink deep into your hearts, and penetrating the iron folds around them, force out a sentiment of contrition and remorse. What, could ye not spare the exuberance of one feast from your gorgeous appetites,

appetites, to succour a bulwark of your country—a son of Neptune? Could you not spare the price of one dinner, to relieve a fellow-creature in distress? oh shame! shame! shame upon you, YE ALDERMEN OF HAVERFORD!!!

Peace to the ashes of the benevolent HOWARD! what a scope for his philanthropy would have been offered, had he visited the dungeon at Haverford. He is gone to receive the reward of his virtues, but his name shall be immortal.

The spirits of the good, who bend from high,
Wide o'er these earthly scenes their partial eye;
When first, array'd in virtue's purest robe,
They saw her Howard traversing the globe;
Saw round his brows her sun like glory blaze
In arrowing circles of unwearied rays;
Mistook a mortal for an angel guest,
And ask'd what seraph foot the earth imprest.
Loves of the plants. Canto. II. p. 86.

I never felt more disposed to quit any place than Haverford. The thoughts of

Mr. G—th's sufferings, added to the filthiness of our inn, and the unwelcome deportment of every yawning countenance we met upon our return to it, so prejudiced us against the whole town that we ordered horses to be in readiness before sun-rise the next morning.

Creeping into my miserable sty, for I could not be guilty of so gross a compliment as to call it a bed-room, I endeavoured to compose myself to sleep. The sheets stuck to my back with dampness, and not having been changed since the last affizes, contained such a quantity of sand, which the feet of my predecessors had imported from the floor, that I was determined to sit up the whole night. The thoughts of Mr. G—th, in his horrid dungeon, but a few yards from me, seemed to reproach me for my discontent, and feeling thankful that I was out of their clutches, I fell asleep.

When we came to our chaise in the morning, we found four horses affixed to it, whereas

whereas we had ordered but two, and an impudent scoundrel at the door insisting upon our using them. We had no alternative, we must either obey his orders, or remain at Haverford, and God knows with what alacrity I chose the lesser evil, to avoid the greater.* Any inconvenience was better than staying *with Pharaoh and all his host*, so away we drove, execrating the whole tribe, and fearful lest the well-known words, with which Dr. Johnson addressed a crow in the Highlands, should be made applicable to us — *What, have wings, and stay here?*

For thirty miles, until we reached

CARDIGAN,

we were pestered by incessant rain. Our
postillions

* Mr. Wyndham also complains of the chicanery and imposition that was practised upon him at Haverford-West. (see page 82 of his Tour through Monmouthshire and Wales) Indeed it is so inhospitable a place, and contains so little worth a traveller's notice, that I would advise others to throw it entirely out of their route; or, if they cannot avoid passing through it, to make as short a stay there as possible.

postillions assured us, that great part of the country was beautiful, but it was so completely enveloped in impenetrable darkness, that we could hardly discern an object.

At Cardigan we found much the same decisive language from our landlord, as we met with at Haverford, although the inn here is a palace to the other. Without waiting to know what it was our pleasure to do, as soon as we alighted, "Gentlemen!" said he, "you cannot go any further this evening—you *must* stay here all night, and you *must* proceed with four horses in the morning, and you *must* go forty miles the next stage, and you *must*," &c. "Say you so, my good friend," said I interrupting him, for I was determined not to bear this insolence—"but I am to convince you that we will do none of these things." I then ran to the Quay, and finding a vessel bound for Aberystwyth, desired they would take us. They consented, but afterwards hearing a word from the landlord of the inn, made an excuse and refused.

refused. Upon this I went to the village of St. Ogmil, about two miles from Abberyftwith, and there hired a vessel on purpose for us. They were to be in readiness as soon as the tide served next morning, and promised to call for us at that time. Thus one part of our landlord's decision became complete; we were compelled to stay all night with him, and he took care that the whole should be so, for when the men came to call us in the morning, he either bribed or terrified them from their duty, and we heard no more of them.

Having thus afforded some idea of the treatment Englishmen will meet with in Wales, unless they proceed with circumspection, it is necessary I should say something of Cardigan, and its environs.

Of the country between Haverford West and this town, I can only speak from the opinion of others. The incessant rains which continued to buffet us the whole way,

way, prevented me from forming any opinion of my own.

The town of Cardigan is neat and well built. The approach to it from the south, is by a stone bridge thrown over the river Teivy.

Robert Fitz Stephen, the first Briton that ever attempted to reduce Ireland to subjection, once possessed this place. As for the castle, it was originally fortified by Roger Montgomery, who with William Fitzosborne, led the Norman van at the battle of Hastings. Part of the ancient walls are still remaining, but the inward materials have long since been removed.

In the evening after our arrival, the horizon once more brightened, which tempted us, at so late an hour as seven, to make an excursion up the Teivy. This river is famous for the largest and finest salmon in Great-Britain. They sell at a low rate, owing to the distance of Cardigan from the
metropolis,

metropolis, or any other place of public resort. The common price is two-pence or three-pence per pound, but we were informed, that salmon not unfrequently sells for so small a price as one penny per pound.

We had not proceeded far upon this delightful piece of water, before our attention was wholly engrossed by the surrounding scenery. The sun was sinking behind the hills, the lofty banks of the Teivy, which for two hundred feet, from the water's brink to their summit, were completely covered with wood, began to cast a gloom upon the objects around us. For some time we were entirely engrossed in the contemplation of this sylvan scene, when all at once it was suddenly intercepted by a lofty, naked, and projecting rock, on which stand the romantic ruins of the castle of Cilgarron. The effect is bold, abrupt, and beautiful. All that the imagination has suggested of Sir Bertrand, and the terrors of enchantment, seemed here verified.

K k

While

While we were gazing at the shattered walls of this gloomy fortrefs, a number of figures, apparently in punch bowls, with each a wand in his hand, came suddenly floating round the foundation, and passing us like lightning, were hurried down the stream until we saw them no more. I was all astonishment. My companion burst into a fit of laughter. Jeremy, with his mouth wide open and his neck stretched out, gazed at them till they vanished, and then exclaimed, "Bless my old shoes! what be they? witches in a whirlwind?" A second troop appeared, but not being able to pass us so abruptly, I had leisure to examine them more minutely. The whole phænomenon was now developed; they proved to be nothing more than a party of fishermen, who were earnestly engaged in pursuing their usual method of taking salmon. This is done in vessels, called coracles,* which are constructed after the following manner.

* The *vitalia navigia* of *Pliny*, and in more modern times called coracles, from their being covered with *coria*, or hides.

They

They make a small frame of wicker work, in shape much resembling the bowl of a spoon. This is covered with materials, composed of old blanket and canvas, and being properly secured with a thick varnish of pitch, is entrusted to the waters. A twisted withy is fixed to each side of the centre of the seat, which serves as a handle to the fisherman, when he carries his boat from place to place, and as a circle to confine him to the precise spot, where an exact equilibrium can only prevent him from being overset. The dexterity of the natives who fish in these vessels, is amazing, though it frequently happens to the most expert, that a large fish will pull both the man and the boat under water.*

K k 2

Embarking

* Mr. Wyndham, among his numerous quotations from Giraldus, has inserted two, in a note, upon this subject; which, as they shew the antiquity of the coracles, and the celebrity of the Teivy, in those days, for its abundance of salmon, I hope I may be excused for introducing.

Cum autem naviculam salmo injectus cauda fortiter percusserit, non absque periculo plerumque victuram pariter

Embarking in these frail vessels, with their net in one hand, and a paddle in the other, they float along the tide, and take the finest salmon in the world. This trade is not confined to the men, the women bear a share in the labour, and are full as expert in the management of a coracle as the *lords of the creation*.*

When they have floated as far down the river as they chuse, they put to shore, and taking

riter et vectorem evertit. Naviculas istas Piscatores patriæ ritu eundo et redeundo portant humeris. Giraldus Camb. p. 273.

Fluvius Teivi, præ cunctis Cambriæ fluviis salmone præpingui sæcundiffimus, p. 178.

* Mrs. Macaulay, celebrated for her history of the Stuarts, was conversing one evening upon subjects of literature, and having worsted an old pedant, during a long discussion, was severely reprimanded by him, for interfering with topics foreign to her sex. "Pursue, madam! said he, the humble duties of domestic life, and leave the intricacies of science to be explored only by the *Lords of the creation*." Just at this instant a servant entered, and announced the arrival of Mrs. Macaulay's chairmen, "Pray, said she, tell the two *Lords of the creation* to wait another half hour!"

taking their boats upon their backs, walk along the banks, as they are unable to proceed against the tide in coracles, and launching them at a convenient place, embark again, finishing as before. During the whole night, this is their employment, unless a sufficient quantity of fish is taken before that time expires. Nothing can be more singular than the appearance of these coracles; a whole fleet of them embark together, and it is surprising to see the velocity with which they proceed.

One of them had caught a fine salmon, weighing about forty pounds, which they offered us for five shillings.

The tide having covered the old footpath to the castle, I found the approach to it very difficult. A little boy, who was my guide, led me up the lofty banks among brambles and trees, and sharp steep rocks, which though obstacles to me, were no impediments to him, for without shoes, stockings, or hat, away he went, skipping and
jumping

jumping from one point to the other, encouraging me, in Welsh, to follow and fear nothing, for he knew the way.

When we came to the castle, it was nearly dark, but I could discern enough to conceive what a prospect day light would afford of the river, the hills, and the woods. Groping my way amongst the ruins, I came to a shattered staircase, which led to the top of a round tower, and communicated to the entrances of several old apartments, whose floors had given way by time and had fallen in huge fragments below. As I entered, my little guide lost all his former courage, and with his hair on end retreated to the middle of the court, calling out in broken English, "*No, doant, doant, sperrits! sperrits! there is sperrits about!*" I gained the summit after some difficulty, and at a distance saw my companions in the boat. While I was looking at them, and admiring the effect of the evening upon the fading scenery, I heard behind me, among some old weeds and bushes that whistled hollow

hollow as they waved in the crevices of the wall, a coarse convulsive hissing, something resembling that of a serpent, but louder, and more like the noise of a goose. I listened, and looked about me, but all was silent. "It must be wind," said I, and was making the best of my way down the mouldering staircase, when the same sound was repeated in a tone that made my blood curdle in my veins. I stood stock still; the noise increased, and all at once, from a dark hole among the battlements, out flew an overgrown white owl, hissing as it went, until I lost it in the gloom of the night. I own I felt myself rather easier at the departure of my sage neighbour, although I place no faith in that species of supernatural agency, which my juvenile conductor denominated *sperrits*, and being in a spouting humour, repeated, as I descended to the court below, Beattie's beautiful lines.

While the lone owl, on pinions grey,
Breaks from the rust'ling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

Whether my guide thought I was invoking Hecate, or saying the Lord's prayer backwards, I could not discover, but during our return, he took care to keep me at a distance, and observing a most profound silence the whole way, never ventured to open his lips, until we rejoined our impatient companions.

It was now very dark, the landscape had faded away, the rich prospect on each side of the Teivy was hid in obscurity, and we were happy to get back to our inn again, and betake ourselves to rest.

We left Cardigan the next morning, and dangerous as the passage is said to be from that place to Aberystwyth, had to lament that we did not perform it by water. The country, during a tedious journey of forty miles, shewed us nothing but dreary moors, barren wilds, bad roads, and poor cottagers. The only house of accommodation is about twenty-two miles from Cardigan; we dined there, and reached

ABERYSTWYTH

ABERYSTWYTH,

just as it grew dark.

It is a pleasant little town, situated on an easy elevation by the sea side, in a spacious valley between two hills, and at the mouths of the rivers Ystwyth and Ryddol. It affords a good shore for bathing, and is frequented by many families during the summer.

We spent our evening at the Talbot Inn, a very respectable house, and remarkable for the cleanliness of its accommodations, and the great civility of its master and mistress.

Here we had, for the first time since we entered Wales, the pleasure of hearing the music of the country, in its pure state, from a poor blind female harper. She could speak no English, nor play any English tunes, except *Captain Mackintosh* and the *White Cockade*. There was so much na-

tive simplicity in her appearance, and the features of sorrow were so visible in her countenance, that no one could behold her unmoved. She was led in by the waiter, dressed after the style of her country women, in a coarse woollen gown, and a hat of black beaver. She had seated herself in a corner of the room, and by an involuntary motion, I drew my chair close to hers. A predilection for Welsh music, would alone have disposed me to listen to the harp; but our blind minstrel, with her untaught harmony, called forth all our admiration, and attention became the tribute of pity. When she touched the strings, she displayed all the execution and taste of the most refined master. Her mode of fingering was graceful, light, and elegant; her cadences inexpressibly sweet. We had never before heard such tones from the harp; she ran through all the mazes of Welsh harmony, and delighted us with the songs of the bards of old. She seemed to celebrate the days of her fore-fathers, and fancy led me to interpret the tenor of her melody. It sung

the fall of Llewellyn, and broke forth in a rapid tumultuous movement, expressive of the battles he had fought, and the laurels he had won.

All at once she changed the strain; the movement became slow, soft, and melancholy—it was a dirge for the memory of the slaughtered bards, the departed poets of other times. An air was introduced after a momentary pause, which vibrated upon our very heart strings. With trembling hands, and in a tone of peculiar melody, she told us the sad tale of her own distress. She sung the blessings of light, and portrayed in cadences the sorrows of the blind.

Without any support but her harp, deprived of her sight, friendless, and poor, she had wandered from place to place, depending entirely upon the charity of strangers. We were told that she contrived to obtain a decent livelihood by her talents for music, nor did we wonder at it, for

who can refuse pity to the sufferings of humanity, when the voice of melody breaks forth in its behalf.

The next morning we hired a chaise to take us through the Vale of Ryddol, to the Devil's Bridge, near the great fall of the Monach, the greatest curiosity in all Wales. The guide, who conducts strangers to the spot, is a female, and lives in a mean little hut, built entirely of dirt and weeds. It is easily known from other cottages, by its distinction, in having a tree upon the top of it, which I believe is growing there to this day. It consists of two apartments, in one of which I found a horse and a cow, and the other the whole family of pigs, ducks, dogs, cats, men, women and children. The hole by which we entered, served both as a window and a door, and a small opening at the top, suffered the smoke to pass out. In one corner of this miserable hovel, sat the jolly damsel who was to conduct us to the bridge. She accosted us in broken English, begged we would be seated

seated upon the bed, which served both as a table and a chair to the whole family, and promised to attend us as soon as she had finished peeling her turnips. I assisted her in this operation, and we soon finished them all, upon which she dropped a thick woollen petticoat, put on her beaver, curtseyed, and said she was ready to attend us.

Entering by a small gate on the left-hand side of the road, we descended a steep craggy hill, diversified with abundance of trees, whose thick foliage was scarcely to be penetrated by the beams of the sun. Here, winding through a rich variety of thicket and underwood, apparently frequented but by the mountain goat, we followed our buxom damsel through brier and thorn, until we came to the bottom of the cascade,

It is my earnest wish to paint the beauties of this astonishing scene in a style somewhat adequate to its singular and wonderful appearance; but alas! the attempt,
futile

futile and inefficacious, serves only to convince me of my extreme temerity. Conscious therefore as I must feel of my inability to delineate its features, I shall introduce a simple outline of the whole ; at the same time apologizing to the partial few, whose candour has led them thus far in the perusal of my hasty sketches, for my scanty detail.

It has been a source of much surprize to me, to observe the little notice that travellers have taken of this place. Most of them have made a point of visiting the bridge, but few, indeed hardly any, have paid attention to the cataract. To what can this be owing ? to a want of proper information, or a desire of avoiding the small share of fatigue which the view of it requires. One would hardly attribute it to the latter, and indeed the former seems the most probable, as without knowing beforehand the wonders of the spot, they might be easily neglected. It cannot be from a mistaken notion, that there is nothing singular

gular in this fall of the River Monach, for I am confident in asserting, both from what I have seen myself, and from what I have gathered from others, that it has not a parallel in any part of Great Britain or Ireland. It is, however, no glaring spectacle, no forced exhibition displayed to the garish eye of a turnpike traveller; it lies embosomed in the deep recess of a secret valley, and roars unseen, unheard, amidst the gloom of the surrounding precipices.

Where each old, poetic mountain,
 Inspiration breathes around;
 Every grove, and hallow'd fountain,
 Murmur's deep a solemn sound.

GRAY.

Those who reside near the spot, accustomed to the horrors of the place, by a daily task of visiting the bridge with strangers, gladly pass over the rest of the job, and unless particularly ordered to point out the cascade, feel happy in having escaped the fatigue of it.

Since

Since my return from this expedition, I procured Mr. Wyndham's account of his tour through Monmouthshire and Wales. I have before taken notice of the difficulty I had in obtaining it. I had heard of Mr. Wyndham's accuracy in the *descriptive*, and longed to know what would be his sentiments of this singular scene; but how was I surpris'd and disappointed to find that a writer so admired, even Mr. Wyndham himself, had neglected to pourtray the cataract of the Monach. Like others, he had been at the bridge, but apparently insensible of any curiosity in its vicinity, confines himself solely to that object. Chagrined at this inadvertency in a writer, whose footsteps I had so often followed, I explored the pages of an author,* not altogether so respectable. His account of this place is truly laughable, but as he himself says, he copied it from some journal that fell into his hands, and did not visit the bridge himself, we cannot wonder that it is ridiculous.

* Mr. Gilpin.

ridiculous. He says (for I must beg leave to entertain my reader a few moments with this journal, in its *picturesque* accoutrements) he does not clearly understand the nature of the scenery here, from the account given in his journal.* That the plan of it is a rocky chasm, over which is thrown an arch. Between these cheeks, says he, and just beneath the bridge (only about two hundred and fifty feet below it) the river *Funnach* (a name never given to the river *Monach* before, since his Satanic Majesty built his arch over it) falls abruptly down the space of *several yards*, and afterwards meeting with other steeps, makes its way, after a few of these (*trifling*) interruptions, into the *Rhydol* (leg. *Ryddol*) a *little* below. (For *little*, read six hundred and fifty feet!) He then proceeds to *suppose*, that the bridge is an *interesting object*, and *understands*, that it consists of two arches, one thrown over the other; that the under one was built by the Devil, and that the common people

* Vide "Observations relative to *picturesque* beauty," &c.

p. 80, line 18.

M m

thought

thought when he built it, *he had some mischief in his head!!!*

Here ends a description of *the Devil's bridge*, curtailed and *picturesquified* from a foundling journal, that accidentally dropped into the hands of a *Salisbury prebend*, who, though an original in sketching landscapes, has no objection to tint over the outlines of others, when it saves him the trouble of forming any of his own.

But to return from this digression.

We beheld the river Monach in a bold convulsive cataract between the mountains, foaming with clamorous fury through a chasm of the solid rock, and rushing down the steep abrupt of a prodigious precipice, roar in a white surf at our feet and lose itself in a vast basin below. Enveloped by an awful display of every thing that can add majesty and grandeur to the features of nature, the spectator is lost in the contemplation

plation of this wild assemblage of mountains, vallies, hills, rocks, woods, and water.

Præsentioſorem & conſpicimus deum
 Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
 Clivoſque præruptos, ſonantes
 Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem.

G R A Y.

After having feaſted our eyes with the view of this headlong torrent, we aſcended, by our guide's direction, and were introduced to a ſimilar ſcene above it. From this ſecond part we aſcended to a third, and ſo on to a fourth and a fifth; for this fall of the Monach is ſo much interrupted and broken, that by a near inſpection, as you aſcend from the bottom, you are ſhewn five ſeparate caſcades; which, when you retire to a proper diſtance, at a particular point of view, appear all united into one ſtupendous cataract. We were conducted to this ſpot, which is on an eminence oppoſite the fall, and from whence the effect of this caſcade is more ſuperb than can either be

M m 2 conceived

conceived or expressed. The bare mention of a river, precipitated from a height of four hundred feet, conveys an idea of something great, of something unusually magnificent. But when to this is added the peculiar wildness and gigantic features of the scenery which surrounds the fall of the Monach, no description whatever can do it justice. Soon after its descent, it runs into the Rhyddol, which river also displays a beautiful cascade, before its union with the Monach. Several brooks and smaller streams are seen falling from the tops of the high mountains on all sides, and losing themselves in the valley below. Thus we seemed surrounded by water-falls, many of which deserved our notice had it not been for the fall of the Monach which deservedly engrossed our whole attention.

From the cascade we proceeded to the Devil's Bridge, which has been erected over a wonderful chasm worn in the solid rock by the perpetual cataract of the Monach during a series of ages.

This

This is literally bridge upon bridge. The original arch is very ancient, and of course from its great antiquity and uncommon situation, has been attributed by illiteracy and superstition, to the agency of a supernatural architect. It is supposed that it was thrown over the chasm by the Monks some centuries ago. The upper arch has been erected at the expence of the county, as the other had fallen into great decay and was become very dangerous. It was formed by a centre made upon the old one, and when it was completed the timber work was removed from between the two arches, so that the original arch still remains.

The depth to the water under the bridge, is at least two hundred and fifty feet, while the chasm gradually expands itself above the bridge to the height of three hundred more. From the downmost bottom, to the uppermost summit of this extraordinary

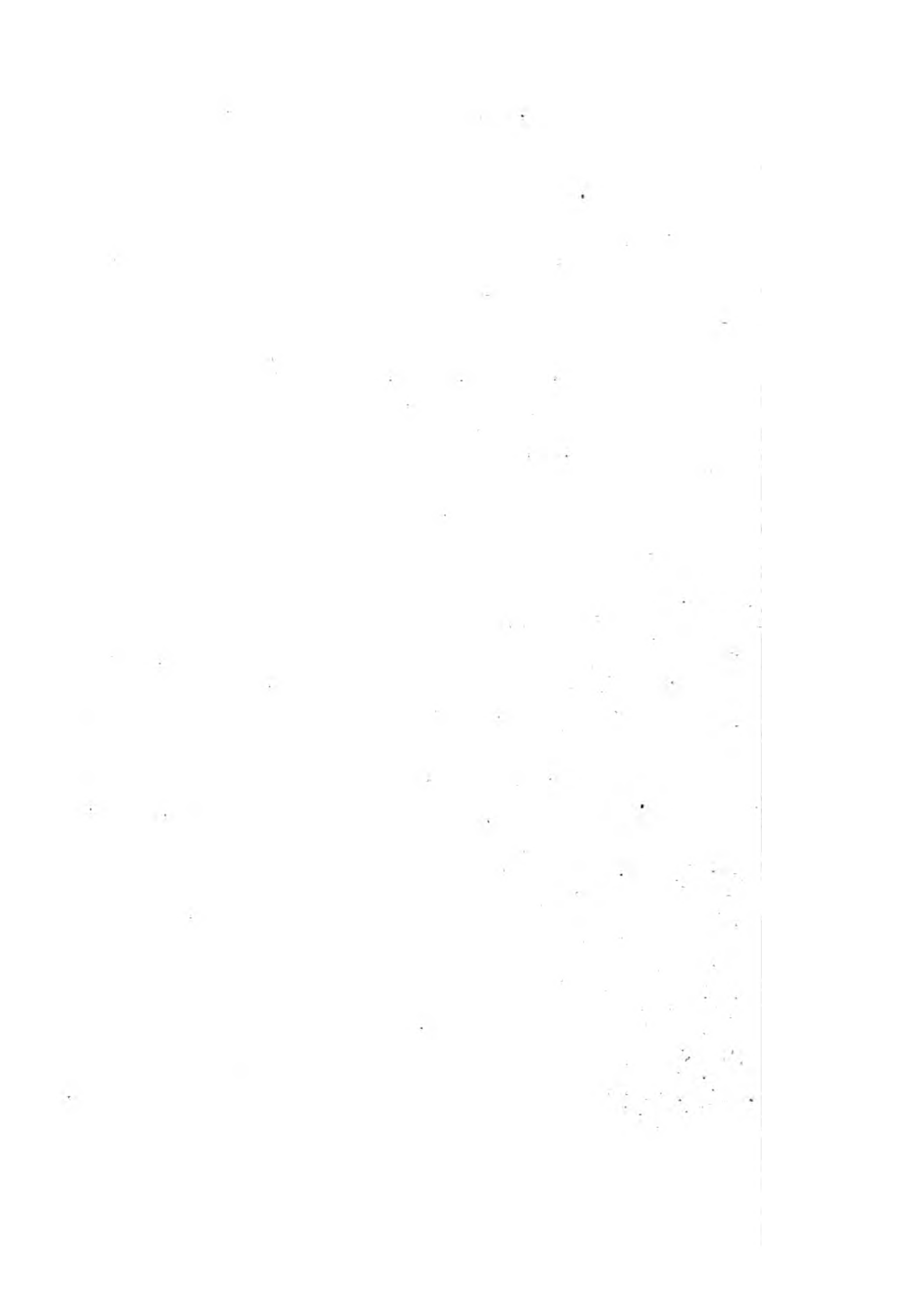
nary valley, rises an exuberant mantle of oaks, ashes, witch elms, and hazels. The bridge itself is so closely environed with their shades, that neither one arch nor the other can be seen by the traveller without his first making a difficult descent.* The beautiful verdure of the woods rises to the highest brink of this tremendous chasm, and then abruptly stops: All above are mountains, bleak and horrid; the melancholy surface of which produces only a rank, coarse, and mournful grass.

The intrepid female, who acted as our guide, conducted me, at the hazard of my life, between the arches which compose the bridge. The water had petrified as it fell from

* The annexed plate will convey an idea of this descent. I was fortunate enough to obtain the original from the pencil of Henry Spence, Esq. It is allowed by all who have seen it to be the most correct view ever taken of the scenery at the Devil's Bridge, at the same time it displays a specimen of that superior taste so peculiar to the productions of its author.

The Devil's Bridge near the great Fall of the Monach.





from the upper arch. I gathered some specimens, which hung like icicles; they were from two to three inches in length, soft, opaque, and slightly tinged with a yellow colour.

From the surrounding mountains, the highest of which is Plinlimmon, most of the principal rivers in Wales derive their source; the Severn, with its tributary streams, the Wye, the Ystwyth, the Teivy, and many others. Mr. Wyndham, in speaking of the scenery on his approach to the Devil's Bridge, is so peculiarly happy in his mode of description, that I cannot resist a momentary propensity for plagiarism, and must therefore be excused if I copy him *verbatim*.

“ We now made (says he) a serpentine
 “ course over the doubtful paths of a long
 “ morass, while the mountains around us
 “ appeared more horrible than any we had
 “ seen before. They were of a greater
 “ height and larger extent; while their
 “ tops

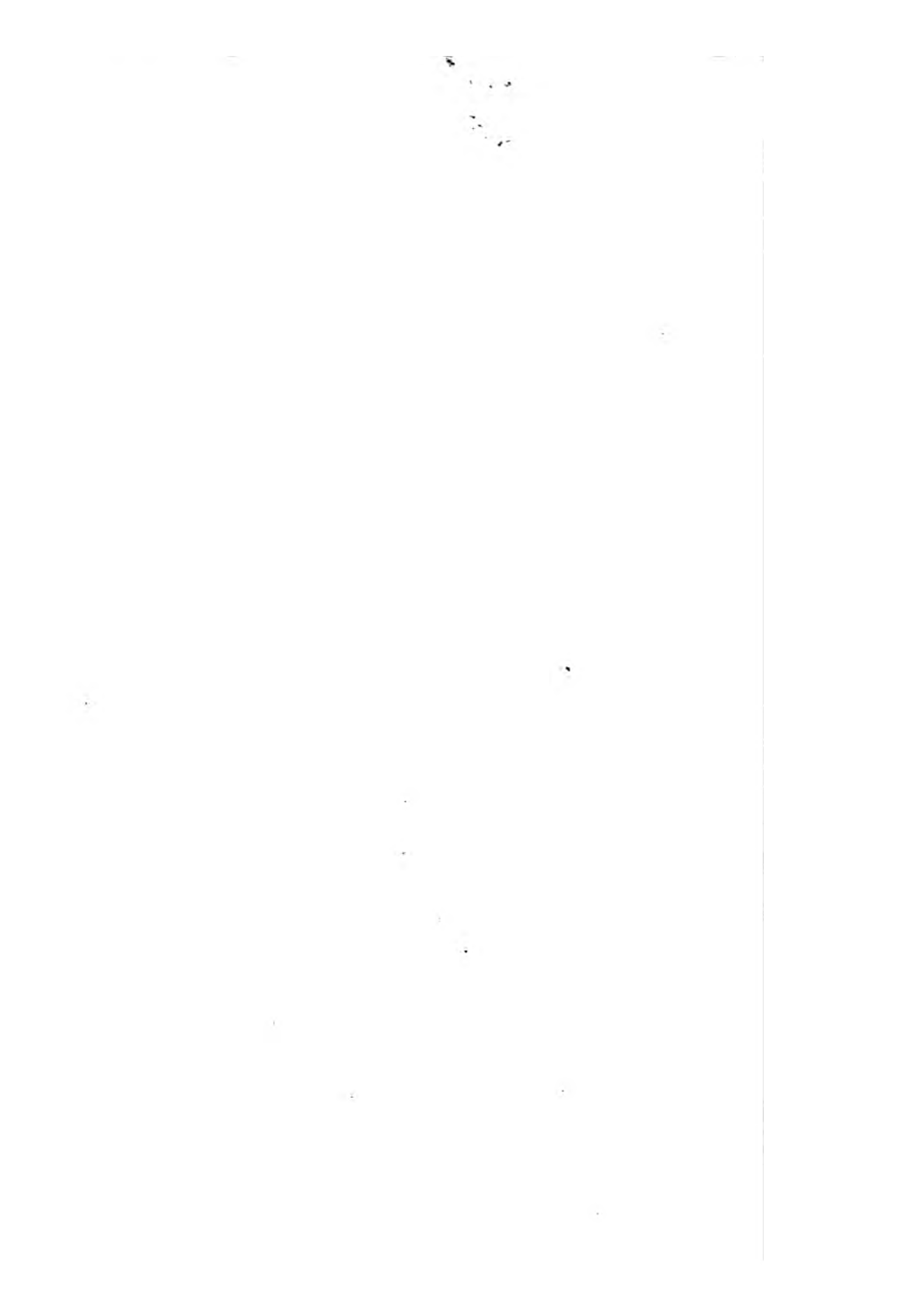
“ tops ended in so many various and irregu-
“ lar shapes, and formed so undulating an
“ horizon, that a warm imagination might
“ almost conceive the mountains were im-
“ pelled, and driven on by a supernatural
“ storm, in immense waves and broken
“ swells.”

Returning to Aberystwyth, we had a very fine prospect of the vale of Ryddol. The river Ryddol winds through it, and forms a scene well worth a traveller's attention. We were next conducted to the remarkable bridge which I have endeavoured to give an idea of in the plate annexed. It is called *Ponpren* or *Pont-pren* which signifies *a wooden bridge, or a wooden foot bridge*, and is situated about seven miles from Aberystwyth in the vale of Ryddol, or, as the Welsh call it, in *Coombe Ryddol*. The scenery around it partakes of the features of the country. Nature has been so liberal of her rocks, woods, and water, that in this part of the world they seem to be concomitant, and one is never found without the other.

SECTION

Tent-pole in Coomb's Pyramid.





SECTION THE FIFTH.

AFTER leaving Aberystwyth we entered North Wales, and it was curious to observe how suddenly the features of the country assumed a change. South Wales is fertile, hilly, and affords many pleasing landscapes, but it will not admit of a comparison with the prospects in the northern district of the principality. The scenery there becomes uncommonly grand. The whole complexion of North Wales is bold and sublime. Vast mountains rise one above the other, hiding their awful summits in

N n

the

the clouds. The beauties of South Wales are certainly well worthy of attention. They consist of picturesque landscapes, castellate ruins, and a fine country ornamented with verdure, woods, and agriculture. But these are to be found in other countries, and in many parts of England, similar scenes are easily met with. In North Wales we meet with a country, *sui generis*, singular in its kind, magnificent, striking, and superb. I have never seen any thing that can justly be compared with it. There is something like it in North-America, and Switzerland, often exhibits a resemblance upon a larger scale. But still they have not that extravagant wildness, nor have they, if I may be allowed such a liberty of words, the *angry grandeur* of North Wales.

Leaving Cardiganshire we entered Merioneth, and passed through

MAC-

MACHYNLETH.

Afterwards we dined at a small place called

MALLWYDD,

and could not but admire the amazing difference that a few miles progress had made in the surrounding scenery. We here beheld sheep feeding in the clouds and hanging, as it were, all down the sides of precipices almost perpendicular.

Proceeding forward, we saw torrents of water falling in broken channels from the very summit of the mountains. The valleys form a beautiful contrast to the rest of the scenery, smiling with cultivation, and richly diversified with wood and water. All the way from Mallwydd, until we came to

DOLGELLY,

we were delighted with these stupendous views. We had been for some time enveloped

loped in one of those impenetrable mists which perpetually veil the tops of the high mountains, when, as we began to descend and the clouds dispersed, we beheld Dolgelly in a rich vale below. It really appeared like a piece of transparent painting. The rain had ceased and as the sun was just breaking through a cloud, we commanded the whole town, with its river, bridge, &c. On one side of us the famous Cader Idris, mentioned by Camden, reared its monstrous top high above all the neighbouring mountains, and hid its dark visage in the clouds. We were told that a gentleman had been two succeeding years at Dolgelly in hopes of ascending this mountain in a clear day. He had always been disappointed, and I believe it rarely condescends to unveil its majestic brow. We once caught a slight view of the top of it from the door of our inn, as a cloud passed by, but they told us that the highest point lay farther behind the mountains, and was not to be seen from that place.

A de-

A descendant of Cadwallader entertained us in the evening upon the harp ; but we could not compliment him upon his performance. Perhaps the blind minstrel of Aberyfwyth had put us out of conceit with all harpers but herself.

At this place they all speak Welsh, and we found great difficulty in being understood.

Dolgelly is the capital of the county. It is a poor, dirty, miserable, little place, and, although it makes such a fine appearance from the surrounding mountains, contains nothing worth a moment's notice within itself.

We were surprised at the beauty of the horses both in North and South Wales. You hardly ever meet a butter-wench, or the meanest peasant, without seeing them well mounted. And these horses, though dearer than they were formerly, are still remarkably cheap. I should think a dealer
would

would have good interest for his money, who could afford to make a journey among the wilds of Wales and purchase cattle for the London markets.

When we left Dolgelly we passed by two cascades, which they said were the finest in North Wales. Our time however was so pressing that we could not stop to view them. The principal one is the fall of Dol-y-Myllin, and it is to be found behind the small house of a widow Vaughan, about five miles from Dolgelly, by turning to the left, out of the main road to Carnarvon. There are a number of other cataracts in this neighbourhood, and what makes them singular is, that they are each of them the fall of a separate river, although two of them, of which this cataract of Dol-y-Myllin is one, are not five hundred yards distant from one another. None of these cascades are equal to the fall of the Monach at the Devil's Bridge, nevertheless, they ought not to be neglected by those who fol-

follow this route and have leisure to visit them.

From Dolgelly we had a most mountainous journey the whole way. The different prospects however, as we passed, amply repaid us for the slow progress we made. We saw several rivers that appeared one continued cascade. They resemble one I mentioned at Ivy-Bridge, in Devonshire, and although they boast of that river as a great curiosity, and affirm it to be a singular spectacle, if they were to make an excursion through Wales, they would find that almost all the rivers in that principality assume the same appearance, and foam over their craggy beds frequently with more interruption, and in a style of greater grandeur, as their descent is generally more abrupt and vehement. As instances of this I would mention the Tæffe, near the Pont-y-prîdd in South Wales, the Monach and Ryddol, in Cardiganshire near Aberystwyth, and the beautiful view of the river at Pont-aber-glaslyn, in Merionethshire.

After

After encountering these wild scenes for eighteen miles, and being almost satisfied with *ups* and *downs*, we suddenly entered upon a most beautiful valley.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
 Its flow'ry bosom to the noon-day beam,
 Where many a rose-bud rears his blushing head,
 And herbs for food with future plenty team.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Along this narrow valley you might see
 The wild goats sporting in the meadow ground,
 And here and there a solitary tree,
 Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd,

BEATTIE.

I believe all travellers have united in admiring the exquisite prospect of the Vale of Festiniog. Whether it is owing to the contrast it offers to the neighbouring country, or the unusual beauty of its culture, I am unable to say. It reminded me of the vale of Abbyssinia, in Dr. Johnson's elegant little Romance. Surrounded on all sides

with high mountains, adorned with the most flourishing verdure and happy in its display of wood and water. I doubt whether any spot in the whole island of Great Britain will bear a competition with this.

Here is a homely but decent and well-furnished inn, well known to all who have been this road by the name of

TAN-Y-BWLCH,

where gentlemen frequently pass some months in the summer. To those who seek retired and romantic scenes, this valley would offer many allurements. Without being a prey to the affected refinement of a *modern sentimentalist*, I could not look back at the peace and solitude of this enchanting spot, without wishing to prolong my view. If hereafter I may be enabled to tread the sequestered shades of this delightful valley, I shall rejoice. A calmness dwells there, which would make an anchorite of a metropolitan, and those most bigotted to

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society, would gladly resign the bustle and the cares of it to seclude themselves amidst the silence and the serenity of Festiniog.

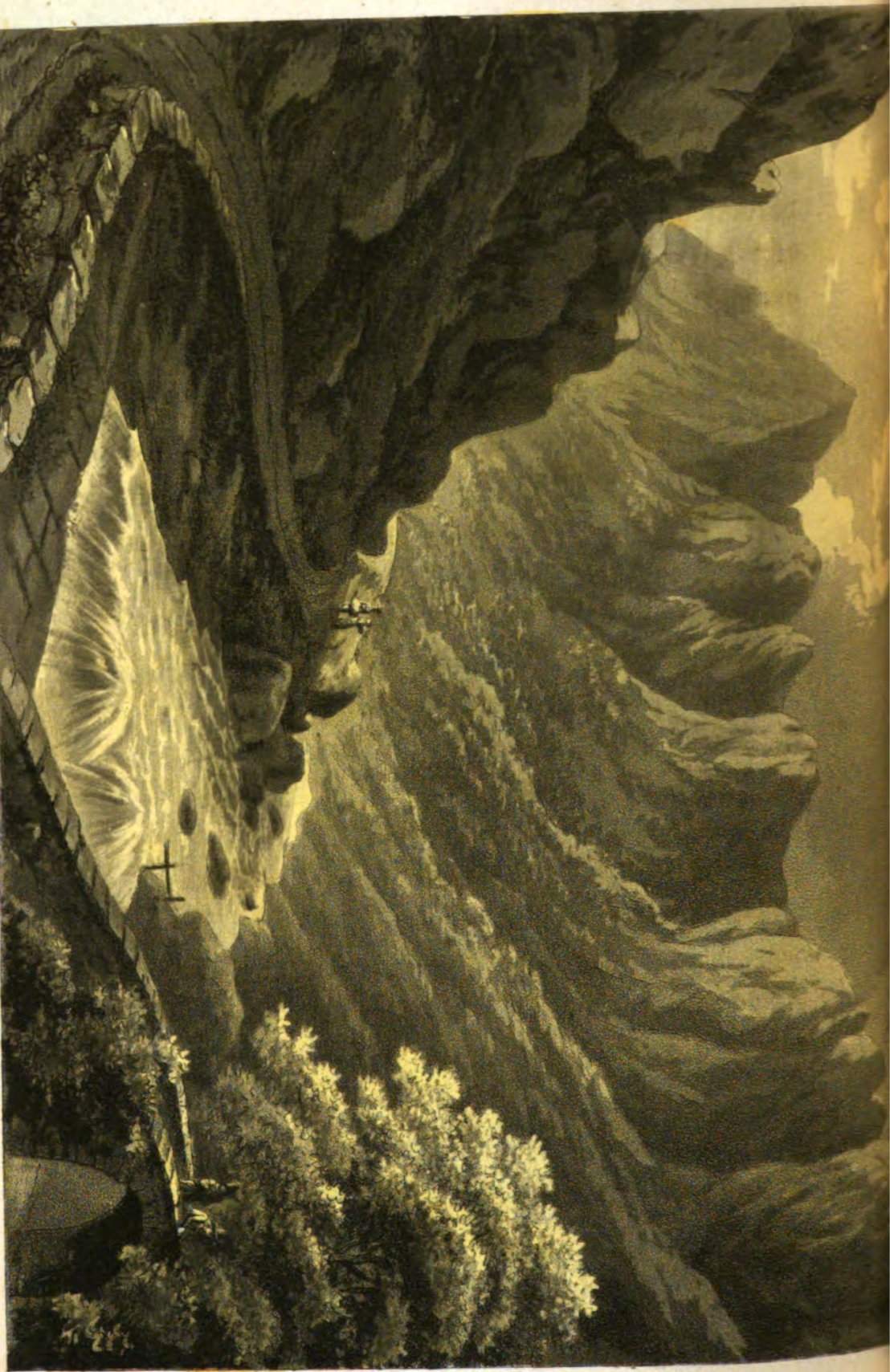
Ascending the rough summits of these craggy mountains, we once more encountered the wilds of Merioneth. With four horses, a light chaise, little luggage, and walking frequently ourselves to make that little less, we were three hours in gaining seven miles. Thus it may be conceived what a country we were in. The toil and tardiness of our progress would have been insupportable, had it not been for the prospects around us; the grandeur of which seemed to increase, in proportion to our propensity to murmur.

At about four o'clock we reached the famous

PONT-ABER-GLASSLYN,

commonly called the *Devil's Bridge*. The peasants of Wales are as superstitious as the Lap-

= Spence Esprituel
Ant. Mor. Clayburn and Selmon Hoop.



Laplanders. They behold this bridge with astonishment, and not being able to conceive the mode of its construction at once ascribe it to that ingenious architect, the *arch Apostate*. Their ancestors they say engaged his satanic majesty to build for them a bridge from the foot of one mountain to the other across a very rapid river. He was to have for his labour the first that went over it after it was finished. They contrived, however, to delude him by driving a dog over, and they say this was all the wages he had for his ingenuity. This is the story they give of the bridge, which they implicitly believe to be true. The bridge consists of a single arch of no very great magnitude and nothing equal to the Pont-y-pridd in its construction. Contiguous to it is a salmon-leap made by a fall of water. Here the fish make continually efforts to leap above the fall, and nets being placed,* they are caught in the attempt.

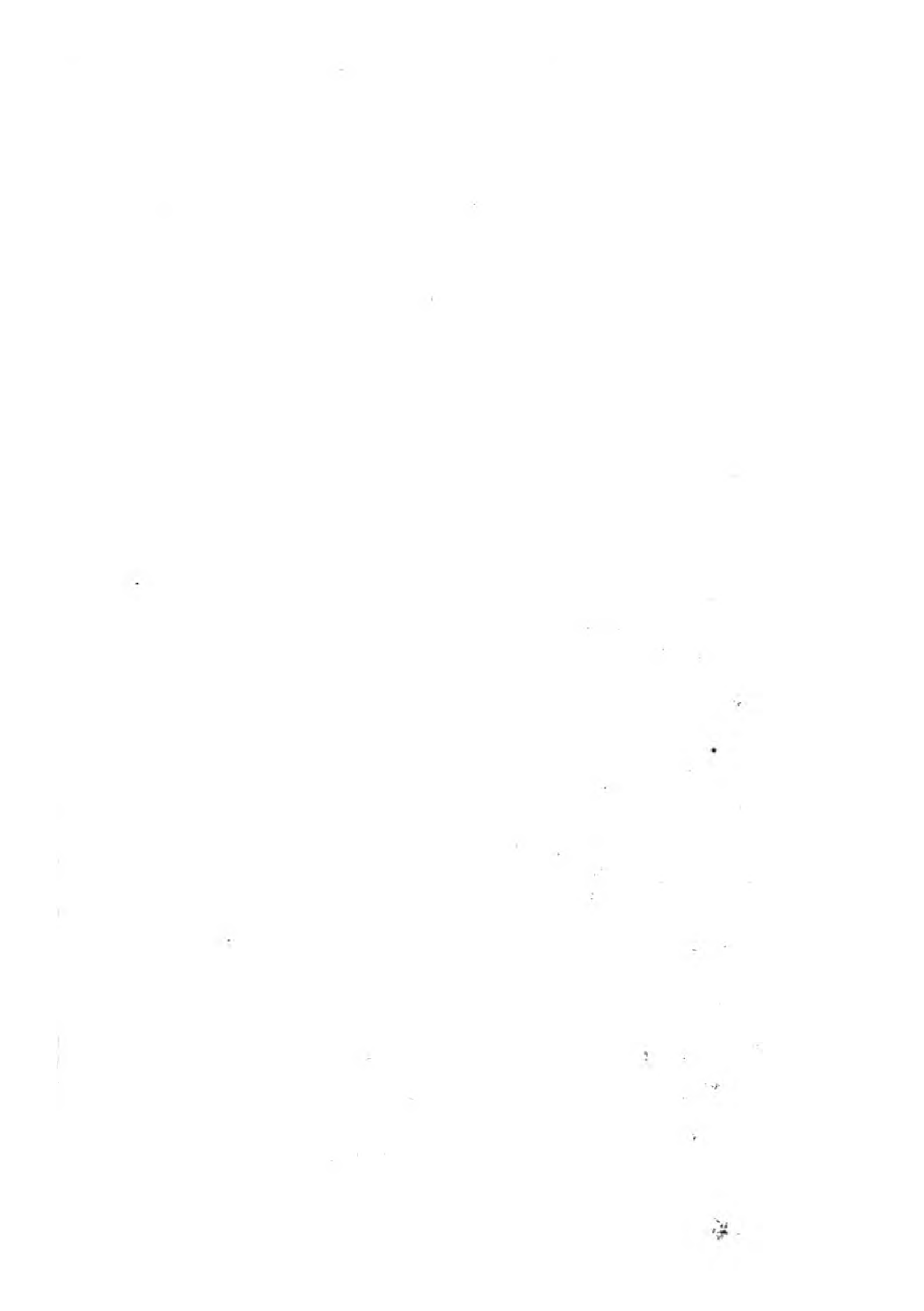
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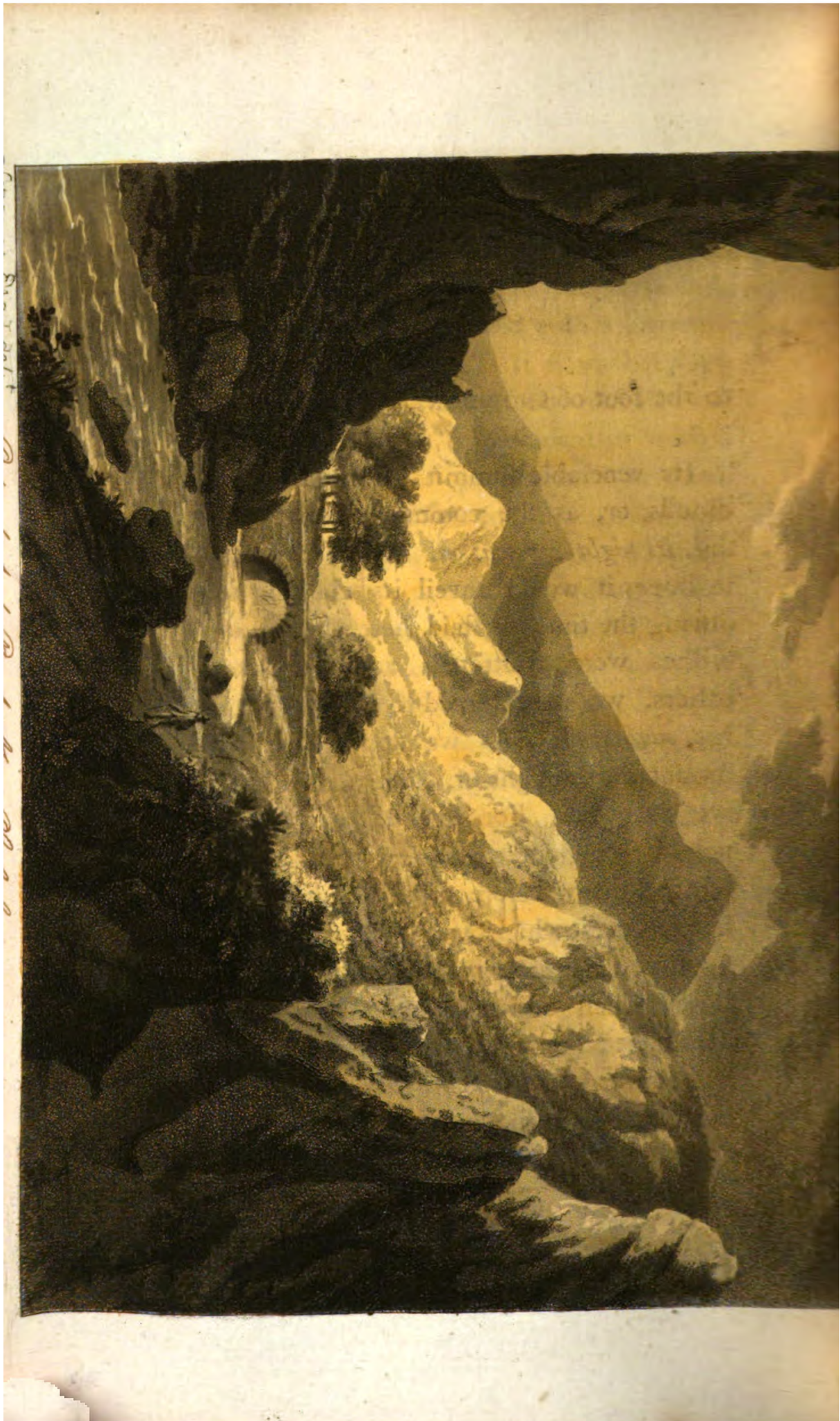
* Vide the plate annexed.

The scenery about this spot is beyond description magnificent. The river comes dashing over huge rocks to the waterfall, where it foams down, and rushes impetuously under the bridge. It flows between two immense mountains of solid rock, whose rugged bosoms are thinly mantled with a scanty covering of promiscuous verdure. They rise on each side to the height of four hundred feet and the sheep are seen indistinctly feeding upon the projecting masses of stone, as if they had been placed there by a whirlwind. I could form no idea of any possible method by which they could ascend the sides of these prodigious precipices. One in particular I observed with astonishment feeding in an atmosphere so perfectly removed from the vulgar walks of mortality, that I suppose the same spot will witness its birth and exit. It reminded me of the goat, mentioned by Gray, which, he says, danced and scratched an ear with its hind foot, in a place where he would not have stood stock-still

For all beneath the moon.

From





From the devil's bridge we proceeded through

BETHGELET,

to the foot of SNOWDON.

Its venerable summit was hid in the clouds, or, as the common people there say, *its night-cap was on*. We were greatly in hopes it would unveil its majestic top during the time we staid here, but all our wishes were frustrated, and like many others, we were forced to behold him in his *night-cap*. As we approached this mountain, the sight of it had not the effect we expected. For my part, of several neighbouring mountains, I should have selected many before this, if I had been left to guess which was Snowdon. The truth is, there are particular points of view from which Snowdon appears to great advantage; but if you are very near him, or in a disadvantageous situation for viewing him, he by no means wears the majestic

jestic deportment of the king of mountains.

As I had not the good fortune to enjoy the prospect from his summit, I shall copy the description of it from an author,* perfectly unknown to me, but one that I believe to be a faithful and judicious writer, since he is the same that I find quoted by the authors of the old tour through Great Britain, who were, when they visited Snowdon, in the same predicament with myself.

“ I passed my evening,” (says my author) “ at a very good inn at Carnarvon; and having procured an intelligent guide, returned early the next morning, through Bettus, to the foot of Snowdon. Having left my horses at a small hut, and hired a mountaineer to carry some cordials and provisions, with a spiked stick, but imprudently without nails in my shoes, about ten o'clock I began to ascend the mountain. The two first miles were rather boggy

* Cradock's account of some of the most romantic parts of North Wales, published in 1777.

boggy and disagreeable; but when the prospect opened, I soon forgot all difficulties. In the course of the two last, I passed by six precipices, which I believe were very formidable; but as I was near the brink, and the wind very high, I did not venture to examine them too narrowly. On the summit, which is a plain about six yards in circumference, the air was perfectly mild and serene, and I could with pleasure contemplate the amazing map that was unfolded to my view. From hence may be distinctly seen *Wicklow hills in Ireland, the Isle of Man, Cumberland, Lancashire, Shropshire, and part of Scotland; all the counties of North Wales, the Isle of Anglesea; rivers, plains, woods, rocks and mountains, six and twenty lakes, and two seas.*"

"It is doubted whether there is another circular prospect so extensive in any part of the terraqueous globe. Who could take such a survey, without perceiving his spirits elevated in some proportion to the height? Who could behold so beautiful a
3 display

display of nature, without wonder and ecstacy? Who but must feel, even a degree of pride, at having gained an eminence, from which he could with ease overlook the *nest of the eagle*, and 'the *nest of the hawk?*' *

“ But as the level walks of life are best suited to the generality of mankind, it became necessary to consider, that this was no spot, where I could probably make any lasting abode, and that the return would be attended with at least as much difficulty as the ascent. Having descended a mile or two, I did not think it amiss to enquire about an exhausted mine that I saw at a distance; and I could make this enquiry with the better grace, as the guides had hitherto wondered at my prowess. The mine, I was informed, was only copper, and happy was it for the *Welsh*, that their mines did not consist of choicer metals. Had they been cursed with either gold or silver, foreign nations, long since, in the name of
the

* *Mael Guidon*, and *Mael Hapock*, two mountains near *Snowdon*, mentioned by Lord *Lyttleton*.

Carnarvon Castle, towards the Menai, taken from the Side of Anglesea.



the God of peace, and, under pretence of teaching them an immaculate religion,* had laid waste their country and murdered its inhabitants.”

The rest of our journey to

CARNARVON

afforded nothing remarkable. The mountain scene began sensibly to diminish, and the features of nature to assume their more accustomed lineage. It was dark before we reached the town, which deprived us of an opportunity of beholding the approach to it. When we arrived at the Boot Inn, we had the comfortable assurance, that the house was full, and that there was not room for us at any inn in the town. I

P p enquired

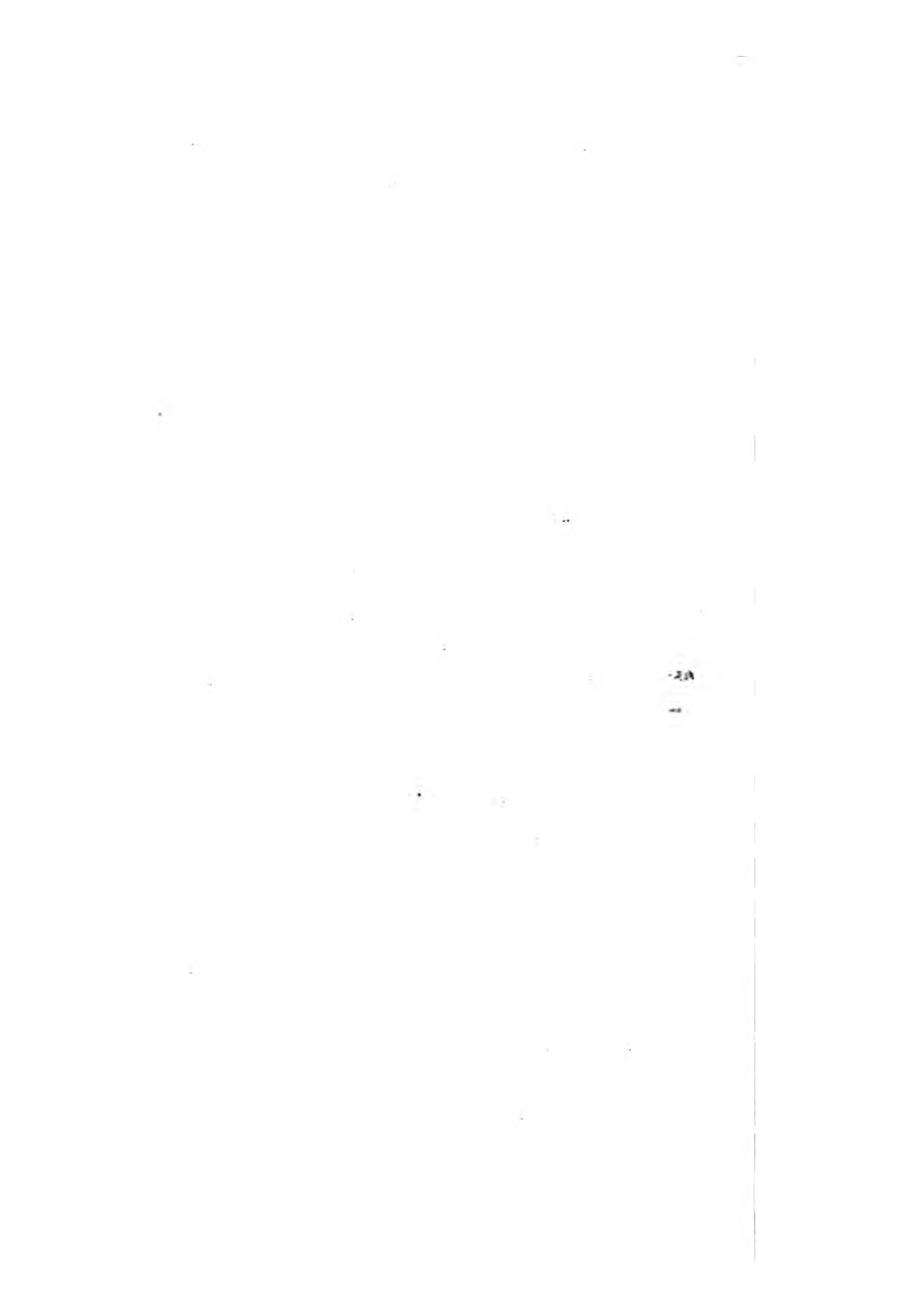
* The Spaniards made the gospel an excuse for all the barbarities which they committed in the conquest of *Peru*; and when they plundered the rich mines of *Potosi*, they frequently (says *Las Casas*) erected gibbets all over the country, and hung up twelve poor wretches at a time, in honour of the twelve apostles.

enquired the cause of all this company, and asked if Carnarvon was in general so filled with strangers. The good woman of the house waddled to the side of the chaise, and told us, that for twelve months she had not had a bed empty. This we found, upon enquiry, to be no subject of wonder, for if we had happened to have been the first in application, the next that came would have found the house full. With some difficulty we procured beds at a very clean house in the town, and paid most extravagantly for them.

In the morning we visited the castle of Carnarvon, which, for elegance of structure, convenience in its mode of architecture, and for the degree of perfection in which it still remains, exceeds any thing of the kind in England or Wales. It was here that Edward the First sent his queen to be delivered, when the Welsh requested of him that a Prince of Wales might be born amongst them. The walls of the chamber, in which Edward the Second was born,
are



Part of the Ruins of Carnarvon Castle.



are still entire. They are now to be seen in the eagle tower. Even the leaden pipes for serving water, the staircase, and many apartments, are still in a state of preservation. From the top of the eagle tower you command a fine prospect of Carnarvon, the Isle of Anglesea, the Menai, Holyhead, &c. &c. We observed a curious species of copper ore in the court of the castle. It was the property of a private gentleman, and was brought there to be shipped off. It came from the mountains, where it is found in great quantities. I myself found a large piece of rich ore, lying in the road near the Pont-aber-Glasflyn, and looking around me discovered the entrance of a mine, with all the appearance of copper works in the side of the mountain.

From Carnarvon we went to

BANGOR,

situated under a hill on the banks of the Menai. It is a poor ill looking little

P 2 place,

place, and is noted only for its antiquity. The cathedral church is mean, old, and despicable. From hence we went to

BANGOR FERRY,

where there is a remarkably good inn, a circumstance of some importance to travellers, who have been long combating with Welsh accommodations. Here we crossed the Menai, and entered the Isle of Anglesea, proceeding that night as far as

GWINDU,

where we slept in great cleanliness and comfort. The prospects in the Isle of Anglesea are in general of the barren kind. There is a great deal of rich land in the island; but, those who pass through it, would think that the whole country afforded no symptoms of fertility.

The next morning we visited the amazing copper works in the

PARIS MOUNTAIN,

a place that deservedly attracts the wonder and admiration of every body, and frequently draws people from London, merely to see these works alone.

It appears like a vast quarry dug in the mountain. It is totally unlike the usual appearance of copper mines, and seems to resemble them only in affording ore. Instead of finding a narrow vein of copper, the traveller is here presented with one vast rock of ore. They separate it from the quarry with gunpowder, a process attended with some degree of danger to the miners, who frequently receive damage from the fragments that fly about. Whenever they set fire to their train, they shout to their companions, as a signal for them to keep off. The agent of the works placed us in a situation which he thought secure, but after the explosion a great deal of the shattered fragments came tumbling

ling

ling about our ears. It is conveyed either in carts, or by buckets, to the surface, and rises most beautifully rich in its appearance; although, I believe, its value is not estimated by its beauty. After the ore is dug, the first process here is to calcine it in a furnace, by which means the sulphur is expelled, and they can afterwards separate the waste from the pure ore, making thus a great saving in the carriage of it to the different smelting houses. Nor is this the only advantage which they derive from the calcination of the ore: when fire is applied to it in the furnace, it begins to burn, and will continue in that state from six to seven, eight, and nine months. During all this time, vast quantities of sulphur exhale from the ore. This is conveyed in vapour through conductors to a large oblong receiver with a concave roof, where, becoming condensed, it adheres to the sides of the receiver, or falls in a fine powder to the bottom. This is what the chemists call *sublimation*, and that which is obtained in this operation from the ore, they call
flowers

flowers of sulphur. It is then melted in a large copper, and poured off into moulds, when it becomes stone brimstone. Such vast quantities of sulphur are contained in the ore dug here, that more brimstone is made from the works of this company, than is necessary for the consumption of England.

Being almost stifled with the sulphureous air of the Paris Mountain, we were obliged to leave it, and brought with us several specimens of this beautiful copper, which, from its colour, is called the peacock ore; but there is one circumstance I have omitted to mention, and which I think the greatest curiosity of the Paris Mountain. A natural spring of water flows from the bed of ore, so impregnated with copper, that it will discharge it upon the smallest approach of iron. It is conveyed from the pumps through wooden troughs, and we perceived a thin coat of copper incrusting even the heads of the nails that it flowed over. There is also a large quantity of water
brought

brought from the quarry, which is much more strongly impregnated with copper, and which assumes a beautiful green colour. This they convey with care to several large cisterns, formed for the purpose, which are first filled with plates of cast iron.

The instant the iron comes in contact with the water, the copper is precipitated. For the acid in the water, which before dissolved the copper, now preferring the iron, discharges the copper and dissolves the iron. Thus the iron takes the place of the copper as fast as the former dissolves and the latter precipitates. And it is this phenomenon which has led many into numberless errors with regard to the transmutation of metals. Finding that the iron vanished and copper appeared, they inferred that the iron was changed into copper, whereas it is merely a change of place, the iron assuming the situation of the copper, and resigning its own to that metal.

The

The truth of this may easily be perceived, by applying the *Prussian* alkali to the water that has discharged its copper, when a precipitation of iron will instantly take place.

A great quantity of copper is thus gained from the water in the mine, which is by much the richest and most valuable of any they have.

This amazing resource for copper was discovered by a poor woman digging peat. She found something more than common in the appearance of the earth, and communicated the intelligence to her husband. The news soon spread; it proved to be an almost inexhaustible bed of ore. We naturally enquired what reward the poor family had, that first brought such a fund of riches to the island. They all assured us, that no reward was ever given. An Englishman can hardly credit this, especially when he is told, that one noble Earl alone

Q q derives

derives an income of thirty thousand pounds yearly from these works.

When we had finished our dinner at Gwindu, and purified ourselves from the strong effluvia which adhered to all our cloaths after our return from the copper works, we proceeded to

H O L Y H E A D .

This place is situated in a peninsula, at the western extremity of the island, and consists of a few straggling houses, erected for the accommodation of persons bound to or from Ireland. The principal inn here is very large, and of late has been rendered famous in providing stinking meat for those passengers, who do not inspect their basket of provisions before they go on board. We were of this number, and found ourselves encumbered with a collation which was hastening full speed to putrefaction.

At

At eleven o'clock in the evening we left Holyhead, with a fair wind, in a clean comfortable vessel of one hundred tons. Our passengers were few, and the conversation, as usual, turned upon the horrors of a sea-sickness. Every one was apprehensive for himself, and being told by the captain that nothing conduced more to the evil we dreaded than talking about it, we took his advice, and went to bed. In about half an hour the wind changed, and blew directly in our teeth. It continued in this quarter until sun rise, when it became a dead calm. Of all the disagreeable situations at sea, I think a calm the most intolerable. There is such a degree of insipidity in its appearance: the water, like one vast mirror, smooth and glassy; the canvases all hanging supine; every one sick, impatient, and miserable: the complexion of a storm contains something awful, grand, and interesting; the attention is awakened, and the mind alarmed: but in a calm I know no single feature of beauty; all is dulness and disappointment.

Q q 2

In



In the midst of this desponding situation, while the heat of the sun drove me from the deck, and the sickly rolling of the ship from the cabin, an old gentleman, one of our companions, addressed us from the helm, and kindly endeavoured to promote a conversation. His first topic was political; he confuted the opinions of an Irish passenger, respecting the venality of our parliamentary representatives. The Irishman abused both our government and laws, our constitution and privileges, and contended against the unequal distribution of property over the whole face of the earth. His venerable antagonist calmly listened to all his arguments, and with uncommon ingenuity pointed out their fallacy: "The degrees of rank, and the superiority arising from possession (he said) were essentially necessary to the prosperity of a state. Individuals indeed might be subjected to inconvenience, but private interest must always give way to the more important consideration of public good." In discussing

the advantages that would arise in new modelling the system of our government, the Irishman had recourse to the modern yet hackneyed instance of the French Revolution. Here the old gentleman interrupted him abruptly; he had fought under the kings of England, and his eyes glistened as he delivered an eulogium upon our happy constitution: "Inasmuch (said he) as experience is preferable to theory, our present legislation is superior to a new one. For upwards of one hundred years the government of Britain has flourished, crowned with increase of glory, interest, and happiness: and when success continues to attend the constitution of a country, it betrays a great degree of temerity to attempt the formation of a new one." Finding that he had worsted his opponent, our entertaining companion changed the subject, and entering into a more general conversation, beguiled the hours with a profusion of anecdote, wit, and humour. He had travelled almost all over the globe; had visited all the courts of
Europe;

Europe ; knew every thing, and every body, and like a true citizen of the world harboured neither national prejudice nor party opinion ; *Tros Tyriusve mibi nullo discrimine habetur* was his motto, and having resigned a lucrative station under government of three thousand per ann. he retired to live independent and at ease for the remainder of his days ; like the fortunate adventurer of Santillane, exalting in golden letters over his door the wise and well-known sentiment :

Inveni portum : Spes et Fortuna, valete !

Sat me lufifis ; ludite nunc alios.

Towards evening a breeze sprung up ; but it soon diminished, and we were again becalmed. I then went to bed, and, when I awoke in the morning, heard the pleasing intelligence that we were entering the bay of Dublin. Excepting that of Naples, there is not in the world a bay of so much beauty. All along the shore, and extending into the
country,

country, gentlemen's seats, villages, gardens, &c. &c. form a delightful picture. As you enter the bay, the Hill of Howth, the city of Dublin, the town of Black Rock, Clindorf, and Dunleary, a number of white edifices erected along the shore and upon the mountains, well cultivated fields, and rising grounds, form one of the most enchanting prospects in Europe.

The tide would not serve to convey us to Dublin; therefore we were content to take a boat, and land at

DUNLEARY.

Here we were instantly surrounded with custom-house officers, vociferous boatmen, noisy porters, with a jargon of Welsh, Scotch, and Irish harpies, all swearing together, and striving who should cheat us most. We hurried from them as soon as we could, and, mounting one of the Irish cars,

cars, were conveyed in a short time to Sheridan's hotel, in

DUBLIN.

In our way we passed through the town of

BLACK ROCK,

a Summer retreat and bathing place, about four miles from Dublin. Here we saw the house of the late Duke of Rutland, whom the Irish still speak of with adoration.

The first thing that struck us upon entering Dublin, was the singular appearance of the women, who are all without either hat or bonnet to their head. Even many of genteel appearance parade the streets in this manner, and it is as remarkable to see a woman in Dublin with a hat on as to see one in London with her head uncovered.

At

At our hotel we conceived a very despicable opinion of Irish cleanliness. Our waiter had got the itch, his deputy was lousy, and the rooms were dark and dirty. Upon this we changed our station, and moved to Harris's hotel, in Cope Street. This is esteemed the first lodging house in Dublin, and yet we had not mended the matter. It was only jumping out of the frying pan into the fire; for it is impossible to do justice to the exquisite filthiness of this place. Every thing was fine and dirty. Our beds had canopies and plumes, with counterpanes and sheets of a most sable hue. I asked them if they had applied to government? The waiters stared: "Do for God's sake, and the love of your country (said I) get a patent for having discovered how much filth it is possible to comprize in a given compass." We soon found that this appearance was not confined to hotels alone. The taverns were the same. The streets are filled with wretchedness and grandeur, idleness and extravagance. It is not the habit of a few; it is the characteristic of the

nation: A popular concern, to unite at once every species of dissipation, filthiness, and extortion. It struck us the more forcibly, as we found all this where we least expected it; we came prejudiced in favour of the Irish, longed to be amongst them, and had looked forward with regret to that period which was destined for our return.

At dinner the waiter had cut his thumb, and most profusely embroidered my plate with the sanguinary stream that issued from the wound. I desired him to change it; upon which he pulled out a dirty rag, that had once assumed the appearance of an handkerchief, and with a nimble twirl of his hand began to wipe away the traces of his blood. It would not do—the handkerchief made bad worse; however he presented the plate to me again with a profound bow, at the same time muttering an apology. This was too much; I hurried away, saying, as I left the door, “They order this matter better in London!”

The

The next day, Sunday, we visited St. Patrick's. This cathedral is of great antiquity. It was opened and shewn to us by an old servant of Dean Swift's. The name of that great man brought us to see it, and it was no small gratification to us to meet one that had served under him for some years. This man's name was Richard Brenan; he had certificates in his pocket book, signed by respectable people, to prove the validity of his having been the servant of Swift. He told us many anecdotes of the Dean that we had never heard before, and said, that till within these few years he had retained some of his hair, which he had taken from him before his burial, but that the application of the curious had succeeded in depriving him of this last memento of his master. In the south aisle is the simple monument and bust erected over him. His old servant pointed to the very spot where he lay. This was sufficiently visible, for after his interment the stones were laid down in a hasty manner without mortar, and remain so to this day. Near his grave lye

the remains of Mrs. Johnson, better known to the world by the name of STELLA. He was buried near her, and his servant assured us that he was married to her, but that family reasons made him always keep it a secret. Excepting the monuments of Dean Swift and Stella, there is nothing worth notice in St. Patrick's.

The next day we went in a post chaise to the

D A R G L E.

This spot is situated among the mountains of Wicklow, about fifteen miles from Dublin, and is worth seeing. The scenery consists of rocks, hanging woods, and a beautiful river. It is truly a romantic place, although not equal to the scenes of a similar nature in North Wales. They shewed us here the LOVER'S LEAP, an enormous rock, which projects forward on the side of the river in the form of a castle. It is bold, lofty, and terrible, from its great height

height overhanging the woods and the river. On the opposite side you command the summit of a mountain, called the sugar loaf, which rises in a naked point to the clouds. The tradition concerning this place is of great antiquity. They tell you that a young lady, who had been refused in marriage, brought the object of her love to the point of this stupendous rock, and offered him the alternative of marrying her or seeing her precipitate herself to the bottom. The gentleman was inflexible to her entreaties, upon which she gave a spring, and was dashed to atoms among the rocks below. From that time it received the appellation of the *LOVER'S LEAP*.

From this tragical spot we proceeded four miles farther to Lord Powerscourt's park, to see the celebrated cascade. We had heard much of this waterfall, and when great expectations are formed, they generally end in disappointment. This was the case with us ; we were unfortunate as to the season of our visit. There was very little water
to

to adorn the cascade, and, as I hinted once before, (since water is a necessary article in the formation of a cascade) those, that depend in great measure upon the chance of floods, ought not be seen but in rainy weather. For my part, I am not very desirous of seeing such temporary cascades at all: they are rather the offspring of caprice than a regular feature in the visage of nature; it is necessary to be wet to the skin in order to see them to perfection; and when in their highest state of beauty they resemble more a water spout than the headlong torrent of a regular cascade. One had much better visit the artificial display in tin-work, which draws such an assemblage of virtuofos to the gardens of Vauxhall.

But to give a more particular description of this cascade.

It issues from a hole in the top of an immense rock, and falls from a height of near three hundred feet. So vast a descent, one would suppose, might furnish a spectacle unusually superb. And yet it had

had an air of insignificance, when compared with other scenes of a similar nature. There was something of a trickling and dropping, more resembling the fall of water over the tiles of a house, than the rushing of a cataract.

I am well aware that I have not done justice to this fashionable resort of the Sunday beaux of Dublin. But having seen the vast fall of the MONACH, in Wales, I could not admire a scene so much inferior. There was nothing of the

“Ruin vast, and dread dismay”

that

“Mark the clam'rous cataract's way.”

We soon left Lord Powerscourt's park, and went to the village of

L O C K L I N,

where we paid an extravagant price for a
dinner

dinner that we could not eat, and returned weary and disappointed to Dublin.

The streets and avenues to this city are crowded with the most miserable objects, whose importunate clamours for charity are troublesome in the highest degree. In the environs we saw numbers of dirty wretches, whose sole employment seemed to consist in divesting each other of filth and vermin. If you enter a fruit shop or tavern, a crowd of those poor creatures infest the door, through which you must press your way, and deem yourself fortunate if you escape the detached parties of vermin which, wandering from the republic of their hair, hang upon all parts of their body.

We next visited

TRINITY COLLEGE.

This is a very fine building; it has three quadrangles, the first of which is of Portland stone. The hall is large, and the
chapel

chapel very plain. The library is a spacious lofty room, adorned with pillars of Irish oak, and well furnished with books. But what chiefly attracts the notice of strangers, is the museum and the wax-work at the anatomical schools. The museum is in its infant state, and yet appears completely filled with a very valuable collection of ancient and modern curiosities. Of the antiquities the greatest part have been dug up or found in different parts of Ireland. Here are some pillars from the giants causeway, and a curious model of that wonder of nature, carved in wood. Among the petrifications is one of a tallow candle found in a ditch, which, with its cotton wick, appears completely changed to stone. Here are also a variety of Indian curiosities, specimens of ore, pebbles, lava, spar, shells, and some beautiful birds. The wax work is indeed a curious spectacle. It exhibits, in a manner peculiarly striking, the figures of females, in every state of pregnancy. They are done upon real skeletons, and are the la-

bours of almost the whole life of an ingenious French artist, named *Denoue*. This uncommon monument of genius is executed in such a manner, as to afford rather a disgusting, than a pleasing spectacle; nevertheless, I was examining it with great attention, when a bustle at the door interrupted me; and I observed the person, who had the care of the exhibition, leave the room and whisper in great haste to some people without. Upon his return, I asked him what was the matter, "Oh, nothing sir, said he, but some ladies who are very impatient to get in: the women are always longer here than any body." "Do the ladies, said I, visit this place?" "Every day, sir!" "I am sure then I will not prevent them," so taking my hat, I left the room, and found a party waiting very impatiently without, among whom were some beautiful women; who, with the greatest composure, locked themselves in, to enjoy the curious spectacle at their leisure. Near the college are the

HOUSES

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

They exhibit rather a heavy appearance, although there is an air of grandeur in the architecture. The House of Commons is a very neat room, and well adapted for speakers. There is a commodious circular gallery for spectators, far superior to our English accommodation for the same purpose.* The house of Lords is not remarkable, either for beauty or elegance. Its sole ornaments are old tapestry and crimson seats. Every thing is here constructed for the convenience of the members of parliament. There are no less than eighty-four apartments, besides kitchens, larders, cellars, &c. beneath the same roof.

The next public edifice we visited, was the

BARRACKS.

This is a noble and useful structure. It consists of one quadrangle and three courts,
 S s 2 having

* This edifice was destroyed by fire, soon after the author left Ireland.

having each three wings, and calculated for the accommodation of six thousand soldiers. At the time we arrived, a detachment from each regiment was drawing up in the grand parade, to fire a salute to the Prince of Wales. It happened to be the day on which his Royal Highness entered his thirtieth year, a circumstance we were not acquainted with before, and a very fortunate one for us, as we were witnesses to a very pleasing spectacle. The ceremony of the salute began as follows: the great guns were fired first by the artillery from the battery in the park. They were answered by a general discharge from the barracks. This was followed by a roll from the drums, and the whole band struck up with "God save the King." The artillery fired again; the barracks returned it, and in the intervals the music played as before. The effect was beyond every thing pleasing. It warmed our hearts, and forced some drops of genuine patriotism into my eyes. I felt as if I had never loved my country with more ardent affection. I was among a
foreign

foreign nation, and I heard the shouts of my countrymen with rapture. When they had finished the salute, the commanding officer waved his hat in the air, as a signal for three cheers, calling aloud, "*Huzza*:" The soldiers obeyed him to the utmost stretch of their lungs, and catching the universal zeal, I threw my hat in the air, and bawled as loud as the best of them. The shouts being ended, at an instant, as if by a signal, all the bells in Dublin struck up a peal. The soldiers dispersed, and I returned home meditating upon the blessings of old England.

The glass manufactory is carried to great perfection in Dublin. They vie with London in the beauty of their work, and sell it at a much cheaper rate.

Books also are purchased here at a trifling expence. They reprint all the London publications, reducing them both in size and price. In the evening there are several auctions open, at one of which I saw
the

the English edition of Bruce's travels sold for twenty shillings. Had they been worth more than the value of the paper, I could have purchased them easily. But as this voluminous work does not deserve the expence of binding, I did not chuse to be incumbered with such a profusion of falsehood and absurdity.

Finding it absolutely necessary to change our abode once more, we left Harris's hole, and engaged for a week's lodging at the Munster in Cope-Street. I could hardly believe that our landlord here was an Irishman, from the accommodation he gave us. We had no longer reason to complain of our ill fortune; every thing was as clean and as comfortable as the most scrupulous nicety could require. Happy in being fettled to our satisfaction, we were indifferent as to the length of time it might take us to see the rest of Dublin, and were glad to find that there was at least one house of decent and respectable accommodation in the whole city. In our various rambles,
we

we passed through Sackville-Street, which has not its parallel for beauty in all London. It is by far the finest street I ever saw, of great length, exceedingly broad, and handsomely built. On a Sunday evening here is a promenade, and we found it so crowded, that on one side there was hardly room to move. St. Stephen's Green is the chief resort for beauty in an evening. This is a noble square, and much larger than any one in London, even that of Lincoln's-Inn. The area of it consists of a great field, surrounded on all sides by trees, under which there are gravel walks, with seats like those on the mall in St. James's Park. In the center of the square is an equestrian statue of King William, erected one hundred years ago. The other public edifices in Dublin are

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL,

open to the whole world. Orphans of any country, and of every denomination, are admitted and provided for here. They are
put

put out to nurse till they are four years old, and the nurses at this time in the hospital are not less than three thousand :

THE BLUE COAT SCHOOL,

an academy for the instruction of citizens sons :

THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY,

THE NEW PRISON,

THE ROTUNDA,

which is annexed to the

LYING-INN-HOSPITAL.

This was erected and endowed at the expence of Mr. Mofs, surgeon and man-midwife, who began this humane edifice at a time when his finances did not exceed seven hundred pounds, and persisted, in spite of poverty itself, until he had com-

pleted it. The rotunda was built by the same person; the profits arising from which are appropriated to the support of the above-mentioned hospital. It is upon the same plan as Ranelagh in London, but is merely an epitome of that elegant structure:

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL,

a munificent establishment for the relief of superannuated soldiers:

THE LUNATIC HOSPITAL,

to the founding of which Dean Swift left eleven thousand pounds:

THE TEMPLE,

a noble structure, designed for the same purpose as that in London:

T t

THE

THE ASYLUM FOR MAGDALENS;

and *last*, but not *least* in the admiration of all who visit Dublin,

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE:

In this magnificent building the four orders of architecture are displayed in a very masterly manner. It was planned by Mr. Cooley, an architect, whose judicious taste will always be admired while this monument of it exists. Opposite the entrance of the north front, on a white marble pedestal, is a statue of his present Majesty, executed by Mr. Van Nost. As we ascend the geometrical staircase of the Exchange, an excellent statue presents itself to view, of the patriotic Dr. Lucas, holding Magna Charta in his hand. This edifice cost seventy thousand pounds; five thousand of which were defrayed by government.

The

The environs of Dublin are very pleasing. Nature has done but little for the country; but the repeated efforts of art, in erecting beautiful edifices, fertilizing the soil, and encouraging the growth of trees, have greatly improved it. The outlines of a poor neglected country are often visible. The Irish are a lazy tribe, and were formerly more indolent than they are at present. It is perhaps owing to this, that the features of a barren soil are so often to be traced. This however is very much altered of late years. Times begin to alter. The spirit of improvement pervades all conditions of men; and those nations, that heretofore were seen buried in barbarism and savage obscurity, now teem with increase of science and refinement. Nothing can afford a more striking instance of this than the state of Ireland, although there is still such vast room for alteration.

The number of elegant structures dispersed in the neighbourhood of Dublin, the summer resort of the Irish nobility and

gentry, form many delightful scenes. And in justice to that country I must confess, that the environs of Dublin are far superior to those of London in point of beauty. Each seat has its particular name, engraved either on the side, or over the gateway of the avenue. We saw several of them, such as *Clitorgan, Palermo, Sans Souci, &c. &c.* They are in general surrounded with fine trees and beautiful gardens, exhibiting an appearance of a truly rural nature, and totally unlike the tawdry civic air of those prim pill-boxes which grace the sides of all the turnpike roads in the neighbourhood of London, and which have more the aspect of a city removed into the country, than of the retreats of men fatigued with the dust and noise of the metropolis.

In one of my walks about the streets, I met the old veteran, whose conversation afforded us so much amusement when becalmed at sea: "Well, my good Sir (said he) and how do you like Dublin?" "In truth, Sir, not much; I am every inch of me an Englishman,

Englishman, and, I fear, behold all countries but my own with an eye of prejudice.”

“ Well said, John Bull! (exclaimed my old friend) but what do you think of Dublin in particular? since you cannot form an adequate idea of a whole nation from a short visit to its metropolis.”

“ Sir (said I) in visiting a metropolis I behold the heart of a nation; and, if I discover what passes in the heart, I can estimate pretty nearly the tenor and disposition of the whole body. But since I find you are yourself an Irishman, tell me what is your opinion of this place, before I venture to deliver my own.”

“ That I can well do (said he) in a few words: I have visited many countries, and made many observations upon them; but I never was in one that betrayed such a mixture of lousiness and laziness, misery and magnificence.”

I felt the full force of his observation, since, from my own short experience among the Irish, I had found it strictly true. Beggars and prostitutes swarm in every street,

and fill the air with their importunate cries. Extravagance is the leading trait in their character. I frequently saw children with broad laced frills to their shirts, who had neither shoes nor stockings to their feet. An instance of this may be seen at Drury's billiard table every day, where there are two markers of this description. They will pawn their last rag for the pleasure of gaming ; and I myself saw a fellow, opposite the custom-house in Essex-street, who had seated himself upon the ground and, having ventured every penny he had at chuck farthing, was howling for the loss of it. They are, in general, of a very irritable disposition, and will quarrel with each other upon the most trifling occasion. On the night of the Prince of Wales's birth-day, I was walking in Dame-street, when a fellow genteelly dressed met a boy who was running about with his companions. Without saying a word he raised a loaded whip, and knocked the boy down: a mob gathered: the fellow made off, and the poor boy was carried, with a broken head, to the apothecary's.

About

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, I saw a vast crowd gathering, and, enquiring the cause, was told that some person had just killed a porter, whom they were conveying to the dispensary, and that his murderer was to go to Newgate. In the evening a boy was flogged, for some crime or other, almost to death at the cart's tail; and finding that he could not bear all his punishment, they removed him to prison to take the rest at another opportunity. Not a night passes without riot, although the police stand armed at the corner of every street. Duels, without end, continually furnish subject for conversation, and not unfrequently topics of fresh dispute. Of all the people I ever met, whether educated in the army, the navy, in the universities, or at home, the Irish are the greatest swearers. Not a word passes without an oath vociferated in the most vehement manner, and horrid imprecations are familiarly delivered upon the most trivial events.

The striking traits in national characteristics are those which impress the observation

fervation of strangers upon their first arrival in a country. By time the mind becomes familiarized to eccentric objects, and those things, which in their first appearance solicit the attention, by degrees pass off unnoticed. It is for this reason that I have been induced to mention several circumstances as they happened to occur. They require no comment. They are plain facts and, like the outlines of a picture, furnish a certain criterion, from which any one may decide without being biased by any injudicious strokes in the shading, or misled by false representation in the colours.

The females of Dublin exhibit a true representation of the city itself, by uniting the extremes of meanness and grandeur. They frequently appear finely decorated about the head, with their feet and legs quite bare. Beauty seems to be a scarce commodity among them, which perhaps has given so much encouragement to the French mode of painting their faces. They
pay

pay a great regard to external finery, and often display a length of train to their white gowns so completely bedaubed with dirt, that they are best described by a term much in use among the rustic damsels of England, who distinguish ladies of this description under the title of "DRAGGLE-TAILED SLUTS."

This city is upward of three miles long, and as many broad, and contains about two hundred thousand inhabitants. The river Liffey divides it into two equal parts, over which are built five bridges; of these ESSEX and QUEEN'S only are worth mentioning. Their manufactories are those of tabbinets, stuffs, linen, and glass. The WHITE BOYS, who formerly used to excite so much tumult and spread such terror in the country, are now very little heard of. This is perhaps owing to the laudable exertions of the volunteers, who will in time extirpate the very name of them.

A little publication, which I procured in Wales, and to which I am indebted for a few of those observations that I have made

U u upon

upon the public edifices here, says, "from actual observation it has been proved, that it rains, more or less, five days in the week in Dublin." We were fortunate in having fine weather during the time we staid in Ireland; nevertheless, I believe the climate to be a very damp one, although conducive to health, from the great quantity of lakes, rivers, canals, &c. with which this country abounds. I could not help admiring the great beauty of the Irish horses. Their size and form is truly noble, and yet they sell in general at a low price.

Among the variety of commodities which a stranger meets with in Dublin, there are at least two, superior to any of the kind in other countries. These are potatoes and butter. They have a method of dressing potatoes which renders that vegetable far more palatable than it is found to be in England; and their butter is uncommonly fine. The meanest cabins seem to vie in this respect with the greatest taverns; and indeed the

meaner the habitation, the finer that article is commonly found. Whisky is the principal beverage among the lower sort of Hibernians. This liquor is a species of gin, of a very infatuating nature, excessively fiery and intoxicating, yet considered by the generality of Irishmen as a wholesome potation.

Being perfectly satisfied with Dublin and its wonders, we made preparation for our departure. We left the harbour, with a fair wind, at two o'clock in the morning of the eighteenth of August. Unfortunate as usual in our marine excursions, we soon found ourselves, with thirty-six other passengers, rolling amidst all the sickness and insipidity of a calm. We did not reach Holy-head until midnight, but found the comfort, even in this short distance from Dublin, of exchanging Irish accommodations for those of our own country. We slept at Smith's hotel, and proceeded in his coach and four the next morning as far as Conway, or Aber Conway.

A mistake of mine occasioned some degree of mirth among us, and, nugatory as the relation of it will appear to the reader, I have obtruded it upon his attention, merely because it will afford an instance of absence hardly to be believed. I had walked on a mile or two before the coach set out, in hopes of dispersing a painful giddiness which the motion of the ship had left in my head. After waiting some time on the road and wondering why the coach was so long in coming, I heard, as I thought, the rattling of the wheels at a distance: Concealing myself in a little hollow among some sheep, I laid until the carriage passed, and then, running after it, I jumped up behind and mounted the roof. All this was done in a frolic, that my companions might suppose I had taken the wrong road. Finding it very difficult to maintain my seat, I began to look about me, and found myself elevated upon a large *imperial* that was fastened to the roof, and thus I had nothing to hold by but the straps which kept it there. All of a sudden the carriage stopped, and,
while

while I was considering the easiest method of keeping my seat aloft, some gentlemen from below desired I would descend, as they would be obliged to me not to ride there. This soon convinced me of the blunder I had made, and, feeling myself very ridiculous in having mistaken a post chaise and pair for a coach and four, I dismounted as fast as I could and walked off. The cause of all this was my eagerness to ascend before my companions should discover me from behind. I had never observed what sort of a carriage it was, being attentive only to the execution of my absurd frolic. The coach soon came up, and my friends found me abusing my own inattention and folly.

Tempted by the fineness of the weather, I ascended the roof of our own coach without any additional blunders, and had a charming prospect of the Isle of Anglesea with a distant view of the Welsh Mountains. The day was uncommonly serene, even the barren country around us wore a beautiful
appear-

appearance; and Snowdon himself, the king of mountains, for once condescended to throw off his night-cap, and during our whole journey through the island unveiled his awful summit to our view. At about four o'clock we crossed the Menai, and, taking our final leave of *MONA ANTIQUA*, landed once more in Wales. As you pass the Ferry, the prospect on each side is very pleasing. The barren aspect of Anglesea affords a striking contrast to the opposite shores, where the lands are cultivated to the water's edge, and an elegant inn among trees and green fields, with a neat garden in front, invites you to experience the cleanliness and comfort of its accommodations.

After dining here we proceeded on our journey: An Irish officer, who was a fellow sufferer with us in the packet, and who had dined in company with us, invited me to partake of his carriage, while his servant occupied my place in the coach. I found great pleasure in his company, and
regretted

regretted the loss of it at Conway. He was an intelligent sensible man, who had seen much of the world, and was still bent upon seeing more ; at the same time he did not please me the less in giving the preference to old England, among all the countries he had seen. We passed together over the stupendous rock of PENMAENMAWR. A road is cut, with great art and ingenuity, along the side of the mountain. On one hand a precipice, that would make the boldest shudder, overlooks the sea. On the other, fragments of rock, which have separated themselves from the main body, hang over the road. After frosty weather these immense masses of stone often give way with the thaw, and come tumbling down. Those, who are accustomed to the place, think nothing of the dangers that threaten them on all sides. But no stranger can pass without feeling a degree of terror and uneasiness, where instant death seems to menace him at every step. The rest of the road to Conway is highly picturesque. Leaving Penmaenmawr, we passed a narrow defile between

tween the mountains, where the road being cut in the side of one of them winds in a romantic manner among precipices. The gloom of the night was beginning to envelop the surrounding objects. We could just discern the wild goats and the sheep, as they hung upon the sides of the mountains. These animals feed where no human being could find a footstep, and upon precipices where the imagination is at a loss to conceive by what means they attained them. The officer had often visited this place; it was a favourite spot of his, and fortunately for me, could not be seen to more advantage than at the approach of the evening. There is a peculiar wildness in this mountain scenery which cannot be described—

- “ Where, 'midst the changeful scenery ever new,
 “ Fancy a thousand wond'rous forms descries
 “ More wildly great than pencil ever drew :
 “ Rocks, torrents, gulphs, and shapes of giant size,
 “ And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

When the shades of the evening begin to fall, it becomes inexpressibly beautiful. The
 views

views in North Wales are always fine. There is a majesty in the features of the country, united with a grandeur and boldness that cannot be conceived. "There is not (said the officer, as we alighted to walk up a hill) a spot in the world that can justly be compared with this."

North Wales is singular in every respect; and what makes it more particular, is the sudden contrast it offers when you enter into it from other countries. It does not assume its rugged aspect by degrees, but all at once presents its superb scenery to the admiring spectator.

It was almost dark when we reached

C O N W A Y,

so that I caught only a transient glance at the antique arches of the gateway as we entered. This place is remarkable for its beautiful castle, which is seen to the greatest advantage from the opposite side of the ferry.

X x

We

We passed it early the next morning, and visited this elegant structure. It was built by Edward the First, and is the admiration of all that see it. For situation, elegance, strength, and grandeur it is unrivalled. It is placed on a high rock, above the sea, and is moated on the land side. There are ten round towers in the castle, and four turrets that are considerably higher than the towers. The walls are battlemented, and are from twelve to fifteen feet in breadth. On entering the castle, you are struck with the view of a grand arched hall, with handsome niched windows. This hall is entire; it is one hundred feet long, thirty high, and as many wide, and the roof is supported by nine stone arches. The external part of the castle remains entire, except one tower, which has tumbled down, owing to a part of the rock giving way. The view of this castle, from the other side of the water, is beautiful. On one hand you are presented with the town of Conway, enclosed by a fortified wall; on the other, a hill rises from the water, entirely covered with a fine cop-
pice

pice of wood. Before the invention of cannon it is evident that this place must have been impregnable. The castle of Carnarvon is in general thought far superior to this: In point of size and convenience it might once have been so, but I think in elegance Conway outshines it greatly.

The country from Conway to

S T. A S A P H

is pleasing but, bordering upon the sea, does not display that bold scenery which marks the internal parts of North Wales. St. Asaph is a mean little place, and has nothing to distinguish it from a village but its cathedral, which, although a very good one, resembles a country church in its external appearance. From this place the country becomes remarkably rich and beautiful. It loses its rugged features, but amply compensates for the loss by a display of cultivation and fertility, more resembling a garden than any thing else. From the top of a steep hill,

X x 2 which

which you ascend gradually, between St. Asaph and Holywell you have one of the finest prospects a rich country can afford. A valley of an amazing extent, smiling with its pastures, woods, and harvest, and bounded by lofty mountains at a distance, opens to the view. The cathedral of St. Asaph rises from the rich verdure around it, and forms one of the principal objects. The town of DENBIGH presents itself on one side. The sea adds to the scene, and almost every thing appears which can render a prospect delightful. Descending on the other side, you see HOLYWELL, FLINT CASTLE, and a view of another country almost equally pleasing.

The situation of

H O L Y W E L L

is healthy and agreeable. On the back of it is a lofty hill, extremely productive of lead ore. Towards the sea is a pleasing valley, bounded by woods, at one end of which rises the venerable abbey. At the foot of this
town

town is that remarkable spring from which it received its name, and which has excited so much curiosity, and still continues to attract the notice of every body. This is called

ST. WINIFRED'S WELL,

and is supposed by many to have been occasioned by a miracle performed here. The spring boils with vast impetuosity out of a rock, and is formed into a beautiful polygonal well, covered with a rich arch, supported by pillars. The roof is exquisitely carved in stone. Immediately over the fountain is the legend of St. Winifred, on a pendant projection, with the arms of England at the bottom. A number of fine ribs secure the arch, whose interfections are coupled with sculpture. When we arrived here, some poor women surrounded the chaise and invited us in, delivering at the same time a paper containing the history, nature, and origin of the well.

It

It exhibits a very remarkable spectacle, and, if not miraculous, is at least one of nature's most wonderful works. The water rises with such force and in such vast quantities that, although but a mile from the sea, it instantly forms a river and supports several manufactories but a few yards from the place.

One circumstance, which they assert of this spring, seems hardly credible, but they will at any time demonstrate the truth of it to the curious. By the gauge, the basin and well hold about two hundred and forty tons of water, which, when emptied, are filled again in less than two minutes. The experiment was tried for a wager, on Tuesday, the 12th of July, 1731, Mr. Price, the rector of Holywell, Dr. Taylor, and several other gentlemen being present. To the surprise of the company, the well filled in less than two minutes; which proves that Winifred's spring raises more than one hundred tons of water every minute. The basin is four feet deep, and
yet

yet the water is so clear that a pin may be seen at the bottom. Above the spring and around the arches hang the crutches &c. of those who have been cured here, and who left them as trophies of the virtues of the water. Those, who suppose this spring to originate from a miracle, thus deliver their ridiculous tale.

“ In the seventh century lived a virgin of the name of Winifred, who made a vow of chastity during life and was put under the care of her uncle Bueno, who, having erected a church there, had assumed a monastic habit. A neighbouring prince, named Cradoc, was struck with her uncommon beauty and at all events determined to gratify his desires. He made known his passion to the lady, who, affected with horror, attempted to escape. The wretch, enraged at the disappointment, instantly pursued her, drew out his sabre and cut off her head. Receiving instantly the reward of his crime, he fell down dead, and the earth opening swallowed his impious corpse.

“ The severed head took its way down the hill, and stopped near the church. The valley, which from its uncommon dryness was heretofore called *Sych Nant*, now lost its name. A spring of uncommon size burst from the place where the head rested. The moss on its sides diffused a fragrant smell; her blood spotted the stones, which, like the flowers of Adonis, annually commemorate the fact by assuming a colour unknown to them before.

“ St. Bueno took up the head, carried it to the corpse, and offering his devotions joined it nicely to the body, which instantly united. The place was visible only by a slender white line encircling her neck, in memory of a miracle surpassing far that worked by St. Dionysius, who marched in triumph after decapitation with his head in his hands from *Mont Matre* to *St. Dennis's*, or that of *St. Adalburtus*, who in a similar situation swam across the *Vistula*. St. W. survived her decollation fifteen years.

“ She

“ She died at Gwytherin in Denbighshire, where her bones rested till the reign of King Stephen, when, after divine admonition, they were surrendered to the abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul at Shrewsbury. The memory of the two great events is celebrated, that of her decapitation on the 22d of June, that of her translation on the 3d of November.”

“ A bell belonging to the church was also christened in honour of her. I cannot learn the names of the goffips, who, as usual, were undoubtedly rich persons. On the ceremony, they all laid hold of the rope, bestowed a name on the bell, and the priest sprinkled it with holy water in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He then cloathed it with a fine garment; after this the goffips gave a grand feast and made great presents, which the priest received in behalf of the bell. Thus blessed, it was endowed with great powers; allayed, on being rung, all storms, diverted the thunder bolt, and drove away evil spirits.

Y y

“ After

“ After her death, her sanctity (says her historian) was proved by numberless miracles. The waters are almost as sanative as those of the Pool of Bethesda. All infirmities incident to the human body met with relief; the votive crutches, the barrows, and other proofs of cures remain to this moment, as evidences, pendent over the well. The saint is equally propitious to protestants and catholics, for among the offerings are to be found these grateful testimonies from the patients of each religion. The waters are indisputably endowed with every good quality attendant on cold baths, and multitudes have here experienced the good effects that thus result from natural causes.

“ The resort of pilgrims of late years to these fontanalia has considerably decreased. The greatest number are from Lancashire. In the summer a few are still to be seen in the water, in deep devotion, up to their chins for hours, sending up their prayers or performing a number of evolutions round the polygonal well, or threading the arch between

tween the bason and the well a prescribed number of times. A crowned head, in the last age, dignified the place with a visit: The Prince, who lost three kingdoms for a mass, paid his respects, on August the 29th, 1686, to our saint, and received, as a reward, a present of the very shift in which his great grandmother, Mary Stuart, lost her head.

“ The spring is certainly one of the finest in these kingdoms. It never freezes, and scarcely varies in the quantity of water in droughts, or after the greatest rains. After a violent fall of rain it becomes discoloured. From its rise it runs with a rapid course to the sea, which it reaches in the distance of a mile. The principal works on its banks are battering mills for copper, a wind mill, a coarse paper mill, a snuff mill, a foundery for brass, and an extensive cotton manufactory.*”

Y y 2

From

* For the greatest part of this account of St. Winifred's Well I am indebted to a Tour through Great Britain by Daniel De Foe and Mr. Richardson.

From hence we passed by

FLINT CASTLE

to the river Dee, and crossing over a ferry of seven miles were landed at

PARKGATE,

in England. Before I take my leave of the principality of Wales, I think it incumbent upon me to give some account of the inhabitants, their manners, and disposition. There is a simplicity in the style of a Welshman's conversation which prejudices every stranger in their favour: They are honest, hospitable, and good natured; and, although of an irritable disposition, are not disposed, like the Irish, to cut one another's throats without reason: They are much given to drinking, and in general the lower sort of people estimate a man's merit in proportion to the quantity of ale he can imbibe: They consider this as the most wholesome and beneficial of all liquors, and prefer it to any other.

other. I once asked an old Welsh harper why he was so fond of ale? "Because (says he) it makes me fat as a pig." There was no arguing against this, for the old minstrel had a most princely carcase. They are inordinately ignorant, and particularly so with regard to their own country: It is almost impossible to gain information of a Welshman, if your enquiries extend above five miles from the spot where you find him. The women, as well as the men, appear in broad black beaver hats, and in the midst of summer wear a long woollen cloak. Their feet are almost always bare, and they drive the plough, mount the cart horses, and manage a team with full as much facility as the men. They carry great weights upon their heads, and balance their milk pails, buckets of water, &c. in that manner, without taking any hold of them. The harp is their favourite instrument; hardly a family is without a harper, and at all the inns they appear as regularly as the landlady: The same number of old Welsh tunes are repeated

peated every where, which are handed from father to son, from one generation to another. I have sometimes heard the Welsh accused of want of cleanliness, an accusation they by no means merit ; on the contrary, they are remarkably neat and tidy in their houses, and while I was among them, during which time I had an opportunity of observing a great deal of their manners and appearance, I found a sufficient degree of neatness to be admired even in the meanest cottages. Indeed if there is a part of Wales where this is not the case, it is in their principal towns, where they ape the manners of other countries, and attempting to be finer than the rest of their people, neglect their native characteristic of cleanliness and decency. To set a Welsh cottage in an advantageous point of view, one has nothing to do but to place beside it an Irish cabin. What a contrast ! In one we behold industry and cleanliness predominant over poverty ; in the other slovenliness, laziness, licentiousness, and every species of misery. The Welsh boast of their pedigree and the antiquity

tiquity of their origin: Their language resembles the Greek, and has many words of a similar sound and meaning; The Welsh word for the *sun* is the Greek for *fire*; Water is called *ἰδωρ* only pronounced with the aspirate; *απ* or *απο* is frequently used, as David *απ* Morgan or *απο* Morgan: But they are not contented with deriving a part of their language from the Greek, they assert that the ancient Greek is only a corruption of their own language, a gross dialect of North Welsh: There is no doubt but they were the original inhabitants of this island, although a great part of the ancient Britons, during the periods of Roman and Saxon invasion, migrated to the continent. The provisions in Wales are remarkably cheap and good, and a man with a small income might live among them like a prince. They have a method universally prevalent among them of saying *indeed* and *yes sure* upon every occasion. If you ask them a question which is altogether doubtful, they never return a dubious answer. You never hear a Welshman say he

thinks *so and so* ; they are very fond of saying they *don't know*, but in general if they make any answer at all, it is a *positive* one. Much has been said by many, of their anger and a great deal has been misrepresented of a good people. They have a number of amiable and respectable qualities ; are easily provoked, it is true, but, like the sudden spark from a flint, their fire becomes extinguished as speedily as it kindles. There is a remarkable similarity of feature prevalent among both sexes : The women are in general handsome, and possess in a high degree that requisite which the French call *en bon point*. The men are short lusty fellows, and, as well as the women, have jolly round faces expressive of good nature. Our patience had often been put to the proof among them, frequently from our want of consideration, and sometimes from their own native stupidity ; nevertheless I left them with a degree of regret infinitely beyond what I experienced on quitting the shore of Ireland : I there found myself happy in an escape ; here I felt a sensation not unlike a wish to return.

Park-

Parkgate is a small town in Cheshire, on the banks of the Dee. It is frequented by a few invalids, who resort here for bathing; but the chief part of its inhabitants are navy captains and seamen, who have retired to live upon their income. Packets sail hence occasionally for Dublin; and, since the Holyhead captains have raised their fare, many prefer this passage, as it is near twice the length of the other, and the price is the same. After leaving Parkgate, we crossed the Mersey, and arrived at

L I V E R P O O L.

This is a large, populous, and flourishing town. The inns, which are the first things that attract the notice of a traveller, are grand and good. We had however the ill fortune to find all the best full, and were obliged to put up with the receptacle of all the stage coaches and noisy vehicles that resort to the place: even here we should have been comfortable enough, had it not been for the swarm of flies which really become

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a nui-

a nuisance in many houses in Liverpool. This is owing to the number of sugar houses which abound here, and which afford them a constant supply of food: Myriads of these insects fill the bed-chambers, and at night prevented our sleeping by settling in tribes upon our faces. Commerce of all sorts is in a thriving way at Liverpool; their chief trade is to Virginia for tobacco, but whoever walks the quay will find the harbour crowded with vessels, of all denominations, from every quarter of the globe. The number of inhabitants is very considerable, and is more likely at present to increase than diminish. Hackney coaches ply in the streets; the shops are uncommonly elegant; the town is well paved and lighted, and, in short, offers a pleasing epitome of the metropolis. The public buildings are grand, that of the exchange is particularly so; and the churches in general are neat, elegant and comfortable. The principal street is very fine, and makes an appearance inferior to few in London.

During

During our stay here, we went one night to the Theatre, invited by an advertisement in the play bills of a singular nature. This was no less than the character of Richard the Third to be performed by Mr. Quick, of Covent Garden Theatre, for his benefit. I found the house capacious, and fitted up in a style of great neatness and simplicity. It was excessively crowded, and every one was impatient for the signal of drawing up the curtain. I expected to see the character of King Richard well burlesqued by so excellent a comedian; but how can I express the astonishment I felt at seeing little Isaac strut forth, arrayed in all the terrors of Duke Richard's whiskers and armed *cap-à-pee* with fur cloak and feathers, spluttering forth in a style of majestic vehemence

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths!

It was some time before the audience could sufficiently compose themselves to behold this ton of mirth without loud peals of

Z z z laughter.

laughter. The part was acted much better than any one could have expected ; and if the audience could have divested themselves of the remembrance of those matchless talents for comedy, which were centered in the actor, he might have called for his horse, as many a good tragedian has done before him, even till his lungs failed. But in the midst of the most serious parts, the figure, the voice, and the deportment of the little votary of Momus would break forth in spite of his buskin and give Melpomene the lie. This idea grew more and more prevalent through all his exertions, and at the final downfall the hero of the house of York was attended with louder peals of laughter than comedy ever called forth in her happiest movements from a delighted audience. When the curtain fell, the conversation ran upon the event of the piece : “ Sir,” said I, addressing myself to a gentleman who seemed quite overcome with laughter, “ What could so mislead this first of all comedians as to induce him to put on the buskin ? ” “ The same

same motive, sir, that led Mrs. Abingdon upon the stage in the character of Scrub; the hope of a good benefit by a promise of novelty to the people—and you see how well he has succeeded.”

The next morning I visited the curious stone quarry without the town, which is dug at the expence of the corporation. We entered by a subterraneous passage neatly formed with stone, which conducted us into the quarry. It is well worth seeing, from the regular manner in which the stone is cut. On entering it, you are presented with a view of some immense smooth slabs from which the stone is separated with the greatest nicety and evenness, and in a manner totally different from the method generally used in quarries for this purpose. The mouth of the passage to it is formed by a large stone arch, on which are engraved the arms of the corporation. From the top of the quarry you have a fine view of the town of Liverpool,

pool, and a commanding prospect of the country round it.

From Liverpool we came to

WARRINGTON,

famous for lace, pins, and plate glaſs ; and from thence entering Cheshire, through a delightful country, to

NORTHWICH.

This place is remarkable for its ſalt manufactory, and has, beſides its different mines, the largeſt ſalt pans in England. We firſt viſited the ſalt mines: the method of deſcent is by a bucket, through a perpendicular ſhaft, by which you are conducted into the very heart of the mine. Of the different ſubterraneous abodes I had viſited, I found this by far the moſt agreeable that I ever ſaw. Here, without encountering the difficulties reſulting from broken ladders, ſlippery precipices, horrid chafms, diſmal dungeons,

dungeons, where one half of our bodies was soaked in water and the other exposed to the suffocating fumes of sulphur, we were introduced to a spectacle at once beautiful and surprising: Innumerable candles dispersed up and down the different parts of a vast glittering cavern, displayed a most pleasing scene; it resembles an illuminated grotto of transparent rock-work: the impression which it affords at first entering it, is not unlike that which a stranger feels at being admitted to Vauxhall. The salt is separated from the main rock in large bodies by gunpowder: this process is conducted after a similar method to that which we saw practised in the coal mines. The workmen call it *making a blast*, and they were kind enough to fire one for our amusement, which seemed to shake the very earth itself. The roof of these immense caverns is supported by monstrous pillars of the salt rock, which are left in the course of working the mine solely for this purpose. The great cleanliness of these places might induce even the most timid female,

if she has curiosity enough, to descend and explore these regions of wonder. A lady might safely venture her person and apparel to the care of these sturdy miners, even though bedecked in all the splendour of a birth-day suit.

Having gratified our curiosity here, we next visited the salt springs. These are among the list of natural wonders, and may be seen here in great perfection. They rise to the surface of the earth, which is not the case in many parts of England, where they are obliged to bore wells to a great depth, before they can get at them : the water is received in a large basin, from which it is pumped into the salt pans : these large receptacles of the brine are heated by means of furnaces beneath them, and as the water evaporates, the salt precipitates in a state of chrySTALLIZATION, adhering to the sides and bottom of the pans. This they continually remove by large wooden skimmers, and convey it into wicker baskets of a conical form, in which the water that
comes

comes mixed with the falt drains away, and leaves it fit for use. By this process we were informed that from one pan seven tons of falt were made in twenty-four hours. As they vary the degrees of heat, the falt becomes coarser or finer, according to the different purposes for which it is afterwards required.

The method of making falt from the rock that is dug in the mines, is by reducing it in sea water to a brine, and then boiling and pursuing nearly a similar process to that which is used at the falt springs.

From Northwich we proceeded through

H O L M C H A P E L,

B R U E R T O N,

and

T A L K, to

A a a

NEWCASTLE

NEWCASTLE UNDER LINE.

Here we visited Mr. Wedgwood's curious and extensive pottery. I was fearful of being denied admittance to the works, as I know that it is customary in these places to introduce strangers to what is called the store room, and then dismiss them without any further trouble. This however was not the case here. We sent in our names to Mr. Wedgwood, at his elegant little mansion which overlooks the Pottery, and received full permission from him to see the whole of the manufactory, except the rooms where the black and the new discovered blue ware is made, and these they never shew to any one. The process is so similar to that which I have described at Swansea in South Wales, and the whole manufactory bears so strong a resemblance to it, that it would be merely a repetition to attempt a description. The works are conducted rather upon a larger scale, and a stranger will find some things here which
I did

I did not find in Wales; but upon the whole, I must confess, one is not more worth seeing than the other.

At Newcastle that prince of philosophers Katterfelto, with his prime minister, in the usual shape of a black cat, was exhibiting his list of wonders! wonders! and laying open occult sciences to a gaping multitude.

And Katterfelto, with his hair on end,
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread!

COWPER.

In the evening we arrived at

LITCHFIELD.

The country through Cheshire is exceedingly beautiful. Indeed there is no county in England so adorned by the richness of its verdure, its cultivation and fertility, and at the same time so beautified by the grand seats of nobility and gentry, as Cheshire.

A a a 2

We

We were now in a place that I was particularly anxious to see. If there is a part of England peculiarly sacred to literature and the muses, it is Litchfield. It is the land of poetry itself, and as long as the names of Garrick, of Johnson, and of Seward shall endure, Litchfield will live renowned. We were first introduced to the Cathedral, an edifice of uncommon beauty, and far surpassing in elegance any thing of the kind I ever saw. How long it has been in this state I will not pretend to say, since I believe much of its inward ornament must be attributed to the taste and ingenuity of Wyatt. The inside has been lately repaired and beautified at a great expence, and an altar piece, exhibiting the most elegant sample of the Gothic order, has been discovered by removing an irregular patchwork, which in a rude and barbarous age had been erected, in somewhat of the Grecian style, to conceal the richness and light airy magnificence of the original Gothic. The outside of this Cathedral deserves as much notice as the elegance within.

within. It is all Gothic, built in a style of great grandeur, and was once uncommonly rich in imagery, much of which now remains, but time and faction have greatly contributed to deface it. The choir demands particular attention. Its highly ornamented screen, with a fine organ, and pews of unusual elegance, are not to be equalled in England. There are several beautiful monuments; among others, one to the memory of Lady Wortley Montagu is excessively beautiful. The father of the immortal Addison lies buried here, and two monuments are about to be erected, one to the memory of David Garrick, and the other to that of his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson, who were both natives of Litchfield. The Person, who shewed the Cathedral, was well acquainted with these great men, and told me a curious story of a lady, who followed Dr. Johnson's father to this place, and died here for love of him. She was buried in the Cathedral. When the Doctor came last to Litchfield, he caused a monument to be erected over her

her with this singular inscription ;

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
MRS. ELIZABETH BLANEY,
A STRANGER.

There is also an antique monument of the famous Dr. Hackett, who after the restoration was made Bishop of this diocese, for his firm adherence to the liturgy of the church of England and the royal cause. He was at the beginning of the civil war rector of St. Andrews, Holborn, London ; and, when the Parliament (as the Commons alone called themselves) had voted down the liturgy, and forbidden the use of it under the severest penalties, the Doctor continued to read as before the daily service. A serjeant and a trooper rushed into the church, commanding him with threats to desist : With a steady voice, and intrepid countenance, the Doctor still continued to read on : At this the serjeant thrust a pistol at his head,

head, menacing him with instant death. The undaunted priest calmly replied, "Soldier, I am doing my duty; do you do yours!" and with a voice still more exalted he continued to go through the service. The soldier abashed left the church.

The length of the Cathedral from the west to the east is four hundred and eleven feet. The breadth of the body one hundred and fifty-three feet. The side aisles are sixty-six, the two west spires one hundred and eighty-eight, and the great spire five hundred and six feet.

Walking into the church yard of the Cathedral, I enquired after the families of those great men whose names are an honour to Litchfield. The brother of Mr. Garrick is still living and, like that great man, remarkable for his fund of humour and pleasing conversation. A tree, planted by Dr. Johnson when he was a boy, stands at some distance from the Cathedral. I went to see it; it was a weeping willow, of an
uncommon

uncommon size, and curious from its own beauty as well as for having been nurtured by so great a man. Our guide pointed to the house where the delightful poetess, the friend of André, now lives. I walked by the house twice or three times, and could not help wishing to steal a short glance at the genius of Litchfield. The guide observed me; "Sir," said he, "Miss Seward is gone to Bristol; if you wish to see the house, I can procure you admittance from my acquaintance with the servants." This was just what I wished; the door soon opened, and in I ran, impatient to see where genius and poetry had fixed their abode, and happy even in the opportunity of treading the same ground. Indeed it would be impossible for the most rigid stoic to enter such a spot without emotion.

When the gallant *André* plighted his warm vows to *Honora*, these walls were sacred to his protestations; they witnessed the ardour of his passion, and echoed to his

loud sorrows, when the rigid interference of parental authority severed the texture which they had mutually interwoven. From this hallowed spot originated that beautiful bud of British poetry, which, like the morning rose impearled with the dew of heaven, expanded in tears. It was here that the distracted mourner imprecated vengeance upon the base abettors of an ignominious doom, that sent the soldier and the lover to an early grave. It was here that the genius of Britain sung the fall of heroes, and, scattering her inspired lays, would

“ Light with vestal flame her André’s hallow’d pyre,

or wander

“ With wild, unequal step, round Cook’s Morai.”

A harpsichord stood open in the room, and as I touched the keys, which had answered to more pleasing vibrations, a portrait of a beautiful female caught my attention.—I guessed right—indeed it could

B b b

be

be no other than her's. It so happens, that in reading the productions of genius one cannot help forming some idea of the features of the author; at least this has always been the case with me, and was so in the present instance. I was pleased to find the idea, which I had formed, correspond with the picture, and indeed should have felt very angry with the painter for tracing features unjustly, if it had turned out otherwise. But my reader frowns.—This Litchfield muse has led me from the main road, and I hasten to regain it.

When the civil war broke out, the nobility and gentry garrisoned the close of Litchfield Cathedral, and defended it against the Parliament army under Lord Brook. A battery was raised in Dam-Street, for the purpose of demolishing the Cathedral; early in the siege, as his Lordship was standing under a porch giving directions to the bombardiers, he was discovered from the battlements of the lady-chair by a deaf and dumb gentleman, named Dyott,
whose

whose family is still esteemed in the neighbourhood. This gentleman levelling his musket fired it, and the ball, glancing on the lintel of the porch, entered his Lordship's eye. He died upon the spot. The place where he fell is still distinguished in Dam-Street by a pavement of white pebbles; and the lintel, through which the ball passed, is still preserved among the curiosities in Mr. Greene's valuable museum.

After leaving Litchfield, we arrived late in the evening at

BIRMINGHAM.

The inhabitants of this place were just recovered from the consternation into which they had been thrown by the late riots. The vestiges of their dreadful depredations still remained to shew what a tumult had been excited among them. Not a house appeared without the sentiment of "*Church and King!*" traced in large letters on its front.

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These, like the tutelary words, "*No popery*," which were exalted upon every door, wall and window shutter, during the notorious legislation of a noble madman, served as a kind of talisman or cabalistical sentence to avert the fury of an infatuated multitude. When such violent tumult is suddenly excited, and the full torrent of indignation poured on a selected few, it wears very much the appearance of premeditated mischief, concerted in secret by men of more importance, and superior in speculation to the members of a mob, who are generally inclined to follow the dictates of caprice and the hasty impulse of the moment. The method, in which the late disturbances at Birmingham were conducted, is an evidence of this, and it is greatly to be wished that the perpetrators of so much guilt were safely lodged in some convenient apartment in the neighbourhood of Lord George Gordon.

Birmingham

Birmingham is literally a repository of trade. There is hardly a single inhabitant that is not engaged in some lucrative concern. Every thing wears the air of industry and commerce. You may walk the streets a whole day without finding one idle spectator; and indeed the people seem so entirely engrossed by their business within doors, that they care very little what sort of an appearance is made without. The streets are neither paved nor lighted, which, in so considerable a place as Birmingham, is a subject both of wonder and regret. The chief manufactories here are Mr. Bolton's, Mr. Clay's, and that for stained glass. Mr. Bolton's cannot be called a single manufactory; it is rather a consolidation of several branches of commerce. It is remarkably well worth seeing, although a day would hardly be sufficient to pay every article a proper degree of attention. This gentleman, so well known all over the world for his great improvement in the use of steam engines, may justly be termed the father of commerce.

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The encouragement which he gives to every species of ingenuity, and his own uncommon abilities, entitle him to every encomium. It is said that he sometime ago made a proposal to the minister, to obtain the management of the copper coinage of this kingdom. His assurances were, that he would totally destroy all counterfeit coining; first, by allowing a sufficient quantity of that metal, to prevent its being worth any one's while to fabricate false coin; and secondly, by producing a die so exquisitely beautiful and circular, that it should be out of the power of any person in the kingdom to imitate it. He alledged many other reasons to prove the importance of his proposal to the nation; but, from some unknown motives of policy, the plan is either entirely rejected, or still remains to be considered in Parliament at some future period.

The chief part of Mr. Bolton's immense works is employed in the button manufactory, a branch of business that requires a great deal of labour and an amazing number
of

of workmen. It is really surprising to see the number of hands concerned about the commonest buttons, which, after all the different operations, sell so low as one penny per dozen. One would suppose it worth this sum to carry them backwards and forwards, or even to pack them up in paper (which alone is a separate employment) and yet we were told that the greatest profit arises from those buttons which pass through the greatest number of hands and sell at the lowest rate.

Besides the button business, there is the manufactory of that beautiful branch of workmanship, called Or Moulu. This consists of plated goods, and such an exquisite imitation of silver, in all those articles where plate is required, that the most discerning eye can scarcely distinguish the difference. This alone constitutes a very extensive branch of business. There is a variety of other manufactories carried on here, which can only be adequately conceived

ceived by those who are on the spot, and see them as they are. Among others, the fabrication of all sorts of cutlery ware deserves particular observation, in which scissars are seen from six-pence to ten guineas a pair.

Mr. Clay's manufactory comes next to be noticed, which is entirely confined to paper work. This consists in making tables, tea boards, trays, &c. &c. which are constructed in the most beautiful manner. No one, who sees the different articles in their finished state, would believe that they were composed of paper. The process is simply this—a number of sheets of paper are pasted together and dried; they are then carried into a room, resembling a little timber-yard, contiguous to which is a large workshop: cabinet-makers form every article as it is required, sawing it out of paper and planing it with the greatest exactness. It is then japanned and polished, and this is always done with the hand, which gives a more exquisite lustre to steel or paper-work,

than can be communicated by any other means.

We observed two pier tables here for Lord Bristol, which were painted after some designs brought purposely from Rome. They were by far the most beautiful things of the kind I ever saw. An extensive manufactory of buttons is also carried on from the same composition, which are turned, japanned, and then polished after the manner I have mentioned. When I said that this manufactory was exclusively appropriated to paper, I should have excepted the department of making buttons from slate. This material is brought here as it is dug from the quarries, and then made into buttons by turning. A sample of them was presented to his Majesty, who was pleased to order some for his own use. They are uncommonly rich, and resemble the finest silk rather than the production of a slate quarry.

The manufactory for stained glafs is only worth feeing to thofe who have never feen any glafs of this fort. They exhibit fpecimens of the work when finished, but the procefs of colouring the glafs is of courfe not fhewn.

The theatre at Birmingham is a very good one; Suett from Drury-Lane was there when we vifited it, and kept the audience *à fon ordinaire*, in a continual roar.

The inhabitants of Birmingham have a Vauxhall, which is open twice a week. Thefe gardens were at firft the property of a private gentleman, but are now public. They afford a pleafing epitome of thofe which bear the fame name near London.

The inns at Birmingham are large and dirty. Indeed cleanliness is a virtue, which the people of this place feem perfectly unacquainted with. Their idol, Commerce, fits enthroned in fmoke and from her dingy realms ordains that duft and noife
shall

shall dignify her votaries. Every tongue cries *thrift!* and crusty knaves, that scud the streets in aprons, seem ever ready to exclaim, “*Be busy and grow rich!*”

From this grand mart of industry we proceeded to a place of less commercial importance, although infinitely more renowned in other annals;

STRATFORD UPON AVON,

celebrated for the birth of the greatest poet the world ever knew, lies remote from the smoke and the tumult of manufactures, in a peaceful valley upon the banks of the Avon. If ever we are permitted to venerate the residence of genius; if ever we may be allowed to honour the ground that has been sacred to immortal poets; STRATFORD! *all hail to thee!* When I tread thy hallowed walks; when I pass over the same mould that has been pressed by the feet of SHAKESPEARE, I feel inclined to kiss the earth itself. I consider

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him

him as the brightest planet that ever illumined the horizon of genius. Immortal bard! may thy name and thy works live for ever! may the conspicuous tablet of thy imagination be suspended among the highest records of future ages; and,

—————While yet a spot remains
Where English minds and manners may be found,

may posterity behold with rapture the productions of our countryman, our own poet, **OUR DARLING SHAKESPEARE!** At a time, when the poison of exotic weeds has pervaded the whole system of English literature, let us bless the propitious stars that presided when nature ordained one luminary to shine forth, without reflecting a borrowed light, in its own peculiar lustre.

Among the number of curiosities, which they shew you at Stratford, must be reckoned the house in which Shakespeare was born, and the remains of a mulberry-tree which he planted. The present possessor of the house is a descendant of Shakespeare's—a poor, illiterate peasant. He
shews

shews you a chair which formerly belonged to his great ancestor, but which has been so hacked and mangled by the knives of virtuofos that little of its original form remains. A foreign princess some time ago had an inclination for the seat of it, and dispatched a courier with twenty guineas for the purchase. The poor possessors of the chair gladly parted with its wooden bottom for a more valuable substitute, and it was carried away; another person has taken a fancy to one of the legs; and somebody else has made deep incisions in the back of it, so that I fear this precious relic will soon be reduced to the state of the Irishman's knife, which had been fifty years in his family, *only now and then a new blade, and now and then a new handle!*

The mulberry-tree is the property of a carpenter, who forms it into a number of little articles, such as tooth-pick cases, goblets, snuff-boxes, &c. If we may judge by the sale of these things, a forest of mulberry-trees would hardly supply the wood
that

that has been already fold. However I believe that a block, which this man has by him, is genuine, as it is the same that was suspended during the jubilee. Mr. Garrick had a chair made of this wood.

The downfall of the mulberry-tree gave rise to a ceremony which drew people from all parts of the kingdom to Stratford. As the circumstances attending this extraordinary fête may not be unentertaining to my readers, I shall present them with an account of it from a person who was an eye witness to the celebration of the Jubilee.

A wealthy clergyman purchased the house and gardens of Shakespeare at Stratford upon Avon. A man of taste in such a situation, and master of so enchanting a spot, would have congratulated himself on his good fortune and deemed himself the happiest of mortals; but the luckless and ignorant owner trod the ground, which had been cultivated by the first genius of the
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the world, without feeling those emotions that arise in the breast of the generous enthusiast.

The mulberry-tree, planted by the poet's own hand, became an object of dislike to its tasteless owner, because it over-shaded his window and rendered his house, as he thought, subject to damps and moisture. In an evil hour the unhappy priest ordered it to be cut down.

The people of Stratford, who had been taught to venerate every thing which related to the immortal Shakespeare, were seized with grief and astonishment when they were informed of the sacrilegious deed; and nothing less than the destruction of the offender, in the first transports of their rage, would satisfy them. The miserable culprit was forced to sculk up and down to save himself from the rage of the Stratfordians: he was obliged at last to leave the town amidst the curses of the populace, who vowed solemnly never to let one of

the same name reside amongst them in future.

The mulberry-tree thus cut down was purchased by a carpenter, who, knowing the value which all the world professed for any thing that belonged to Shakespeare, very ingeniously cut it into various shapes of small trunks, snuff-boxes, tea-chests, standishes, tobacco-stoppers, &c. The corporation of Stratford bought several of the man's curious manufactures and, influenced by good sense and superior taste, presented the freedom of Stratford, in a box made of this sacred wood, to Mr. Garrick; at the same time requesting of him, in very polite terms, a bust, statue, or picture of his admired Shakespeare, which they informed him they intended to place in their town-hall. In the same letter, with equal politeness, they assured him that they should be no less pleased if he would oblige them with his own picture, to be placed near his favourite author in perpetual remembrance of both.

This

This judicious and well-timed compliment gave rise to the jubilee of Shakespeare: In September, 1769, an amphitheatre was erected at Stratford, upon the plan of Ranelagh, decorated with various devices. Transparencies were erected in the town-house, in which the most striking characters of the poet were seen. A small old house, where Shakespeare was born, was covered over with a curious emblematical transparency: the subject was the sun struggling through clouds to enlighten the world; a figurative representation of the fate and fortunes of the much-beloved bard.

The jubilee lasted three days; during which time entertainments of oratorios, concerts, pageants, fire-works, &c. were presented to a very brilliant and numerous company assembled from all parts of the island. Many persons of the highest quality and rank of both sexes, some of the most celebrated beauties of the age, and men distinguished for their genius and love of the elegant arts thought themselves

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happy

happy to fill the grand chorus of this high festival.

Mr. Foote indulged in the fallies of that wit which seemed to please all by sparing none: Mr. Colman, by a cheerful vivacity and ready urbanity, engaged the attention of all about him. The historian of Corfica and the biographer of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell, distinguished himself by the name of Corfica Boswell, which words were inscribed on the outside of his hat in large letters.

No company, so various in character, temper and condition, ever formed, at least in appearance, such an agreeable groupe of happy and congenial souls.

Mr. Garrick's Ode on Shakespeare was that part of the general exhibition which most excited the regard, and gained the applause, of the candid and judicious part of the company.

Mr.

Mr. Garrick, who always united the strictest economy with the most liberal expenditure, brought Shakespeare's jubilee from Stratford to Drury-Lane. The public were so charmed with this uncommon pageant, which was ingeniously contrived and judiciously managed, that the representation of it was repeated near one hundred times.

From Stratford we passed on to

SHIPSTON, CHAPEL-HOUSE, and

WOODSTOCK,

famous for the manufactory of gloves and polished steel. Here we saw

BLENHHEIM,

the most magnificent pile of architecture in this kingdom. It was built at the public expence in the reign of Queen Anne, and conferred with the annexed demesnes on the most illustrious John Duke of Marlborough,

D d d 2

borough, and his heirs for ever, as a testimony of royal favour and national gratitude for his transcendent services and victories over the French and Bavarians; particularly that gained August 2, 1704, near the village of Blenheim, on the banks of the Danube, from which this palace receives its name.

On the anniversary of this victory, the inheritors of his Grace's honours and titles, for ever, are to render to the sovereign one standard or pair of colours, with three fleur-de-lis painted thereon, as an acquittance for all manner of rents, suits, and services due to the crown.

Sir John Vanbrugh was the architect of Blenheim: he has been indiscriminately censured for a heaviness in his designs, but in this instance he must at least stand acquitted, when it is considered that strength and durability were objects to be primarily regarded in a pile intended to remain a
lasting

lasting monument of British valour and British generosity.

The park is entered from Woodstock, the usual approach, through a triumphal arch or spacious portal erected to the memory of John Duke of Marlborough by his consort Sarah. This leads to the east gate of Blenheim; from whence proceeding to the area through a quadrangle of offices, the north front opens to the view. This front, which is three hundred and forty-eight feet from wing to wing, highly ornamented (the roof being concealed by a stone balustrade and statues) forms the grand approach; to which the visitor is conducted across a valley, through which winds a beautiful and spacious canal, over a most magnificent bridge constructed in the style of the Rialto at Venice.

Beyond this in a direct line, and on a considerable eminence, stands a stately column one hundred and thirty feet high; on the top of which is a statue of the Duke,
and

and on the pedestal his eminent achievements, and the acts of the British Parliament in his favour, are fully inscribed.

The south front of Blenheim, though less extensive, is extremely elegant, and commands a delightful view of the pleasure grounds and plantations, as well as of the neighbouring village of Bladon and the distant hills: over its entrance, which is supported by Corinthian columns, stands the bust of Louis XIV. of France, adorned with military emblems, as taken from the gates of Tournay.

Near the eastern angle, a most commodious and elegant observatory has been lately erected and amply supplied with the best instruments for astronomical pursuits,

The apartments of Blenheim are furnished with princely magnificence; and the tapestry, paintings, and statues are exquisitely fine: the tapestry is itself so deserving of attention, that it should be particularly

ticularly noticed: it chiefly represents the victories of the Duke of Marlborough: there is one figure, delineated in the tapestry of the drawing, that has more expression than I ever before saw given to productions of this kind; it represents an officer in the act of receiving orders from the Duke in the field of battle.

From a profusion of splendid objects, in this stately suit of rooms, the eye is at once charmed and relieved on entering the library.

This noble room is one hundred and eighty-three feet long, and thirty-one feet nine inches wide; nor is it possible to conceive any thing more elegantly finished than the solid columns of marble which support a rich entablature, the Doric pilasters of the same, the surrounding basements of black marble, and the stuccoed compartments of the lofty vaulted ceiling.

At

At the upper end of the library stands a highly finished statue of Queen Anne, in her coronation robes, by Rysbrack ; and at the lower end is a fine Grecian bust of Alexander the Great in good preservation, as dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum, and supported by an elegant modern therm. On one side, above the bookcases, are several busts and a number of whole length family portraits ; and on the other, large bow windows, the frames of which are exquisitely finished, from whence there is an elysian prospect of the beautifully covered descent to the canal and of the rising groves on the opposite hill.

If we may be allowed to hazard an opinion on the demerits of Blenheim, it should be with regard to the general size of the rooms. Whether it be from a negligence in the architect, or the height of the ceilings, I know not, but all of them appear contracted and small, and very ill-suited to the contour of the edifice itself. The plan seems to have been erroneous ; you are

conducted through a suit of apartments, that naturally appear insignificant, into that spacious room, the library, which forming a striking contrast to the others makes them appear smaller than before.

I think the worst method that can possibly be pursued by an architect, where the object is grandeur, is to pinch one room in order to enlarge another : the whole should be uniformly magnificent : I know but of one edifice in our kingdom that answers this description : it is *ATTINGHAM* in Shropshire, the seat of Lord Berwick, an edifice built by *Stuart*, and one of the most complete specimens of modern architecture I ever saw.

Having thus cursorily described some of the most striking beauties in this magnificent palace, it would be unpardonable not to mention the gardens and park ; which, whether we regard the delightfulness of situation or the most captivating charms of nature improved by the chastest designs of

E e e art,

art, equally demand our attention and warmest admiration. The pleasure grounds occupy an extent of considerably more than two hundred acres, and are laid out with astonishing taste, principally under the inspection of the present Duke, whose love of the fine arts and of rural and elegant simplicity is every where conspicuous.

The flower basket copied from the design of Madame Pompadour, as displayed in the gardens of Versailles, is one of the most enchanting assemblage of sweets any where to be seen ; the intersecting walks, as well as the temples and other artificial objects, are at once elegant and neat ; and the whole is preserved in a state of the utmost perfection.

The pleasure grounds have lately received considerable improvement and enlargement, by throwing a neat Chinese bridge over the lake near the cascade, and enclosing and laying down in the most elegant style a pretty large tract of the
opposite

opposite hill ; in this delightful spot several grottos are so naturally introduced that art scarcely appears, and a magnificent fountain, from some long-neglected pieces of sculpture (a present to John Duke of Marlborough) has been recently erected in the vale near the eastern limits of the new improvements, with an inscription in the Greek, Latin, Italian and Spanish languages.

At a small distance from this noble piece of sculpture a mineral spring, commonly called Newfound-Well, flows into a beautiful antique basin externally adorned with numerous figures in basso relievo ; and being from thence discharged, by the mouths of two lions near the top, it immediately disappears and soon enters the lake.

The canal, which covers the whole extent of a spacious valley, bordered by an artificial declivity, being taught to wind according to the designs of taste, to fall in broken murmurs over the rough cascade,

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and again to smooth its bosom and move imperceptibly along, is certainly one of the finest pieces of water in this kingdom.

The park, which under the auspices of the present Duke has received every possible improvement, is one continual series of charming prospects and agreeably diversified scenes. Its utmost circumference is fourteen miles; round which are the most enchanting rides, shaded principally with ever-greens; the roads are laid out to the greatest advantage; and new plantations are continually arising, wherever they can contribute to the richness or luxuriance of the view: indeed the effect of polished taste, and the sublime in design, are nowhere more perceptible than in the boundless prospects which perpetually present themselves; the walls of the park being in general quite concealed, and the whole surrounding country variegated with hills and vales, spires, towers and villas, appearing as one wide extended landscape.

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In this park stood originally a magnificent royal palace, the favourite retreat of several kings of England at various periods till the reign of Charles the First, when the succeeding interval of civil dissension and anarchy laid it almost wholly in ruins. It was not however entirely demolished until after the building of Blenheim, when two sycamore trees were planted on its site.

The approach to

O X F O R D,

from Woodstock, is not marked by any particular beauty. The country, bleak, champaign and flat, consists of those features which *melancholize* the environs of its sister seminary. It is not in the power of nature to assume a visage more deformed than she wears in the neighbourhood of Oxford and Cambridge. Not one expressive line, not one interesting object, presents itself to the traveller's eye; and the
desponding

desponding Freshman, as he sojourns a-cross the drear expanse, feels the full force of Johnson's assertion, when, speaking of Scotland, he says "that, if the miserable aspect of the country should induce a man to hang himself, he would scarcely find a tree to swing from!"

I shall confine my remarks upon this city within a very small compass—it is foreign to my present purpose to record, in pompous detail, its colleges and the history of their founders; few are unacquainted with our Universities: and those, who wish to acquire a more accurate knowledge of their buildings and benefactors, will find ampler sources of information in the *Oxford and Cambridge Guides* than in any laboured essay of mine.

In Oxford there seems, what may be styled, *a disease of buildings*. The traveller is presented with a profusion of edifices jumbled together with no great display either of taste or design. It is a kind of
anarchy

anarchy in stone and mortar, where every thing is confused; and architecture, in a high fever, seems to have stuck one edifice here and another there, varying the non-conformity of her work in proportion to her delirium. There is a *Mausoleum* for a *library*, and a *cock-pit* for *public disputants*. There is a *sepulchre* of *manuscripts*, and a long gallery, where heroes with ugly faces, and learned graduates in full bottomed wigs, are copiously displayed upon canvases. What shall be said of CHRIST-CHURCH? where neat little PECKWATER cements the dirty puddle and the leaden mercury that disgraces its neighbouring quadrangle—and of the boasted THEATRE? with its wrong side foremost, that turns its back upon the public and hides its fine front in a corner—and of ST. MARY'S? with a low gothic spire, but of sufficient beauty for every one to wish it taller——and of the prospect from the top of RADCLIFF'S empty LIBRARY? where the view of ALL-SOULS alone is a recompence for the fatigue of ascending.

After



After leaving Oxford, the prospect of the University on the London side is worth paying attention to. The country gradually improves towards

HENLY,

a neat and comfortable town, pleasantly situated upon the banks of the Thames. From the bridge at

MAIDENHEAD

there is a fine prospect of the Cliefden woods: and now having entered the broad uninteresting turnpikes leading to the metropolis, where the glowing features of rural landscape fade away and are no more seen, I shall resign my pen.

There may be some who deem it negligent in me to treat with so much brevity this portion of my duty. A few perhaps would have been better pleased if I had been more explicit towards my *finale*.

They will be chagrined at my inadvertency in neglecting the *huge telescopes* at SLOUGH, and impute it to a sinister motive that I did not insert a description of HERSCHELL'S *battery against the moon*. Others will not easily pardon my indifference to WINDSOR CASTLE; especially if they knew that I was a spectator on the terrace when crowds of rejoicing subjects thronged to behold their monarch restored to health and vigour, while the air rung with acclamations of multitudes who blessed the Power that had rescued him from the grave.

But the generality will surely acquit me; not because I have been abrupt in my conclusion, but because they will perceive the tendency which I have shewn, throughout these pages, to leave the beaten track—to be silent upon threadbare subjects, and finally to waste no expedients in attempting to clothe with novelty the well-known objects on each side of the high road from Oxford to London.

F f f

To

To him therefore, who has been induced from motives of candour or curiosity to mark the progress and termination of my rambles, I make my grateful acknowledgements. COURTEOUS or INQUISITIVE READER ! if, in the perusal of these pages, thy brow has been sullied with anger or contracted by contempt, let me entreat thee to obliterate the remembrance of it ! I have endeavoured to pourtray with accuracy a variety of scenes in no small extent of territory ; I have pointed out every object which I deemed worthy of thy notice ; I have considered thee as the companion of my travels, and have given thee the fruits of my labours without the fatigue or expence of acquiring them. If, in sojourning through dreary and barren scenes, I have occasionally led thee aside to smile at the vagaries of JEREMY or the adventures of HIS MASTER, pardon the author, who finding *machinery* necessary in the formation of his work, never transgressed the limits of truth to supply it.

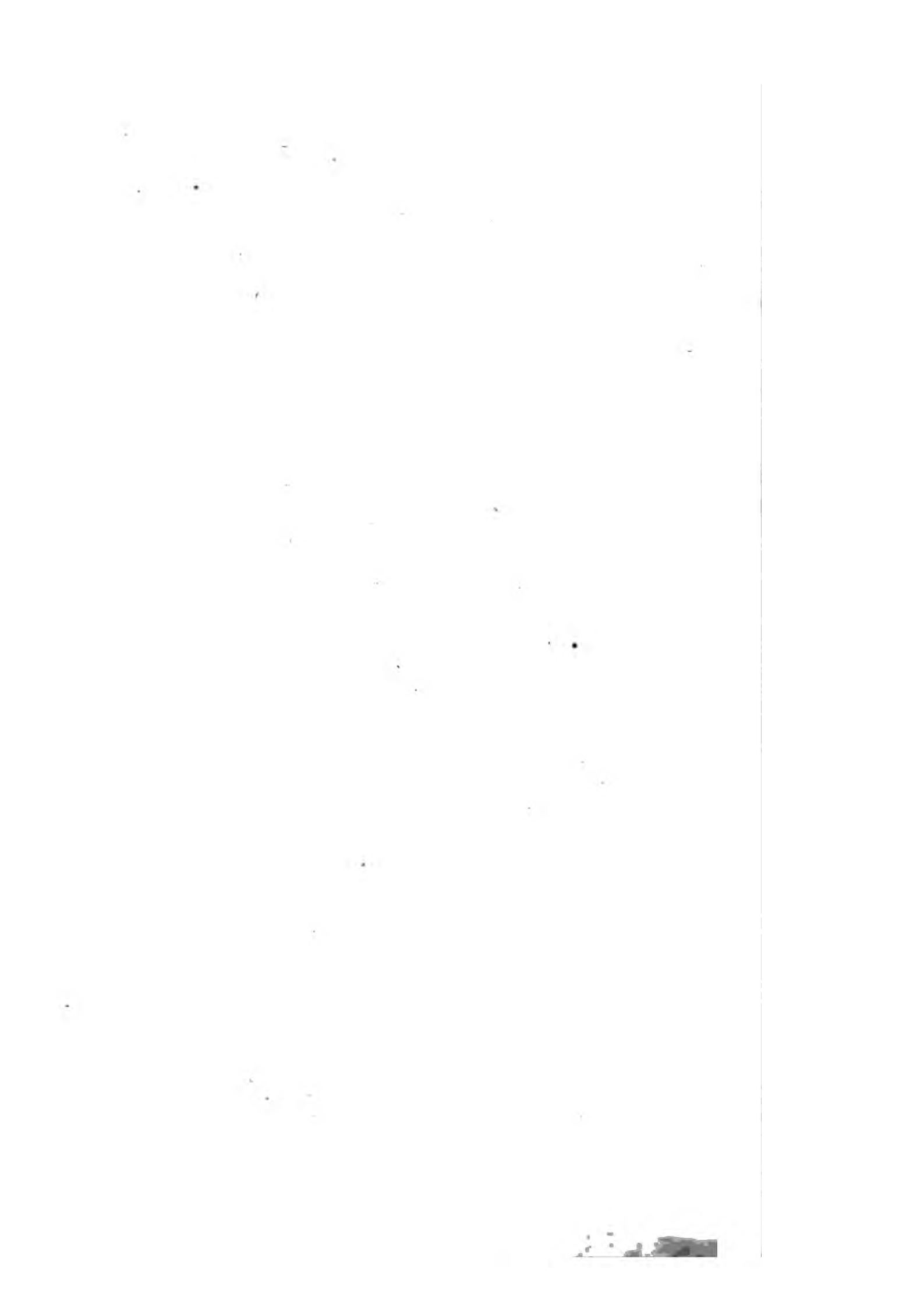
It would be impertinent to apologize for present deficiency by a promise of future improvement—else, haply, when the hand of time shall remove the curtain of prejudice and check the fallies of inexperience, I may hope to throw aside my anonymous pen and assume a more respectable appearance. It is with this view I leave my present work to its fate, and go in search of materials for a more important superstructure. I hasten among the wider regions of continental domain; to see peace expel discord, and to witness the downfall of anarchy: to behold the armies of nations combined in restoring serenity to a distracted people: to behold the melancholy condition of a country, where Faction, drunk with the blood of multitudes, has fantastically arrayed herself in the garb of liberty, and like the arrogant bird, who envied the meekness and beauty of the dove, vainly endeavours by assuming a borrowed plumage to hide her native deformity.

F I N I S.









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