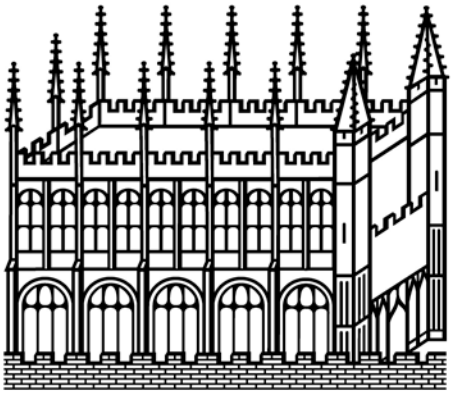

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PRESENTED BY
THE MISSES ESTHER CATHARINE,
SUSAN MARY AND JOSEPHINE FRY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
THE LATE JOSEPH FORREST FRY
AND SUSANNA FRY

A

TOUR

IN QUEST OF

GENEALOGY,

THROUGH SEVERAL PARTS OF

WALES, SOMERSETSHIRE,

AND

WILTSHIRE,

IN

A Series of Letters

TO A FRIEND IN DUBLIN;

INTERSPERSED WITH A DESCRIPTION OF

STOURHEAD AND STONEHENGE;

TOGETHER WITH

VARIOUS ANECDOTES,

AND

CURIOUS FRAGMENTS FROM A MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION

ASCRIBED TO SHAKESPEARE.

BY

A BARRISTER.

Sir Colt Hoare

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1811.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor lamenting that the Copy of this Work was not accompanied with Drawings, as it refers occasionally to so many fine subjects for the pencil, and being possessed of several, which, though they have already ministered to the embellishment of a periodical publication, yet as they may serve to illustrate some of the scenes in the following pages presumes to hope that the introduction of them here will neither be reprobated by the author nor unacceptable to the public.

S. Gosnell, Printer, Little Queen Street, London.

ASHMOLEAN
OXFORD
MUSEUM

3 JAN 1958

DEDICATION.

TO

THE HONOURABLE

MATTHEW FORTESCUE.

SIR,

By the abrupt departure of my friend, the writer of the following Letters, from England, in obedience to feelings whose imperiousness no human philosophy has been able to control, and in consequence of the gentleman to whom they were addressed having decided to publish them, a task has now devolved on me which I fondly flattered myself the author's return into his own country would have relieved me from; for which reason the publication has hitherto been delayed. But all hopes of that event soon taking place having vanished,

I hasten to fulfil an engagement I entered into conditionally. In my absent friend's last letter to me on this subject he says, "Do with my scraps what O'Brien and you may think fit; I have sought new countries, to contract, if possible, new thoughts, and should be happy could I discharge from my mind every idea that connects itself with a rooted sorrow that I am labouring to pluck from my memory, and shut out the past; yet there are circumstances during the little excursion you refer to that can never recur but with pleasure, for how can I forget the days we passed at Holnicote? therefore if any thing is done with the journal of my rambles, testify for me the respect and gratitude I shall ever entertain for that charming place and its amiable possessors." After such a declaration I think I cannot do less than inscribe this volume to you, as in doing so I know I am gratifying the proudest wish of the author, and at the same time affording myself an opportunity of expressing sentiments similar to his of Holnicote and its inhabitants, having the honour to be,

SIR,

Your much obliged,

Humble servant,

H. JONES.

Bath, Nov. 20, 1809.

LETTERS.

To CHARLES O'BRIEN, *Esq.*

London, October 1, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I AM much delighted with your series of letters to me during your six weeks tour, last summer, to the Lake of Killarney, which I have read over and over again, and which, the oftener I read, the higher I value; and yet it is not so much on account of the elegant local descriptions they abound with that I prize them, however enriched by your pen and pencil, employed on a landscape so enchanting in itself, and losing nothing by your representation.

Your sketches, it must be confessed, speak a master's hand; yet, notwithstanding, in my estimate, they form but a secondary consideration. What I most admire is the dramatic form you have contrived to give your letters, by making every coach and every inn furnish you with change of scenes and suitable characters, and an opportunity of introducing your own interesting and ingenious observations on men and manners.

The history of the human mind for one day, thus morally developed, outweighs the result of a year's modern tour, whose principal merit perhaps consists in ringing trite changes on hill and dale, wood and water, mountain and valley—subjects, after all, of confined compass, and liable to a tiresome repetition of the same images and expressions, even with the aid of the most Gilpinized phraseology, or the pencil of a Sandby.

Encouraged by your pressing recommendation to me, of the same method you have adopted in your excursions, and flattered by your partiality to think I shall succeed, in my intended tour I mean to attempt it, though I am certain I shall follow you "*haud passibus æquis.*"

Indeed, I congratulate myself that part of my journey will lead me not hurryingly through North Wales, a country of which you or I know little more than we could gather in, I may say, our *flight* (and chiefly by night) through it, when two years ago I accompanied you to Ireland, after the death of our valuable relation, Lady M——, who had brought you up, being your first visit to your native land since your migration when an infant. I recollect, that, little as we saw of it, we saw enough of its sublime scenery to beget in us an earnest desire to visit it again, when we should have leisure to examine it in detail. But I was no less tantalized by the flight through North Wales, than by the glance I had of your country, during my short stay of three weeks there, in which time such a variety of objects were presented to me,

and in such rapid succession, that I had not time to form a clear and distinct idea of any thing I saw; so that I recollect every thing as in a state of chaos.

I have been setting out this fortnight; but some untoward circumstance perpetually turns up, to occasion a change or delay in my plans. I must now wait for some papers from Ireland, by which my future movements must be governed, but I expect them every post.

In one of your entertaining letters from Killarney, I am sorry to hear you quote Ossian's Poems as an authority for the costume of the age they refer to, as if they were real. Can you for a moment seriously think them so? If you do, I flatter myself I shall be able to shake your belief, and overcome your prejudice, by an account which I am indebted to Jones for, furnishing arguments to establish the imposture that, in my humble opinion, are unanswerable.

Jones had it from a relation, a great amateur of painting, and a friend of Mortimer, an ingenious young artist, and the most fashionable designer of his day. This gentleman happened to be on a visit to Mr. Mortimer, when Mr. Macpherson called to consult him about a set of designs for his Ossian, which he was now about to serve up whole, having already treated the public with a taste of it, and for that purpose had brought his manuscript with him. He described it as a bulky quarto volume, with "a small rivulet of text running through a large meadow of mar-

gin." Mr. Mortimer having introduced his amateur friend, from whose classical taste he promised to himself much assistance in settling the subjects of the designs, the counterfeit son of Fingal, the bard of woody Morven, seated himself between Mr. Mortimer and his friend, and spread out his manuscript. They went cursorily through the whole volume; and Jones's relation informed him, that almost in every page there were frequent references from the narrow text to the spacious margin, where a new passage was suggested totally different from that in the body of the work, not only in the expression, but also in the substance and thought; as much as to say, " *Utrum horum mavis, accipe*"—a latitude that no translation would admit of, if there existed an original; and then, as a proof of genius, by way of literary imposture, it is but a poor thing—the mask is too thin—read one page, and you read the whole—a disgusting reverberation of the same turgid and unnatural ideas! specious bombast!

The air you sent me, entitled *Dermot's Welcome*, is an exquisite relic of your ancient music, though Jones, who is my oracle in all things relating to Wales, will have it to be of Cambrian origin, borrowed, if not stolen, from the musical treasures, which Grufydd ap Cynan carried with him to Ireland, where he long remained a fugitive; for Jones says, he has, in a manuscript collection of Welsh music in his possession, an air so much akin to it, in name and subject, that he makes no doubt but they are of one family. His air is called

Gresaw Cynan, Cynan's Welcome; whereas yours, altered by the Irish, bears a title rather more appropriate, and justly complimentary to Dermot, their monarch, at whose court the distressed prince of North Wales found refuge; the only difference is in the name, the one applying to the person giving, the other to the person receiving the welcome.

I know your country contends for having been the instructor of Wales as to music; but Jones as strenuously insists, that all the harmony you boast of may be dated from Grufydd ap Cynan's sojourn amongst you. I recollect to have heard the late Mr. Barthelemon, from whom I once took lessons on the violin, say, that music among the Welsh was reduced to a science before it was scarcely known or cultivated in any other part of Europe, and that some of the most beautiful passages in Corelli's works were evidently garbled from Welsh music, which perhaps he might have picked up in Britainy. He likewise told me, that he was then employed in translating some curious Welsh music, from the most ancient notation to the modern gamut, being the only man perhaps in the kingdom, or in Europe, equal to the task.

I believe this is the first time you have heard of my attempting to become a musician; and you may be induced to ask, knowing I do not play, why I shrunk from it. I found I had mistaken my talents and my instrument, for the violin admits of no mediocrity; you should play well, or not at all; and to excel required more time than I

could afford, and more genius and perseverance than I was master of.

Io Pæan!—I have, since you heard from me, commenced my debut at Westminster, by making a motion in the court of King's Bench last Trinity Term; but, alas! I find too late, that I have as much mistaken my profession as I did my instrument when I conceited that I should have proved a violin-player. You gave me credit for being a dashing impudent fellow when at College and the Temple; and in our little circle, not the most silent and saturnine, I was as loquacious, voluble, and argumentative, as the best of you; and yet to think of this paltry motion, unhinged me for a week. I literally lost my sight and hearing for a few minutes, and how my tongue did its office I know not. Do you think I shall ever get the better of it, and that my nerves will recover their tone? I fear not; for, by way of further probation, I went the Home Circuit, and held a brief as opening counsel; but in this essay was not more successful than in the former; for if I did see and hear at all, I saw double, and heard wrongly and indistinctly. The Chief Baron seemed to me like Ben Lomond capped with snow; and little K——s by my side outmeasured, to my confused vision, the giants at Guildhall; and to my ears their weak treble was like distant thunder. What enviable assurance has little *Nosy*, as we used to call him, of Gray's Inn, whom you and I remember three years ago an attorney's runner, coming with cases and instructions to the pleader's office

we were at, and who, with no learning, law, or language, blunders on through thick and thin, happily insensible to his defects, is never thrown off his centre, and in this nice discriminating age, by mere dint of impudence, may arrive at the honour of being clad in scarlet and ermine! I was told, that once on the circuit, when he was misaccenting words, making false concords, and widely misnaming such technical terms in the law as are derived from French or the dead languages, a brother barrister near him, feeling for the dignity of the profession, kindly, in a whisper, set him to rights; but, with contempt for his prompter, and in defiance of accent, quantity, and grammar, he continued to exult in reiterating the same blunders, reminding me of the man who, when, at a fashionable table he was not accustomed to, he was eating the wrong end of the asparagus, and was advertised of his error by his neighbour, angrily, with an oath, replied, Why can't I eat which end I please?

I wish you to consider this letter as a contract, wherein I engage to give you, in an epistolary form, an account of my intended journey, on the model of yours, as well as I can assimilate my style and manner to it; my dramatis personæ, I am aware, will not match yours, for, like a well-established manager, you carried your itinerant company with you, whereas I must, in general, trust to casualty for actors; so that many a scene must consequently be barren of incident and cha-

racter, and in which I must perform Tom Fool solus. Adieu, and believe me ever

Yours, most sincerely, &c.

Oxford, October 12, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

You see I am thus far on my long-projected excursion, but much altered in its course from what was at first planned, it having been my intention to have gone through Oxford to North Wales, and so, by way of Holyhead, to beat up your quarters in the dear country; but, in consequence of a most important circumstance, I must now take a very different route, through a great part of South Wales, to Milford, and thence cross the channel to Somersetshire, and afterwards back to London, where I have engaged to be a fortnight before Christmas. This is my first employment after being set down by the coach from London. The last evening I spent there was extremely pleasant, and no way inferior to that at Vauxhall, when you were of the party. We dined, the old set, at our friend's in King's Bench Walks, who entertained us most magnificently, treating us with Champaign, true *œil de perdrix*, and highly flavoured Burgundy, some of his uncle's old diplomatic stock; the sentiment and song went round, and we all seemed

"Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd."

At half past nine, with Lord B——, our leader, we set off to a rout given by an eminent artist, where we found, amongst the most motley company I ever was in, Catalani and Lady H——n, the former of whom, to my great satisfaction, who was perhaps the only person there who had not heard her, favoured us with a Spanish air, altered by herself, from Camoens, which she managed most enchantingly; the latter likewise sung with a strain of peculiar witchery, and exhibited attitudes so voluptuously fascinating, that a beholder much less enthusiastic than myself might have fancied himself transported to the Island of Love, so charmingly described in the Lusiad of Camoens, and losing nothing of its beauties in the translation of Mickle*. Perhaps a cynic might have said, never did a more whimsical mixture ever come together; dancers, singers, posture-*mistresses*, if not masters, fidlers, painters, dentists, Jew brokers, barristers, a *Hope*ful Dutchman, a Russian bear, a lot of counts, Mons. M——n, who was minister of France for twenty-four hours, and a quack doctor: nor were the entertainments less diversified; an Italian improvisatore displayed his talent to the admiration of all who heard him; one of the counts excelled in ventriloquism, another

* You recollect what Sallust says of Catiline's mistress: "*Docta psallere et saltare elegantius quam necesse est probæ*;" a sentiment that shows what ideas the Romans entertained of female delicacy; a sentiment that would do honour to the most refined age, and by adopting which, our English ladies of the present day would, in my estimate, lose nothing of their attractions.

far surpassed the late famed Rossignol in avicular imitation, whilst a noted frequenter of C——n House gave us an entertainment of slight-of-hand tricks, and performed *en prince*; and a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn treated us with a debate in Parliament on the Catholic question, taking off the principal speakers in a manner and style, that any person in another room would have supposed every member he personated present, the voice and language being so admirably imitated.

It was near twelve when we withdrew from this scene of whimsical festivity, after which I was pressed by Lord B——, to take a domino at his lodgings, and accompany him to a masked ball and supper at an eminent sugar-baker's in the city, where we arrived at the acme of the gala, and found about a hundred masks; among which we thought we recognised the Hon. Mr. L——n, so celebrated for his original humour in the annals of masquerading, as a schoolmaster; and his friend and masking rival, Mr. C——, as a gipsey fortune-teller. The supper was magnificently served, and the sugar-baker's entertainment altogether might justly be called double-refined. About twenty kept on their masks, among whom were the schoolmaster and fortune-teller, who throughout evidently disguised their voices as well as faces and persons.

By the by, I find Lord B—— has a penchant for a lady whom he sat by at supper, habited as a nun, with nothing seemingly of the character about her but the dress, with a charming person,

elegant manners (elegant for the other side of Temple Bar), and reputed to have a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds; a sufficient lure, you will say, to draw a man of fashion from the purlieus of St. James's to Queenhithe or St. Mary Axe.

What an age we live in! How every thing is turned topsy-turvy! Who would have thought of a sugar-baker giving a masqued ball? seeing a Prince at a painter's rout, among opera-dancers, and charlatans of every sort? or a bookseller issuing cards for a conversazione?

Between four and five was I set down at my chambers, and was in the Oxford coach by eight; so you may imagine I want rest, which I certainly mean to give myself as soon as possible. After taking a peep at *Magdalen* to-morrow, I shall lie by for one day; that is, not travel, though I dread the event of my academical rencontre to-morrow night.

Adieu, and believe me ever yours, &c.

Burford, Oct. 15, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I RESUME my pen. Yesterday evening I tore myself from the groves of Magdalen, having engaged our friend Jones to take a seat in the chaise, and join me on my excursion, and got no further than this place. The evening at Magda-

len's was as festive of the sort as that in King's Bench Walks: the Nightingale, as we used to call him, gave us his own exquisite little air of "Magdalen Grove" in his best style; and Kennedy two or three most incomparable Irish songs, and one I never heard before, which I take to be his own composition, and a man less modest might have been forward to acknowledge, each stanza ending with the "*Dells of the Dargle for me;*" while Burton accompanied him on the flute, an instrument he is become perfect master of. You know there is no doing at Magdalen's without supper; and though no supper-man, there was no resisting the brawn, or the beverage Jones had the honour of contributing, most excellent Welsh bottled cwrw, the British word for ale. To this succeeded successive bowls of punch*, whose basis

* Our Magdalen friends had taken their recipe, one would suppose, from the *L'Almanac de Gourmands*, which runs thus:— "Sur une partie de jus de citron dans lequel on a laissé infuser quelques zestes, mettez trois parties d'excellent rhum de la Jamaique au neuf parties de bon thé bien chaud: la proportion du sucre est indeterminée." I have heard my uncle Robert, your godfather, say, that when he was a young man of nineteen, just arrived in London to be entered of Lincoln's Inn, he was one of a party, mostly young men, at a house then much frequented, the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, drinking punch, the principal menstruum of which was strong gunpowder-tea; the other ingredients being pine-apple rum, orange marmalade, jellies, and yolks of eggs, with a due temperament of acid and sweet; and in a mixture of company no less singular, which consisted of a well-known old libertine *bon vivant*, who delighted to act as wet nurse to the sucking babes of his day, and who was on this occasion the master-mover of the business; a Nisus and Euryalus

was strong green tea, richly inspissated with jellies; therefore be not surprised if the night did not pass without a row. We first sported the squinting tutor's oak, all bearing him a grudge, whose mind and manners were as distorted as his vision; then sallied out *punchi pleni* into the High Street; and though we were not periwig-pated, like the wags of Christchurch, when they bearded the proctors, and paralysed them and their authority; yet the watchmaker, and his neighbour the apothecary, had their morning slumbers disturbed with something worse than the wakening mallet at New College, that so much annoyed old C——w*; the restoring which would have required a more than ordinary dose of opium, such was the distracting hurly-burly of our cat-calls, and every thing that discord could invent. Our hour of retiring was very late, or rather

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two friends just loose from College, the one balancing between a red coat and a black; the other all logic, an embryo statesman; both still living; the former now a grave and learned divine, who, if he has not yet got in reach of the mitre, richly merits to attain it; the latter an ex-secretary, panting, like a true patriot, to be reinstated, could he kill off those who stand in his way; a celebrated wit of his time, alas! no more, General O'H—a; and the noted, or rather notorious D——k E———d, with an obscure subaltern or two of his black-legged corps.

* Bingham, in his Ecclesiastic Antiquities, informs us of an invention before bells, for convening religious assemblies in monasteries. It was, going by turns to every man's cell, and with the knock of a hammer calling the monks to church: the instrument was called the wakening mallet. A relic of this ancient custom is preserved at New College, for the porter knocks with a mallet at the bottom of each staircase at seven o'clock.

very early; and nature was not satisfied with the little rest I was able to procure, and the want of which I now feel, and feel the more, as the only stimulus I had to keep me awake was my anxious expectation of letters from her, "at each remove from whom I drag a lengthening chain;" in which, alas! I have experienced my usual disappointment: this threw me, fretted and jaded as I was, into a profound reverie, from which Jones, as he knew the cause of it, knows the human heart, and has himself as much as any man been its plaything, never attempted to rouse me; but that I was roused, I owed to the sudden arrival of a carriage, out of which stepped an old lady and her daughter, almost in fits, yet in a most querulous tone, often interrupted by the application of the smelling-bottle, endeavouring, in the very passage of the inn into which our room opened, to give an account, to landlord, landlady, and waiters, by this time collected, of the singular appearance of a gigantic figure, stalking over Burford Heath, a circumstance confirmed by the driver and the outriders. It became the topic of such loud conversation, that nothing else was heard all over the house, and I was induced to call in the landlord, in order to inquire of him the cause of this dismal consternation, that electrified the whole company. He told me there was scarce a week passed but some traveller brought an account of having his curiosity excited by some very unaccountable appearance after night on Burford Heath. If there was moonlight, the apparition

was described as of a gigantic indistinct form, crossing the heath at some distance, and obscuring the luminary of night as with a cloud; in the absence of the moon horrid screams were heard, faintly at first, but increasing to a pitch of alarming loudness, followed by a violent noise of distant thunder, or rushing wind, with, as it were, numberless wings in motion. Many have likened the shadowy form to one clothed in an academical gown, floating far and wide; a terrific proctor on an enormous scale. And others have confidently asserted, that this portentous transit is accompanied with a strong sulphureous smell. The stage-coachmen who travel that road are so familiarized to the spectre, and so constantly expect it, that they consider its non-appearance for some time, or any peculiar variation of it, to be indicative of some sudden change of weather, or ominous of a revolution in the state, and more to be depended upon than Moore's Almanack: nay, they scruple not to affirm, that for a week before Mr. Pitt's death, the sight and sound of this undefined object of terror was considerably increased. I have heard you ingenious on such subjects;—pray give me your opinion of the Burford bugbear,

> "Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens;
> Nocte volat cœli medio, terræque per umbram
> Stridet."

I shall soon retire, being half asleep, and shall hope that my fancy tincturing my dreams, will cause a more angelic spectre to haunt my pillow;

for though my Eliza's letters do not arrive, her image is ever before me, and of that the cruel one cannot defraud me. To-morrow we step into the mail, so that you must not expect to hear from me till I am got into the heart of Cambria.

Adieu, &c.

Carmarthen, Oct. 17, 1807.

MY DEAR C—,

HERE we are, all but shattered to pieces, after the most tremendous jolting I ever experienced; though we were rather fortunate in our company, one of whom, a young gentleman going to visit some relations in Wales, I found was an Oxford man, had been of Christchurch, and was matriculated about the time we were leaving Magdalen. Being just entered of Lincoln's Inn, he was seriously setting about the study of the law, and was going to take his farewell of country sports and the muses, before he got entangled with Littleton's Tenures and the intricacies of special pleading. We had much classical conversation, in which he shone, being not superficially read, particularly in Greek lore, so that he talked of Porson and Parr with a degree of contempt. He started the subject of that very obscure writer Lycophron, which he handled with great ingenuity as well as novelty: in short, he was a kind of literary phenomenon, for I never found more

erudition in so young a man, especially as he did not appear to be a mere bookworm, having all the fashionable gaiety incident to his time of life, and the manners of one who had evidently mixed much with the higher ranks. The other, though a quiz in appearance, and though for some time rather reserved, yet, before we parted, blazed out, and we found him a pleasant sensible man, highly entertaining, and a great mimic, taking off, to admiration, all the modern actors; and as he had, when a young man, known Garrick, he gave us a specimen of his manner, and of others his contemporaries. He said his own figure was not unlike that of the great Roscius, whose portrait, in his negligent morning dress, I remember to have seen at my uncle's in Dublin, which had been given him by Goldsmith, with a loose great coat carelessly wrapped round him, a little black scratch wig, and every other part of his dress corresponding, as he usually went to rehearsals. Our fellow-traveller so much resembled it, that he might have been taken for the original.

By questions every now and then, put not without design, and cross-examination, I found that he had been at the bar; but was now laid up in clover on a fortune of two or three thousand pounds a year, and studied to pass through life with as little notice as possible; but, as I fancied I discovered, rather from a principle of avarice than a dislike to the world, for I observed he never could be brought to give more to a coachman than sixpence, and never travelled, by his own account, with

more baggage than his old purple bar-bag could carry, and would never eat or drink on the road at his own expense, if he could help it.

As to the country we passed through in the first part of our journey, whilst day continued, there was nothing in the Wolds of Gloucestershire to excite the eye to look out; and we had the mortification to pass through the most beautiful part of Wales in the night-time, Monmouthshire and the vale of Usk particularly, a scene I have had painted to me in such colours as made me exceedingly lament the absence of daylight, for that of the moon we had, by the help of which I saw sufficient to tantalize me.

However, the day dawned on us at our entrance into another most charming vale, that of Towy, running through the centre of Carmarthenshire. If the vale of Usk has superior charms to this, it must be the finest spot upon earth. The town of Llandovery, at which we stopped, lies at the commencement of this lovely scene; its situation is low and damp, as placed at the confluence of two or three mountain-streams, of a very turbulent character, and that leave after floods dreadful marks of their ravage. The largest of these rivers, the Towy, rises among the mountains dividing this county from Cardiganshire and Brecknockshire; and I am told, near its source, in a mineral country, the property of Lord Cawdor, it exhibits a series of fine falls, accompanied by the richest scenery of rock and wood that can be imagined. There is here a good inn, called the Castle, from being conti-

guous to the knoll on which the small ruins of the fortress, so often mentioned in the Welsh Chronicles, appear. This castle formerly belonged to a son of the great Rhys, prince of South Wales—Rhys the Hoarse, *Raucisonus*, or, as he is called in the Welsh language, *Rhys Gryg*. Here we breakfasted, and had an accession to our party, in a gentleman who seemed to have come there purposely to meet our young classical passenger, and give him a seat in his gig which was waiting. He was a man of very fascinating manners, seemed to have been much abroad, and talked of Paris as we would of London; had often been at Madame Recamier's levée, had lived in habits of intimacy with Talleyrand and all the great characters of France, and spoke of Buonaparte, not at second-hand from others, or from books, but from a personal knowledge of him, and entertained us with some singular anecdotes, which he had such a happy knack of compressing, without rendering them vapid, that he gave us a greater number and more spiritedly, in the space of the hour we sat together, than most narrators would have done in a day. Of Dr. Parr I knew nothing before but in gross, but he gave us this mass of learning most minutely in detail, with such a happy imitation of his tone and manner, that Jones, who once had been in his company, told me, that nothing could exceed it as a piece of mimicry, for he seemed to bring this hero of bombast alive before you. He showed us his handwriting in a letter he had just received, but appa-

rently to me so unintelligible, that I could as soon decypher the Ogham character; and I am certain, that if it contained the rankest treason in every line, and were dropped in a public market-place, it would be a hundred chances to one, that an interpreter could be found sagacious enough, I may say, to translate as much as would constitute an overt act. It must be confessed, that his manner was tinctured with egotism; but how could this be well avoided, as he himself was one of the principal actors in all the scenes he described?

Our next stage was Landilo, and our road thither passes by Abermarlais, a beautiful seat of Capt. Foley, a gentleman of Pembrokeshire, who by purchase became possessed of this place, and has lately built an elegant mansion on it. As an officer this gentleman, at an early time of life, signalized himself on many occasions, and needs no other eulogium than the character given him by our great naval hero, the late Lord Nelson, both at the battle of the Nile and at Copenhagen. Of his being a man of worth, there cannot be better evidence than the enthusiastic respect with which he is spoken of in all the country.

Abermarlais was formerly one of the castles or castellated houses belonging to Sir Rhys ap Thomas, and afterwards was possessed, as I am informed, by an ancestor of the present Thomas Johnes, Esq. to whom the world is indebted for a new translation of Froissart, from manuscripts which Lord Berners, the former and only translator of that curious chronicle before him, had never seen, and therefore great part of it was to-

tally new. In this gentleman's late loss, by the unfortunate fire that consumed his superb mansion of Hafod, and most valuable library, every friend of literature must sympathize.

Within these twenty years the old house at Abermarlais existed, but in an uninhabited state; and the landlady of the inn at Landilo told me, that it was so large as to admit of having a hundred beds made in it, having been, during the time of its various possessors (for it often shifted masters), a house devoted to hospitality on the most extensive scale. It had till lately a large paled park full of old timber of vast size, but those were the only stag-horned growth this enclosure could boast of for above a century. The venerable foresters, that yielded to the axe, and contributed to carry our thunder to the most distant seas, are succeeded by very flourishing young plantations of the present owner, who most probably planted them, *con amore*, with a prophetic wish, that they, like their predecessors, might furnish a similar vehicle to extend the British empire of the ocean.

The Captain's house has been placed at some distance from the site of the former, on a favoured spot, seemingly much better adapted to command the enchanting scenery around it.

Landilo, as a town, is deserving of very little notice; the inn bad; streets, if streets they may be called, which streets are none, dirty, narrow, and irregular; but its situation is charming, on the declivity of a hill overhanging the Towy, and looking down on an expanse of valley richly

watered and wooded, and bounded by an amphitheatre of hills and mountains endlessly diversified in shape and character. Having crossed the river below the town, we gain a charming view of the loveliest spot my eyes ever beheld, which occupies an elevated tongue of land, projecting from the town of Landilo, into the vale of Towy, with a varying undulation of surface of the finest verdure, and covered with magnificent woods, particularly those which clothe the precipitous sides of the landscape skirting the river, and out of which rise the venerable ruins of the ancient castle, the once palatial residence of the princes of South Wales.

Here, long after the native princes became tributary to England, and nothing but the shadow of royalty was left, Sir Rhys ap Thomas, ancestor of the present Lord Dynevor, who contributed as largely as any of his adherents to bring Henry the Seventh to the throne, lived in a state little less than regal, his services to his King being rewarded by grants and privileges serving to swell his property and his authority to so enormous a size, as made him the dread and envy of his time, and to bring his grandson to the block, in the time of that capricious tyrant Henry the Eighth.

A little beyond, in a line that presents nothing but the most beautiful scenes, Grongar Hill breaks on the sight, a spot ever dear to the Muses, having been celebrated in a much-admired poem of Dyer, a younger son of the house of Aberglasney, seen from the road, on the north side of the river, at its foot, but which has lately passed into an-

other family. Thus property alters, and this Parnassus almost forgotten, like

> " ——Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
> Slides to some scrivener, or a city knight."

We pass the gate that leads to Golden Grove, once the residence of the great royalist, the Earl of Carbery, whose ancestors, by grant or purchase, on the attainder of Sir Rhys ap Thomas's grandson, became possessed of all the confiscated estates in this county; a property of immense extent, influence, and privileges, involving castles, royalties, and independent jurisdictions, and which now belongs to Lord Cawdor, a very popular nobleman, who has likewise a most magnificent mansion in Pembrokeshire, and who, during the recess of Parliament, divides his time between the two counties, alternately cheering them with his presence, and supporting in each a princely establishment. The house of Golden Grove, though not seen from the road, from the nature of the ground must lie low, yet I should suppose must be a lovely place to look from, as the old palace of the princes of South Wales towering above majestic woods coeval with its regal splendour, and Parnassian Grongar, are full in its front. The great road divides the park, which is large, from the pleasure-grounds.

A little further on observe, to the right, and separated by the Towy washing its base, the scanty remains of the castle of Dryslwyn crowning an insulated knoll, which must, from its situa-

tion, have been a very strong post. This castle, in the time of Edward the Second, proved the grave of many of the English nobility, the walls, by attempting to undermine them, having fallen, and buried the besiegers. Stop a few minutes at the beautiful little village of Lanarthney (one of the mail-coachman's regular gin stages), consisting of an inn, a few neat houses prettily scattered, and a picturesque church standing in a large cemetery, well enclosed, and nicely kept, nearly all grassed over, and where the infrequency of graves may, I presume, be considered as a proof of the healthiness of the situation. A well-formed handsome road, taking an upland direction to the left from the centre of the village, I was told, leads to Middleton Hall, a large pile in an elevated situation, the seat of Sir William Paxton, who having made a princely and honourably acquired fortune in India, happily for this country, had the taste to be enamoured of it, where he chiefly resides, and takes a lead in acts of public spirit and benevolence; yet, though he has merited every thing of this country, and is perpetually consulting their interest to his cost, so little to be depended on is the *popularis aura*, and particularly that of this county (as I learn), that, after being chosen member for Carmarthenshire, without opposition, a little more than a year ago, nothing on his part alleged to provoke such conduct, at the last election, a sudden mine was sprung upon him, by setting up an *advena* in that country like himself, and generally spoken of as most unpopular. But

perhaps all this, without any reference to the merits or demerits of the candidates, was produced by the mere collision of two factions which divide the county, for here every thing is settled by *blue* and *red.*

My fellow-traveller, who, from what I could collect to justify such a conjecture, either had been in Parliament himself, or vehemently aspired after the situation, was very communicative on the subject of the late election, gave me his political creed, and filled his trumpet with his own pretensions, by his own showing, not inconsiderable.

Our road, all the way from Landilo to Carmarthen, lay on the south side of the Towy, whose meanders, or rather torrent irregularities, we could every now and then trace, by the ravage it made in forming new channels, and was intersected by numerous rills and rivers, issuing from lonely vales, through which they hastened to empty their crystal urns into the Towy; but the largest were the *Dulas,* a very common name for a river in Wales, expressing two colours, *blue* and *black,* that is, a deep or dark azure; the Cothy and the Gwilly, the Cothy the largest.

Within three miles of the town of Carmarthen, across the river, I was shown Merlin's Hill, so famed in song; then almost under its shade catch a view of Abergwilly, the episcopal residence of the bishops of St. David's, and the only one of their many palaces left, in a low but lovely situa-

tion, amidst finely wooded meadows sloping down to the Towy. It lately, I am told, had an entire new façade, by the late bishop, Lord G. Murray, to whom the whole place is indebted for its present appearance, the house before his time being a most awkward undignified building, and the road, now turned, going close to the back of it. You recollect the account we had the other day at Lord L——'s, of his plan to aggrandize the see, to which he sacrificed every present advantage, forbearing to renew leases, or accept fines for renewals, and not being able to persuade himself, that "*a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.*"

Almost opposite to Abergwilly, on the south side of the river, the road passing near it, my fellow-traveller pointed out to me the former residence of the ingenious Sir Richard Steele, where probably he might have penned many of those entertaining papers that delight us in the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, and told me that, in the town of Carmarthen, that great genius died a driveller. Alas, what a fine fabric in ruins!

A few turns of the wheel brought us to Carmarthen, and the Bush inn promised a comfortable reception, in which we found ourselves not disappointed, after staying there near two days. I write whilst dinner is getting ready, and did not care if it was supper, as nearer the hour of rest, which my poor bones, after the shaking they have had, are in great need of: so do not expect to hear from me again till I have thoroughly exa-

mined this large town, and have had the benefit of the Bush beds.

Yours, &c.

Carmarthen, October 19, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I AM told I have an hour to wait for the coach, and that I will employ to carry on my journal from my last. The evening of the day we arrived proved rainy, and kept us within, so we enjoyed our bottle and fire; and, after a cup of tea, some retrospective conversation about our last stage, with opinions of our fellow-travellers, and many comments on the whole, retired at an early hour, Jones having sweetened the latter part of it with some beautiful airs on the flute.

We rose refreshed, and, breakfasting early, we sallied out to see the town, situated on a gentle elevation above the Towy, which, though eight miles from the estuary, here feels the tide sufficiently to bring up large vessels to the quay.

Carmarthen is a large and populous place, and, being centrally situated, and a great thoroughfare, carries on an extensive trade. The ruins of its castle, which once appears to have occupied a large space, are not at all striking, and so from its peculiar situation, I am inclined to think the walls were never very lofty. The county jail, a large modern building, occupies part of its site.

This town, though larger than Brecknock, much differs from that and most of the principal towns, as I am told, in Wales, in having but one church. This was the ancient Maridunum of the Romans, the walls of which, exhibiting portions of Roman masonry, were partly extant in the time of our earliest and curious tourist Giraldus, an acquaintance with whose life, learning, and Itinerary, we owe to a late splendid and entertaining work of Sir Richard Hoare.

The name of this gentleman connects itself with another late publication, claiming him for the author, namely, "*The Journal of a Tour through Ireland in* 1806," the amusing companion of my present excursion; a book, if you have not yet read it, I would strongly recommend to your perusal, as a model of a journal of that sort, in which there is more compressed than I ever saw in so small a compass, and more neatly. The general remarks that close the volume cannot fail to prepossess you in favour of the head and heart of the worthy Baronet. Before my route is finished, I may have occasion to call your attention to parts of the Journal as they strike me.

There are two banks in this town, with a capital to support them beyond the dread of failure; and as to attorneys, I am told they swarm, and are all men of fortune, how acquired perhaps their clients may tell you.

I was shown the gateway that led to the Priory, but nothing more remains of this once extensive and well-endowed religious house. At the other

end of the town they say there was a small establishment of friars preachers, but no traces of it could be pointed out; however, in attempting to discover the site of it, I observed some curious earth-works, of various forms, and yet not like those so frequently occurring, evidently raised for military operations. I should be much inclined to think them Roman, and longed to have had time or permission to search into them.

On our return from the morning's ramble, I was tempted to enter an auction-room, where, amongst other articles, books were selling, in the Catalogue, said to have belonged to a person lately dead, who had left, as I was informed, very little more to pay for his lodgings, which he had occupied for three months only. He was a stranger, had something eccentric and mysterious about him, passed off for an Irishman, but was suspected to have been one from North Wales. I bought two or three printed books, and one manuscript quarto volume, neatly written, importing to be verses and letters that passed between Shakespeare and Anna Hatheway whom he married, as well as letters to and from him and others, with a curious journal of Shakespeare, an account of many of his plays, and memoirs of his life by himself, &c. By the account at the beginning, it appears to have been copied from an old manuscript in the hand-writing of Mrs. Shakespeare, which was so damaged when discovered at a house of a gentleman in Wales, whose ancestor had married one of the Hatheways, that to rescue it from oblivion a process was made

use of, by which the original was sacrificed to the transcript. Bound up with it is another manuscript tract, written in an antiquated but fair hand, though on paper much discoloured and damaged, a collection of old Prophecies, translated from the ancient British language, supposed all to relate to Wales, with a note prefixed, importing that they were translated, during a voyage to Guiana, by a Welshman on board Sir Walter Raleigh's ship, and written with a pen made out of the quill of an eagle, from a finely illuminated vellum book, said to have come from the abbey of Strata Florida, and in the possession of a relation to the last abbot, then on board the same ship. This small tract appears to have been interleaved by the last, or some very late possessor, as a vehicle for *notes variorum* on several of the prophecies, which appear to be unravelled with considerable ingenuity, and a strong spice of satire; with an account how and when the notes, evidently very modern, were obtained. The style of the original has something very turgid and oracular in it. I bought it for half a crown, and persuading myself that it may be what it professes, I am very proud of the acquisition. Some of the poetry is very striking, though full of odd conceits, yet much in the manner of our great dramatist. His Journal, recording, like most diaries, the most trifling events, carries you back to the days of Queen Bess, and you are brought acquainted with things that history never informs you of. I know by this description I make your mouth water. Perhaps I

may treat you with a specimen of this curious farrago before I invite you to feast upon it.

But I find the mail is come in, and will soon proceed; I must, therefore, hurry to pay my bill, and hold myself in readiness, after a day's enlargement, to cage myself once more. Farewell; and expect to hear again, in a post or two, from,

Dear Charles,

Yours, &c.

Milford, October 20, 1807.

DEAR CHARLES,

After a little more jolting, yet on the whole not a very unpleasant journey, I got safe, thank Heaven, to my place of destination. The day was fine, and admitted of the windows being down, and our taking a peep at the country. About nine miles from Carmarthen we came to St. Clear's, the longest village, for I can hardly call it a town, I ever was through, and probably in ancient times might have been a place of some consequence. They say there was here a house for nuns of the order of St. Clare, but no trace of any monastic or castellated building meets the eye, though the Welsh Chronicles make frequent mention of the castle of St. Clear's being destroyed; yet what is pointed out for it is nothing more than an ancient tumulus that might have been surmounted with a wooden tower capable of containing a few men to guard that pass.

At the end of this long straggling place cross the river Tave, navigable thus far. Hence to *Tavern Spite*, an inn in a bleak situation on the edge of an extensive ill-cultivated tract, yet from which you command a most charming view, to the right, of a rich vale, backed by the range of the Pembrokeshire mountains, presenting a most beautifully varied outline; and on the left a view of the sea, and Tenby, marked by its lofty spire, at a distance. The name of this inn, one of our companions in the coach, seemingly a good Welshman, and not ill-informed antiquary, said, was a corruption of *Tavern Yspitty*, *Taberna Hospitii*, being built on a spot where formerly stood an ancient *Hospitium*, a pious institution frequent in this country, and founded for the accommodation of the poor pilgrims travelling to the shrine of St. David, which was much resorted to.

I had almost forgot to give you some account of our fellow-travellers from Carmarthen. One was a mystic, a follower of Joanna Southcote, or rather one who pretended to be equally gifted with her, professing, that, on comparing their schemes, they were found to agree in almost every particular. He was a man with a countenance that prepossessed you in his favour; and yet, under such a flattering surface, this fanatic might conceal much mischief. The other turned out to be one of the most eminent Methodists in the principality, and well known all over England, having been, and I believe still being, one of the officiating chaplains to Lady Huntingdon's chapel in Spa Fields, who

had a residence both in Glamorganshire and this county, enjoying them alternately. His whole appearance was such, as inclined me to think that he did not lack the good things of this world, or forbore to make use of them, from a mistaken notion that they obstructed his passage to the next: he was, in short, a communicative sensible man, with cheerfulness and good-humour, very little known to his fraternity, and, in my humble opinion, a criterion of his motives being good and his life in the right. He displayed considerable antiquarian knowledge, and was a very entertaining comment on the various objects that met our eye, when they could be made any way subservient to traditional lore or real history. The Welsh language had a share of discussion; and on this subject he candidly acknowledged, that in Jones he had met with more than his match. He gave me a very different account of the French descent on this coast, from any I had before met with: for he lived near the place, and took pains to be informed of the truth. He said, there were circumstances connected with that event, so mysteriously providential, that, he was sorry to say, had not been with due gratitude brought to account: it was not to the warriors (for they were at first few), that were to " stop them at the gates," or to the dread of what might, and what certainly would have been, in a very short time assembled, that we must ascribe the victory. The foe was paralyzed; Heaven had issued the fiat—Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further: thus circumstanced,

" Man but a rush against th' invader's breast,
And he retires."

He said he regretted the very impolitic steps that were taken at such a time, and calculated to reflect on a country which had displayed, on the occasion, the most exemplary firmness and loyalty, by noticing the mad proceedings of two or three low fanatics, on the evidence *only* of invading enemies.

The surrender of the enemy, it seems, was commemorated by a few seasonable and animated lines of a friend of his (for they had men fitted " *tam Marti quam Musis*"), which, he believed, never got much abroad, unless by his means; but he was so struck with them, that, thinking the compliment contained in the sentiments they expressed, by contrasting the sanguinary character of the foe with the generous spirit of the victor, would be not without its use in keeping alive that patriotic flame then just kindled, which he was happy to say had continued to blaze with undiminished splendour, and would, he hoped, prove unquenchable, he got a few hundred printed to circulate about the country. Then taking out his pocket-book, he presented me with the little poem, trusting I should be pleased with the subject and the manner of treating it.

I think this little fugitive piece has nerve, and merits notice, so I enclose a copy.

What will not Gallia's frantic sons design,
Unaw'd by laws, or human or divine?
A desp'rate crew, yet livid from the chain
Impos'd by crime in fell Robespierre's reign;
With all the lovely charities suppress'd,
And each base passion tyrant of the breast!

Monsters in whom Heav'n's image is defac'd,
Let loose on man to make the world a waste :
Tempests in vain the ocean's face deform,
They madly war with Him who rules the storm ;
To them no terror bring the shades of night,
Their deeds are darkness, and abhor the light.
Albion may boast her more than magic zone
Of deep cerulean which begirds her throne ;
The sacred round they impiously transgress,
Till Freedom trembles in her last recess.
Cambria in vain her rocky bulwark boasts,
By Nature rear'd around her fav'rite coasts ;
From whose besieg'd, yet still unyielding sides,
Neptune shrinks back with disappointed tides ;
Whilst awful gloom her every mountain sheds,
And nods stupendous ruin o'er their heads ;
Still with proportion'd insolence they rise,
A brood of Titans that would scale the skies.
Her caves in vain unconscious of the day,
Yawn horror, and Tartarean gloom display ;
Of no effect their boldness to repel,
Though the dark adit open'd into hell ;
Yet they who every trial had withstood,
And brav'd all danger, take what shape it would ;
Whom neither rocks, nor seas, nor famine gaunt,
With all its train of horrid ills, could daunt ;
Who vainly thought more formidable foes
Could not exist their progress to oppose ;
Yet to their cost on ancient British ground
More formidable still such foes they found,
A land inheriting, where oft of yore
The Saxon and the Dane had bled before ;
The genuine sons of Freedom, doom'd to be
The heav'n-appointed guardians of her tree ;
From spoilers' hands to keep its golden fruit,
And punish such as would her shrine pollute :
The fierce republicans no sooner tread
The sacred soil, than of Medusa's head

They own the spell, and, fit for slaves alone,
A horror feel that numbs them into stone:—
Thus Britons triumph, save the work of death:—
They come—they see—they conquer—at a breath.
In forest wilds the lion's distant roar,
Heard by the subject brutes so oft before,
A bold contempt inspires: but rashly when
They dare to beard the monarch in his den,
Soon as the terrors of his eye they meet,
They fall for mercy crouching at his feet;
The yielding prey, already dead with fear,
The generous victor spares, and scorns to tear.

At Tavern Spite we changed horses, and alighted for a few minutes. They crowded round the preacher as if he was an angel dropped from heaven; every body knew him, and children

"Pluck'd his coat, to share the good man's smile."

He was attended by a servant and horses; but in consequence of an accident which happened at Carmarthen, rendering it painful to wear a boot, he was obliged to change his mode of conveyance. The concern of the crowd gathered round him, was beyond any thing I ever witnessed; and I firmly believe he was deserving of it. *O! si sic omnes*, or even *plures*. Our disciple of Johanna Southcote here left us, and his place to Haverfordwest was occupied by a navy officer (though I should think, not in employ), a rattle-pated tar, with some humour, and in whose company it was impossible to be long serious.

Our next stage was Narberth, where, on a small pointed projection of a hill, are perched the picturesque ruins of a castle, built in the time of Wil-

liam Rufus, by a Sir Andrew Perrott, a Norman ancestor of your once huffing lord deputy of Ireland, Sir John Perrott, in the reign of Elizabeth, a man of consummate pride, and no command of a temper boisterous and irritable, which exposed him to much censure and contention, made him at times forget the respect due to his royal mistress, and ultimately proved the cause of his disgrace and ruin. Yet he did not want for abilities, either in the field or the cabinet. Discretion was all he wanted, to have made him a great man.

Here we left the preacher, who was engaged to hold forth that evening, and I presume to a crowded audience, as the roads were lined with people, coming from all quarters; and the town was already as full as on a market-day. We shook hands at parting most cordially; and his tongue dropped a blessing with so much of heart in it, that I shall always remember him with a degree of affection.

We were no sooner under way, after unshipping the man of God, than the man of war, the sailor, addressed me bluntly: "Pray, Sir, do you know him who has just left us?" and said, without waiting for a reply—"He is one of our first apostles in this country, not one of the twelve, but one of twelve score; for they swarm with us, as thick as boats at Spithead; spiritual pilots, cruizing about on every tack, to direct souls that are gone out of their course. And in this little town we have passed, there are as many in need of his guidance, as in any place I know of; who have no other compass to steer by, but that very erroneous one of

their passions. But from what I can learn, and I must say thus much in his praise, he is not thought a hypocrite; and that is saying a great deal. People of all sects like him, and the fellow certainly seems to have no suspicious cant about him; and I understand he is a jolly companion; smokes his pipe, and takes his beer aboard, as kindly as if he had served in the navy. By the by, I heard a strange tale of his lameness at Carmarthen: You must know, that, after a night sermon, always succeeds that species of religious enthusiasm called jumping; and after a discourse from him two nights ago in that town, such was the salient furor he excited, that the uproar can only be pictured by a warm imagination. A female disciple, who had lost her leg in action, and which was supplied by a sort of *jury-leg*, a wooden one, terminating in a spike, to prevent the too rapid waste of the limb, had contrived to mount one of the benches at the foot of the pulpit, and just as the preacher on his descent had reached the floor, at that moment *Timbertoe* felt the frenzy of the tripod, and jumping down, pinned the saint to the ground, where they were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm. Hence his swoln foot; the wits at Carmarthen are full of their puns on this occasion; saying, that Mr. J—— is smitten to the *soul*, by a lady of a sharp understanding, and one of the elect. Others call it a prick of conscience." In such a continued fit of laughter was I kept by my marine companion, that I could not pay the attention due to the fine view of one of the principal branches of Milford Haven,

of the woody tract of Canaston, and the charmingly diversified grounds of Slebech, that burst on the sight, after passing the little village of Robeston, situated on an eminence.

The Haven of Milford, one of the finest in Europe, is called in the Welsh *Aberdaugleddau*, being the embouchure of two rivers of the name of *Cleddau*, the British word for a sword, one of which we cross at Canaston bridge, and the other at Haverfordwest.

To the left of Canaston bridge, on the banks of the river, is the elegant seat of Mr. Philips of Slebech, marked by its majestic woods, in which it is too much embosomed and recessed, to be seen from the road. To the right, on an elevated situation, with a precipitous, well-wooded, and most picturesque steep towards the river, stand the ruins of Llanhaden Castle, once the favourite residence of several of the bishops of St. David's; from which they derive their barony: nearer to the road, Ridgeway, the seat of a brother of the gallant Captain Foley, whose mansion I passed in Carmarthenshire, and gave some account of in my former letter, commands a fine and most extensive prospect, and is a highly interesting object to look upon.

To the left, a few miles further, Picton Castle, the noble residence of Lord Milford, was pointed out to us; but of its beauties, extent, and consequence, which I hear it is possessed of, at that distance, it was impossible to judge. There is one thing remarkable in the history of this place—that from the time of its first being built in the reign

of William Rufus, it has never ceased to be inhabited by its real possessors.

Crossing the other river Cleddau, at Haverford-west, we enter the town; but for a mile before we approached it, we had a fine view of the town, its three churches, and boldly-situated castle; which, from its position, covering a steep hill above the river, navigable up to it, makes a grand appearance. Dine at the Castle inn (so called from its site just under the castle walls, a large and excellent house), but too hurryingly for comfort; and then through darkness to Milford, where we shall not be sorry, after regaling ourselves with some choice oysters and Welsh ale we have ordered, to drop into the arms of your countryman, Murphy. Adieu, and believe me, my dear C—, ever yours, &c.

DEAR CHARLES, Milford, Oct. 21, 1807.

I HAVE just left Murphy's arms; and feel myself a new man. "Richard's himself again." I am now opening my eyes on the most delightful prospect I ever beheld, a reach of the fine harbour of Milford, of great expanse; alive with vessels of various size and character, in every attitude, interspersed with fishing boats and skiffs, moving about in all directions: a scene more lovely cannot be imagined; and the more striking, as, on account of the darkness when we left the mail last night, there was no forming any distinct idea of the place we had arrived at.

I write by snatches; after breakfast, which I feel no great disinclination to, I will return to my task.—I have breakfasted most sumptuously. What think you of oyster-rolls, prawns, eggs, and orange-marmalade, in the bill of fare?

I am just returned from taking a view of this new creation; for the town I am in, was only planned about fifteen years ago; for which, a patent was obtained by the Hon. Charles Greville, as *hæres designatus* of his uncle Sir William Hamilton, then envoy at Naples. The town, according to a plan shown me this morning, was meant to have occupied a gently swelling hill, almost a peninsula, formed by the two pills or estuaries of Hubberston and Castle Pill; so that the present church might stand nearly in the centre. The town was to consist of a certain number of parallel streets running from west to east, beginning at the water edge on Hubberston Pill *, and crossed by others at right angles. Three only of such streets have yet been formed; but with many chasms in each to be filled up; and hitherto have stretched no further than the church, which terminates the town already built, and stands in the middle of the lower street, making a very beautiful object.

The church has a nave and two side-aisles, separated by two rows of columns; the roof is vaulted, and curiously groined. At the west end is an elegant tower, having a clock with three

* Pill, in this country, seems to be a provincial name for an estuary.

handsome dial-plates, on the south, north, and west sides of it. The chancel window is ornamented with painted glass, as are those of the side and the western one, in the latter of which there are seen armorial escutcheons of the Barlow family in Pembrokeshire, from whom this property was derived, and of Hamilton, which Mr. Greville, the present noble proprietor, represents, whose coat likewise decorates one of the panes. The font is a vase of Egyptian porphyry, brought to England by Dr. Pocock, near which stands the pinnacle of the topmast of the L'Orient, in honour of the great Nelson, an appropriate deposite in a church looking down on an element, over which he bore the British flag so triumphantly, and whose foundation-stone, I believe, was laid by him.

Below the town is a dock-yard, where, for the first time, I saw a line of battle ship on the stocks, a 74; exactly in that state of forwardness, as to enable me to judge of the ingenuity, as well as vastness of the work. She has been building for several years, and has had lately a new keel put under her; to introduce which, it was necessary, fairly to lift up that immense body—an undertaking apparently so gigantic, as to level the erection of Stonehenge to the setting up of nine-pins in a skittle-ground; and lessen, which as an antiquary I regret, my reverence for the Druid altars called Cromlechs, as stupendous works. What cannot the wedge and the lever perform! The model of this ship is much admired, and is built from a plan

and under the inspection of Monsieur Barralier, a Frenchman.

"Fas est et ab hoste doceri."

This gentleman had likewise the merit of assisting Mr. Greville in laying out the town. A singular circumstance was told when I visited this stupendous work, the 74: that last summer, a thrush had built her nest in some loose spun-yarn, lying between some of the timbers, and brought forth her young, which the workmen used to feed, the parent-bird being so familiar and tame, as to bear to be stroked in her nest.

There is here a neat market-house and market, well supplied twice a week. The custom-house is a handsome commodious building, where I attended our friend Kennedy, whom I met to my no small joy, just landed from one of the packets, and had an opportunity of seeing business done in the most expeditious and the most gentlemanly manner, no difficulties or delays being affected, for the purpose of increasing fees. I have a pleasure in mentioning this, as I think it a compliment due to those who conduct the office. But I understand the collector and comptroller of Milford are real gentlemen, and not, as in too many of our ports, raised from pimps and footmen, to be an annoyance to the public, and defraud Government.

The principal inn at which the mail stops, and where the packets land their passengers, is on a prodigious scale, with an airy yard, extensive stabling, and every office attached and detached, that

can be wanted as an appendage to so large a concern. There is likewise a billiard-room independent of the house, much frequented, particularly by those, who out of it have not two ideas, scarcely vegetate, and who never would have learned their alphabet if the Q had not been in it. There is another inn just opened, where there is a reading-room, and I believe a book-club; an establishment, I think likely to take much, in a town like this, inhabited by several wealthy genteel people, without employ, and who have nothing to do but to seek how to vary their amusement.

On the other side of the estuary or pill, to the west of the new town, lies the old town called *Hubberston Haking*, in the parish of that name; the church being about half a mile off. The new town is in the parish of Stanton, above a mile off; and this distance from the mother-church was, I presume, one of the principal reasons with the noble proprietor of this place, for erecting the handsome edifice I have above described.

I lay down my pen, perhaps to take it up before I sleep; dinner being announced, which boasts for its first dish, soals, and a John Dory, with oyster-sauce. What a land we live in! or rather, what a sea to fish from!

I now have to tell you, that we have feasted most luxuriously—excellent fish, and true Welsh mutton; and by way of remove, a woodcock, the first shot here this season. Our wine too was not despicable, and bottled porter most excellent. We had no sooner finished our wine, than our attention

was excited by an account, that the comet was to be seen. All the company in the house was out in an instant, and various were the reports of its size and course, no two agreeing. A general burst of laughter was produced, by what fell from a rosy-gilled gentleman farmer, who had just joined the group of star-gazers, and bawled out in the singular dialect of that district of Pembrokeshire—"*Bleady* (which I suppose to be a corruption of *By our Lady*), *I should like mainly to zee* this *zame* comet, which the Cambrian (a provincial paper) says, in the beginning of the night, always appears *in bootes*, though I take it, if it be in *thicky part of the sky*, that, good *vokes*, you are pointing to, it wears a thick great coat too, for *ifacks* I can *zee* nothing but darkness." I fancied I saw in the south-west, a pale light, surrounded by an extensive halo, that seemed to dilate with bright coruscations, and as often contract. Its declination was pretty rapid towards the north-west, this being about nine o'clock. Several were croaking, and supposed that invasion, pestilence, and famine, were at hand; some, with more consolation, hoped it might portend the death of *Buonaparte*, whilst the greatest number, like *Croaker*, in the play of the "Goodnatured Man," shook their heads, and wished all might be well this time twelvemonth. As to me, I have nothing of the *Croaker* about me, and am determined to enjoy the present moment with thankfulness, which is the only point of time we can call ours, and yet, if we consider, the present time is a fallacy; time, that is ever *in transitu*, can't be

present, it must be either past or future, and that past never to be recalled, and that future no sooner come than gone. The Hebrew tongue is said not to have a proper present tense, and the reason is evident.

As to the heavenly bodies, perhaps it may be presumption in man to push his inquiries too far. What was of use to the world, that great astronomer, Sir Isaac Newton was gifted to explain and demonstrate. The course of the comets was beyond even his reach; that being the case, I trust it is not impiety to think, that a more intimate acquaintance with them was never intended for mortals.

Our evening passed quietly in conversation over our tea; a repast, which, as we had no lady to induce ceremony, was protracted, to my heart's content, to a late hour. Our chief subject was a recapitulation of our journey, enlivened with many pertinent etymologies and observations from my companion, respecting British names of places, minutely illustrative of their situation and character, whether towns, rivers, or mountains; there being scarce an appellative in that language for any thing, that is not perfectly appropriate and expressive of its nature and quality. I had always conceived a prejudice against the Welsh language, as the harshest and most guttural of any; and what I heard spoken in my rapid transit through the country, did not in the least contribute to remove it; but in justice I must remark, that what I heard, was in the lowest colloquial

style, the *patois* of the peasant, which to an ear unformed could not fail to sound discordantly: but when Mr. Jones spoke it as a scholar and a gentleman, I found I had pronounced my judgment too hastily, especially after he had favoured me with two very different specimens, a hunting and an amatory song; the one sonorous without harshness, and the other most meltingly tender. I understand that the two greatest stumbling-blocks to the pronunciation of the Welsh are, the double *d* and the *ch*, the only gutturals in it; whereas the Spanish has no less than three gutturals—the *g*, the *j*, and the *x*; yet who, for the sake of reading Don Quixote in the original, would be deterred from learning that noble language? The double *d* seems to have no difficulty, being pronounced as *th* in booth, soothe. My Welsh critic and friend has retired some time, and the stroke of twelve points out to me the necessity of rest: then adieu for to-night, and believe me, asleep or awake, ever yours, &c.

Milford, Oct. 22, 1807.

DEAR CHARLES,

I HAVE once more, thank God, seen another day, though after a night that I thought would have put a period to my existence; for in consequence of a change of bed, meant respectfully, I was literally *down* stewed —*stewed down*.

I wish there was an act of parliament prohibiting the use of feathers, which I think would contribute as much to the health of His Majesty's subjects, as to

"Hurl the thunder of the laws on gin."

A feather-fever I dread like the plague, for, alas! my nerves will feel it for a week; and to fit me to encounter what I have to go through for these three weeks to come, I have occasion for my nerves in their best tone. You partly know my business in this part of the country, as, before you left town, I mentioned the death of a person of the name of *Holford*, as he was called, though he always wrote it *Hwlfordd*; who dying intestate, and possessed of a considerable property, real and personal, without any known near relation, has stirred much genealogical inquiry, in which I am not a little interested, as my grandmother was one of his name, and undoubtedly of his family, originally from this county, but within these hundred and fifty years from Ireland. It seems, by some papers I recollect to have seen when a boy with my grandmother, that one *Adam de Hwlfordd*, or Adam of Haverfordwest, was one of the adventurers from Pembrokeshire, who joined Strongbow to attempt the conquest of Ireland, and settled there, leaving a brother in his native county, who had a numerous issue, sons and daughters, who all died unmarried (as is supposed) but two sons, one of whom again left Pembrokeshire, and settled with

his kindred in some part of Ireland, from whom the intestate was descended; the other settling at home, to whom my grandmother traced. About two hundred years ago, in the reign of James I. the last of the name then in Wales went to Bristol, having sold his patrimony, and married a woman of that city, daughter of a merchant there, and took to the commercial line, in which probably he was brought up, the mercers of Haverfordwest, as I am told, being at that time a wealthy body of people, so that it was customary for the first people in that country to bring up their younger sons to trade. I think I heard the old lady say, that this person was her great-grandfather, and that she, when she married, was the only surviving *Holford*, or *Hwlfordd*, of that stock; so that there is every reason to suppose, there being not a trace of the name left now in this county, from which they migrated, that her account was correct, and that I am, in her right, the nearest of kin to the late rich intestate: if I shall be able to make it out, by eking the genealogical scraps I have gleaned from family papers, with the more authentic annals of the tombs, which I purpose exploring to-day, in a few churches not very distant from this place, namely, Herbrantstown, Hubertstown, and Robertstown, particularly the former, as I have often heard my grandmother say, that her great-grandmother was a *Herbrandt*, a descendant of one of the first Flemish settlers in this province, and owned the place called after his name, and I recollect

amongst a parcel of little dingy deeds, which since this event I have laboured to make out, mostly written in Latin, but two or three in French, the name of *Harbrand Friseur* occurs, and was induced to think at that time, from the odd coincidence of name and profession, that the *Friseur* was nicknamed Hairbrain'd.—My horse and guide are announced, so I must be off; when I return from my visitation, I shall again resume my pen.

After three hours of pleasant excursion, almost continually in sight of this enchanting scenery of Milford Haven, but to me perfectly unprofitable, as it has added not a single iota to the information I am in quest of, neither of the churches possessing any thing like an ancient monument. From parish-registers I could not expect to derive any assistance, as there are very few in this country that carry you back above fifty years, and from those who ought to see to the keeping and preservation of them, the clergy, you will be sure to find less; for though many of them appear to be good scholars, they are without exception the most ignorant men of the antiquities and history of their country I ever met with, their knowledge being more limited than that of their parish-registers. However, I have still the material search yet to make in the churches of Haverfordwest, and that of Stanton on this side the water, and on the other side, in Somersetshire, in those of Minehead, Sellworthy, Luckomb, and Porlock, it being known to my grandmother that one of the *Hwlfordds* had settled there about three hundred years

ago, by whose descendants, who intermarried with the *Rogerses* and the *Arundels*, there had been a claim of kindred allowed as late as the period of the Revolution; I shall therefore, after my search of to-morrow, either from this port or Tenby, procure a passage across the Channel to Minehead, to prosecute my inquiries in that neighbourhood.

Having still an hour before dinner to dispose of, I strolled to the billiard-room, where I was only a spectator, and fell into chat with a gentleman who was, like myself, an uninterested looker-on, a person of taste and information. We left the room together, and our road leading through the same street, he asked me if I had any objection to examine some curiosities brought from the South Seas, and the continent of the other hemisphere, which he was going to see at the house of a Quaker, one of the new settlers here, concerned in carrying on the South Sea whale fishery. I accepted of the polite offer with thankfulness, and wish you had been partaker of the treat. The collection consisted of a variety of articles, arranged with great taste, amongst which I could not help being much struck with an armilla, very similar to that in your museum of ivory, dug up in a tumulus on the Currah of Kildare, the Stonehenge plain of Ireland, with the difference only, that this was a ring sawed off from a conch. There was likewise a flint arrow-head, found in a turbary on the island of Nantucket, precisely the same in size and shape with those you possess. Among the curiosities was

an infinite variety of singular warlike weapons, most of them inlaid with bone from the bodies of their enemies, musical instruments, and ornaments of different shapes for the nose and ears, of an opaque sort of emerald. Nature seems to have dictated to the inhabitants of every country under similar circumstances, nearly the same appetites and wants, and the same modes of supplying them, as far as there is a coincidence of situation, climate, and produce. The assortment of living birds displayed colours and plumage beyond any thing I ever saw, or could have conceived to exist in nature; but after all, the rarest part of the collection was the Quaker's beautiful family; and I should have pitied the man who was so much of an antiquary or a virtuoso as not to have thought so.

Having given orders to harden the heart of my bed, I trust I shall be able to sleep without any other opiate than the effect of a total absence of rest last night. My friend Jones having left me to see a relation on the other side of the Haven, whence he does not return till to-morrow, I have no inducement to protract my vigils, but shall give you some farther account of myself to-morrow. In the mean time believe me to be, &c.

Milford, October 22, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

WHILE supper is getting ready I sit down to recount this day's operations. Soon after

breakfast a custom-house cutter wafted my friend Jones across the water, for whom, as well as for myself, I had secured a horse for the day, meaning to visit Haverfordwest and its churches first, and then return by way of Stanton to our quarters. The morning was fair, and the ride, through a rich country, pleasant. We arrived at Haverfordwest about twelve o'clock, and alighted at the Mariners, an inn no way inferior to the Castle, as to house, accommodations, or attendance. Having taken care of our horses, and bespoke an early dinner, we paid a visit to St. Mary's, St. Martin's, and St. Thomas's churches, from a minute survey of which I derived very little information to answer my purpose. In St. Mary's I was shown an old altar tomb, said to have been that of *Robert de Hwlfordd*, the first of the family who died in this country, uninscribed as to the history of the period of his death, though round the rim it bears an inscription about two hundred years old, to commemorate an Haverfordwest alderman of that day, who thought it, I suppose, an honour to mix his dust with that of the first occupant; and at St. Martin's the venerable Sibyl who attended showed me an effigy of one (as she called it, in her *Cambro-Flemish* dialect) of the "Awld Tankards of the castle;" meaning, I suppose, one of the Fitz Tancreds, who, as I find in Sir Richard Hoare's notes on Giraldus, was governor of the castle of Haverfordwest, under the Earl of Clare, and lord of the place, and was said to have married a daughter of the said Robert; though as to the effigy, judging

from the figure being that of a priest, I much suspect the tradition.

But I was directed to a shopkeeper living at the bottom of the street opening on the south side of St. Mary's church, whose knowledge in genealogy I was led to believe was so extensive, as to encourage me to call upon him, on a pretence of wanting some article from his shop; but I found his whole knowledge was confined to his own pedigree, and the coat of the ancient and honourable house he traced to; which, by the by, he bore with a *baton sinistre.* I however did not think the half hour I passed with him ill employed, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing a very original character, with a sort of priggish formality about him, and a face that never relaxes into a smile; as mad about his pedigree as ever Don Quixote was about chivalry, and never sells a pennyworth of tape without giving you a string of genealogy into the bargain. Besides, he was deeply tinctured with methodism, which mixing with his genealogical mania, produced a strange confusion. He was a rigid moralist, and inveighed severely against the vices of that town, among which a passion for playing cards (the devil's books, as he called them) was the most prominent; a vice so endemic that it infected all ranks, but the clergy were peculiarly addicted to it, who turned over their cards oftener than their sermons. It is not only in an evening, said he, that they play, but they kill their mornings with it; and a rainy Sunday is reserved for great matches: nay, this ruling passion is uppermost in the house of God, a house they

visit more from fashion than choice; for it was but lately that a lady of the whist club, when suddenly roused from her nap by an apostrophe of the parson, more than ordinarily vociferous, bawled out, "*Spades are trumps.*" During this curious interview a fashionable young man, seemingly in the habit of quizzing this eccentric shopkeeper, entered, and succeeded in bringing much more of his oddities to the surface than I had seen, addressing him with the familiar appellations of *Mussy* and *Mus*; and with respect to me and what I was in search of, it was indeed

"Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus *mus*."

Dinner hastily finished, and a few glasses of wine as hastily taken off, we mounted our horses and returned the same way, till we diverged to go to Stanton.

We passed by Johnston, the seat of Lord Kensington, situated too close to the road, and exhibiting nothing to give it a title to the magnificent or the picturesque. His Lordship does not reside there, it being rented out on lease since the death of his father, much to the disadvantage of the country and the mortification of the young peer, who, I am told, though he is attached to Pembrokeshire, and very deservedly popular, has his residence in the adjoining county of Carmarthen. I peeped into the church, but saw nothing worthy of notice, and could hear nothing respecting the object of my search.

I stopped at Stanton, and meant to have intro-

duced myself to the clergyman of the place had he been at home, who had been mentioned to me as a good-humoured, sensible young man, though probably but little of an antiquary, having his time more usefully taken up in the tuition of a few young gentlemen who board with him, a character he discharges with much credit to himself, and much advantage to his pupils. Yet at that time, as I heard since my return, he lay under a very heavy censure concerning the improper correction of one of the boys, and was threatened with a prosecution. You perhaps may recollect what the late *Dr. Johnson* says on that subject when he is furnishing Boswell with arguments in support of his client, a schoolmaster, in the same predicament with the parson of Stanton. I think I see him rolling his giant form (as it has been described to me) from side to side, and dictating, *ore rotundo,* when the following sentiments were uttered: "The government of a schoolmaster is somewhat of the nature of a military government, it must be arbitrary. You must show that a schoolmaster has a prescriptive right to beat, and that an action of assault cannot be brought against him unless barbarity can be shown. Puffendorf, I think, maintains the right of a schoolmaster to beat his scholars. No severity is cruel which obstinacy makes necessary; for the greatest cruelty would be to desist, and leave the scholar too careless for instruction and too hardened for reproof. Locke, in his Treatise on Education, mentioned a mother with applause who whipped

an infant eight times before she had subdued it. The master who punishes, not only consults the future happiness of him who is the immediate subject of correction, but he propagates obedience through the whole school. Correction must be proportioned to occasions. No instrument of correction is more proper than another, but as it is better adapted to produce present pain without lasting mischief. Lord Mansfield once said in the House of Lords—Severity is not the way to govern either boys or men. Nay (said Johnson), it is the way to govern them; I know not whether it be the way to mend them."—*Boswell.* " It is a very delicate matter to interfere between a master and his scholars, nor do I see how you can fix the degree of severity that a master may use."—*Johnson.* " Why, Sir, till you can fix the degree of obstinacy and negligence of the scholars, you cannot fix the severity of the master."

In the church I was shown the spot that tradition ascribes to *Sir Adam Stanton,* the first Norman or Flemish lord of the place, and perhaps founder of the church. There was likewise a plain stone, said to cover one of the *Holfords,* who married into the *Stanton* family. Besides, I was informed, that, about seventy years ago, there was a pauper of that name on the parish, and, notwithstanding his poverty, piqued himself on his lineage, " *nisi cum re vilior algâ.*"

It was now night, and in our way to Milford our attention was much excited by a singular light, of a palish colour, that followed a church path,

on an opposite hill leading to Hubberston church, and kept on in a sort of hopping progress, till we lost sight of it by the intervention of the hedges near the church. My friend Jones, who is not totally divested of the strange superstition of his country, held it to be a *fetch-candle*, one of those lights known by the name of *canwyll corph*, said to precede every funeral a year and a day before it happens.

We just reached our inn, in time to escape a severe wetting from a sudden fall of rain, that continued the whole night; and after supper our conversation turned on preternatural appearances of every kind, in the course of which we did not fail to bring the Burford ghost into discussion. Jones entertained me much, by a curious narrative of facts relating to *fetch-candles*, and the appearance of the whole funeral as it really happens, the persons attending it having been frequently named half a year before it took place, and some of those at the time in foreign parts, and not likely to be of the number. These lights are different in different places. At a town in Carmarthenshire, *Laugharne*, the figure of the person that will die, is seen in white, walking in the dead of night to the church, carrying a candle. It is only such, it seems, as happen to be born in the night-time, who unhappily are gifted to see those appearances.

In some part of Ireland I am told, that for some nights before a person dies in a house, the grunting of a pig is heard, and the brute itself is

sometimes seen like a transparent painting, with an illuminated scroll in its mouth bearing the name of the devoted person. Do you know of any such thing? This is a quizzing age: every day begets Chattertons and Irelands. Tales of mystic superstition may be clothed in the most preposterous garb and in the wildest style of romance, and perhaps are entitled alike to the same degree of credit, whether fabricated for the moment, or traditionally handed down to us for ages. If we resume this subject, I shall pester you with the result. In the mean time I am, completely fagged,

Yours, &c.

DEAR CHARLES, Milford, Oct. 23, 1807.

This being the last day of my intended stay in this place, we breakfasted early, to have our time before us, as it was proposed to see every thing in its vicinity that had not been visited before: so, ordering a late dinner, I steered my course eastward. A little to the south of the church there is a small battery, as there is likewise another on a commanding height above the old town of Haking; but how far they are judiciously or injudiciously placed I am not engineer enough to determine.

Beyond the church are the ruins of an old chapel, with a vaulted roof, called St. Catharine's, a name now transferred to the new church. The mother church is Stanton, as I mentioned before.

Vaulted roofs occur frequently in such parts of this county as the Normans and Flemings had possession of, and towers and spires universally, the churches in the Welsh division of the shire being rarely, if ever, dignified with either.

From this chapel, taking a lane to the left, we descend into the other pill, called Castle Pill, running into the land in two small branches. The tide being out, we crossed it by a long wooden foot-bridge, covered when the tide is full, and walked to see Castle Hall, a pretty villa of Mr. Rotch, a Quaker merchant, who came from America, bringing with him many of the same sect to settle here, and carry on the South Sea whale fishery. Mr. Rotch, I am told, though a Quaker, has very little but the name belonging to him, observing nothing of rigorous formality either in his dress or manner. His establishment is that of a man of large fortune, and his family are brought up in all the fashionable modern accomplishments. The house is not large, but commodiously elegant, and the grounds and gardens are laying out with great taste. The hothouses comparatively are not extensive, for a county in which hothouses, I understand, abound, and some on an enormous scale, as those of Lord Cawdor and Lord Milford; but I think they appear on a new and most admirable construction. Gardeners in general are Scotchmen, but Mr. Rotch's is an Irishman, and seemingly master of his business, joining to a practical knowledge of his profession a profound knowledge of botany. The demesne, though small, consists

of some of the choicest land in Pembrokeshire, on the confines of which, overhanging the Haven, and commanding a beautiful reach of it, is a summer-house most judiciously placed.

This charming spot once belonged to the famous Governor Holwell, one of the few survivors of the unhappy victims at Calcutta. After the Governor left it, it continued long untenanted, but, about seven years ago, was purchased by a wine-merchant of Haverfordwest, whom some demon whispered,

"Visto, have a taste,"

and contributed to his speedier ruin. On his failure it was sold to the present proprietor, who has discovered infinitely more taste than either the nabob or the wine-merchant.

On the side of the Pill, opposite to which Castle Hall stands, are the faint vestiges of some earthworks, with a little masonry, called Castle Pill. They say the King's forces had a post here in the time of the civil wars.

Following the other branch of this inlet, and crossing the isthmus of the peninsular spot the new town of Milford occupies, I descended into a narrow valley at the extremity of the *Haking* estuary; and just above, where the highest influx of the tide is felt, stand the small remains of Pill priory, founded and endowed by one *Adam de Rupe*, or *de la Roche*; yet, small as they are, if well managed, and grouped to the best advantage, they would make a pretty picture: but, unfortu-

nately, neither my companion nor myself have any knowledge of drawing, a circumstance I the more regret, as I have never happened to see a view of this retired spot.

It is my custom, when I visit any ruins, minutely to investigate the casings of windows and doors, should any exist; and particularly any little figures, frequently found to carry on their breasts a shield, with sometimes an heraldic bearing on it, that may prove a valuable clue to the history of the place; but here nothing of that sort could be discovered. I then inquired of the peasants, whose cottages and little gardens occupied the venerable precinct of what was once the priory church, if any thing had been ever dug up amongst the ruins, who told me, that a few years ago several flat tombstones, and some with letters on them, which the parson of the parish, *a main good scholar* (to use their own expression), could not decypher, had been turned up in a spot of ground pointed out to me, now a garden, and that one of them was then to be seen in the back yard of a Quaker's house at Milford. I was likewise informed, that a neighbour of theirs had, a few days before, found a piece of thick sheet lead, in clearing a draw-well, nailed on a piece of wood, that crumbled away as soon as taken up, with some odd-shaped letters or figures on it. On my expressing a wish to see it, I was conducted to the house where it was, and there I was shown a plate of lead, about a foot wide and fifteen inches long, covered over with raised Greek characters, small,

but very plain. There being no doubt as to the metal, I ventured to ask the possessor if he would part with it, which he very readily assented to, saying it was of little use to him, and the value of the lead was no object. However, I gave him half-a-crown, walked off with my purchase, and left him perfectly satisfied.

I anticipate much gratification from the employ that my leaden inscription is likely to give us; yet, on account of some other attentions that have a prior claim, we are obliged to defer the examination of it till to-morrow.

Joy! joy! joy!—I have just received the fondly-expected letter I ought to have had at Burford. The waiting for it has seemingly cost me an age. Oh! Charles, hast thou ever been in love with any person above the rank of a bedmaker? for, if thou hast not, how wilt thou laugh at my computation of time! but the period may arrive when thy moments shall be measured by the same scale. Since the receipt of this blessed letter I am a new man, I tread on air, and have no lead about me but my antiquarian tablet. And now to sleep—to sleep!—no, no, to wake, to think of my Eliza; to think she lives, and lives not unmindful of her faithful wanderer. Friendship, adieu! yet believe me to be, as much as an enthusiastic lover can be,

Yours, &c.

Pembroke.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

So great was my transport last night, that, after the receipt of my Eliza's letter, I could think of nothing but her; and I forgot to mention a very material circumstance, that will account for our staying a day or two longer than we intended.

Just as we were preparing to sit down to supper, the landlord entered, and begged to know if we should have any objection to a gentleman joining us, as all the other sitting-rooms were occupied by large parties. We replied, nothing could be more agreeable, as we wished for company and variety. The gentleman was accordingly introduced, who was an officer in the navy. A few minutes brought us perfectly acquainted, and the conversation soon took a nautical turn. On hearing my name, he asked me if I had a relation in the navy. On informing him I had an uncle, I found that they had formerly been shipmates in the Mediterranean. Being likewise told that I was bound for Minehead, having occasion to make some genealogical inquiries in that neighbourhood, but was not so fortunate as to be known to a creature in that country, he very handsomely offered me a recommendatory letter to a friend of his, a brother officer retired from the service, whom he had not seen for some years, a gentleman of family, rank, and fortune.

Having travelled a great way, he sat with us not so long as we could have wished, but said he should be happy to be permitted to breakfast with

us; a proposal to which we most cheerfully assented; and hoped he could induce us to accompany him up to Pembroke, whither he was going, in a fine four-oared barge, early next morning, and from which place, finding we had not seen it, he recommended it to us to ride to see Tenby, and, if we had time, to visit Stackpool Court, the magnificent seat of Lord Cawdor, about five miles from the town of Pembroke.

The Captain, our new acquaintance, was punctual to his hour; and, after breakfast, we took boat for Pembroke, which we reached in a short time, having a smart breeze and tide in our favour. The morning was fine, and the river peopled with a variety of all sorts of vessels and boats dancing cross-minuets. There I first saw dredging for oysters.

The town of Pembroke stands on a branch of the haven that you enter through a narrow gut called Pennar Mouth. Here the channel expands so widely, that it is said there is room for a wet-dock for all the navy of England. The shores abound with limestone; and few vessels enter this channel but such as are employed in that trade, and those that belong to Pembroke. The channel is very intricate, and, except at high water, requires a pilot. On each side, the land, thickly sown with rich farm-houses and gentlemen's seats, seems and is very uncommonly fertile, being a red soapy loam over limestone, which is cultivated with a spirit and in a style that would do credit to any part of the kingdom.

But how shall I be able to describe what I felt at approaching the castle of Pembroke, which I had the good fortune to see to the greatest advantage, in coming up to it by water, spring-tide; though seen every way, it must be an object uncommonly striking: but approached by water, it seized the attention with double force, presenting itself on the almost insulated promontory it occupies, so as to be seen nearly surrounded with water, and independent of any thing material that, from other points of view, is seen to unite with it, and cause an unpleasing confusion; whereas we saw it forming one stupendous whole, growing, as it were, out of the rock it is built on. The keep or citadel is an immense round tower, so high that it peers supereminent over all the other buildings, and is finely clad with ivy, but not so as entirely to conceal its parts.

There is a curious cavern under the castle, with an entrance on the north side, communicating by a narrow stone staircase with the buildings above. Antiquaries and historians are divided in their opinions, as to whether it is natural or artificial, and as to its use.

Henry the Seventh was said to have been born here; and it is certain, that from this country he set out to win the crown, a circumstance he never forgot, being always partial ever after to Pembrokeshire.

This town was walled and flanked with numerous bastions, was at full tides almost surrounded by water, with an exception of the narrow

isthmus at the east entrance, and must have been a place of vast strength prior to the use of artillery. Even in the civil wars it was known to have held out a long siege, and was thought of so much consequence as to require the active presence of Cromwell himself before it, and then the surrender was owing to the course of the water that supplies the garrison having been betrayed and cut off.

During our short stay here we had an opportunity of seeing a very fine body of yeomen cavalry, who were this morning inspected by the inspecting officer of the district, Colonel Stewart. They appeared to be men whose countenances would not be likely to be appalled at facing the Corsican tyrant's *blood-hounds*, should he be mad enough to turn them loose on British ground.

A sight of this kind, in the breasts of all who feel as they ought to do for their country, must beget a new source of enjoyment to every one around them, in whatever relation they may stand to their country. The prospect may darken, but the conscious security derived from the consideration of such gallant and voluntary defenders, is sufficient to shed a sunshine on it, were it ten times darker.

Our companion, the Captain, finding that we were not to sail yet for two days, had so much good humour and fascination about him, that he found little difficulty in persuading us to accompany him to Tenby, the famous sea-bathing place of this country, and one of the most delightful in the kingdom. We therefore hired horses, and had one of the most charming rides I ever re-

member to have taken in my life, of about ten miles, over the Ridgeway, the road leading over the summit of a high ridge, commanding, on one hand, the sea, and on the other a rich vale, with the mountains at a distance beyond it.

We passed too far from the famed castle of Carew to form any idea of the grandeur of its ruins, and our time would not admit of such a digression as would bring us nearer; but we deviated a little out of the road to visit the birth-place of the celebrated Giraldus, Manorbeer castle, which we from without examined, but could not be admitted within its walls, as it has been for some years a depot of smuggled goods, being most commodiously situated for any illicit traffic, just above a small creek.

Giraldus's description is very exact, and I am not surprised at his partiality to a place, which not only had a claim on it, from having been the place of his nativity, but as in itself involving the principal ingredients of a charming landscape.

The situation of Tenby has been so often the subject of panegyric, that I shall not insult you so far as to suppose you have not read a much better description than any I can pretend to give of it. I think it is impossible to combine more pleasing qualifications for a bathing-place, if we consider the pure air it must be ventilated with, and the clearest sea and finest sand I ever saw surrounding the peninsula, crowned by the town.

The church, without and within, is a most respectable building, and seems to have been larger than it is.

It was formerly a place of great trade, and one of the principal towns of the Flemish settlers; and once boasted of most productive fishing-banks, and hence it had the name of *Dynbich y Pyscod*, that is, the *Fishing Denbigh*, to distinguish it from the inland *Denbigh*, in North Wales. Though it now maintains a superiority in fishery over every other place on this coast, yet the marks pointing out the old banks are lost, or the banks are shifted.

Sir William Paxton, whose seat I mentioned in Carmarthenshire, though no Welshman, has done for that county, and for this place, more than all the gentlemen who boast to be natives of the country. He is now building very magnificent baths near the pier, for warm sea-bathing, and has remedied the greatest inconvenience, and perhaps the only material one, the town laboured under, a lack of good water, by forming an aqueduct, at great expense, that shall effectually supply the defect; and is projecting many other things, to render this place more attractive, by his endeavours to remove every objection it may be liable to.

Here I saw the largest oysters I ever met with, too large to be eaten raw, but which are admirable in sauce, escalloped, or pickled. Mountains of shells, the aggregate of many a century, occur in several parts of the town, forming a nuisance that would amply pay for removing, to be used for a manure. The season appeared to be on the decline, as I did not observe much company. In our way down to the baths, and to examine the

curious site of the castle, we were joined by a gentleman, who had just stepped out of a handsome carriage, with an escutcheon, as Jones, who numbers among his various acquirements a deep knowledge of heraldry, afterwards told me, bearing the arms of a noble family of this county, viz. *argent a lion rampant sable, chained or*, but with, as he suspects, a modern augmentation of *two bees in chief*, whether borne for their *hum*, their *sting*, or their *honey*, or for all three, the bearer best knew. As his road and ours seemed to take the same direction, with a peculiar ease and frankness, and without ceremony, apology, or seeking a pretence for accosting us, he broke out into an extravagant panegyric on the beauties of the place, evidently a set performance, and too artificial, considered with regard to the regularity of its composition or the volubility of its delivery, to be supposed to be an effusion of the moment. His eulogium closed, with outspread arms, and his beaver up, which was as broad as a Quaker's, he cried, looking to the ocean, "Don't you think, gentlemen, this prospect is enchanting?" Promising some entertainment from our new and forward acquaintance, there was not the least coyness on our part, and we echoed his raptures, the Captain swearing, "Ay, if we had the Brest fleet in sight, and praying Jemmy within cannon-shot of them!" At this moment seeing a gentleman in a Bath chair, seemingly a martyr to the gout, pushed along, our loquacious companion entered into a long disquisition of that disorder, and wished to know to what its greater frequency

now than in ancient times was to be ascribed; for, said he, "Classic authors, who give us the costume of the age they lived in with the minutest detail, rarely find occasion to mention it. We must surely attribute it to our diet, some particular condiment that our forefathers were strangers to."—"There can be no doubt of it," said Jones; "what a variety of diseases we may place to the account of tea alone, and diseases which, perhaps, a Chinese physician would know better how to treat than our Vaughan and Baillie. I am of opinion," continued Jones, "that the seeds of all disorders incident to man are sown alike through the human species, and that it is to some peculiarity in climate, food, raiment, exercise, or influence of mind over body, that we are indebted for calling them out. And it is the same in the vegetable as the animal world: the rudiments of thousands of plants, yet unknown to us, may be dormant in the earth, and only require the suitable culture, aliment, or manure, to rouse them into perfect vegetation. A gentleman, a friend of mine, who does every thing in capitals, his motto being '*Quod vult, valdè vult*,' covered an immense field with such a thickness of lime, that it might be said to be plastered over, so that for two or three years, till this stucco was washed into, and became incorporated with, the soil, all growth was choked; but afterwards the vegetation was most surprisingly rank and luxuriant, and here and there a new species of plants, that set our botanists at defiance, made their appearance."—"If lime," said the Captain, "could produce such a

change, what kind of an Arctic crop, think you, must that gentleman have had, who, I was told, manured his fields with whale's blubber, as if he meant to have furnished pasture for rein-deer?" The stranger then flew over an infinity of topics, lighting, like his own bee, but a moment on each, to supply which he traversed the whole kingdom, "from old Belerium to the northern main;" talked much of Opie, British press, Pratt, Peter Pindar, longevity, Shetland, statistical accounts, Board of Agriculture, omlets, mountebanks, wooden cuts, loves of the plants, Dr. Thornton, Bologna sausages, wastelands, second sight, Scotch marmalade, and Sir John Sinclair. He gave us the portrait of what he conceived to be a patriotic senator, and I thought wished us to believe that he had sat for the picture. He talked of city offices, city honours, and city feasts, as if he had had a surfeit of them, for the latter of which he professed he was totally unfit, being too much a Pythagorean to be carnivorous, for he said he had for many years lived on vegetables and pastry, and he was so fortunate as to be able to boast,

"That his wife, little Kitty, was famous for crust."

In our way back to our inn, after examining the baths, the pier, and the castle, the Captain happening to make use of a proverb very appropriate to the subject, adding, that it was the translation of a Welsh one, our strange acquaintance observed, that the Welsh proverbs were said to be very numerous and very expressive, and he wondered they were not published and translated. "Why," said

Jones, " they are partly published in the original, in a work called the Myvyrian Archaiology, a work we owe to the spirit of a plain Welsh tradesman, a fur-merchant in Thames Street, who, at his own expense, has undertaken to preserve the valuable treasures of Welsh literature, that were scattered over the kingdom, and on the point of perishing in manuscript, by bringing them together, and giving them to the public in a more durable form; and, if he lives, I believe it is his intention to have the whole of what he has thus collected put into an English dress. As to myself, I venerate proverbs; I am as fond of them as ever Sancho Panza was: they are, as a friend of mine, in a poem of his, calls them,

' Rich drops, distill'd from the wisdom of ages.'

In short, they are in ethics what essential oil is in chemistry."—" The furrier, your countryman," said the stranger, " deserves a statue of gold; and if it were to be raised by subscription, I should be proud to contribute largely towards it. I love learning, whatever language be the vehicle, and its patrons of whatever country they may be. I have been always conversant with letters." By this time we were arrived at our inn, and we were met by the landlord, to say that our dinner was waiting. The man of letters bowed and withdrew, leaving us in admiration of so singular a character, whom, on inquiry of the landlord, we found to be *literally* a man of letters, a London bookseller.

Who do you think accosted me, just as I was stepping into the inn we dined at, but our little

friend Captain B——, Don Whiskerandos? whom I had not seen, since the ridiculous adventure we had with him at Vauxhall last year, when he was near getting into a scrape with the old libertine in the pink riband. He is as vain, and perhaps as poor, as ever. He took me aside—"My dear boy," said he, "I am in chase as usual—A fine girl! a fine fortune! and no small encouragement!" (showing me a miniature he drew from his bosom, which he had perhaps picked up for a crown at a pawnbroker's); "a beautiful brunette, as you see—twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal, and as much more at the death of her mamma, with whom, by the by, I am a monstrous favourite, so much so, that I think the old lady would be resigned to leave this world with pleasure, to let me into the other twenty thousand pounds, rather than I should live wretched without it. Well, Jack, adieu! you shall hear of me if I succeed; if not, these rocks will afford me a lover's leap; I shall be forgotten, and food for crabs. When you write to Ireland, tell O'Brien what a lucky dog I am."

What vanity! yet here is a creature seemingly the happiest of mankind! boasting of adventures he neither had talents nor spirit to engage in, and moving about the world, with apparently no means to answer such expense, in rather a splendid style; and yet he keeps above water, though he has no visible life-boat.

After dinner our new companion, the Captain, entered deeply into the subject of farming, saying he had done with ploughing the ocean, which he

found, with all the culture he gave it, returned him but a scurvy crop; but that, since he had begun to plough the land, he had profited more in one year than he ever did on the ocean all his life. He then talked heathen Greek to me, going largely into the praise of the Swedish turnip, French furze, and tares. "The green fat of turtle," said he, "is not more grateful to the palate of a city alderman, than a crop of the same colour is to land, especially if it is washed well down with its due proportion of moisture."

There being fine moonlight, we returned that night to Pembroke, to be ready early in the morning to go down by water to Milford, the boat waiting there for that purpose.

Our Cicerone, who was a little elevated by the ale he drank (for he tasted no other liquor), entertained us all the way to Pembroke with naval exploits and naval frolics, in which he himself made no inconsiderable figure. He represented Lord Nelson as one who, at a very early time of life, had, by making too free with his constitution, so debilitated himself, as nearly at times not to be able to walk the length of the ship as to bodily strength, yet, by strength of mind in the moment of peril or action, was equal to any service, and triumphed over the clog of body which at other times seemed to encumber him.

With a feast of Pennarmouth oysters, and excellent Welsh ale, we regaled ourselves after our ride. Supper ended, the noble Captain, who was one of the most determined smokers I ever knew,

wrapped us in the fumes of tobacco for an hour, continuing, between whiff and whiff and pipe and pipe, to entertain us with more anecdotes of his nautical life; and at parting, after his last pipe, communicated the following remarkable circumstance that befell a sailor on board a man of war in the Mediterranean: The sailor, in an action, received a contusion on his head by a splinter, and was instantly deprived of every sensation, remaining in that state of torpor, after undergoing various experiments at different hospitals abroad, for one whole year taking no sustenance, till, on his return to England, being sent to St. Thomas's Hospital, he was trepanned, an operation not performed before, but which restored him in an instant to his speech and every other sense, for he loudly called out in his own language, Welsh, *Mam, Mam*, that is, *Mother, Mother*. When asked if he could recollect any thing, from the time he had the accident to the moment, I may say, of his revival, he replied, that he had no idea of what passed; for any knowledge he had of the interval, it might be a moment or an age.—Blinded almost with smoke, and truly fatigued, I must wish you a good night, and follow my companions, who have left me some time. Adieu, and believe me,

Yours, &c.

Milford, October 25, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

As to-morrow is destined for our voyage, we have not wandered far from our inn; which, after a pleasant sail for the greater part of the way from Pembroke, we arrived at by half past nine, having wind and tide in our favour.

After breakfast, our naval friend took his leave of us, swearing that he would have been happy to have had us in tow longer, if he had not been obliged to obey signals elsewhere; so, after writing his letter of recommendation to his friend in Somersetshire, he slipped his cable, and was soon under way.

I forgot to tell you, that during my genealogical search at Haverfordwest I met at the inn where we dined, a gentleman, who had himself that morning been to visit the churches of the town, to see if they contained any curious monuments, epitaphs, or relics of antiquity, with a view to illustrate some work relating to that county, he professed to be engaged in. The frankness of his manner induced me to explain to him the motive of my visit to that town, and he very handsomely proffered his services, modestly saying, that as he had some very full manuscript pedigree books, chiefly of Pembrokeshire families, he would make a point of looking over them, to see if they contained any thing to my purpose; and added, that he would either transmit the result of his re-

searches by letter, or would wait on me at Milford, being a place he was about paying a visit to, on his own account, if he could make it convenient, before we should have left it. I mentioned the time of our intended stay there; and this morning about twelve o'clock, while Jones and I were busily employed in packing up, and arranging every thing for our sea jaunt, our antiquarian acquaintance was announced. He professed himself happy in having it in his power to inform me, that his genealogical inquiries had been more successful than he had expected. He then produced a pedigree, very neatly drawn out and blazoned by a young man, his son, who accompanied him, proving almost every alliance I wanted to substantiate. Besides, in the course of his investigation, he found that he had some of the *Hwlfordd* blood in his veins, and showed me a law case, with an opinion on it in Charles the Second's time, including much genealogy relating to a small property which came to his father, in consequence of the above alliance to a *Hwlfordd*. Remote as this link might be to us or to our common ancestor of that name, yet we mutually seemed to feel it, and it produced visibly a reciprocal interest, not to be described.

As we learned that my new relation and his son did not intend quitting Milford that night, we solicited the favour of their company to pass the day with us. As they had some object in view, and the young gentleman had drawings to make, who favoured us, before we parted, with a

few elegant specimens of his pencil, they left us for an hour or two, giving us an opportunity of finishing our arrangements, and them time to accomplish the business they were upon, and enabling both them and us, perfectly at leisure, to enjoy each other's company for the rest of the evening.

Our guests having returned, we dined on very fine fish and Welsh mutton, rendered more relishing by means of that most excellent of all pickles, *samphire*, here in the highest perfection; and an accompaniment of all others most in unison with Welsh mutton, called *laver*, or vulgarly *black* butter, the produce of a fine marine plant or alga, found in abundance on the coast of this county. Epicures are divided about the real name given to this sauce; some insisting on its being *laver*, from *laver* to *wash*; as the plant undergoes repeated ablutions, to rid it of the sand it involves in its fine folds; others *lava*, as representing the eruption of a volcano in colour and heat, it being always served up smoking hot, from a dish over a lamp, and resembling in hue, the volcanic fluid; or, to bring it home to the conception of such as may have never seen the overflowings of Vesuvius, exactly resembling the excrement of young calves; a dark olive, verging on black. I never had seen it till I came into this country, and found myself, from its hue and consistence, so prejudiced against its appearance, that it was with difficulty I was prevailed on to taste it; but my taste soon reproached me for my squeamishness; and I have never since exposed myself to a repetition of such reproaches,

when I have had an opportunity of falling in with this best of all mutton sauces *. On the other side, you have Jones's account of its medicinal properties.

After dinner, and a temperate circulation of the glass, interlarded with much interesting conversation respecting the Welsh language, managed ingeniously on the part of my friend Jones, and our new guest, who spoke of it with an enthusiasm,

* Laver is made of a fine marine plant called *Ulva Lactuca*, or *Lactuca Marina*, consisting of a thin green pellucid membrane or leaf, from two inches to a foot or more in length, and from one to five inches in breadth, undulated or laciniated on the margin like a Cos lettuce leaf, growing sometimes single, but generally in clusters, reclining over each other; but the *Ulva Umbilicalis* is preferred, which is a wide membraneous leaf, of a dark dull purple colour, of circular shape, variously sinuated on the margin, smooth and shining, and affixed to the rock or stone by a central root. Being gathered, it is washed clean from sand and slime, and left to drain between two tiles; then it is shred small, kneaded like dough, and made up into balls, which is called *Bara Llavan*, laver bread. *Llavan* is a strand in the Welsh language. As a medicine, it is a fine aperient and antiscorbutic. The inhabitants of the Hebrides eat it with pepper and vinegar, when stewed, adding leeks and onions; they ascribe to it an anodyne power, and bind the leaves about their temples, to ease violent head-achs, and procure sleep. In the account given of it in Edward Lwyd's Additions to Gibson's Camden (which Gough in his edition erroneously ascribes to the Bishop), is the following extract from a letter sent him by the Rev. Nicholas Roberts: "Some eat it raw, and others fried with oatmeal and butter. It is accounted sovereign against all distempers of the liver and spleen; and a celebrated physician of that day, Dr. Owen, assured me, that he found relief from it in the acutest fits of the stone."

arising from his seemingly thorough knowledge of his subject, and a conviction of the superior excellence of the language he was desirous of vindicating from the indiscriminate censure with which it was the fashion to brand it, as harsh, guttural, and incapable of grammatical rules, whereas he would engage to prove to the reasonable and dispassionate, that the charge of harsh and guttural depended more on the tongue of the speaker, or the ear of the hearer, than on any constitutional vice in the language itself; which, if not judged of from the *patois* of the peasant, in the mouth of a gentleman and a scholar, is grand and harmonious; copious, without being verbose; and if it had been for these 1500 years, like the other European languages, improving instead of decaying, and being, as it were, expatriated, would have by this time lent nerve to the drama, and supplied a fit vehicle for the enchanting notes of a Catalani.

This subject exhausted, I introduced my relic of antiquity for discussion, which I had almost forgotten, and believe should have left behind me, if the accession of a professed antiquary to our society had not brought it to my recollection.

I told you in a former letter, that the inscription was in a Greek character, and tolerably legible; but though we all understood that language, and Jones was deeply read in it, we could not make out a word that we could trace to any Greek root; a circumstance that puzzled us, nay vexed us exceedingly. At last our guest, with a sagacity he had discovered on several occasions, in the

course of the evening, suggested that the words, though written in a Greek character, might be Latin, thereby rendering the inscription more mysterious; we then fell to trying it by this test, and wrote the words in Roman letters, and made out the following monkish lines:

Prope locum ubi, valle
Procul profanorum calle,
Templum primus vir fundavit,
Et rupis Virgini dicavit,
Duorum gladiorum portu,
Nobilis hæredis hortu
Legati Angli, Dani Pillâ
Edificetur magna villa;
Quò colere Mercurium questû,
Quovis vento, quovis æstu,
Congregabunt mercatores
Sicut apes circa flores:
Cum tremebundi novo mundo
Lucem trahent ex profundo;
Et sacrè positum honore,
Fili magni Eleanoræ
Malum summum orientis,
Domo Dei quando sentis,
Tunc vas Egypti ministrabit,
Et infantes cruci dabit.

But though Latin words were made out, and those not perfect nonsense, yet turn them in what way we would, we could not give them consistency or explanation. Another suggestion was then hazarded by our stranger friend: "It is evidently," exclaimed he, with rapture, "an enigmatical prophecy (for all prophecies are more or less so); and now for an Edipus.

"First, let us translate it literally: '*Near the 'place where, in a valley far from the path of the*

'*profane, the first man built a temple, and dedi-*
'*cated it to the Virgin of the rock, in the haven*
'*of the two swords.*' Why, does not that point out the founder of the old priory, in the ruins of which this relic was found? for perhaps, gentlemen, you, being strangers, may not know that the monastic building in question was founded by *Adam de Rupe* or *de la Roche*, dedicated to St. Mary of the Rock; and by the haven of the two swords, must clearly be meant Milford, in Welsh called *Aberdaugleddau*, the harbour, or port, formed of two *swords*, rivers so called, *Cleddau* being Welsh for a *sword.* Thus far I think we have got on intelligibly; but I fear the sequel will not afford us so easy a clue; but let us proceed· '*At the instance of the noble heir of an*
'*English ambassador, a great town shall be built in*
'*the Pill of the Dane.*' It appears to me, that this is prophetic of the new town of Milford, being the creation of the Right Hon. Charles Greville, the *hæres factus* of the late Sir William Hamilton, ambassador to Naples, which may be said to be built in the *Dane's Pill*, or estuary, namely *Hubba*'s. So far we sail before the wind, and I presume we may get a few knots on, without much difficulty, as the lines,

'Quò colere Mercurium questû,
'Quovis vento, quovis æstu,
'Congregabunt mercatores
'Sicut apes circa flores,'

'*Whither merchants will flock to carry on trade*
'*for gain, like bees about the flowers, with every*
'*wind and tide;*' evidently imply the consequence

of such a creation, for 'where the carrion is, 'there the crows will be also.'"

Now came a puzzler; we read and read again, we pondered, we paused, we ruminated; our gestation was long and painful; at last Jones proposed another bottle, to facilitate the birth; a motion we readily assented to. The bottle was ordered and brought, which we drank in awful silence. In order however to induce a discussion, I ventured to break it, by observing, that the four next lines, "*When the Shakers from the new world shall draw light from the deep,*" served to mark the time of the event referred to in the last couplet, and that the first line might shadow out the Quakers, who had come from the *new world*, another hemisphere, to settle there; but how they could be said to *draw light from the deep*, I could not understand. "Why now," said our guest, "as you have pointed our attention to the Quakers, this may be readily solved. They carry on the South Sea whale fishery, the produce of which is *sperma cæti*; out of this substance candles are made, and is not this drawing light from the deep?"—"But there follows another designation of the time," said our guest's son, who, modestly attentive to every thing that passed, had never, till now, presumed to take a part in the conversation, or hazard a guess, "and which I flatter myself, my visit to the church before dinner, has enabled me to explain:

'Et sacrè positum honore
'Fili magni Eleanoræ,

'Malum summum orientis
'Domo Dei quando sentis,
'Tunc vas Egypti ministrabit,
'Et infantes cruci dabit.'

Literally translated: '*When you see the highest* '*mast of the Orient in the house of God, piously* '*placed there in honour of the great son of Eleanor;* '*then an Egyptian vase shall minister, and give in-* '*fants to the cross.*' Is not the highest point of the l'Orient's mast seen in the new church? and has it not been placed there, in honour of the *great son of Eleanor*, that is, *Nel's son?* and may not the Egyptian vase, now ministering as a font, be said to give infants to the cross by baptism?" There was no opposing this ingenious solution of the finale of the prophecy.

The young Edipus having begged to make a fac simile of the leaden plate and its inscription, which he did with wonderful expedition and correctness, one for himself and the other for me, together with an impromptu translation* in verse; I packed it

* Near the place, in valley, where
The first of men, of whom we hear,
A holy pile was said to raise,
Devoted to the Virgin's praise;
Far from path of the profane,
In Two-sword port, in Pill of Dane,
A town of great extent shall rise,
In after-times, as shall advise
An English legate's noble heir,
Whither merchants shall repair,
Round the flowers as thick as bees,
With every wave, with every breeze,

up with this and my two former letters, to send by the next packet that sails, directed for you to the care of our common friend at Waterford; and I must request you would have the goodness to show it to General Vallancey, the generalissimo of antiquaries, who perhaps may explain the two or three curious characters inclosed in a true-lover's knot, on the back of the plate, which appears to be talismanic.

My companions have left me some time, and a disposition to take the same road as they have done, predominates over every wish to scribble longer. So adieu, till I find myself on the other side of the channel.

To CHARLES O'BRIEN, *Esq.*

At Sea, October 26, 1807.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHILST our friend, your correspondent, from violent sea-sickness, is totally unable to carry

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The state of commerce to maintain,
And worship Maia's son for gain.
When those, who are dispos'd to shake,
Shall the new-found world forsake;
And shall, wonderful! to sight,
Draw from ocean's depth the light;
When the Orient's topmast you
In the house of God shall view;
A pious act, in honour done
Of Eleanora's mighty son;
Then the Egyptian vase of note
Shall infants to the cross devote.

on his journal, I am requested to supply his place, which I fear I shall do but awkwardly, yet I trust my subject will atone for the vehicle, and it would have been unpardonable for any man in my situation to overlook the sublime scenery that presented itself to my view on all sides, without endeavouring some description of it, however inadequate my pen may be to the task. You must know then, that we had scarce got without the haven of Milford, when the favourable breeze that we set off with died away, and we were for several hours perfectly becalmed, close to the rocky coast to the west of Milford.

At this season of the year there never was a finer day; and such was the smoothness of the element we were on, that it admitted of the small boat belonging to the vessel being rowed close under the land in every direction; an opportunity I was happy to avail myself of, as it enabled me to form a pretty correct estimate of the height, the form, and the stratification of this grand line of coast; and I know not which to admire most, the stupendous height of the cliffs, their caves and endlessly varied sinuosities, or the singular disposition of their strata. Here and there, disjointed from the land, are seen several insular rocks, of various shapes and sizes, here called Stacks, covered so thickly with different sea-fowl, that you could hardly put a pin between, and yet perpetually in an up and down motion, like jacks in a harpsichord. Individually their various notes are most horridly discordant, yet in concert produce a

sort of melody very peculiar, and not unpleasing.

I had often heard and read of these rocks, but the account seemed to be so vague, and so unequal to what they affected to describe, that I should suspect them to be secondhand, or such as might have been collected from a general, and, most likely, cursory view of them from above, which, though it may be sufficient to excite astonishment, yet must leave the most essential part of their character unknown, and only to be discovered by seeing them, as I have fortunately done, in detail, and from the water.

What a convulsion must nature have undergone to have occasioned this wonderfully fantastical appearance, particularly in the strata of these cliffs, taking every shape that a line can assume!

Unruffled as the face of the ocean was here this day, I learn from the sailors, and it is evident from the visible effects of its ravage, that the sea beating on this coast, when agitated by a storm from the west or north-west, is tremendous.

I here for the first time saw a perfect hermitage, in the little chapel of St. Govan's, which we got ashore to visit, clambering over large fragments, tumbled down, in the lapse of time, from the summit of the rocks, forming a sort of rude beach. The little oratory is niched in a fissure of the cliffs, very high up, only large enough to receive it; after passing the rough beach, with steps of caution, the ascent to it is by many winding irregular steps, which, they say, have the mystic property

of confounding all attempts to count them. In the course of this difficult ascent, two or three stones, at stated intervals, are shown you, of precisely the same quality as all the other stones around them, being limestone, but differing from their neighbours, by possessing a bell sound, thus accounted for: Tradition says, the chapel was once visited by pirates, who sacrilegiously plundered it of its only moveable treasure, its bell, which, in their way down to the vessel, to the few stones it happened to touch, or be rested on, it communicated the miraculous power of uttering, when struck, a bell sound ever after. They likewise show you, in the cavity of a stone skirting the ascent about midway, a little water, believed by the superstitious to be unfailing, but shrewdly suspected, by such as judge of things through an unprejudiced medium, to be adventitious. Many cures are supposed to be performed, by bathing the limbs here; and the place is frequented much in summer by the poorer sort of people from the interior, who leaving their votive crutches behind, to line the walls of the chapel, return restored to their limbs, which perhaps may be ascribed, with more justice, to change of air and the sea-breeze, than to any virtues inherent in this equivocal moisture, found in the stone basin and in the floor of the chapel: and I am of opinion that this may hold good with respect to all watering-places, as I firmly believe that half the cures attributed to them may be oftener placed to the account of a difference in air, diet, exercise, va-

eancy of mind, and regulations productive of greater temperance, than to any salutary properties in the waters themselves.

The sailors told me, that, a few years back, such was the veneration the St. Govan's fluid was held in, it was a common thing for people of the better sort, inhabiting the English parts of this county, to bring their infants there to undergo *unction* (for bathing it cannot be called), on a supposition, to use their own phrase, that the water made them more *cute*, that is, whetted their intellect, making them more *acute* and subtle; but if they at all partook of the appearance of the fluid, I am sure it must make them muddy and dull.

In the rock, to which the east of the oratory is affixed, is a cell, most probably the original receptacle of the rigid anchorite, barely capable of admitting a small body to screw itself in, but supposed to have the power of containing the largest as well as the least, dilating or contracting, to suit its inhabitant; and that if, on entering it, you form a wish you do not repent of till you have turned round in it, you will be gratified. No wonder then that its sides, during this much-practised exercise of constancy, should bear a high polish. Its situation in the cliff is too far down to give you any view of the country at its back, for from it you see nothing but the sea in front, the craggy and precipitous rocks that embrace it on each side, and the canopy of heaven. Here was room for meditation even to madness! Resuming the boat, as I withdrew I took another view of

this curious coast, which at every look discovered new and surprising features, and I much lamented that I was no draughtsman, as there are points here that would furnish the most magnificent sketches.

I have heard much of your Giant's Causeway, and of Fingal's Cave, and the rocks at Staffa, in Scotland. As independent objects, they may and are allowed to be very majestic; but I can hardly form an idea of any thing more magnificent and romantic than this whole range of rocks for several miles.

Our poor friend had not been on board an hour before he was obliged to quit the deck and take to his bed, where he continued in one convulsive agony that had no pause, and rendered him incapable of any sustenance or comfort; and, what makes me feel the more for him, I have not experienced a single qualm, with my spirits higher, and my appetite keener than ever.

I heartily wish we were got to our place of destination, as I dread the bursting of a blood-vessel, his fits being so violent, and succeeding each other in such rapid succession; but, owing to the wind shifting, we shall be obliged to lie-to all night, and cannot possibly, from the appearance of things now, get to the end of our voyage before morning. I write thus far by daylight, and on deck; but having nothing to induce me longer to remain there, I hasten to get below, and I perhaps may recur to my pen before morning, to give

you some account of my lucubrations, for I have no tendency to sleep.

Three o'Clock in the Morning.

I had no sooner got under hatches than I was joined by the Captain, in whom I found a man who had seen a great deal of the world, filled a variety of situations, and, for a man of his rank and quality, not ill-bred or ill-informed. I took pains to induce him to be communicative, by showing no reserve or distance on my part. I had just put my flute together, which perceiving, he observed—"I find, Sir, you are musical; I am a little so too," added he, "and I scrape the violin sometimes." Knowing how charmed with music our friend always is, I thought, if any thing would divert his mind, that music would be most likely to do it; so, pressing the Captain to produce his violin, which he managed above mediocrity, playing by ear and notes, we had several pretty duets; but perceiving, that, instead of mitigating our friend's misery, it served rather to increase it, we abruptly put an end to our concert, and fell into conversation. I soon discovered that my companion had a divided nationality, being equally related to Wales and Ireland, his father being a Welshman, and his mother an Irish woman, so that it was doubtful to which of the two countries his bias most inclined. His cabin was lined with Irish oak, which he said was an antidote to bugs, and probably to other vermin. I recollect a line in a poem, called the Grotto, by Green, that glances at this property in wood the growth of Ireland:

"As spiders Irish wainscot flee."

Is what we hear of Irish air and Irish earth, as well as Irish oak, true to the extent it is told us, that no venomous, or even very noxious, animals can live there; that you have no moles; and that the soil and compost, brought over to other countries by way of ballast, and thrown over land much infested by moles, has been known for years to rid the ground so manured of that destructive little miner, till its effect was fairly worn out?

One would suppose that such a notion could never have obtained so generally and so early without good evidence to justify it, for I recollect making an extract the other day from a very ancient writer, one *Brunetto Latini*, who was at the court of Henry the Third, from his brother-in-law, the Earl of Provence, and during his stay wrote short notes of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the wretched French of that day. Speaking of Ireland, he says,

"Et sachiez que la plus grant partie de toutes les ylles, et especiament en *Irlande*, na nul serpent et porce dient li paissant que la ou l'on portait des pierres ou de la terre d'Irlande nul serpent ne poroit de morer."

So that what is now commonly reported, and by many firmly believed, was current in those days.

The wind began now to indicate an approaching storm, when the Captain, as if roused from a trance, suddenly exclaimed—"I don't like this: I

wish we were well over the Channel, for I have unfortunately left my *child's caul* at home." In looking over the curious manuscript miscellany, our friend referred to as having purchased at an auction in Carmarthen, I was puzzled to understand something that is put in the mouth of Sir Walter Raleigh relative to a *child's caul.* I therefore asked the Captain what it was: who told me, his apothecary informed him that it was an integ—teg—tegument, ay, that was the word, that some children, but very rarely, were born with round their heads, and that a person carrying one of such coverings about him would never be drowned. His, by its pedigree annexed, might have formerly belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh, for he could trace it to his great-grandfather, through his father and grandfather, who had all been mariners. He said, about twenty-five or thirty years ago, they were advertised for daily, and great prices, even as high as fifty pounds, given for them: but that since an ingenious fellow in Wapping had found means to counterfeit them so exactly, and they had been of course found defective in the virtue they are reputed to possess, there is not the same demand for them. There can be no reliance, therefore, added he, but on an old one, whose pedigree is as well authenticated as mine.

What a wonderful nation ours is for factitious and other counterfeits, not outdone by any unless it be the Chinese, from the Birmingham coiner to the imitator of the pellicle called a *child's caul!* I was told that Sir Joseph Banks, in one of his

desultory morning rambles through a narrow alley in the regions of Field Lane, heard a violent knocking in a cellar, into which stooping to look, and seeing it almost filled up and darkened with something of monstrous bulk, he was induced to ask the man who was at work, what he was about; who replied, he was repairing an elephant, which was totally artificial, and had been exhibited for years as the real produce of Africa.

My Captain, pleased with my affability, and perceiving me no way disposed to retire, after giving some orders about securing the hatches, reefing, and other preparations to meet the growing storm, charged his pipe anew. I, in my turn, producing my cold tongue, pickled oysters, and bottled porter, part of our sea stock, pressed him to partake; and thus new life was given to our conversation, which we indulged in with less restraint, as our friend's groans did not reach my ear so often, whereby I judged that he was fallen into a doze.

Having finished our repast, and the Captain having fired his tube, he gave me, between whiff and whiff, the principal adventures of his life. He said he was at the memorable battle of Aboukir, and served on board the Goliath, Captain Foley, to whose judgment and intrepidity, under Heaven, that signal victory might justly be ascribed; he never should forget the gallant commander, with that determined bravery and coolness so peculiar to him, issuing his orders to lay him so close to the enemy, that we might singe their beards if

they had any. What he performed so nobly was thought by most in the fleet to be impracticable, and must have been so to any one that was not a whisker-singer like himself; but he reasoned deeper, and succeeded.

It seems, he had likewise been one of Captain Fellowes's crew, so miraculously preserved, when, in consequence of falling foul of an island of ice, their ship was abandoned, and they had taken to their long-boat. I had read the pamphlet that was published, giving a very interesting account of that most providential deliverance; but how was it heightened by his more detailed narrative, and from the mouth of one of the sufferers! The Captain's wife, a very delicate, and till then a sickly, lady, was of the number, of whose conduct, under such trying circumstances, he spoke in terms of enthusiastic admiration; and, said he, it was visibly blessed, for afterwards her health improved, and she became the happy mother of children. He told me, they had two Frenchmen on board, which gave him an instructive opportunity of comparing the behaviour of men without religion, and that of Christians in similar situations. The want of faith and dread of death presented, to be sure, in its most horrid shape, made the Frenchmen outrageous and frantic, insomuch that one absolutely jumped overboard, and the other was obliged to be lashed to the bottom of the boat; whereas not a murmur escaped the lips of our British sailors, whose characteristic light-heartedness was then lost in seasonable reflection; but how could

they behave otherwise, with such an example of patience, fortitude, and resignation, in a woman. But from the first I was persuaded we should not be lost, for I had my *caul* about me. I was for two years a waterman on the Thames, and by shooting London Bridge was once upset and nearly drowned. I was taken up for dead, and every method recommended by the Humane Society tried in vain; but a Malay sailor happening to be present, ran to the fire of the public-house, where I was laid out, and catching hold of a boiling tea-kettle, poured it gradually on my stomach, continuing to do so, to the utter astonishment of all the beholders, till symptoms of life appeared." The Captain was many times afterwards instrumental in the recovery of persons apparently drowned. With him I saw, for the first time, the medal given by the Humane Society to such as have been aiding in the restoration of a fellow-creature's life; and I think the design, without exception, the most elegant, classical, and impressive, I ever saw. On one side universal Charity is personified by a naked boy, holding a torch in his hand nearly extinguished, which, with his hand delicately screening it at the same time, he is endeavouring to blow in, with this legend—"*Lateat scintillula forsan*," than which three words more appropriate could not be picked out in the whole compass of the Latin language, two dubitatives, and one a diminutive of a diminutive. The reverse bears a civic garland, with this legend—"*Pro cive servato.*" I had heard the medal spoken of before, but not too

highly, and the merit of the design given to a young physician of the name of Watkinson, who has been dead many years. I think there is more real genius often discovered in the happy adaptation of a motto, or in hitting off such a design as I have alluded to, than in the composition of volumes. I was told, that about twenty years ago, before some alteration took place in the row of houses on the terrace facing the great entrance into Westminster Hall, there was a sun-dial introduced into the front wall of the house, exactly opposite to this seat of justice, with this motto—"*Discite justitiam moniti,*" and that the monitory timepiece was attributed to Selden. Here how much is compressed into a small compass, by which lawyers might regulate their consciences as well as watches. Nor am I less struck with the neatness of what is said to have been proposed by the late Dr. Goldsmith as a suitable motto for one of the houses in that notorious passage, King's Place, when Burke and he happened to take that road to the club in St. James's Street:

"Peccatur et extra."

The Captain having exhausted his budget and his pipe, retired to rest with the storm, which was now suddenly hushed into a steady breeze, as favourable for our course as it could blow; a change operating on the Captain's nerves most visibly, as he had not his wonderful preservative about him. I was therefore opportunely left, as I could wish, alone to write: but I find the Captain has

turned out, and I am invited to join him on deck, to hail the roseate morn, and the sight of the Somersetshire coast, which we are approximating very fast; a summons that our convulsed friend heard with transport, and is hurrying to obey, being much refreshed by a turbulent sort of sleep he scarce knows he has enjoyed for the last two or three hours: so, as I have preparations to make for getting on shore, I must bid you adieu for the present.

H. J.

Minehead, October 27, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

With a head that partakes of the fluctuation of that element I have just quitted, I sit down to let you know that I am (thank God!) safely landed in the county of Somerset, at Minehead, a miserable-looking place, as far as I have yet seen; but had I touched in a nation even of cannibals, I believe I should have felt happy, after what I had suffered at sea, having been out a night and a day, in all which time I had not ten minutes respite from convulsion, the respite of a man on the rack, whose torture is suspended only to enable him to suffer more. Andrews, in his Anecdotes, says, "That great man, Seneca, in one of his Epistles, after pathetically exclaiming, '*Quid non potest mihi persuaderi, cui persuasum est ut navigarem,*' confesses, that, during a short passage,

ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM OXFORD

shorter than that between Dover and Calais, he actually flung himself headlong into the waves, merely from an inability to support the harassing sensation of sea-sickness;" a thing, I fear, I should have been tempted to have done, had I not been safely cabined. So overjoyed was I to find my foot on shore, that I could have kissed it with the eagerness of Ulysses in the Odyssey:

"Κυσε δε ζειδωρον αρουραν."

Nor am I yet free from the effects of my sickness, for every five minutes I have a qualm that almost oversets me, and makes me lay down my pen.

My life hitherto, I must gratefully own, has passed without much bodily pain, if you except two slight visits from the gout in one toe only, a disorder in our family that never fails to remind us of the sad inheritance even before we are of age; yet even in the paroxysm of the fit, such a fit as I have experienced, it was possible to derive some alloy from suffering the mind to be occupied by the recollection of the most delightful moments of life. But sea-sickness shuts a door against a possibility of comfort. In vain did I endeavour to fancy my Eliza, like a cherub, "new lighted on some heaven-kissing hill," and with her angelic presence dispersing the fiends that seemed employed to agonize me. The mind, thoroughly subdued by the body, had no will of its own, and reflected no other image than that of helpless unpitied misery, thrown upon it by its tyrant companion of flesh. In vain did the kind officiousness

of the sailors set fine beef before me, and pour the foaming porter into the goblet, which at any other time would have made my mouth water; but

" Furiarum maxima juxta"
" Accubat et dentes prohibet contingere mensas."

In vain did the Captain, with a voice that would not have disgraced a theatre, chant out that noble song, " Blow high, blow low," and Jones touch his flute not inharmoniously; but neither singing men nor singing women could now have power to charm me.

I got into the first alehouse that occurred near the pier at which I was landed, and, bad as the room is I am now sitting in, so as it does not fluctuate, I fancy myself in a palace. Hence, when I have cleaned myself from the pollution of a sea voyage, I shall, with Jones, happy dog! who was not sick at all, but eating like a cormorant, proceed in style, in a post-chaise I have sent for, to the inn of the town, which lies at some distance from the port, to the house of the gentleman to whom our loquacious Captain, on the other side of the water, gave me a letter of recommendation. The house is about five miles off; and the gentleman is no other than the Hon. Mr. Fortescue, brother of Lord Fortescue, who, bred to the sea, has for some years quitted it, and here in a most delightful retirement enjoys the " otium cum dignitate."

I must now for the toilet, as, whilst I was writing, Jones has finished his operations, and

left the only glass disengaged for me, which I must hasten to employ, as the chaise sent for will soon be at the door; so, in hopes that my head and stomach will be more at ease when I write next, I take my leave for the present; but my heart being ever the same, believe me to be unalterably,

Yours, &c.

Holnicote, October 28, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

After an evening passed in all the elegant and unceremonious luxury of high-bred society, consisting of a pleasing mixture of music, literary conversation, and innocent trifling of minds, not ashamed to unbend when there is no sacrifice made to folly or to vice; I rose with the lark, as buoyant as if I was mounted on his wings.

You must know, then, that my credentials from our navy acquaintance were most cordially received by his quondam shipmate. "What! and is *Bardy* still living?" he exclaimed; "I thought the suffusion of his gnomon, that got him the name of *Bardy*, would have extended to his whole body ere now; but I am glad to hear that he is in existence, and seemingly happy, by his manner of writing: no man deserves happiness more; he was no man's enemy but his own, and was as good a creature as ever cracked a biscuit, and had the heart of a lion; and yet men who had not half his courage or his worth, gave him the go-by."

We then told him the manner in which our acquaintance had commenced, and our desultory excursions in his company, and of his planning. "Ay, that is so like him." We likewise remarked the singular circumstance of his not having a single tooth in his head, and of his gums being so indurated that their loss is not missed: "I am not so much surprised at that," said our host, "for my friend *Bardy* took no small pains to get rid of them."

The ceremony (if that can be called ceremony that involved nothing formal or repelling) of introduction over, we had just time to prepare for dinner, the greater part of the work of our toilet having been performed before we stepped into the chaise.

Dinner was announced and served up in a very elegant manner; the company were, besides Mr. Mrs. and Miss Fortescue, a gentleman and lady and their daughter, relations of the family; the gentleman all mildness, good humour, and benevolence; and his lady with a mind in perfect unison with his, and an angelic face, the fit showglass of the precious gem the casket contained.

Their daughter was a young lady, who, without possessing a very extraordinary share of beauty, had such a countenance and manner as rather excited respect than love at first sight; but on a longer acquaintance insensibly took full possession of the heart; which is ever the case when the beauty is more beholden to the mind than the face. It seems she was on the point of

being married to a young gentleman then abroad, and detained in some part of the northern states. This unwelcome news but lately arrived methought gave an air of pensiveness to her, adding much to her charms. She played and sung with great taste, and seemed to give wonderful effect to any air that involved sentiments in the least resembling those she might be presumed to indulge under the peculiar circumstances of her situation. If it is pain to be absent from those we love though we know that they are at large and happy, what then must be her feelings who in the near approach of the hymeneal hour learns, that the object of her affections, hastening home on the wings of rapture, has his flight checked by order of an unnatural tyrant, lost to all the finer emotions of the soul, and on whose wanton and merciless fiat his liberty, if not his life, may depend!

In the group there was a young man of fashion, who was hurrying to town with the fall of the leaf, who had mixed much with the beau monde, without imbibing its follies, for he had learning without ostentation or pedantry, and good manners free from monkey tricks, in which high breeding, by their being so generally practised, one would think consists. And last, though not least, in the estimation of such as could relish benevolence without parade, and piety without cant or austerity, we had likewise a clergyman of our party, the rector of the parish, a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian—a rare union, but the benefit of which,

owing to his meekness, his modesty, and retired habits, is not as widely diffused as it could be wished. Of my host and his lady I have not said much; but if dignity without pride, the greatest affability and good temper, a desire to oblige, and a considerable knowledge of the world, be ingredients to form a pleasing character, Mr. Fortescue has the highest claim on admiration, and his lady was formed to make such a man happy.

Their house is perfectly the cottage without, having a thatched roof; woodbines, jasmines, and roses, clothe the walls, producing the most pleasing effect; but within we meet with every fashionable accommodation that high life can require, or that taste can suggest; nor is there a good collection of books wanting. The drawing-room is elegantly furnished by the most charming specimens of Mrs. Fortescue's pencil. In her life there is no waste of time, which happily unites the domestic with the more fashionable accomplishments. Such is her arrangement, that every department in her family feels it, and she superintends herself the instruction of the young ladies, her daughters, who have all the retiring delicacy that becomes their years, and might be expected from an education under the eye of such a mother. She is likewise the physician of the poor of the neighbourhood; nor, whilst health is restored to the disordered body, is the physician of the soul unemployed, for the worthy rector of Selworthy is unwearied in the discharge of his pastoral duties,

ever solicitous to discover if his wretched parishioners should want spiritual comfort.

Of such a household I have now the inexpressible happiness of making one; and every thing is done that politeness and genuine hospitality can dictate to induce me to forget that I am a stranger. Jones, who I told you sings well, and touches the flute with no ordinary skill, has gained great applause by singing some of the Welsh airs to Welsh words, which, through his organs, have the softness of Italian; and has every evening the honour of accompanying the young lady I just now mentioned on the piano. He has been equally successful in two or three English songs of his own composition, adapted to favourite airs, which, in the course of my correspondence, when I feel a dearth of matter, I may treat you with.

To-morrow I sally out to explore this curious and very beautiful coast, and in search of more genealogical knowledge, if I can be so fortunate as to pick it up any where. At the same time Jones is in hopes of adding to his botanical knowledge, and is preparing his apparatus accordingly. He is very deeply conversant with botany, and used to correspond with *Withering*; and such is the progress he has made in what he calls the cryptogamial tribe, that he means to publish a little treatise on fungi and mosses, that I am told has wonderful merit, is highly spoken of by *amateur* botanists, and is likely to throw a new light on this mysterious department of the science.

My thread is fairly spun out, and I must lie by

till to-morrow, when I hope I shall furnish myself with an ample supply of fresh unwrought materials, that will serve me for some time to work with.

I am, ever yours, &c.

Holnicote, October 29, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

EARLY after breakfast, horses having been provided for us, we rode out, attended by the worthy clergyman I have already introduced to you, and visited the church of which he is rector, called Selworthy, first stopping at the glebe-house, about a hundred yards from the church, where we took refreshments. It is an ancient building, but fitted up in a neat modern style, with no small degree of taste.

The church stands considerably above the level of the vale, and commanding a fine view of it on the south, with a high hill sheltering it from the north. It consists of a nave, chancel, and side-aisles, separated by two rows of elegant, light, cluster pillars; Gothic arches, not very pointed; the roof covered and ceiled with wood, divided into square compartments, each angle of the square ornamented with a sculptured quatrefoil, or shield, bearing some grotesque figures. There is a neat gallery for the singers; and the family of Holnicote have their pew elegantly formed out of a lumber-room over the church porch, with a projected opening into the church like a balcony. There is a date round one of the pillars, but no older than

the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the monumental way there is nothing old enough to interest the antiquary; a few mural marbles, of rather a late date, commemorate the Stainsbys and the Blackfords, former possessors of Holnicote. On the chancel floor there is a brass tablet, curiously and quaintly inscribed to one *Fleet*, a former rector; and another near it, on the last incumbent, sublimely unintelligible; both which, as I know you are a collector of odd epitaphs, and as fond of them as ever old *Weever* was, Jones in shorthand has treasured up for you, as well as several other memoranda, that he thinks will prove an accession to your porte-feuille. The church is dignified with an embattled tower, faced with a clock-dial, and furnished with a good ring of bells. In this churchyard, as in every other that I have visited in this neighbourhood, there is a handsome cross. I likewise observed a raised tomb, with an escutcheon of arms on one end of it, to one *Siderfin*—Quere, if Siderfin, the law reporter, or any of the same family? There is a tradition, that the present barn of the parsonage had, during the rebuilding or thorough reparation of the church, been used as a substitute. There is, on the north side, the stone frame of a Gothic window still remaining, and the whole fabric appears so very ancient, that I should rather be inclined to think that the barn had been the original church, as it lies due east and west.

I cannot avoid remarking the growth of the ivy here, infinitely more luxuriant than I ever saw

it any where else, and so covered with bees sucking its bloom, that it appeared as if a swarm had just alighted on it.

We ascend the hill called, from its direction, North Hill, being the boundary of the vale on that side, through a finely sheltered *cwm* or dingle, well calculated for wood, but entirely destitute of any growth above the rank of fern.

When got to the summit of this range we gain a charming view of the Severn sea, the Welsh mountains, and the coast of Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire, on one side; and on the other the beautiful vale in which Holnicote stands, ending at Porlock, and bounded on the south side by the highest ground in the west of England, called Dunkery. The hill we now rode on extends from Minehead to Horshead Point, a name I am bold to give it, and to contend that it is the name it bore originally, though now corrupted; for it is a rock very similar in form and colour to the skeleton of a horse's head. The ride is exquisitely pleasant, over very fine turf: here and there are circular elevations, which they call beacons; though, from their being so frequent and so near to each other, it makes strongly against the supposition that they were ever designed for that purpose.

Near the extremity of the point follow a winding path through a *cwm* still deeper and narrower than that we ascended through, and pass Lynch, where formerly stood a chapel of ease to Selworthy, now exhibiting a ruined shell of very fine masonry, with a side window of no mean

tracery; the east window being lost by its union with another more modern building. Near every farm-house hereabouts are venerable and picturesque walnut-trees, and most of the gate-posts are formed of living trees (a singularity of the most pleasing effect): myrtles of the most luxuriant growth clothe the walls of every house you pass.

Hence over a flat opening to Porlock Bay, consisting of most fertile land in small inclosures with richly wooded hedge-rows, to the village of Porlock, whose church I had occasion to visit: it has a plain square tower, surmounted by a truncated spire covered with small shingles in patterns. Within the church, under a rich canopy raised beneath one of the arches that divide the nave from the aisle, is a high tomb, bearing two recumbent figures, a male and female, in white marble:—the knight is in complete armour, with a curious cap over his helmet, and a richly sculptured wreath, adorned with grapes and vine-leaves, indicative, I presume, of some office he might have held under the crown, or of the tenure of his lands; for if it was meant to characterize a professed bacchanal, it would be such an outrage to all decency as could hardly be charged on any period of the Christian era, to give a vicious pre-eminence in so solemn a place the lasting record of "Parian stone." The lady's head-dress is equally singular, something in form of a mitre. But I was sorry to see the whole monument, figures and all, scratched and mutilated in every direction; a disgrace that peculiarly attaches to our nation, every

other in Europe but our own paying a proper respect to sepulchral, as well as all other relics of antiquity. I am told that the Trajan column at Rome, though standing in an open market-place, uninclosed by rails, or any protection, has not a single scratch on it. The above monument has no inscription or armorial record on any part of it to lead us to an acquaintance with the illustrious dead, save a crest, which seemed to be a lion's head erased, on a wreath affixed to the helmet on which the knight's head rests.

Collinson, so little dependance is there to be placed on the writers of county histories, who too often see and hear through the organs of others, says, the male effigy is that of a knight templar; whereas the crusader, which he does not notice, lies under a canopy in the south wall, almost concealed by one of the pews. I could obtain no account of the figures within the communion rails, or of a very old tomb with sides rudely ornamented, and an escutcheon of arms much blunted and disguised by yellow ochre, which, as well as whitewash, the antiquary or the pedigree-hunter, like myself, have frequent occasion to execrate.

On the south wall of the chancel was a pompous mural monument, bedizened with painting, gilding, and sculpture, to the memory of Nathaniel Arundel, a former rector, who died A. D. 1705; yet, unfortunately for me, productive of nothing I was in search of but the name of Arundel, being very barren in genealogy, and too modern to leave me a hope of its being likely to

involve any account of the connexion I was desirous of substantiating. I am inclined to think, from a suggestion of Jones, who always makes happy hits, that the real name was *L'Hirondelle,* and that the family coat, bearing six birds very like swallows, was an allusion to it.

Here I observed what never occurred to me before, that the generality of the modern monuments were tablets of wood, neatly ornamented, painted, and gilded. The spout that conducts the water from the leaden gutter separating the aisle from the nave on the south side of the church, is the stone figure of the head of a fish of enormous size, with his mouth open; a pun, as I was informed, on the plumber's name, which was *Whale.* In the churchyard is the largest yew-tree I ever recollect to have seen.

The situation of Porlock is beautiful and romantic, being nearly surrounded, particularly on the south side, by lofty hills, intersected by deep and well-wooded glens, through each of which tumbles some mountain torrent.

Below the town there is a small pier for vessels fetching coals and lime from Wales. There was here an extensive chase, and a palace, or rather hunting-seat, of one of the Saxon kings.

In 918 the Danes invaded this coast, and were routed. In 1052 Harold burnt the town. A small camp of an oval form, in a wood a mile and a half south-west of the church, is supposed to have been thrown up on this occasion, the entrance being on the land side: warlike instru-

ments have been dug up here. The inhabitants preserve the memory of those occurrences to this day, and show the marks of the fire on some of the stones. Algar, son of Leofrick Earl of Mercia, owned much land here, whose name is preserved in Allersford, which should be called Algarsford. There is a meer of some extent above the beach at Porlock, which perhaps might have given name to the place, the old British name being probably *Porthllwch*, the port of the lake. This meer is a great decoy for wild fowl.

Beyond the pier, at the entrance of a richly wooded glen, is a summer residence of Lord King, called Ashley Cottage, niched in the side of a hill overhanging the sea, whose oaks feather down to the water's edge. The walks here wind with great taste, and are enriched with the most luxuriant growth of various sorts of evergreens and deciduous shrubs; and beyond the extent of the pleasure-grounds that embrace the house, a most romantic road is carried for a mile or more through the woods to the sequestered little vale of Culbone, in which stands the parish-church and rectory of that name.

A more perfect seclusion cannot be well imagined; the surrounding hills being so high and so woody as to exclude the rays of the sun for the greater part of the day, scarcely felt but when they are vertical, and never seen during the three winter months. I have often remarked, that many names of places in England are half Saxon and half British; and Jones, who is a most inge-

nious etymologist, will have *Culbone* to be such a compound, the name being *Cil bourn*, the *narrow brook*, as the vale is watered by a brook of this character.

In our return across a considerable mountain-stream, called the *Hornor*; or perhaps more properly by its true original British name, the *Hwrnwr*, or the *snorer*, from its peculiar sonorousness. The whole of this lovely vale is richly wooded, and the nearer boundaries are charmingly diversified. Nothing seems wanting to make it vie with the finest parts of the kingdom but a spirit of planting judiciously, directed to give a more varied outline to the summits of the remoter high hills that environ it, and thereby break the monotonous dumpy form they now bear.

Holnicote belonged to William de Holne, temp. Edw. I. who held it of the King in capite, by a very odd tenure; by the service of hanging on a forked piece of wood the red deer that died of the murrain in Exmoor Forest. The office of forester is now held of the Crown by Sir Thomas Ackland, Bart. to whom Holnicote, with a large property round it, and very considerable church patronage, belongs; though the young Baronet lives at his noble seat near Exeter, his mother, the present Mrs. Fortescue, chiefly residing at Holnicote, where, at a little distance from the old mansion, which was destroyed by fire, she has erected its successor in the cottage style, to furnish an opportunity for the display of her fine taste.

After the luxury of the table was over, this evening, like the former, was devoted to music and the most interesting conversation; and a sprig of laurel was voted to Jones for the following little song.—

What art thou, Love, whose power, unseen,
All living creatures own;
Whose shafts, like those of Death, are keen,
And throw distinction down?
When first I went with my fond swain
A-maying to the grove,
I felt a something seize my brain;
Oh! say, could this be love?

The little birds on every spray
Display'd their painted wings,
Whilst each fond couple seem'd to say
A thousand rapt'rous things;
All nature answer'd to the key;
He press'd, in vain I strove;
I follow'd till I lost my way:
Oh! say, could this be love?

So delightfully is every moment of our time employed here, that there is no escaping from the fascination of a society so bewitching till the temperate hour of withdrawing to repose dissolves the spell. I therefore do not grudgingly borrow from rest to pay my arrear of correspondence.

Yours, &c.

Holnicote, October 30, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

Nor having rigidly limited ourselves to time, so we get to town by Christmas, and having received the most pressing and polite invitation to extend our stay here; our worthy host will not suffer a morning to pass without giving us some new treat by introducing us to new scenery. The bill of fare for this day has been the picturesque and romantic valley of Horner, the heights of Dunkery, the monarch of their mountains, the churches of *Stoke Pero* and *Luckham*. The valley through which the Horner winds is bounded by very high hills, clothed with most magnificent woods; it is in some parts narrow; in others expanding into large reaches of flat ground, covered with majestic oak, ash, and forest trees of every description, interspersed with the euonymus, holly, white-thorn, and mountain-ash. The ride for the most part is near the margin of the river, which, in all its course (and we followed it for above a mile through this rich scenery), is one of the finest mountain streams I ever saw, broken perpetually by masses of rock obstructing its channel, and forming it into a series of cascades. Every tree was a lesson for the pencil.

After crossing the Horner we begin to ascend the first hill through the wood; and though high, when we gained its summit it bore no proportion to the height of Dunkery mountain, towering

majestically above it. From our first landing-place we saw a small rectorial church in a most lonely situation, called Stoke Pero, in the patronage of Sir Thomas Ackland; from the apparent scantiness of the population of that district, I conceive the congregation to be very small, the whole parish consisting only of two or three farms, and an uninhabited tract of heath, bordering on Exmoor Forest.

Exmoor is an immense tract of waste, inhabited only by a small breed of horses and wild deer; Sir Thomas Ackland is ranger of it under the Crown. In this neighbourhood are kept the only stag-hounds in the kingdom except those of His Majesty.

Hence we keep ascending gradually, through heath, in many places tending to bog; and here I saw for the first time any of the black game. When we had gained the lower part of Dunkery ridge, for it keeps rising towards the east, we found ourselves in the midst of three tumuli of stones, half of each of which seems to have been carried away to make hedges on some farms to the south-east of the ridge; but so happily are they plundered, that their probable sepulchral contents may not have been disturbed. They at present mark the boundary of Sir Thomas Ackland's and Sir Philip Hale's manors. Hence along the ridge eastward, which soon expands into a considerable flat, covered with numerous stacks of turf, pared off the surface of the soil

for fuel, being thickly interwoven with roots of heath.

We now reached the highest point of the mountain called Dunkery Beacon, on which stand four or five most stupendous cairns, in all appearance of vast antiquity, and never materially disturbed. They are by the inhabitants here considered to have been beacons;—but why so many in one spot, and of an equal height? That one of them, long subsequent to their original formation, at different periods might have been put to that use, is highly probable; but to think that they were at first designed for that purpose, were as absurd as it is in general found to be erroneous. As far as one of those primitive telegraph beacons goes, I am willing to allow our ancestors a perfect knowledge of turning it to account; but to suppose they were capable of ringing endless changes on them by an increase or diminution of their number, would, I think, be to give them credit for a greater skill in the science of signals than they justly can be entitled to.

From this eminence the prospect by sea and land is of great extent, and finely contrasted; on one side highly cultivated vallies and the ocean; on the other, an immeasurable tract of heath, part of Exmoor Forest, and on whose distant ridges with the horizon, we observe several large tumuli, and on which Mr. Collinson, the only, or, at any rate, the latest historian of this county, with as much pathos as knowledge of his subject (appearing to be very deficient in both), makes

the following remark: " Here on this desolated spot stand a number of simple sepulchres (pretty alliteration) of departed souls (rather bodies), whether of warriors, priests, or kings, it matters not (true barrow-hunting antiquaries would not, I believe, be of the same opinion), whose memories have perished with their mouldering urns" (but their urns have not perished, but are found entire; so much Mr. Collinson knows of the matter). He then concludes with a sentiment not unworthy a *Young* or a *Hervey:* " A morsel of earth now damps in silence the eclat of noisy warriors, and the green turf serves as a sufficient shroud for kings!"—Very sublime, very moving, this!

The day now beginning to lower, and mizzling clouds involving us, we did not extend our ride to another hill still more eastward, whose summit was marked by a group of cairns, but turned short down the side of Dunkery to Sweet-tree valley, terminating in the Vale of Horner. This cwm is prettily sprinkled with wood, and watered by a romantic mountain-stream. By the Horner and this river a considerable knoll is encircled and almost insulated, on which if a castellated mansion was built, and a park inclosed, it would make as noble a residence as can be imagined, when the grandeur of the mountain at its back, the romantic course of the river surrounding it, and the magnificence of the woods, with the whole concomitant scenery, are taken into the account.

The mist having left us, in our descent towards Holnicote, just above Luccomb, we were much struck with its church and village, filling a most curious circular hollow; and the smoke, it being near the general hour of dinner, had a very picturesque effect, wreathing from every house, the air being remarkably still. We stopped to see the church, which is a handsome Gothic structure, consisting of a nave, chancel, and south aisle, separated by a row of columns, their capitals ornamented with flowers and fruits. It has a high embattled tower, clock, and a ring of bells. It has a cross in the churchyard, as all the other churches here have. There are some remains of fine painted glass in the windows, and over the font was suspended a linen veil, or covering, in the shape of an extinguisher, a peculiarity I never before observed in any other church. The monumental records were but few, which I minutely examined, but, alas! the names of Arundel and Rogers were no where to be found, or any other name that was likely to add a link to the chain I wanted to eke out. The church is a rectory, and in the gift of Sir Thomas Ackland, whose church-patronage is very extensive.

I could not help observing a remarkable peculiarity in most of the houses of the lower class in this country: the chimney is always an excrescence in the front side of the house, and generally round, and not far from the door; from a supposition, I presume, that by these means the draught of air from the door is avoided, and the chimney-

corner is rendered more snug. The same custom I noted in that district of Pembrokeshire called Roos, perhaps originating with the same people, the Flemings, who were likewise settled on the Somersetshire and Devonshire coasts prior to their coming into Wales.

If a traveller has an ear, it cannot escape his observation that the driver of the plough in these parts is incessantly chaunting out the terms by which he incites the beasts drawing it, in a monotonous kind of tone; and this, when many ploughs are out, fills the whole compass with what I think a most melancholy sound. They think that it cheers the cattle, and that they work the better in consequence.

After the luxury of the table at Holnicote, our evening furnished the most delightful mental entertainment; and as far as music, vocal and instrumental, could advance it, no way inferior to those which had preceded it since we had been numbered among the guests. Jones, as usual, officiated as priest of Apollo, and bore off a fresh sprig of laurel to enrich his garland. In my next perhaps I may treat you with the little impromptu which has raised him very high in the estimation of those who were witness to the almost *improvisatore*ness of his composition, and the taste with which he manages his vocal powers, particularly when his own sentiments are the subject of the air.

He likewise gave us another specimen of Welsh poetry, set to music by himself, which from his mouth is so soft and melodious, that my ear prefers

it to Italian, it being quite as mellifluous, with more grandeur; and, if I may be allowed the expression, more originality of sound, as it is not, like the principal European *living* languages, the echo of those we call dead. Its words are all its own, perfect and appropriate, ever the same, and needing no change. Jones, though in himself possessed of powers fully equal to the praise or vindication of his native language when he enters the lists as its champion, yet is always furnished with auxiliar arguments for his purpose, having often referred me to a panegyric from the pen of an author who was no Welshman, and therefore not to be suspected of prejudice or partiality—old Fuller, who, on this, as on all other subjects, though quaintly, expresses himself with great force; and as I have been fortunate enough to meet with the book in the library of this house, it being one that is not likely to have fallen within the course of your reading, I send you the quotation, and hope you will be as much pleased with it as I was.

" First, their language is native; it was one of those that departed from Babel, and herein it relates to God, as the more immediate author thereof; whereas most languages in Europe owe their beginning to human depravings of some original language: thus the Italian, Spanish, and French, are daughters or nieces to the Latin, a regenerated race from the corruption thereof. Secondly, unmixed: for though it hath some few foreign words, and useth them sometimes, yet she rather

acceptеth them out of state, than borroweth them out of need, as having, besides those, other words of her own to express the same things. Yea, the Romans were so far from making the Britons to *do*, that they could not make them to *speak* as they would have them; their very language never had a perfect conquest in this island. Thirdly, unaltered: other tongues are daily disguised with foreign words, so that in a century of years they grow strangers to themselves, as now an Englishman needs an interpreter to understand Chaucer's English. But the British continues so constant to itself, that the poems and prophecies of old Taliessin, who lived above one thousand years since, are at this day intelligible in that tongue. Lastly, durable: which had its beginning at the confusion of tongues, and is likely not to have its ending till the dissolution of the world. Some, indeed, inveigh against it as being hard to be pronounced, having a conflux of consonants *, and

* As to the supposed redundancy and confluence of consonants, thereby impeaching the harmony of the language, Jones has furnished me with a note out of a paper by Mr. W. Owen, the author of the Welsh Dictionary, wherein he says, in answer to a question he puts, "Is the Welsh an harmonious language? This is a question which strangers have habitually decided in the negative; adding likewise, that it is overloaded with consonants. With a view to ascertain the truth of this objection, I endeavoured to calculate the proportion of vowels and consonants in various languages; the result with regard to the Welsh was, that, upon an average, for one hundred consonants it had a like number of vowels. In Greek the proportion is ninety-five vowels to a hundred consonants. In regard to the harmony of the Welsh

some of them double sounded; yea, whereas the mouth is the place wherein the office of speech is generally kept, the British words must be uttered through the throat; but this rather argueth the antiquity thereof, herein running parallel with the Hebrew (the common tongue of the old world), to which it hath much affinity, in joining of words with affixes, and many other correspondencies. Some also cavil, that it grates and tortures the ears of hearers with the harshness thereof; whereas, indeed, it is only unpleasant to such as are ignorant of it; and thus every tongue seems stammering which is not understood; yea, Greek itself is barbarism to barbarians. Besides, what is nicknamed harshness therein, maketh it indeed more full, stately, and masculine. But such is the epicurism of modern times to addulce all words to the ear, that (as in the French) they melt out in the pronouncing many essential letters, taking out all the bones to make them bend the better in speaking; and such hypocrites in their words speak them not truly in their native strength, as the plain-dealing British do, which pronounce every letter therein, more manly if less melodious. Lastly, some condemn it, unjustly, as a worthless tongue, because leading to no matter of moment; and who will care to carry about that key which

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tongue, a stranger to its orthography cannot judge from books; but if I were to select such phrases as are written in characters familiar to him, it would be difficult to draw expressions equally smooth from other languages."

can unlock no treasure? But this is false, that tongue affording monuments of antiquity, some being left, though many be lost, and more had been extant but for want of diligence in seeking, and carefulness in preserving them *."

Should you happen not to have the same relish for my old friend Fuller's conceits as I have, I fear you will not thank me for this long quotation, with which I shall leave you, as the solemn tongue of time has uttered One, and opened another day to my existence, though Sleep, Death's counterfeit, challenges as his right the earlier hours of it, while nature seconds the claim.

Yours, &c.

Holnicote, October 31, 1810.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I STEAL from sleep an hour to recount the business of this day, which our worthy entertainer, as the weather was favourable, would not suffer us to lose, especially as he was proud of an opportunity of showing the beauties of a country to persons who, I trust, were discovered not to be totally insensible to them. Our course was to Minehead and Dunster. The town of Minehead consists of three parts triangularly placed: the upper and principal portion, including the church, occupies the slope of a high hill to

* Fuller's Church History, page 65.

the east; the middle half a mile to the south-east from the beach; and the lower, or quay town, by the sea-side, under shelter of rising ground. It was formerly a place of great trade, but now much on the decline, as may be found by a comparative survey of 1705 and the few last years. The town was incorporated temp. Queen Elizabeth, and called in the charter *Man heve*, perhaps *Mohun* heve, from Sir William de *Mohun*, who had great possessions here; or, as Jones suggested in the exuberance of his ludicrous wit, rather *Man heave*, from its formerly dealing so much in malt, the produce of which, strong ale, may be said often to *heave* a man off his legs; and the more to confirm the etymology, the little village called now Bossington, not a great way off, was, from the influence of the same commodity, extending thus far, no other than *Boozing town*. In such playful etymological sallies does my ingenious companion now and then indulge, to excite the innocent laugh, and prevent monotony.

The town thus scattered and divided has a shabby appearance, a considerable part being in ruins since the fire that destroyed it some years ago. The church, placed on an eminence, is a handsome building, with a lofty tower: the ascent to it is by a pitched pavement; the cemetery is large, and full of graves; so that if the population is great, the mortality keeps pace with it. On one side of the steeple, in a niche just under the clock-dial, is the figure of the saint it was dedicated to, or the king or great man who

founded it, holding a crucifix before him, which they have made to look most hideous, by painting the face and eyes to produce this Gorgon effect. The church consists of a nave and side-aisle, separated by a row of pillars, which have left their perpendicular long ago, and are bolstered up within and without. The chancel is divided from the body of the church by a most elegant rood-loft of curious workmanship, in the north corner of which stands a fine statue of Queen Anne, in white marble, of admirable sculpture, and in high preservation, given by Sir Jacob Banks, member for the town in 1719, who had represented it for sixteen years. On the same side, under what was once a superb canopy of stone, but with its rich tracery flattened and disfigured by whitewash, the antiquary's bane, is shown the effigy of Bracton, the great father of our law; but from his dress, and his having the tonsure and a chalice in his hand, I should rather set him down for a priest than a judge.

About the beginning of last century a great herring fishery was carried on here; but that migratory fish had for many years almost deserted the coast, but has revisited it this year, yet not in great abundance. We have been treated with them every day, and yet we are not tired of them. They had likewise a great trade to Ireland. Mr. Collinson talks of a *limpet* from which is extracted a curious dye; he should have said a periwinkle; but this is a common one on the Welsh coast, and I am told by Jones that it is only the white kind has the vein which supplies the fluid

giving a colour that rivals the Tyrian purple, so much extolled by the ancients, and probably produced from the shell here referred to.

Hence to Dunster, a corruption of *Dun*, signifying a ridge of hills stretching lengthways on the coast; and *Torr*, a fortified tower. It was given to Sir William de Mohun, who came over with the Conqueror, and seating himself at Dunster, formed a town, strengthened it with a castle, and founded a priory of Benedictines to the north-west of his residence, where he lies buried. A Lady Mohun, in the fiftieth year of Edward III. sold the estate to a Lady Elizabeth Lutterrell, in which family it has continued ever since. The castle is a magnificent building at the south extremity of the principal street of the town, and commands a most charming view. The famous Prynne was here imprisoned. A small but rapid stream from Dunkery passing to the south of the town, turns in its short course six grist-mills, one oil, and two fulling mills. The church is a noble Gothic structure, of the age of Henry VII.; the tower is in the centre of the building; that part to the east of it was the old priory church, but is now much dilapidated and neglected, though containing many magnificent monumental records of the Mohun and Lutterell families; the west part only is used for divine service. The tower is ninety feet high, and is furnished with a clock and chimes.

Clouds beginning to condense and threaten some sudden fall, induced us to hurry homeward,

and abridge our excursion. Return by Bratton or Bracton, a hamlet which gave name to the family, whence sprung Henry de Bracton, the great English lawyer, temp. Hen. III. and who, I conceive, for the reasons already assigned, is erroneously said to be represented by the effigy shown for him in Minehead church. The old manor-house is large, and appears to be of great antiquity. It now belongs to Lord King. I could have wished to have had more time to explore the supposed birth-place of the venerable Bracton, and certainly should have taken it, had not a sharp sleet, becoming more fleecy every moment, and threatening to end in a violent fall of snow, accompanied by a high wind, literally driven us home, where we had been scarcely housed before the landscape was involved, and the whole face of the country covered with a white sheet, and gave double zest to our in-door amusements, for which repeated gratification seemed to increase our relish. I must now perform the promise I made you in my last, by giving Jones's song, which, inadvertently, he had written on a scrap of paper, having on the other side a few beautiful lines, which, but for this accident, might, perhaps, have perished unknown, though I flatter myself you will deem them richly worthy of notice, and thank me for tacking them on as a rider.

SONG.

O Damon, to say if I love you or no,
Why press me, and kindle my cheek?
There are those mute tell-tales, you very well know,
Of whom you may find what you seek.

Alas! but I fear they have told what's to tell,
And all further concealment were vain;
In a language my Damon interprets too well,
Which speech cannot better explain.

Yes! yes! I'm betray'd—conscious blushes will rise,
And the mask that I wore I resign;
For now I with transport behold in your eyes
What they have collected from mine!

ON A FLY SEEN IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER TO SETTLE ON A LADY'S CHEEK.

When heat from Winter's icy chains
Had set at large a captive fly,
His wing no sooner he regains,
Than he alights near Cælia's eye.

That cheek has blushes which excel
Whatever Flora can disclose:
Child of the Summer! thou mightst well
Mistake it for the damask-rose.

Yet stay not there, rash insect, shun
That torrid zone ere 'tis too late;
For in that eye there flames a sun,
Which to approach is instant fate!

But if on this delicious coast
It is thy doom to die by fire,
Th' Arabian phœnix cannot boast
'Midst sweets more fragrant to expire.

Holnicote, November 1, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

In consequence of our having expressed a wish to explore the contents of the lofty stone cairns on the height of Dunkery, and the humbler sodded tumuli on the opposite ridge above Selworthy; our polite host, desirous of affording us every gratification in his power, gave orders for three or four pioneers to be ready in attendance the following morning; and though the morning opened with "sharp sleet of arrowy shower," we were not deterred from carrying our plans into execution, such full possession had the antiquarian mania taken of us.

Our first essay was on the Selworthy ridge of hills, where, after penetrating into two or three of those venerable mounds, we failed to discover any thing besides a little charcoal, generally an infallible criterion to induce us to think them sepulchral; though, probably, we might not have fallen on the exact spot where the urns, or the interment, of whatever kind it might be, was deposited, being all ignorant of the science of barrow-opening, which, I am told, is, in Wiltshire, almost reduced to a system.

This work having proved unsuccessful, and being informed by a countryman, a by-stander, whom curiosity had brought to the spot, that a little way off, at the foot of the mountain, stretching down to the sea, before we come to Minehead,

there were, close on the shore, ruins of an ancient building called *Burgundy Chapel*; like professed antiquaries, we caught eagerly at this information, and begged our peasant Cicerone to conduct us to the place, which he engaged to do. Our road for a few miles lay along the summit of the ridge, but afterwards took a direction to the left, through hollows whose declivities would hardly admit of our proceeding. However, we followed our guide as long as he seemed to entertain any hopes of discovering the object of our pursuit; and in doing this we suddenly got into a narrow gulley or covered way, winding down towards one of the little accessible coves on the coast, where probably the Scandinavian pirates might have landed, and excavated this road to get up into the country unperceived. Near a bend which it takes in its course, on a spot more level than is the general character of the surrounding ground, and curiously sheltered, near water, we observed evident traces of early habitations; and the place is distinguished by the appellation of The Yards.

After floundering for a full hour, through various difficulties, our conductor fairly gave in, saying, that, though he was certain the place was near, he had lost his land-marks most unaccountably; and so *Burgundy Chapel* remains yet to be found. I fear the antiquary is often liable to be thus duped!

In our new characters we made but a sorry figure, and we had from this, our first essay, no

great encouragement to prosecute our researches; yet, notwithstanding, we turned our eyes with fresh delight towards the gigantic monuments that give an awful dignity to the opposite mountain, which, though the advanced hour of that day put it out of our power to visit, we kept it as a *bonne bouche* for the next, our liberal entertainer promising to add to the number of the pioneers in proportion to the increasing magnitude of the projected labour.

After some driving showers of sleet and snow, the day brightened, and left the horizon perfectly clear; so that on our return we had a most extensive and delightful view of the mountains of Wales, and its line of rocky coast across the channel, on the one hand, and the richly diversified scenery of the vale of Porlock just under us on the other, bounded by Dunkery, with its head in the clouds.

We took an earlier dinner than usual at the worthy rector's of Selworthy, where we passed a few truly Attic hours in his parsonage-house, that most happily unites elegance and comfort, giving, by a discussion of a variety of interesting subjects, a zest to our wine.

From this "feast of reason and the flow of soul," we adjourned to Holnicote, and the later hours of the evening flew away on wings of rapture, leaving the mind under the influence of a sort of enchantment that triumphs over sleep itself, and keeps us awake with the recollection of pleasures, the result of social sensibilities, wit, beauty, and music; an enchantment that, were it

possible, would almost make me forget my Eliza; but her image, ever present, supplies a spell that makes every other charm powerless;—a thousand stars may sparkle and blaze; but hers, with unrivalled lustre, will ever maintain the ascendancy.—But, Charles, with thy heart cased, as it might seem, in tenfold adamant, though the growth of a climate professedly under the predominance of the loveliest planet, Venus, I know thou wilt laugh at me for this weakness, in the avowal of a passion thou hast either never felt, or affectest to stifle. If such apathy be wisdom, be philosophy, I glory in being ranked among Nature's fools. In this alone I suspect thee a hypocrite: can stoic indifference dwell in such a mind as thine, than which a warmer, a manlier, never informed a human breast, with thoughts that glow, that burn, and with feelings as quick of sense as that which lives along the spider's line!

Adieu; and let me close my letter with a little epigrammatic address to Sleep, to which I am at this moment a humble but unsuccessful suitor: the original, in Latin, you perhaps may have seen; but you cannot have seen the translation, which I shall beg leave to subjoin, an extemporaneous effusion of a great literary character of the present day, when very young, and given to Jones by a member of Clare Hall, Cambridge, as a thing never made public, and perhaps now forgotten by the author himself, of whom it may be said, as of Goldsmith, by Paoli, "That he was like the sea, which threw up pearls without its knowing it."

Somne levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori;
Alma quies optata veni, nam sic sine vita,
Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

Though Death's strong likeness in thy form we trace,
Come, Sleep, and fold me in thy soft embrace;
Come, gentle Sleep, that sweetest blessing give—
To die, thus living;—and thus dead, to live!

Holnicote, November 2, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

INSTEAD of being damped by the ill success of yesterday's excursion, I felt my ardour for barrow-opening rather increased, and I was up with the day, impatient to ascend the mountain that was the proposed scene of our operations; and as it was planned over-night, I, willing to signalize myself for zeal on this occasion, set off before my companions, escorted by a weather-beaten huntsman of the late Sir Thomas Ackland, a man who had been for near half a century in the habit of scaling Dunkery, and encountering the tempest on its front of snow; yet who, so fierce was the storm of sleet that overtook us half way up the mountain, shrunk from its violence: as for me, cased as I was in double and treble great coats, I felt the blast through every joint, and almost repented me of my bold undertaking; yet, ashamed to give it up, I was resolved

to stem it, and proceed, as it had all the appearance of a shower only, which proved to be the case; for we had no sooner reached the summit than it ceased, and left us in a clear, but piercingly cold atmosphere.

My work was now before me, but the labourers were not arrived, and I had half an hour to wait and survey those stupendous mounds of stone raised, as my fancy suggested, over chiefs who had merited highly of their country to be thus distinguished; and to accelerate the circulation of my blood, which was almost stagnated by the intense cold, I flew from one to the other with an enthusiasm that would have done honour to the most professed antiquary. My pioneers had now assembled, and I lost no time in setting them to work: I began my operations on two which had certainly been much disturbed, if not opened; but, as I was willing to suppose, not by such as had any thing more in view than the stones they were composed of; and, therefore, I had still hopes that the sepulchral contents might yet remain to be discovered.

The cairns I began with were such as were not likely to keep us long in suspense; for, though of a considerable round, their height had been much reduced, particularly towards the centre, to which our attack was chiefly directed, as from Douglas's Nænia, yesterday evening, I had been taking a lesson, and found that, in general, the interment was to be looked for as near as possible to the middle of the barrow, though there were excep-

tions, but rare, to this general rule; for I now recollect hearing our antiquarian acquaintance whom we met at Haverfordwest, and afterwards at Milford, consulted respecting the prophetic inscription found at Pill priory, say, that he had known tumuli without any central interment, but having a row of urns round the margin, a singular variety, and perhaps unique.

By the time I had finished the examination of the second cairn, my companions in the vale, with calmness and sunshine in their train, had joined me. The history of my fruitless researches was not very encouraging, for I even had not the animating symptoms that yesterday's labour produced, of charcoal and other evidence of burning. But still this was not considered a fair trial, and it was determined to encounter the monarch of the mountain, a cairn of immense diameter, and at least twelve feet in height from the apex, entire, and apparently untouched. The stones were not very small, but yet not too large to be manageable. The labourers, fully persuaded that it contained treasure, worked with uncommon spirit, and, though the task was Herculean, accomplished it in much less time than I thought it possible, clearing an opening of no small diameter to the bottom. I hung over the work the whole time with anxious expectation, and was certain that nothing could have escaped my intent observation, had any relic or other sepulchral symptom turned up. However, another of nearly equal size, and seemingly as perfect and untouched, underwent a

similar operation, and produced a similar disappointment.

On Jones, Dunkery had the effect of Parnassus; for, not willing to think the venerable piles we had been exploring any other than the sepulchres of the mighty dead, he had made our violation of their manes the subject of a poem, and had invoked the muses, not unpropitiously; when he has written it fairly I will send you a copy of it, and shall be happy to have your opinion; you have been an admirer of his smaller things, but this is something out of his ordinary style, and, being such, is entitled to some indulgence. Pray show it the General, who, I am told, is as great a judge of poetry, as of the Ogham learning.

Apropos!—I have heard that a stone has lately been dug up out of a tumulus on the Curragh of Kildare, with an inscription in that character, giving an account of a temple that once stood on the Curragh, similar in size and form to that of Stonehenge, and that here *Carbic Riada*, in whose reign, about the second century, it was erected, was buried.

I am so much at a loss to account for those stone pyramids, which have excited my attention since I have been in this country, that I am very desirous of knowing the General's sentiments on the subject; for, notwithstanding we have not been so fortunate as to fall upon the interment, perhaps a difficult thing in heaps of that magnitude, yet I cannot give up my belief of their being some of the primitive mausoleums, and,

could I extend my stay longer here, should persuade myself to hazard another attempt: you must confess that I am fairly bit, and have the barrow mania strongly on me.

To-morrow will be our last day here, though we are pressed to stay till the weather alters, so that you must not expect to hear from me till I am got to Wiltshire, a route I am resolved on, as I shall, by taking it, have an opportunity of seeing three places I reproach myself for having not already seen, viz. Stourhead, the seat of Sir Richard Hoare; Stonehenge; and Sarum, both Old and New. Fare you well for a few days, and let me live in your remembrance, as you do ever in that of

Yours, &c.

Bridgewater, November 5, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

SEEING no prospect of a change in the weather for the better, I at last mustered a resolution (and you well know what an irresolute creature I am) to tear myself from the elegant hospitality of Holnicote; though if I waited to see sunshine without, or clouds within, I believe I should have wintered in this (maugre Dunkery's unceasing storms) lovely vale; and yesterday morning took my leave of my worthy entertainers, and a spot that will ever be dear to me, where, if I could have forgot my Eliza, I should have passed one of the pleasantest portions of my life.

Our last day, for the tempest would not admit of our peeping out, was devoted to in-door amusements; I had my journal to review, and my pedigree to work up; while Jones was equally busy in copying out fairly his almost extemporaneous effusion of the muse, and which, unless pressed to it, he neglects to do, so that many a choice morceau is by that means lost. Besides, his botanical acquisitions, which during his stay in Somersetshire are much increased, called for arrangement, especially as he talks of publishing a small tract on fungi this winter.

In case we should be disposed to pass that way, we were charged with introductory letters to Stourhead from Mr. Fortescue, whose lady is a sister of Sir Richard Hoare, and got as far as this place last night, through sleet and a thick fog, that would not permit us to see twenty yards from the chaise. We changed horses at Stowey, and staid only while our baggage was shifting, and the horses putting to. The fog was thicker than ever, and fleecy snow falling, all I could discover particularly in this town within my ken, was, that water ran through the street, as I am told it does at Salisbury. It was dark night before we reached Bridgewater, and by the turnings we made, and the rattling we heard over pavements, we concluded that this must be a large town.

We felt inexpressible happiness to have arrived at our inn, and nothing was wanting to complete it but a good fire, and a comfortable quiet room.

The former we were not disappointed in, but the latter it was impossible to get, as the house, on account of some public meeting, and the weather detaining many of the company in town, was so full, that there was no private sitting-room, but only a large common room disengaged, of which already possession had been taken, on condition that the first occupants were not to object to any accession which might happen to be made to the party in the course of the evening. Knowing this, we needed no apology for our seeming intrusion. On entering, we found three gentlemen, and before supper were joined by four or five more. The same conditions extending to us all, we appeared to acquiesce in the necessity of being social; and having secured our beds, and ordered supper, we began to converse and enjoy our fireside.

Two of the gentlemen who had pre-occupied the room were evidently young, and of a condition above their appearance, though one of them had given himself a disguise to produce a look of age and vulgarity, by wearing a wig certainly never made for him, a rusty gray, cocking up at the nape, and in quality not much better than those that are destined to perform the part of scare-crows. The other wore a black scratch, of a cut very antiquated, but covering the head better, and brought very low on the forehead, chiefly for the purpose of contributing to secure the application of a false nose, so nicely adapted as to leave a person at a little distance in doubt whether it was an adventitious or the real gnomon rather en-

larged and enriched by an immoderate use of the grape. Their discourse with each other was a colloquy of irresistible humour; nor was their wit confined to themselves, for each of the company had a share of it in their turns. They affected to pass for foreigners, talking the English language well, but with a happy imitation of a foreign accent, a sort of *falsetto*. They likewise addressed each other by foreign names, one being called Signor *Parvidoglio*, and the other Monsieur *Shamnéz*.

Of the rest of our company I have now to give you the description: one was a person who every autumn made an excursion into different parts of the kingdom, to visit trees remarkable for size, traditional age, or picturesque growth, and took drawings of them. His visit this season had been limited to Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire, and he was now returning by way of Shaftesbury, having heard of a venerable oak in that neighbourhood, at a place called *Silton*, under which it is said that Judge Wyndham, in Charles II.'s time, who had his mansion there, used to smoke his pipe. By this sort of desultory life he had, at the age of seventy-five, an appearance of forty, was cheerful and well informed. For fifty years he had lived in London, in the same set of chambers at one of the inns of court, which his father, an eminent solicitor, had occupied for forty years before him; and for those fifty years never had been seen in town from the first of August to the fifth of November; and never out

of it from that day to the next August in all that time. He drank neither spirits nor wine, but always some sort of malt liquor, if it could be got; otherwise water, given a chalybeate quality to by being impregnated with a red-hot poker, and suffered to cool: nor had he ever been bled, taken physic, or kept his bed from sickness. As a sort of liqueur he had always by him in town some strong metheglin, brewed after a receipt he found in Fuller's Worthies; which, on feeling any tendency to a cold, or other indisposition, he indulged in two or three glasses of. To preserve and improve health, the greatest blessing of life, he was not ashamed to say he had fallen on numerous peculiarities, which many had endeavoured to laugh him out of, but which he still invariably persisted in. He said he rose early, and before he left his chamber ate a crust of bread; then followed the precepts of the school of Salerno:

> Lumina manè, manus surgens gelida lavet unda,
> Hàc illàc modicum pergat, modicum sua membra
> Extendat, crines pectat, dentes fricet, ista
> Confortant cerebrum, confortant cætera membra.

To the use of the comb, particularly in the morning, he had reason to attribute the strength of his sight and hearing, which few men at his time of life, he might venture to say, enjoyed in greater perfection; though he did not superstitiously adhere to the number of times Marsilius Ficinus recommends the drawing the comb through the hair; not less than forty. In addition to the

observance of such rules, when in town he went every morning to a livery-stable ride, first having put camomile-flowers in his shoes, and walked up and down the ride covered with fresh stable-litter for half an hour. He never met with an accident, but was near losing his life the first night of Garrick's acting after his re-appearance on the stage on his return from the continent: he went to the play in company with a friend of his, an officer in the army, who had been wounded in India, storming a breach, but could he have foreseen what he that night underwent from the pressure of the crowd, he would have rather hazarded the event of the hottest campaign. The house was a faint representation of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

The least social of our party, dressed in black, with a straight head of hair, and demure countenance, I took for an itinerant methodist preacher, and found I was right in my conjecture; for in the course of his conversation it came out, that he had been brought up at *Trevecca*, a seminary in Brecknockshire, established by a noted, or, rather, a notorious preacher, of that country, one Howel Harries. From his hard accent I should have set him down for a Welshman; but he was shrewd, and not deficient in history and classical learning, a knowledge he had occasion to display in consequence of several ludicrous attacks made upon him by the masqueraders. He much congratulated the nation on a Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, while he managed the finances of

the empire with economy, had so much of the new light as to show that he was not inattentive to laying up those treasures " where thieves do not break through and steal;" he likewise was extravagant in his eulogium on the Society for the Reformation of Manners and Suppression of Vice; but on one of the masquerading gentlemen asking him if he had ever been a missionary at Sierra Leone, I know not why, but he was silenced at once, and never uttered another syllable.

There was also a rattling country squire, returning from Amesbury, where he had been with his greyhounds; and, as he said, to use his own phrase, had been making an example of Mansfield and Lord Rivers. " I am sure, Gentlemen," said he, " were you to see my two dogs *Snap* and *Goby*, you would pronounce them the very first coursers in England; only examine their points:" then ringing the bell, he ordered his servant to introduce the two greyhounds, to the no small annoyance of our party, as he coursed all his courses anew, swearing, that if he lived to the next meeting he would again *make an example* of the old Judge, a term I find peculiar to the members of the Greyhound Club.

We had an itinerant miniature-painter, who had been traversing the west of England, carrying on a most delightful commerce, to prepare and fit ladies for the bosoms of their lovers, for the moderate fee of one guinea. He produced specimens of his art, not despicable, though, I presume, rather more highly finished than his guinea touches,

which he must nave thrown off with wonderful rapidity, as he informed me, that since he had left town, in the course of three months, he had painted ninety-eight portraits. " Why, then," cried the squire, " Master Brush, you may as well make up your number a hundred, and I and Snap will sit for our pictures."

The other, who entered last, must have been, from the bundle of fishing-rods he carried with him, a disciple of old *Isaac Walton*: he was attended by a pretty, delicate-looking youth, who passed for his nephew, but whom I had, from the first, set down for a girl in disguise; and this was the opinion of the whole company after this pair had retired, and that they did at an early hour. It seems this angler had this autumn been in Devonshire, pursuing his favourite diversion, and had taken care to provide himself with a stock of *gentle bait*. What might have been his skill in angling, and judgment in fish, I am not able to decide; but his taste in the choice of his companion argued him to be no mean adept in the science of flesh.

After supper our masked friends started a variety of subjects, which they hunted down with great sagacity. Among many others a publication they produced, entitled, Bath Characters, which had then made a great noise, became the subject of discussion; but as we had never read or seen the performance till now, we could not join in it; they therefore, with great politeness, suffered the pamphlet

to circulate round the table, and gave us some idea of the object of the publication. The Italian gentleman, Signor Parvidoglio, seemed to think very slightingly of it, as it affected to aim its satire, or rather low malice, at real characters, for no other reason than that one was fat, another skinny, a third fond of music; and that another had slept longer than usual, owing to the extreme ignorance of the physician, who had, in his prescription, directed *octoginta* instead of "*octodecim guttas*" of laudanum; as if that ignorance was confined to Bath, when it is well known that such ignoramuses swarm in the metropolis, in the character of physicians as well as apothecaries; for I knew an apothecary in London, who, on reading a prescription where a medicine was ordered to be used *pro re natâ*, refused to make it up, conceiving it was meant to procure abortion. Besides, where is the humour of a dialogue between a drunken parson and a fiddling eunuch? There can be no wit surely in representing the minister of God under circumstances disgraceful to religion, and letting us know that a foolish Italian is vain of the effect of his instrument on a lady who has an exquisite taste for his performance. As to the equivoque that runs through the dialogue, it is too threadbare and low to excite a smile, and has not a feature to prove it of the household of wit. If a man's real name is Apple, he is called *Sir Redstreak Pippin;* or if he has been so unfortunate as to write any little jeu d'esprit of fourteen lines, whether legitimate or il-

legitimate, he is to be held out to ridicule under the name of *Billy Sonnet*. If this is wit, this satire, there is no company of eight who sit down to dine with each other, but may furnish materials for a publication of this sort.

In Italy one of the most popular pamphlets ever known in that country was written merely by way of trying its effect on the public, by a lounging Englishman, on the subject of a fête at Naples, on the sea-shore, in which a great naval officer, and a well-known diplomatic character, made a conspicuous figure; the name of Sir Sinister Teneriffe being given to one, and Sir Pottery Lava to the other. It was translated into Italian, but, by order of the King of Naples, the English as well as Italian edition was suppressed, and, I believe, very few besides myself can boast of being in possession of this rarity.

Jones, who had been long silent, now accosted the Signor: "As you, Sir, have applied the epithets legitimate and illegitimate, to the sonnet, I presume you must be either favourable to, or have a contempt for that distinction; for my part, as to the question of legitimacy and illegitimacy, I am not ashamed to declare for the bastard sonnet." Signor Parvidoglio, as I must still call him, though I shrewdly suspect he can have no other relationship to Italy than that of having visited it, perhaps when making the fashionable tour of the Continent, said he was happy to echo his sentiments.

"'Tis true, much ingenuity has been exercised on the definition of the true sonnet, lately, by men of eminence in literature, so that we are induced to think the discussion of importance; but all they have advanced only serves to convince me that they want taste and have no ear; I say with you, the bastard sonnet for me! The sonnet, a small poem of fourteen lines, is of Italian origin, and was constructed as to rhythm to accommodate itself to the genius of that language, and to music. Milton, in English, was the first servile imitator of the sonnet after the Italian model, without any reference to the origin of its structure; and if you except two or three, they are mean prosaic compositions, exceedingly inharmonious to a true English ear, from the returns of the rhythm being too frequent, or too remote from each other.

"Meaning to have written a small treatise on the subject, I have taken some pains in selecting sonnets of both kinds, and happen to have now by me one very beautiful specimen of the bastard kind, by Sir Philip Sidney, who is said to have had an exquisite taste for music, and yet preferred that species;" which producing from his pocket-book, he told Jones he was welcome to a copy of it; who by his rapid skill in brachygraphy soon made it his own, to enable me to inclose it to you.

SONNET.

Who doth desire that chaste his wife should bee,
  First be he true, for truth doth truth deserve;
Then be he such, as she his worth may see,
  And alwaies one credit with her preserve;
Not toying kind, nor causelessly unkind;
  Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right;
Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blind;
  Never hard hand, nor ever reins too light;
As far from want as farr from vaine expense,
  Th'one doth enforce, the other doth entice;
Allow good companie, but drive from thence
  All filthie mouths, that glorie in theire vice:—
This done thou hast no more, but leave the rest
To nature, fortune, time, and woman's breast.

Changing the subject, he then asked Jones if he was fond of masquerades, or had been much in the habit of frequenting them: on Jones saying he had never been but at one in his life, he recommended a more intimate acquaintance with them, vindicating them from the unjust sentence pronounced against them, of being the most dangerous and immoral entertainments tolerated in this kingdom; whereas he contended, a common dance, that is, a ball, innocent as it may be considered, and even encouraged by the most prudent, virtuous parents, has a much more obvious tendency to heat the imagination and to corrupt the mind; for

"When music softens, and when dancing fires,"

every barrier which female delicacy at other times sets up against insolence and familiarity, is broken down in the hurrying maze of all those voluptuous evolutions incident to that, I cannot call it, accomplishment; and the passions thus inflamed, the quickest road is open to the heart. Who knows how fingers and toes may be taught to speak? And in the dance where is the Mentor whose sagacity such tactics cannot elude? Eyes are always eloquent; but here, where without control they are suffered to hold sweet converse with each other, who is bold enough to estimate the extent of the danger such a dialogue may produce? It is the only species of amusement that admits of an indiscriminate license of look, speech, and gesture; which, stopping short of offence, censure has no power to lay hold of to correct. At a masquerade, women of character are always under the protection of a parent, husband, brother, or friend; then what mischief can ensue? familiarity then admits of no improper latitude, and insult cannot be offered with impunity." Then, once more suddenly shifting the subject, and addressing himself to the chronicler of trees:—"Sir, I much admire your pursuit, productive of health and elegant amusement; and should be happy to hear that you were disposed to treat the public with the fruits of your studies. The painter, the naturalist, and the antiquary, have an equal interest in them; but what would you think of a man, such is the depravity of the age we live in! who travelled for as many

months in summer as you have done, to copy every scrap of nonsense and indecency from every inn window and wall, with an intent to enlarge the collections in *Ana* by a publication with the title of Wall-*ana*, Window-*ana*, and Cloacin-*ana*; I am told this was done in a sister kingdom, and the prospectus of the work met with great encouragement, and was likely to prove as productive as ' *More Miseries.*' In Ireland though, I am told, that in *Swift*'s time it was the rage to scribble on glass, and it was quite unfashionable not to carry a diamond for that purpose; and I am told that the windows of the common inns on their great roads now bear memorials of the greatest wits of that age."

Finding that our route lay through Wiltshire, and that we had letters of introduction to Stourhead, they spoke with enthusiasm of that charming place, as intimately acquainted with it, and its worthy possessor. Of all the show-places they knew of, and there were none that they seemed strangers to, they were best pleased with Stourhead; there was more softness and repose in its character. The spot seems to harmonize with its master's mind, which, like the scene around him, is tranquil, yet full of life; retired, but never gloomy.

It had struck twelve, and we all recollected that it was time to retire, and even I could not withhold myself from the arms of sleep, but relied on my being able to quit my pillow early, to write to you. And now having accomplished my

task, the chaise is ordered, and we are instantly going to proceed, meaning to be at Stourton to-night. Our companions, we were told, had all of them left the inn before we were up, notwithstanding the snow fell thick. It is at present a little better, and there is a sickly gleam of sunshine. I hear the chaise, and must wind up; Jones has been ready this half hour, so adieu!

Piper's Inn, November 6, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

Our first stage from Bridgewater was Piper's Inn; and though at setting out we had a short interval of sunshine and a blue sky, yet long before we completed our stage it began to snow, and just as we drove up to the inn it thickened to such a shower as I never remember to have witnessed before. At the inn we were not a little delighted to find our masquerading friends, who, as they were going to diverge to the left from this road, had ordered an early dinner, and hoped we would have no objection to make such additions as we pleased to their bill of fare, and join them. With readiness we accepted the invitation, and anticipating the pleasure of their conversation, we forgot the storm, which continued with unabated fury for above an hour, and left us once

more in sunshine. Our dinner was ready at the very unfashionable hour of one.

I must tell you, that a little before we sat down, a genteel-looking young man, with a bundle covered over with oil-skin on a stick, entered; and as there was but that one room with a fire in it, he hoped he might be permitted to sit there. On the company readily assenting to this, he stepped out, got rid of his great coat and boots, and entered the room gay as a butterfly emancipated from its chrysalis.

This gentleman we found was a pedestrian tourist, and had crossed the channel from Glamorganshire last, though he had been, during his excursion, through the greater part of the other counties of South Wales, and was hurrying up to town to prepare his rambles for the press, for which he was so eager that he had got a prospectus of his intended work printed as he came along at Brecknock, and which he now handed about; and as it may justly be said to be an original, I send it you: " Speedily will be published, a Month's Excursion on Foot by an Ex-Treasury Clerk, through the Six Counties of South Wales; in which the cream of all the former tourists, whether pedestrian, equestrian, gleaners, giglers, curriclers, or barouchers, is skimmed off, and a new itinerary syllabub whipped up; embellished with several etchings of scenes never before submitted to the pencil; plates of numerous relics of antiquity; and an appendix, containing many scarce and valuable documents from authentic ma-

nuscripts, among which will be found a portrait of Henry VII. when Earl of Richmond, from an original done on the bottom of a trencher at a house in Cardiganshire, where he lay, on his way from Milford to Bosworth Field, with the point of a red-hot dagger by a Frenchman of the name of *Brulebois*, then in his retinue, and still shown with great pride by a descendant of that house, the present proprietor, who boasts to have some of the Tudor blood in his veins, from the adventure of that night, when it was shrewdly suspected that besides this coarse edition of himself in boards, the monarch left behind him a more finished one, hotpressed, in sheets; together with an exact representation of the dagger, supposed to be one of the old Saxon seaxes, used in the massacre of Stonehenge, the handle being of ivory, curiously wrought, ending in a female figure, and exactly agreeing with the account given of its form by the old British bards and chroniclers; an engraving of a comb and mirror left by a mermaid surprised while sunning herself on a rock off the coast of Cardiganshire, and preserved by the son of the person who found them; the comb made of a sort of mother of pearl, and the mirror of a substance like jet, but harder, of the highest polish, oval, and of the size of a battledore.

" In the appendix, among many other rare articles, will be introduced an account of the first appearance of the sweating sickness, in a letter from Henry VII. to a merchant of the name of *White*, of Tenby, and communicated by a gen-

tleman of Bristol, whose ancestor, then an apprentice with the said Mr. White, copied it from the original, in French; a treatise on the belief of Fetch Candles, by Jeremy Taylor, D. D. then Chaplain to Lord Carbury, at Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire; a manuscript found among a bundle of old books and papers at a peasant's house, in the neighbourhood of that noble mansion, soon after the fire that consumed it, about the beginning of the last century; and a circumstantial account of the burning of Bishop Ferrar, in Lammas Street, Carmarthen, by a by-stander: the whole to conclude with three itinerant bed soliloquies, in blank verse, while the author's linen was washing." Exulting in the fascination of such a bill of fare, and full of the golden visions of approaching authorship, the little Treasury tourist slipping into his half-dry great coat and boots, left us, saying, that he meant to visit the ruins of Glastonbury that night.

He was no sooner under way than Jones, who had for some time with difficulty restrained his spleen, broke out into a vehement exclamation against the swarm of modern tourists that infested Wales every summer, and with whose crude performances the press was made to groan every winter, from the pitiful, piddling pedestrian, the walking W——r, up to the pompous, pragmatical, petulant, plagiarist pedestrian too, though on stilts, M——n. The same slobbered tale is still repeated, and is always worse told by him that

tells it last; till, like college furniture, too often thirded, it becomes too threadbare for credit.

How can a man, without knowing the language of the country he professes to travel through, and hurrying between showers, see any thing of, or procure such information as to enable him to write about it, who scarce ever deviates from the main road in search of any thing, and all whose new matter is taken from ostlers or chamber-maids? They may, indeed, serve up a miserable salmagundy from Leland, Speed, Camden, Taylor the water-poet, Drayton's Polyolbion, and old Churchyard. Half the book is filled with a detail of their own miseries; the process of cooking eggs and bacon; the account of a female barber; their invectives against a whole country because the landlord of a hedge-ale-house understands his own language better than theirs; because his wig did not well cover his ears; or his small-clothes were made of corderoy.

Besides, a late quarto tourist had presumed to give from other performances, as history and fact, two or three passages which the gentleman who first gave them to the public told me had, in a playful sally of genius, been fabricated by him, as an experiment to see how easy it was to quiz the age, and become a successful literary impostor.

He wished for a severe shower of criticism to brush away such insects, that multiply to the misleading all who wish for information and truth,

by adopting fraud and propagating error. He hoped he should yet live to see, for the honour of his own country, a native tourist spring up with the talents of a Pennant, an antiquary, a scholar, and a gentleman, who would undertake to explore South Wales on the same plan as he did North Wales, and rescue it from insult and misrepresentation. To his knowledge there were valuable materials in the archives of many of the great houses of that part of the principality yet unsunned, but not inaccessible to a Welshman, properly introduced, and found competent to turn the treasures to account.

" I think a Review," said one of our masquerading friends, " conducted by gentlemen of fortune, independence, and learning, would be the means of reforming the press, and free it from the prostitution it submits to now. I question much if this would not contribute more to the fostering genius than the Royal Institution, with all its boasted parade. In such an age, when new societies are hourly forming, from the Blue-stocking to the Black-leg club, that men of fashion and talent cannot have the virtue to lay the plan of an association for the protection and advancement of literature, that would gain them immortal honour, instead of debasing themselves into stage-coachmen, or wasting their lives and fortunes in listening to the rattle of the dice-box!"

He said we were not happy in our private or public institutions, and instanced the Antiquarian Society, the principle of which he was entirely

deceived in, otherwise he never would have become a member of it. He was led to think that this society was formed of men all fond of antiquities, and though not all, perhaps, skilled alike in illustrating the subjects that came before them, yet that it involved many who were equally capable as desirous of throwing a light on most of the curious articles that from time to time were transmitted to them for their inspection: but when he became a member, how was he disappointed to find it a mere temporary deposit of coins, spear-heads, rude inscriptions, accounts of the contents of tumuli, of the wonderful nailstone, &c. furnishing materials for a costly volume every year! He had always considered that the members of that Society met to receive all communications, and discuss the subject of each, whereby the literary world might be benefited, and the antiquities of the country elucidated and made subservient to history; whereas the whole business of the meeting is taken up in absurd ceremonies. The secretary, supposing the article communicated to be a helmet, or any other piece of ancient armour, transmitted to that learned body from a gentleman in Yorkshire, accompanied by a letter giving an account of the place and other circumstances of its discovery, first reads the letter; the venerable relic is then handed about in solemn silence from one member to the other, and after having made its circuit, returns to the secretary. Not a word is said all this time; a Quakers' meeting is no

more silent. Thanks are then voted to the gentleman for his communication, and this is repeated for three meetings. A letter, with the thanks of the society, is then sent to the person who presented the article, together with the article itself, without any opinion or comment whatever, to the no small disappointment of the person by whom it was transmitted, who naturally expected such information as would have stamped a value on his now insignificant relic.

" Now let me ask," added he, " of what possible use can this be? whereas, if any thing there produced were to undergo a learned disquisition from such of the members as undoubtedly might be found there equal to the task; the age, the nation, and the use of every thing liable to come before them, might be ascertained, and such investigation would unavoidably lead to discoveries of the greatest importance to our national history, and literature in general. It would be something, indeed, if a permanent museum, under the auspices of the Antiquarian Society, involving men of the first rank, fortune, and talents, in the kingdom, were to be established, accessible to every member, who might be at liberty to introduce any curious person, not of the society, to inspect it. This could not fail to be productive of its use; but as it is now conducted, I consider it a piece of unmeaning mummery."

Though our viaticum had been ordered at a most unfashionably early hour, so far as it con-

cerned food for the body; yet the mental repast carried us on to so late an hour, that neither of us seemed disposed to abridge the truly Attic entertainment of the evening; we therefore agreed to pass the night where we were. To our temperate circulation of the glass tea succeeded, and in the interval between tea and supper we mustered a little concert, as we found that one of the strangers played the violincello, and the other the violin, and had their instruments with them; and you know that Jones plays most enchantingly on the flute.

After supper we all sang in our turns: Signor Parvidoglio treated us with a most charming Italian air; as did his companion with a French bacchanal song, without an exception the most exquisitely characteristic song I ever heard, and to which, I think, Connoly, had he been present, who certainly is very fastidious, has too much taste not to allow merit. Jones gave us his glorious Welsh hunting song; and I brought up the rear with your favourite Irish air, O'Carrol's Whim, to your own elegant lines written during our fishing party near Mullingar, which is never heard, poor as the vehicle is, without being encored.

Our concert over, we sat down to a supper proportionably early to our dinner, and had an hour after to devote to conversation over our negus, without trespassing too far on the night; and we all did our best to supply it with topics. Our new acquaintance in what they introduced displayed

great acuteness and novelty: we talked of the old custom of drinking healths and giving toasts, as nearly exploded: "Why, then," says the counterfeit Italian, "there will be an end of drinking; for without some object, it is beastly to sit a whole evening over the bottle; whereas, let each glass be, as it were, a libation, the conviviality it promotes becomes the

"Feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Let rigid moralists say what they will, I honour the memory of the then Archbishop of Canterbury or York (I don't recollect which), who, in 1716, wrote a treatise in defence of drinking King William's health; or, in other words, the glorious Revolution. The same man would have written in defence of drinking the health of his mistress (I would not have it taken in a loose sense), the lady of his affections; for, in spite of their silk fillybegs and lawn sleeves, they are men like us, and must have affections. No doubt with an eye to this, and scandalized at the immorality of the English metropolitan, Peter, the then Bishop of Cork, (and in Ireland, too!) wrote an octavo volume, which I have in my library, on the profaneness of drinking healths. I admire the taste of Martial's time, when they drank to every letter in their mistress's name.

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur,
Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus."
MARTIAL, Lib. i. Ep. 77.

I asked Monsieur Shamnéz, who, I understood, had travelled through Spain, if what I had heard,

of their being such slaves to fashion, or rather servile in their imitation of their superiors, was true. "I believe," said he, "it is, though it may not be carried quite so far as the Marquis de Langlé, in his Voyage d'Espagne, represents it, when he says, 'A lord sets the fashion; one came 'to Madrid the other day, bald, humpbacked, and 'a stutterer, and before night it was the rage.' But why need we travel out of England for instances of the almost magical power of fashion? It is well known that to the hiding deformities and defects, and to the making beauties more conspicuous, we owe the greater part of those endless changes that are rung on dress, female dress particularly; and yet, without tracing the new fashion to its origin, it is blindly followed by all alike. Some woman with a beautiful arm, and an elbow '*teres et rotundus*,' like that of the 'statue 'which enchants the world,' first introduced the fashion of naked elbows, which was indiscriminately followed, not only by every girl of seventeen, but by every raw-boned, shrivelled hag of seventy.

"The late Duchess of Devonshire, a singular compound of taste and frivolity, and who had a greater playfulness of imagination than ever fell to the share of her sex, when she first blazed on the town, as well to gratify her endless fertility of fancy, as to try how far the sceptre of fashion in her hands could extend its influence, played a thousand preposterous tricks with her dress: she once appeared at the theatre in a child's bib and

apron, and had she even carried her coral and pap-spoon about too, she would have had imitators. At another time, very early in spring, when thsoe vegetables were small, and extremely dear, she came in a head-dress ornamented with real carrots and turnips; and lo! in two days time every milliner's shop displayed an artificial kitchen-garden." Jones very justly remarked, that, though he should, in all things, endeavour to avoid extremes, he was ever an advocate for the mutability of fashion, let it arise from what source it might; for in a manufacturing country it was, in his opinion, the main spring of trade:—a very patriotic sentiment, we all allowed, and worthy of a British subject!

Poetry, which both the strangers seemed partial to, and great judges of, was again brought on the carpet; when Signor Parvidoglio, addressing himself to Jones—"Sir, as I perceive you are a favourite of the Muses, and, if we may judge from the beautiful song you treated us with before supper, are justly entitled to the name of poet, pray what is your opinion of Burns and Bloomfield, whom of late it has been very much the fashion to admire? and, I am sorry to say, there is a fashion in poetry."—"Why," said Jones, "I am tired of carrying a glossary in my hand for ever, when I am labouring through the Ultra-Tweedian dialect of the former; and after translating him, I may say, to find him simple to vulgarity, too local to be intelligible, and the whole too coarse a frieze for the loom of the Muses. And as for the latter,

like Morland's in painting, his subjects are always low and sordid, as minutely, but not as judiciously expressed. Morland's works are addressed only to the eye; the other's to the eye and ear;—one is never disgusted to see on Morland's canvass a dung-cart filling in a farmer's yard; or to see 'greasy 'Joan' 'keeling the pot,' or tending the hogs; but to have the detail of things so offensive—to have the sty analysed in verse; hog-wash smoothly poured through twenty lines; and to be told the grunt of every hungry pig, is too much for the Muses, who are delicate ladies, to bear."

"Then I am happy, Sir," observed our Italian mask, "to think as you do; I don't object to their poetry because they are men in humble life: Stephen Duck, the laureat, who tickled the ears of Majesty with his strains many years for his butt of sack, was a thresher, but he had the discretion to throw aside the flail when he assumed the laurel: and at Bath, the other day, I was shown a little poem by my bookseller, written by a stone-mason, and a countryman of yours, a Mr. Edward Williams; but it did not smack of the hod and trowel; it was simple, but elegant; all was nature, but she was not in filth and rags; and when there was need of sublimity, I perceived he could stretch an eagle wing as if he had often taken his flight from the highest peak of Parnassus. The poem was an address to the rivers which the poet's mistress had to cross in her way from Old Mona to the shrine of St. David's, coastwise; a translation from a noted bard of his day, Davydd ap Gwilim, the Welsh

Tibullus, a specimen that throws such poetical coblers as Burns and Bloomfield far into the back ground.

"I have been much in Wales, and have been struck with the great quickness and sagacity of the meanest peasant; their thoughts, like their language, are those of an original people; and had they the suppleness of the inhabitants beyond the Tweed, and could get more into the habit of *booing*, I am well assured that they have talents to suit any situation they might be thrown into: the pride and independence you boast of, will always keep you unknown; I confess they are honourable feelings, but the world has a loss——" At this moment had we not, as it were, mechanically, looked at our watches, this panegyric was in a fair way of being continued, to the great exultation, as you may suppose, of Jones, who is the most national creature breathing: it was just on the stroke of twelve, and we all seemed disposed to retire, particularly our stranger companions, who were obliged to be off early, to reach their place of destination to breakfast. The time we had been together had passed so much to our mutual satisfaction, that we parted with some degree of regret. My Cambrian friend, though as vivacious as any man in company, and with no somnolency near him, yet when the hour of rest is announced, is always prepared to sacrifice to Morpheus, and tells me, that from the moment he lays his head upon the pillow, he is asleep, and seldom wakes till his usual hour of getting up.

This is a luxury, and a luxury it certainly must be; you have often heard me say, I have no conception of it, having always been a bad sleeper; don't wonder, then, that to finish my letter I have sat out my fire, and outwatched the waiter. Adieu! and with anxious expectation of finding a packet from you at Stourton, where we propose being tomorrow night, believe me,

Yours, &c.

P. S. Jones, just as he was retiring, handed me the inclosed poem, the effect of the Muses' gestation on the cold summit of Dunkery, while we were in the act of violating those primitive sepulchres that crown it, and which I had promised to send you.

THAT plaint again! was it the howling blast?
Again that shadow! 't was a cloud that pass'd;
Oh! no;—for see I not a giant form
Half hid in mists incumbent on the storm?
A more than human voice methinks I hear;—
Or broke the distant thunder on my ear?
" 'Tis not the thunder on thy ear that breaks,
It is the spirit of the mighty speaks;
That, hov'ring round these death-devoted piles,
Th' inactive sabbath of the grave beguiles.—
Then, wretch, forbear, suspend thy impious deeds,
Know in each stroke no vulgar victim bleeds.
The stated flux of many a thousand tides
Has lash'd this sea-confining mountain's sides;
And springs of thousand ages dews have shed
To flower the heath that blooms around the dead,
Since first upon this solitary waste,
With mystic rites, my sacred urn was plac'd;

Fill'd by the Druids from th' extinguish'd pyre,
And virgin guardians of th' eternal fire.
Barbarian! yet till thine no hand profane,
Scythian or Roman, Saxon or the Dane,
Has dar'd the grave's dark secrets to betray,
And give my dust irrev'rently to day:
E'en they, all reeking from their bloody toil,
And insolent with conquest, and with spoil,
With rev'rence gaz'd on the stupendous mound,
And trod with chilling awe this hallow'd ground.—
Yet callest thou thyself of British race?
Renounce the spurious title; rather trace
To the fell Saxon, or more murd'rous band
Of fierce sea-kings that once o'erspread this land.
Perhaps thou think'st I liv'd unknown to fame,
A savage of these wilds, without a name:—
Know, that to sway a sceptre was my boast,
From Ex's fountain to the Severn's coast:
At Dunkery's rough base my palace rose,
Whose site the still remaining rampart shows;
With thorns o'ergrown, and now become th' abode
Of beasts obscene, the serpent and the toad;
Where circling mead united rival kings,
And rival bards maintain'd the strife of strings:
Above was seen the mountain's front of snow,
And Horner's torrent waters rag'd below.—
Here o'er the boundless heath I drove my car,
And practis'd in the chase the mimic war;
For real war ne'er shook my peaceful throne,
Safe in my people's guardian love alone:
I saw the wandering rider of the main,
Yet never panted to enlarge my reign:
The Tyrian I forbade not to explore
My earth's rich bowels for the tempting ore;
He gave in vain to my undazzled view
Gems that refracted rays of every hue;
Yet breath'd I not a wish by impious trade,
Which prompts mad man through seas of blood to wade,

In distant climes to seek the flaming mine,
Of peace destructive, where such baubles shine:
He saw his metal well supplied by stone,
And polish'd iv'ry rivall'd by my bone;
Saw that the sea, my native factor, brought
The jet and amber to my coasts unsought.
No wonder then, that, curious to behold,
All richly studded, and o'erlaid with gold,
The stranger's gift, the dagger by my side,
Slept in its scabbard useless and untried;
For ne'er in wrath my bended bow I drew,
Ne'er, wing'd with death, my flint-tipp'd arrow flew,
Save when the branching victim was decreed,
In aid of regal luxury, to bleed;
Or when a horde of that ferocious brood,
Whose trade was robb'ry, and whose sport was blood,
Dark ocean rovers, chanc'd to touch my land,
And left their limbs to bleach along the strand;
Sad monument! to mark to distant times
What certain vengeance waits such daring crimes;
To punish those who Freedom's sons provoke,
Man lifts the arm, but Heaven directs the stroke.
Freedom! at thy dear mention I would fain
Reanimate my clay, and live again.—
Thou first, best gift, the strongest proof of love
To mortals ever granted from above!
How wert thou wont to glad my happy plains!
Where but the shadow of thy name remains!
And, ah! I see with sorrow every day
That e'en this shade is flitting fast away:
And are there they—be vengeance on them hurl'd!
Who wish it fairly banish'd from the world?
Yes!—there 's a monster, to whom hell gave birth,
And let him loose to desolate the earth;
Who, trampling man, almost defies his God,
Idol of Gaul, beneath whose iron rod
The nations of the world are taught to bend,
Save Britain only, Britain to the end.

Girt with her azure zone, may she disdain
Basely to drag the tyrant's galling chain,
And, firm in native energy, oppose
Hers, and the worst of human nature's foes;
Preserve her birthright to her latest breath,
And leave the proud inheritance in death!
Oh! that I could, to combat in her cause,
Fate's chain unbinding, alter Nature's laws!
Oh! that my ashes could to life awake,
A separate form my every atom take;
As from the dragon's teeth when sown, of yore,
The soil a sudden crop of warriors bore;
Then would I urge thy violence to bare
My dust prolific, nor entreat to spare;
Myself had then been foremost to have bless'd
The thought that led to violate my rest;
Ample atonement wouldst thou then have made,
And thus propitiate my offended shade.
Though to my dust be miracles denied,
Yet there less powerful virtues may reside:—
Then scatter wide my relics to the gale,
That every breath the hero may inhale.
In this wide amphitheatre on high,
Beneath the grand pavilion of the sky,
Here let remote posterity convene,
(A cloud of power, I will invest the scene,)
Here let my sons, and let their aged sires,
Vet'rans from whose yet unextinguish'd fires
May be deriv'd as much as needs of flame
To light up glory in the youthful frame,
Meet round this pile, and, as at holiest shrine,
Their hands in pact inviolable twine;
And, more to sanctify the solemn rite,
Oh! may not only hands, but hearts unite,
Till like one man become, and pledges given
Of union firm, by dread appeals to Heaven,
In one compatriot vow they shall agree
To die like Britons, or continue free!"

Stourton, November 7, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

HAVING not started early from Piper's Inn, it was dark when we alighted at the inn of this place; and as we were not a little fatigued by a journey the most unpleasant I ever had, in which the little we saw of the country was by snatches between the showers of snow; we were not inclined to be very fastidious as to our accommodations, but this house seemed to indicate a competency to supply every comfort that hungry and fatigued travellers might require.

A large party of people of fashion, who in their transit towards Bath had stopped to see Stourhead, had taken an early dinner there, and were just gone, so there was an apology made for introducing us into a smaller room, the best room being in too much disorder; the very thing that suited us, as, after what we had undergone all day, "snug was the word;" and snug we found every thing, to the utmost latitude of its meaning. Hearing that there was a great deal of company at Sir Richard Hoare's, we came to a resolution of not delivering our credentials from Holnicote, which we accepted conditionally, concluding that we should feel ourselves much more independent, and be freed from the toil and ceremony that must naturally result from the introduction they were likely to procure.

As our hasty repast on the road did not deserve

the name of dinner, we were both well disposed to order supper in good time; and now have feasted sumptuously, and sufficiently early, so as to admit, without trespassing on the reasonable hours of rest, before we retire, of my giving you an account of our travels of this day, and of Jones passing an hour in his *hortus siccus*.

It being rather late before we took our departure from Piper's Inn, our transit through the country we passed was too rapid to allow of any digression from our road, or of any stopping. The little we saw of the country, as I have already hinted, was by snatches; and that little, to eyes accustomed to the charming scenery of Wales, and that part of Somersetshire we had just visited, so different in its aspect, so tame, and so monotonous, was very insipid indeed:—a great deal of low lands all overflowed, and the little swells crowned with windmills; so that if we had been Quixotes, we should not have wanted such giants to encounter with. The highest point that met our eye during a temporary suspension of the fog, was Glastonbury Tor, the only ancient part left of that once splendid monastery, a very conspicuous object; but what is remarkable, this fragment only, as we were informed, belongs, or did lately belong, to Sir Richard Hoare; so that he could boast of possessing two of the finest observatories in the kingdom: this Tor, and Alfred's Tower, in his own grounds at Stourhead, both commanding a view of each other.

To you, who have, I believe, all Dugdale's Mo-

nasticon by heart, and of course must be well versed in the history of Glastonbury, it would be an insult should I attempt to compress the various legends I have read, and have heard from my fellow-traveller on the road, of its origin, to give any thing like consistency to which seems extremely difficult.

What is your opinion of the account given of the discovery of Arthur's grave? Credulity may certainly be indulged to a weakness; but is not the opposite quality too often carried to such lengths as to induce the possessors to question things as clear as the noon-day sun? It is no wonder that by many the finding the body of Arthur should be disputed, notwithstanding the plausible evidence that is adduced to prove that fact, when there are those, and, I believe, Hume among the number, who doubt that such a man ever existed. The Britons for many ages could not be persuaded but that he was still alive, especially as the manner of his death was not clearly ascertained (there being at that time a policy in giving a mysterious air to his disappearance, like that of Romulus), or the place of his interment known; a circumstance referred to in a prophecy of Merlin, and in that curious fragment of Taliessin called the Grave of the Warriors:

"The grave of the steed, the grave of the man of conflict, the grave of Gwgan with the ruddy sword, and the grave of Arthur, are mysteries of the world."

To confirm the hereditary prejudices of his

countrymen, long after his time, in supposing their favourite hero, if not immortal, at least not dead, my fellow-traveller has furnished from his note-book, half a dozen of which he always carries about with him, written in his clear small hand, containing the essence of every author who has treated of British history, some very curious documents, which you have below*. He says that there were two Arthurs, a real and a mythological character; the Arthur of romance and the Arthur of history, who are

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* " Ipse verò Arthurus, juxta Merlini vaticinium, dubium habet exitum, quia utrum vivat an mortuus fuerit, nemini certum estimatur esse," inquit Vincentius Belloracensis.

" Verissimè quidem, addit Merlini interpres, Alanus Insulensis, sicut hodieque probat varia hominum de morte ejus et vita opinio. Quod si mihi non credas, vade in Armoricum regnum, id est, in minorem Britanniam, et prædica per plateas et vicos, Arthurum Britonem more cæterûm mortuorum mortuum esse: et tunc certè reipsâ probabis, veram esse Merlini prophetiam, quâ ait, Arthuri exitum dubium fore: si tamen immunis evadere inde potueris; quin aut maledictis audientium opprimaris, aut certè lapidibus obruaris. Hunc enim Britones tantæ famæ tantæque gloriæ virum nullâ ratione adduci possunt ut mortuum credant, præsertim cum in nullis annalibus inveniri possit scriptum, ubinam vel mortuus fuerit vel sepultus; sed omnis, aut pœnè omnis illa natio adhuc eum in insulâ Aballonis, quo lethaliter vulneratus curatum deportatus est delitere, ac vivere opinantur. Quibus et illud Radulphi Nigri addere possumus. Quia Britannicâ historiâ de ejus morte nil certum tradidit; Britones eum adhuc vivere delirant. Et Mathæi Florilegi quod sequitur:

" Occultavit se rex moribundus ne casui tanto insultarent inimici, amicique molestarentur. Unde, quoniam de morte Arthuri vel ejus sepulturâ nihil referunt historiæ, gens Britonum ipsum adhuc vivere, præ magnitudine dilectionis, contendunt."

too often confounded, and hence all the inconsistences which render the existence of the latter doubted. The Silurian chief who was elected to the sovereignty of Britain, was not only a patron of the bards, but said to have been a bard himself, and is recorded in one of the Triads, that curious British chronicle, by *threes*, as one of the irregular bards, with two others, the life of a warrior being incompatible with the profession of bardism, the basis of which was universal peace. Jones tells me that there is one poem preserved that has been ascribed to him, of which he has favoured me with the translation of two or three stanzas, though, he says, the spirit of the original must unavoidably evaporate by an attempt to transfuse it into a language too weak to follow the flight of the Gwentian rhapsody. You will find this animated fragment as a rider at the end. The subject of the poem appears to be a description of his knights companions of the round table; and the poem has the reputation of being handed down hereditarily in a family near Caerleon, in Monmouthshire, where Arthur held his court, and which boasts to trace its lineage to that illustrious monarch's cupbearer. Jones transcribed it from a manuscript that seemed to have been in the possession of the great antiquary, Edward Lhwyd, by the marginal notes he had introduced in his own hand-writing. In pursuing Arthur I am got widely out of my course; but had I continued in it, my progress would have been next to a blank; as, after Glastonbury Tor, what with fog and dark-

ness, we were not treated with the sight of any thing six yards out of the road. The last thing that presented itself while daylight lasted was the park wall (keeping us company for a full mile) of Red Lynch, an old seat of the Earl of Ilchester, but which, I understand, has not been regularly inhabited by the noble family it belongs to for several years, but is left at the mercy of two most destructive occupants, rat and dry rot, to get rid of which no process of ejectment has yet been discovered. After passing this, night shut in upon us, and all was *terra incognita* till we were unchaised at this comfortable inn, where neatness and quiet contend for the mastery. Jones, who is at another table, in the midst of his *herbarium*, has just reminded me of his *Arthurian* stanzas, so I must close my letter, to make room for this very curious fragment, or his nationality will be offended.

Yours, &c.

*Spread be my board round as the hoop† of the firmament, and as ample as my heart, that there may be no first or last, for odious is distinction where merit is equal.

Who is he with his spear yet dripping with gore? It is Meurig‡, the eagle of Dyved, the

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Notes in Ed. Lwhyd's Hand.

* This clearly alludes to his famed round table.

† The words in the original signify the horizon.

‡ Meurig was a Regulus of Dyved, or Pembrokeshire, and

terror of the Saxons: he gave a banquet to the wolves at *Cevyn Hiraeth* §. Woe be to him who meets him in his wrath!

I have heard his shout! 'T was the sound of death! His guards of Cemaes ‖ exulted; like lightning flashed their blades around him—the signal of blood. They know no sheaths but the body of the foe.

The whirlwind of war is hushed. A lion among roses is Meurig in peace; mild as a sunbeam in spring, in the circling of the festal horn *, when the womb of the harp quickens at his touch,

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said to be one of the four who bore golden swords before Arthur at his coronation-feast. Most of the gentry of Cemaes trace their pedigrees to him.

§ There is a place on the confines of Pembrokeshire of this name; that is, the *mountain of longing or desire, literally*; but here *Hiraeth* is used as *desiderium* in Latin sometimes for grief, as in that passage of Horace:

"*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus.*"

And on this spot I was shown hundreds of little hillocks, by tradition graves of those who fell in battle, it having been the scene of a sharp conflict between the Saxons and the Welsh, and no doubt the same that is here mentioned.

‖ That district of Pembrokeshire where it is said he had his palace, at *Llan Nyfer*, and probably on that spot which afterwards the Normans occupied, and where the Lord Rhys was in durance.

* The heroes of Cambria, like Homer's, were accustomed to solace themselves with music during their short intervals of rest from their martial labours.

or when he conquers in the little battle † of the chequered board.

Son of Urien ‡, thy place is here. In the strife of blood Owen and Meurig were inseparable;—twin lions! they fought side by side, and at the feast shall they be divided? Beset with foes, the barbed steel once reached Meurig's breast; Owen spread his shield before his wounded friend. The Gwyddelians saw his ravens §, and fled; he pursued, and the Cynhen ran red with blood. Urien, thy fame is with the bard; but Urien can never die whilst Owen lives.

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† Out of *bach*, little, and *cammawn*, battle, sprang *backgammon*; and there can be no doubt but the game here alluded to was chess; a game that, I was told by my antiquarian friend, the Worshipful John Lewis, Esq. of Munarnawan, in Pembrokeshire, was understood by the most unlettered peasants of Cemaes, as if inherited from the time of Meurig. To this gentleman's communications from a finely illuminated pedigree, that traces his family to Arthur's illustrious guest, I am indebted for these notes. And the coat armour which Mr. Lewis bears, viz. azure, a lion rampant in an orle of roses, *or*, may solve the expression used above, of *a lion among roses*.

‡ This was a prince of the northern Britons, who came to South Wales to the aid of the sons of Cunedda, to expel the Gwyddelians, and was recompensed with a portion of territory in Carmarthenshire; and some say he built Caercynhen Castle, a very strong fortress on a high rock above the river Cynhen.

§ The cognisaunce of his shield was three ravens, the coat still borne by Mr. Rice, of Newton, and all the other families who boast their descent from him.

Stourhead, November 8, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

After a night of delicious repose, in which I discharged all my arrear of sleep, I rose with recruited spirits, and a mind in harmony with every thing around me. I had often heard of the inn at Stourhead being delightfully situated, and well conducted; but I found it exceed every expectation that could have been raised; for when I opened my windows in the morning, it was like magic, for the night being dark when we arrived, we could have formed no idea of the scene which presented itself in the morning, as it looks into the most charming part of the gardens and pleasure-grounds, which come up to, and, as it were, mix with the village, consisting of the church, the inn, and a few neat houses, overrun with the climatis and the Chinese rose, then in rich bloom, inhabited by the steward and the married servants of Stourhead.

After breakfast we debated how we were to commence our operations for the day, and it was determined to visit the house and its paintings, &c. first; particularly as the weather, there having a good deal of snow fallen in the night, was unfavourable for viewing the pleasure-grounds.

The mansion-house of Stourhead is built on an extensive lawn, having a very parkish appearance, with here and there a few fine old trees of various sorts, intermixed with hawthorns of large

growth, and commands a most extensive, picturesque, and rich view in front, charmingly diversified, including several very delightful objects; such as the woods and broken grounds in the farthest distance, round Wardour Castle; in the second, the cheerful variety of Knoyle, the hill of Shaftesbury, woods and tower of Fonthill; and still nearer the eye, the finely undulating ridge crowned with the castle of Mere, several fine conical hills; the whole bounded on one side by the soft and sinuous outline of the downs terminating there, and producing, by contrast with the richly wooded landscape they skirt, the most pleasing effect. The present mansion does not occupy the site of that once inhabited by the Stourton family, but another, higher up on the lawn, better chosen, and was built anew after a design of Colin Campbell, the greatest architect of his day, which was published in his Vitruvius Britannicus; but two wings have within these few years been added by the present possessor, Sir Richard Hoare. The architecture is simple, and in the Italian style. Few houses can boast of a handsomer ground-floor, or four such rooms as the entrance-hall, picture-gallery, library, and saloon. To avoid the inconvenience of a show-house, so that the family might not be liable to intrusion, or the visitors to disappointment, it has been divided into two compartments, separated, as it were, by the entrance-hall and staircase. The division to the right, dedicated to show and the public, contains all the most valuable original pic-

tures, &c. &c.; that on the left, dedicated to study, convenience, and domestic comfort, contains only the inferior pictures. The whole collection merits a *catalogue raisonné*, and I wish I was equal to the task; but I shall not expose myself by affecting to speak of the masters, whose names, perhaps, I never heard of before, as my acquaintance, or of the merits of their works, as if I was qualified to decide on them; to do which properly, requires talents I am conscious that I do not possess, and cannot presume to challenge. However, as I know you are an amateur, having from your childhood lived among fine paintings, and a little of an artist too, I shall not pass them over totally in silence, but shall enumerate the most remarkable, and tell you, perhaps, how I was affected by some of them.

The entrance-hall is appropriately hung with family pictures. The next room, to the right, in the show wing, is filled entirely with landscapes, among which three are particularly deserving of notice, viz. a landscape by Claude Lorrain; another by Gaspar Poussin; and a night-scene by Rembrandt. There are also two fine pictures by Vernet; two by Wilson, whose delightful imitation of nature struck even me; how much more then Jones, whose admiration was heightened by nationality, and not very remote kindred; one by Marlow; two by Canaletti; and a most charming one representing a morning scene, by our countryman Gainsborough. This is called the cabinet-

room, from a most sumptuous cabinet that occupies a recess on one side of it, that originally belonged to Pope Sixtus V. and ornamented with his own portrait, and twenty others of the Peretti family, to which he was allied. Its structure, which is remarkably elegant, involves every order and style of architecture, and among its superb decorations its variegated inlay displays specimens of all the richest marbles, and of all the known precious stones in the world, the diamond excepted. The festooned curtain of blue velvet, richly fringed with gold, issuing out of a gilt mitre over the centre of the arched recess, and falling in fine folds of drapery on each side, is disposed of with great taste and effect. In the ante-room leading to the gallery there is one most superb picture by Carlo Dolce, representing Herodias with John the Baptist's head on a charger: the face of the beautiful female figure is finely characteristic of the passions that might be supposed to divide her breast; vindictive exultation almost subdued by pity: the appearance of death in the head is beyond what I thought the power of colours could have produced; and the execution of the whole picture is admirably delicate. Here is also a most spirited battle-piece by Borgognone, and a dignified portrait of a cardinal by Domenichino, in his best manner. We now enter the noble apartment dedicated to the works of the Italian school; among which some may justly be esteemed chef-d'œuvres of the art. The Rape of the Sabines, by Nicolo Poussin, is esteemed the

finest work he ever executed; and a smaller picture by the same master, representing Hercules between Virtue and Vice, does not yield to the larger for chasteness and correctness of design. Next to this picture is a Holy Family, by Fra Bartolomeo, a cotemporary of Raphael, who flourished from the year 1469 to 1517. A large allegorical picture by Carlo Maratti, in which his own portrait, as well as that of his patron, the Marquis Pallavicini, are introduced. The centre compartment of the room is filled by a very large and magnificent picture by Lodovico Cigoli, painted in the year 1605; the subject, the Adoration of the Magi; it is in the highest preservation, and its colours as vivid and brilliant as if painted yesterday. The next picture that attracts attention, and that most forcibly, is the finest representation I ever expect to see of a female suppliant, Cleopatra on her knees at the feet of the stern, phlegmatic, cold-blooded Augustus; a figure so fascinatingly beautiful, in an attitude so exquisitely touching, that if such was Cleopatra, who would not have said with Anthony, "All for Love, or the World well lost?" A Madona and Child, by Guercino, has great claim on notice; as have a fine altar-piece, by Andrea del Sarto; an old woman's head by Murillo; the portrait of a girl in the character of St. Agnes, by Titian; the Marriage of St. Catharine, by Baroccio; a Holy Family, by Leonardo da Vinci; the Flight into Egypt, by Carlo Maratti; and two little choice pictures by Schidoni. But the pic-

ture that of all others most struck me represents the Prophet Elijah restoring the dead child to life, by Rembrandt; which for interest of feeling, truth of expression, and fine execution, may rival any work of the same master; and I think I may venture to challenge the whole school of painting to produce any thing superior to the character of the Prophet, as expressive of the confidence of faith and the fervour of prayer. Two large modern pictures have been admitted into this gallery, and, for the credit of the artist who executed them, they do not disgrace their situation among their elders; the subject of one is the Shipwrecked Sailor-boy, from an idea of Thomson the poet; the subject of the other the Death of the Dragon by Red-cross Knight, from Spenser; both productions of the pencil of Mr. H. Thompson, of the Royal Academy.

Repassing the hall you come to an ante-chamber, lighted by a cupola, which separates it from the great room called the saloon, and includes the staircase, whose walls are hung round with very choice landscapes, over which drops a curtain of green silk, to preserve them from the sun. Beyond this room, and entered by a door exactly facing that which leads to the hall, is a most splendid room, the saloon, near fifty feet long, if I might judge from my paces, and of proportionable width and height, used occasionally as a dining-parlour for large companies, and other great entertainments. The ceiling is richly and singularly ornamented; all its small divisions

being thrown into perspective: it is furnished in every way with a style of magnificence to suit the character of the apartment. The pictures are very large, and were painted to fit the different pannels of the room. The chimney-piece, of the finest white marble, is uncommonly superb, as to design and execution; but every thing, to the doors, and the minutest article of furniture, is in true proportion.

When the door of this room, which faces the great window at the end of it, happens to be open, as well as the opposite door of the hall, in which state I saw them, the effect is uncommonly striking, as you see at once the whole depth of the house, and gain a most pleasing view on either side, through the window of the saloon, of an open part of the grounds, studded with a few trees, terminating by the obelisk, backed by noble woods, and in front of that richly diversified prospect already described.

A great deal of the day was consumed, as we could not be said to go over our ground cursorily, for we were so fortunate as to join a lady and gentleman who in their way to Bath had stopped that morning to see Stourhead. The gentleman seemed a great amateur and critic in pictures, and was very diffuse in his comments on the different masters, seemingly with perfect knowledge of his subject; and to this accident, perhaps, you are indebted for such an account of the pictures as I have given you. He gave us several curious anecdotes of the different painters, particularly those

of our own country; he said Wilson was originally a portrait-painter, and that it was to Canaletti at Venice, who first discovered his talent for landscape, and encouraged him to apply to that line, that we owe the boast of having produced so celebrated an artist; and yet so low was the taste for painting in Wilson's early time, that he heard from the only pupil that Wilson ever had, a Mr. Jones, that Cock the auctioneer, the Christie of that day, for one of Wilson's best pictures, that now would fetch five hundred pounds, could get no more (and thought that a great price) than ten pounds.

Finding that the library, of which we had heard so much, was occupied by the learned Baronet the whole morning, the day having proved unfavourable to the sports of the field, but that the following day it might be seen, we attended our connoisseur companion and his lady to their chaise, and after traversing the lawn, then sprinkled with a flock of South-down sheep, from one lodge to the other, both possessing a character of the most elegant simplicity, we returned to our inn to order our dinner, meaning, while that was getting ready, to make use of the little daylight left in a stroll not too distant; yet the weather not improving, but growing worse, we were obliged to limit our operations of the day to what we had already seen, and reconcile ourselves to confinement for the rest of it within doors, as it began to snow. However, we had this satisfaction, that our accommodations were something more than comfortable;

the *res culinaria*, were we even epicures, not objectionable; and the wine most excellent; over which, after shutting out the storm, with the aid of a fine fire of Radstock coal, we truly enjoyed ourselves. We conversed on various topics; and among others, fetch-candles, ghosts, Welsh language, and literary impostors, had a share of discussion. Having exhausted our stock of conversation, we betook ourselves to our journals and particular studies; Jones, to arrange his botanical acquisitions; and I, to examine my late purchase of the Shakespearian manuscripts, and finish the perusal of Sir Richard Hoare's Tour through Ireland, the companion of my travels.

Among the fragments ascribed to Shakespeare, I have been much struck with several of the little poetical pieces, full of quaint and brilliant conceits, and smacking strongly of the great dramatist's playful manner. But the most interesting portion of it consists of letters that passed between him, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Southampton, Richard Sadleir, Henry Cuffe, &c.; part of a journal, like most journals, carried on for a month together, then suspended during a period of four or five years; and memoirs of his own time written by himself. Some of the items are uncommonly curious, as they give you not only the costume of the age he lived in, but let you into his private and domestic life, and the rudiments of his vast conception. As the volume professing itself to be a transcript of an old manuscript col-

lection found in a state of such decay as to render it necessary, on account of a curious process made use of, to sacrifice the original to the copy, is prefaced with a short history of its discovery, and the proofs of its authenticity; I believe I shall, if ever I succeed in my *Hwlfordd* adventure, and have leisure to arrange it, publish the whole; yet in the mean time I will not so far tantalize you as not to treat you with a specimen of this curious farrago, but shall tack on to this letter a small sample of the prose and verse.

Preparing to retire, I have closed the Irish Tour, and am induced, from a passage I have just been reading, to ask you if the disgraceful custom of taking vails, censured in it, is so generally prevalent with you. Sir Richard Hoare says, "It has been justly remarked, and with credit to the higher class of society in Ireland, that it is easier for a stranger to find his way into their houses than out of them. Abolish the *vale* parting token which the menial servants in many houses expect, and Irish hospitality is complete." But I fear that it is not in Ireland alone that this most illiberal of all customs is found to obtain. Notwithstanding the abolition of it in many houses over England, to my knowledge, as it is not universal, the root of the evil remains, and, like all noxious growth, is known to spread apace. To get rid of it effectually, the whole kingdom must concur in a resolution to extirpate it, for, if but one fibre is left, it will again propagate. It is in vain for one spirited farmer to use every possible method to rid

his land of moles, if his neighbours around are not equally attentive, and disposed to combat the evil; and so it is with respect to vails; the rooting it out should become a national object, or the inconvenience will never be removed. The gentlemen of Norfolk once, at the great session, took it into consideration, and at that public season of meeting fell on such resolutions as freed the county from this odious tax on hospitality. Oh! that all counties would follow such a laudable example *!

My botanical companion, as well as myself, is more under the influence of the poppy than any other plant, at present; so adieu for to-night, and believe me ever

Yours, &c.

Out of a Manuscript Collection of Pieces in Prose and Verse, said to be written by SHAKESPEARE to his Wife and others.

WITH A RINGE IN FORME OF A SERPENT, A GIFT TO HIS BELOVYD ANNA, FROM W. S.

Withinn this goulden circlette's space,
Thie yvorie fingers form'd to clippe,
How manie tender vows have place,
Seal'd att the altaur on mie lippe.

* The placard they published was to this effect:—"January 1, 1766.—In pursuance of a regulation proposed and agreed to by the grand jury and principal gentlemen of the county of Norfolk, the custom of giving vails to servants ceases in that county."

Then as thie finger it shall presse,
O! bee its magicke not confined,
And let this sacred hoope noe lesse
Have force thie faithfull hart to binde.

Nor though the serpent's forme it beare,
Embleme mie fond conceipt to sute,
Dred thou a foe in ambushe theare
To tempt thee to forbidden frute.

The frute that Hymen in our reche
By Heven's first commaund hath placed,
Holy love, without a breche
Of anie law maie pluck and taste:

Repeted taste—and yett the joye
Of such a taste will neaver cloie,
So that oure appetits wee bringe
Withinn the cumpass of this ringe.

A LETTER INSCRIBED "TO MISTRESS JUDITH HATHEWAY, WITH MIE HARTIE COMMENDATIONS."

GOOD COZEN JUDITH,

I AM out of necessitie to enact the part of secretarie to my wife, or shee would have payd her owne dett; for in trying to save a little robin from the tiger jawe of puss, her foote slipped, and her righte waiste therebie putt out of joynte, which hath bin soe paynfull as to bring on a feaver, and has left her dellicat frame verie weake and feeble, wherefore I have takin her a countrie loging, in a howse adjoyning the paddock of Sir Waulter Rawleigh, at Iselinton, where that great man shut in, often regales himself with a pipe of

his new plant called tibacca, in a morning, whilst the whole world is too narrowe for his thought, whiche I hear helpeth it muche, and may be said for a trueth to enable him to drawe light from smoke. In an evnyng he sumtymes condesends to fumigate my rurale arboure withe it, and betweene evrie blast makes newe discovries, and contrives newe settelmentes in mie lyttle globe. Mie Romeo and Juliett, partlie a child of yours, for in its cradle you had the fondlyng of it, is nowe oute of leding strynges, and newlie launched into the world, and will shortlie kiss your faire hand. I think mie Nurse must remynd you of ould Debborah, at Charlecot; I owne shee was mie moddel; and in mie Apotticary you will discover ould Gastrell, neere the churche at Stratford; but to make amendes for borrowing him for mie scene, I have got him sevrall preserved serpents, stuffed byrds, and other rare foraign productions, from the late circumnavigators.

Thankes for the brawne, which younge Ben, who suppd last nighte with us, commended hugelie, his stomach prooving he did not flater, and drank the helth of the provyder in a cupp of strong Stratford.

You are a good soule for moistning mie mulberrie-tree this scorching wether, the which you maye remembre that I planted when last with you, rather too late, after the cuckow had sung on Anna's birth-daie, and I hope you maie live to gether berries from it, but not continew unweddid till then.

Have you gott my littel sonnett on planting it? for if you have not, it is lost, like a thousand other scraps of mie pen. And soe poor Burton, my ould schoolmaster, is gone to that "bourne from which noe traviller returns:" I fancy I still see him, when every Munday morning, as was constantlie his custome, he gave a newe pointe to his sprygges of byrch, growen blunted in the service of the forgone week; a practise felt throw the whole schoole, from *top* to *bottome* - -

- - - - - - -

You maie soone look to hear from your crippled kinswoman, whose limm is muche restored by Sir Christopher Hatton's poultise; soe fare ye well, and lett us live in your remembraunce, as you assuredlie doe in that of your sinceare and lovyng Cozen,

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

From my Loginge at Iselinton,
June 12*mo*, 155 . . .

Stourton, November 9, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

THE rosy-fingered morn opened my curtains, and presented me with a view illumined with sunshine, the snow that fell yesterday evening having been washed away by showers in the night, which had likewise mollified the air, and restored a parting farewell of summer. At this season of

the year I never opened my eyes on a more lovely or enchanting scene; for, to say nothing of the autumnal tints the remaining foliage wore, so abundantly scattered are the laurels and other evergreens over the grounds of Stourhead, that the withering hand of winter can scarcely be seen or felt. Wishing to avail ourselves of this gleam of sunshine, contrary to our usual habits, being both of us great loungers at breakfast, we hurried over that repast, having laid our plan so as to visit the remaining part of the house, agreeably to appointment with the housekeeper, who shows it during her master's absence, this morning, and afterwards some of the home scenes of this charming place, which to see it as it deserves requires at least four or five days, and therefore we were resolved not to put ourselves under any restraint as to time. We walked up from the inn of the village, and entering the turretted gateway at the western lodge, we pursued the same approach to the house that we had taken before. On entering, we were soon attended by the gentlewoman who shows it, and were admitted into that part of the mansion appropriated to the family, to study, and to domestic comforts. The first room you enter is a drawing-room, of the same dimensions with that containing the cabinet, having a similar recess, filled with an organ. It is hung round with very fine paintings, but of an inferior order to those in the other wing; a door opens from it to a comfortably proportioned apartment, the usual dining-parlour, the space for the sideboard being

separated by columns. It is hung with highly-finished pictures in crayons; and within this, two smaller but elegant rooms, occupied by young Mr. Hoare; the one as a library, and the other as a music-room: over the chimney-piece of the first there is a very fine painting of the young gentleman when a child, playing, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in high preservation, and of which I think there has been a print. Another door from the drawing-room we left, opens to an antechamber connecting it with the library, a most magnificent room, and suitably furnished with chairs, tables, and carpet, à l'antique, of the most classical pattern, having one end lighted by three noble windows, opening to a retired lawn, where you see pheasants and hares sporting together as familiarly as if they were domesticated. Over the lower tier of windows, and filling all the semicircular space above, is a grand display of painted glass, with figures as large as life, representing the school of Athens, and executed by Mr. Egginton, of Birmingham. The celebrated design from which it is taken was painted in fresco, by Raphael d' Urbino, on the wall of the Vatican palace at Rome; and for composition and masterly execution has ever been esteemed one of the finest productions of that great master's pencil. The right angle represents a groupe of an aged man showing certain mathematical figures on a tablet, and explaining them to four young men, who are attending to him with the strongest signs of admiration. Bramante, the architect, is here portrayed in the character of Archimedes, and the hindmost figure

leaning over him is meant for Frederic Gonzago, Duke of Mantua.

In the centre compartment are the characters of the following philosophers, viz. Pythagoras, Epictetus, Empedocles, and Terpander. The most conspicuous of these is Pythagoras, who is engaged with great eagerness in writing. Empedocles, looking over his book, and apparently taking notes from it; Terpander; and behind him the graceful figure in white of Francesco Maria della Rovere, Duke of Urbino, form the pyramid of this groupe.

On the other side, absorbed in contemplation, is Epictetus; near the pedestal, and behind the head of Empedocles, is the beautiful profile of Aspasia. The other characters in this fine groupe are unknown.

In the left angle is the figure of the cynic Diogenes; and in the back ground is the head of Raphael and his master, Pietro Perugino. On the whole, nothing can be more highly appropriate to the situation it here occupies, than the form and subject of the painting. The collection of books is extensive, and systematically arranged, under the heads of "Auctores Classici;" "Antiquitates, Inscriptiones, Numismata;" "Foreign History;" and "British Topography." The collection both of Italian and British topography is one of the completest in England. The chimney-piece, of white statuary marble, is a choice specimen of the powers of the chisel; and the figures of the Muses in the centre compartment of it are of the

most delicate workmanship. Over the fire-place is the fine portrait of Pietro Lando, Doge of Venice, in the year 1545, by Titian; and on each side of it a series of most beautiful drawings, of buildings, pageants, and processions at Venice, by Canaletti. The antechamber contains miscellaneous publications, and books of more general reference. I was informed (but this is a shocking anti-climax), that the basement-story, for its character, as involving every comfort and convenience, is as well worth seeing as any part of the house; and that the Baronet's cellars are a model of perfection in that way, and are copiously furnished with the richest produce of the grape.

Leaving the house, I fall into a walk leading towards the obelisk, which passed, I enter, through a gate, on a grassy terrace of the most velvety sward I ever trod, extending for some miles, following the summit of a hill that bounds the vales which form the so much admired pleasure-grounds of Stourhead. The surface of this noble terrace is as level and fine as if it was mowed, from being kept constantly fed by a large flock of South-down sheep wandering over it; and so clean, that it will not soil a lady's silk shoe; in short, for a delightful promenade and ride in a carriage, or on horseback, I may venture to say there is nothing to rival it in the kingdom. Its course is an easy sweep, which in point of breadth expands and contracts in different reaches. At the end of this sweeping line, at a point where it takes a sharper turn, stands Alfred's Tower, a triangular build-

ing, erected by Henry Hoare, Esq. grandfather of the present Baronet, to commemorate the spot where it is supposed that Alfred, after he had long continued under a cloud, broke out and erected his standard successfully against the Danes; and therefore to this day called King's Settlehill, in token of that event. It is built of brick, one hundred and sixty feet high, and from its top, which we ascended to, commands one of the most extensive views, perhaps, in England: we saw Glastonbury Tor, and into Wales, distinctly. In a Gothic niche, over the door, is a statue of Alfred, and under it this inscription:

Alfred the Great,
A. D. 870, on this Summit
Erected his Standard
Against Danish Invaders.
To him we owe the Origin of Juries,
The Establishment of a Militia,
The Creation of a Naval Force.
Alfred, the Light of a benighted Age,
Was a Philosopher and a Christian,
The Father of his People,
The Founder of the English
Monarchy and Liberty.

The character of Alfred I have ever contemplated with admiration and astonishment. To think that in a short life, subject to hourly pain, harassed by formidable foes, and in the twilight of learning, he should have acquired so much knowledge, and carried into execution so many patriotic plans, would almost exceed credibility,

unless so indubitably attested. At approaching this illustrious monument, I felt an awful veneration, little short of sacred, and Jones, whose

" Eye I saw in a fine frenzy rolling,"

gave vent to his raptures in the following

IMPROMPTU.

Whoe'er thou art who dar'st approach this pile,
And feelest not thy bosom all on flame,
Boast as thou wilt alliance with this isle,
Renounce thy title to a Briton's name:
For 't is to him whose image meets thine eye,
The Christian hero, Alfred, that we owe
Freedom and right, than which beneath the sky
Heaven has not richer blessings to bestow.
Hoare thankful felt th' enthusiast patriot's fire,
This sacred spot with awful reverence trod,
And bade the votive fabric to aspire,
An off'ring to his country and his God:—
For when the trophy to the man was rais'd,
'T was Heaven, who lent him, in the end was prais'd.

The terrace, that here takes an abrupt bend to the left, still continues in its dressed state for some distance farther on, though not so broad, but confined more like an avenue; yet I hear that the possessor of this fine place, whose taste and spirit keep pace with each other, has it in contemplation to extend his ride in continuation of the terrace, over the summit of his boundary hills, for its whole length, so as to take in a circuit of nine or ten miles.

So much time had been taken up in our visit to

the house in the morning, and so delighted we were to saunter where there was so much beauty to admire, in our way to, and round and up Alfred's Tower, that we agreed to abridge our walk, as the shades of evening were advancing, and make for our inn the nearest road. Wherefore, retracing our steps so far, we turned down the vale in which the Stour rises, from its six fountains; and not wishing to forestall the pleasure of examining the lower and most interesting part of that vale, where are concentrated the greatest attractions that the grounds of Stourhead can boast of, we turned up an oblique path, that brought us again out at the obelisk. Our dinner was well dressed, as usual, and our rambles had begot us an appetite that was not disposed to quarrel with the cook, and fitted us for enjoying our bottle of port by the Radstock blaze. Our conversation, as you may well suppose, chiefly turned on what we had seen; books, pictures, and painters, claimed a share; but Alfred's life we discussed critically and minutely, in doing which Jones lamented much that there was no translation of the Saxon Chronicle into English, with copious notes, and that the old Saxon language was not more studied; by the help of that well understood, he said, numerous errors would be corrected, and contradictions reconciled in our history; we should draw our information purer from the spring itself, than from the polluted streams at a distance from the source. He said he had always been puzzled to account for the Stourton arms,

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till he had heard, since his visit to this country, what was its origin; he was therefore highly gratified by seeing the spot that bears in nature what the Stourton family have represented on their escutcheon; and this was a bearing very characteristic of their great command, and particularly of their rights in the fishery of the Stour, co-extensive with its run: this was literally tracing their consequence to its source; few armorial cognizances have as much meaning as this, when once explained. He questioned if the Stourton crest was not a pun, being a *demi monk*, and might have been assumed on a marriage of one of the Stourtons with a *Le Moine*, by which their possessions were much increased; and the lady became *half a monk* only, her *better half* being then a *Stourton*. Jones having picked up this morning a rare plant he had been long in search of, is impatient to lay it out, by a process he makes use of, that though dried it will never appear shrivelled; so while the botanist is busy in his *hortus siccus*, I will send you another extract from my Shakespeare's unfading garland, viz. a few items from his journal, and a sample of his own Memoirs by himself. Adieu, and believe me

Yours, &c.

10mo April 1595. Neere noondaye, and but juste stirringe, haveing tasted noe sleepe till after

sunrise, mie chambere and bedde haveing beeu greevouslie infested with fleas, which never weare remembred to swarme soe abundantlie before, the whole kingdome over. Sandie countreyes more overrunne with this little bloode sucking varmin then others, which was confermed by that which mie noble and trulie liberall patrone mie Lorde of Southamton, related yesterdaye morning of manie people within this moneth dying of a flea feaver neere the Erle of Kent's, att a smale vyllege called Sylveshoe, beeing a soyle composed of sande.

Mie Lorde honored mee by callinge agen to-daye, and returned me mye tragedie of Richarde III. which he was pleased to speake of in straynes of high prayse; not that I have haulf fynished mie crooke-backed tirante. *Flea-bitten* was wonte to be a terme of lowe reproche, but it can be no longer accomted soe, for mie Lord of Southamton complayned noe lesse than me of the plague of the past nighte; and I noted his linen, that it must goe with noe richer blazonrie then his poore fellowe-suffrers to the bucking; and the flea, this litle chartered lybertine, as impudentlie runs his capers in the Qeen's Majestie's ruffe, as Mistress Shakspere's.

25mo Sept. 1590. The honorable goode ladie the Countesse of Pembrok hath condescended to requeste that I would sitt for mie pictore to a forainer, one Signior Succaro, who loges at the back

of Ely Pallace. Her Majestie I have seene painted by him, withe my Lord Southamton, and it is a trulie rare creacion.

Out of Shakespeare's own Memoirs, by Himself.

Having an ernest desier to lerne forraine tonges, it was mie goode happ to have in mie fathere's howse an Ittalian, one Girolamo Albergi, tho he went bye the name of Francesco Manzini, a dier of woole; but he was not what he wished to passe for; he had the breedinge of a gentilman, and was a righte sounde scholer. It was he tought me the littel Italian I know, and rubbid up my Lattin; we redd Bandello's Novells togither, from the which I getherid some delliceous flowres to stick in mie dramattick poseys. He was nevew to Battisto Tibaldi, who made a translacion of the Greek poete, Homar, into Ittalian, he showed me a coppy of it givin him by hys kinsman, Ercolo Tibaldi.

He tould me his uncle's witt was neaver so brylliaunt, and he neaver compoasid soe well as when he was officiatyng att the shryne of one of the foulest of all the Roman dieties, and had left a large vollume of reflexiones whilst emploied after this sorte, intituled, *Pensieri digeriti.*

Altho he trusted me with muche, yet he smothered some secrettes whoose blazin was not to be to eares of fleshe and bloud, that dyed withe him.

His whole storie known meethinkes would have bin a riche tyssew for the Muses. By an Itallian stansa tyed rownd withe a knott of awborn hayer found hanging att hys brest, hys misfortun, and thatt mysterie he studyed to throwe over it, was oweing to an erlie passione for a fayer mayden at Mantua, whiche urgid him to kill his rivalle in a duell.

His knolege of dying woolle was nott that he was broughte upp to the trade, butt from his being deepe in all kindes of alkymy, wherewith he was wont to say he could produse gould owt of baser metalles, butt he would not increse the miseryes of mankynd. What would yong Benn have gyven to have knowne hym?

Stourton, November 10, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

A SHORT summer has again commenced, which, as you may imagine, contributes greatly to the fascination of this enchanting place, though in all weathers it has its charms; for in every thing we see here, there is such a happy union of elegance and comfort, such a provision against the season, that leaves most fine places for five months dreary and cheerless, as little of nature as possible sacrificed to ostentation, and such an air of tranquillity over the whole, and so many happy

human faces occurring every where, and even the unreclaimed tenants of the wild mixing in your path, fearless and tame, as in Eden ere sin had entered; there is no satiety, and you fancy yourself in a better world. We hurried our favourite repast, and so impatient was Jones for starting, that he would not spare three minutes to boil his second egg. Having settled our bill of fare for dinner, and given the necessary direction for the comforts of the evening, we sallied out with spirits unclouded as the sky, and as light as the atmosphere then around us. We at first took the same road as on the preceding mornings, entering the turretted gateway, and falling into a walk on the left, that leads from the house to the gardens, through a grove of tall laurels, excluding all the landscape. Nearly at the end of this laurel-sheltered walk, a turn to the left brings you to a door that opens into the walled gardens occupying the side of a hill which faces the south, in a gradation of slopes. In the first range is the green-house, or conservatory, not overgrown, but well furnished with a choice assemblage of plants, including a large collection of heaths, arranged with great taste, and externally covered with the evergreen rose at that time in most luxuriant bloom. In the next are the hot-houses for grapes, peaches, nectarines, &c. seemingly in a most productive state. There are no pines. Having seen the gardens, we pursue a walk skirted on one side by some of the most picturesque veterans of the forest; and on the other by a beautiful lawn, lightly

lightly dotted with trees, into which the library opens, and over which, as I have already remarked, you see every morning a hundred pheasants, intermixed with hares, playing their gambols with a confidence and familiarity that is delightful. We then descend through a rich avenue of laurels overshaded by the most majestic forest trees of every sort and character, into the first vale. But in order to make my account intelligible, and for you to form a clearer estimate of the extent and variety of the grounds at Stourhead, you must know, that they comprise three vallies, nearly parallel, yet by most happy insinuations contracted and expanded so as to destroy any monotonous uniformity, and each of a character widely differing from the other. The first vale we now enter, as nearest the house, you may suppose, is more highly cultivated and decorated, more under the dominion of art, and more in full dress than the others; for here chiefly are found the temples, grottos, and other adventitious ornaments, yet all so happily disposed of, such elegant and classical models of art, or chaste imitations of nature, that no person of the smallest taste would wish them fewer. Every thing that partook of that fantastic order once too prevalent in the kingdom, and by which, I am told, this fine place had been disfigured, such as pagodas, Chinese bridges, &c. have been long since swept away by the present gentleman, whose taste is too correct to admit of such deformities existing. At the foot of the descent into this vale, a walk receives you

that takes nearly a straight course on the margin of the lake here covering the whole expanse of the vale. The water is most remarkably clear, and free from weeds, with its banks finely fringed with laurel, alder, and the most grotesque growth of every kind; and the hills on each side, richly clad with trees, fall with a gentle slope towards it, whilst its surface is enlivened by swans and abundance of wild fowls of various sorts, which through the season afford a regular supply for the table; nor is the water below unpeopled, as it produces carp, tench, and eels of an exquisite flavour, so that the Baronet's bill of fare never need lack fish, though those of the sea may not be procured; which I am told with him rarely happens, so providently and methodically is every part of his establishment conducted. Out of this walk a turn of a few yards brings us to the ferry, where there is a boat in summer to waft passengers over, but is shut up in a boat-house in winter, so that we were obliged to prosecute our walk on that side a considerable way, to enable us to get over by land, and connect us with the corresponding walk on the other side. This opposite walk, carried over a fine lawny projection from the woody hill above it, leads us into a covert of trees of the most wild and entangled appearance, and so intermixed as to conceal the lake, and the entrance into the retreat buried beneath their dark shade, leaving imagination at work to picture what you are to encounter. In the midst of this matted umbrage a grotesque arch scarcely seen

till entered, admits you into a subterraneous grotto, where the eye loses sight of every thing but the interior, lighted faintly by an opening in its roof, and the ear hears nothing but the echo of your own steps, and the murmuring lapse of waters. The passage you enter at is rather narrow, but soon expands into a wide circular space, whose sides and roof represent as nearly as possible a natural cavern, and on whose floor various kinds of pebbles are so disposed of as to work a curious mosaic. In a recess on one side, recumbent on a couch of white marble, lies asleep a Naiad, of exquisite workmanship, with water from behind streaming in every direction over the figure, and falling into a basin below, on whose margin, composed of a white marble tablet, is inscribed Pope's translation of the following Latin lines by Cardinal Bembo:

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis
Dormio, dum placidæ sentio murmur aquæ:
Parce precor, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere, sive bibas, sive lavere, tace.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred streams I keep,
And to the murmur of the water sleep;
Oh! spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,
And drink in silence, or in silence lave.

I agree with Jones, that *lave* is a weak, if not an improper word, and very unworthy Pope; a pitiful shift for the sake of rhyme: I believe Pope was the only person who ever used *lave* as a verb neuter, a property that Johnson very servilely allows it on the strength of this solitary instance.

Opposite to the narrow passage leading out of this part of the grotto, in a rocky caverned recess, another fine figure to represent the river deity of the Stour, in white marble, forcibly arrests the attention in the midst of the most transparent water, sitting on a rude fragment of rock, pouring the silver stream from his urn. The whole of this grotto, with its accompaniments, both within and without, is so appropriate, that it is impossible to visit it without feeling disposed to pay a just tribute to the fine taste of the designer. After emerging from this Egerian retreat, and revisiting the day, a beautiful path, under the noblest hanging woods, leads you by a picturesque Gothic cottage, covered with various sorts of creepers, woodbines, and clemates; and a little farther on, by a fountain trickling from a rocky aperture, through moss intermingled with wild flowers, to a gently swelling elevation, just above the lake crowned with that superb building the Pantheon, the exact model of the building of that name at Rome. This noble edifice is a rotundo, thirty-six feet in diameter, lighted from the dome, and furnished with statues in niches all round it; among which some of the principal are, an antique of Livia Augusta, in the character of Ceres; a Flora; and a Hercules, by Rysbrack, the chef-d'œuvre of his art. From the front of this building you have a most charming view, composed of an assemblage of the chief beauties of the place: an amphitheatre of rich wood, embosoming, on the opposite side of the lake, the beautiful temple of Flora,

whose portico you catch, the cross, the village and church, and the polished mirror of the lake (as it was, when we saw it, unruffled by a breath) reflecting the inverted landscape. After passing the Pantheon, and having nearly made the circuit of the lake, we came to and entered a grotesque rocky adit, conducting us by rude broken steps over the archway leading from the village to the hermit's cell. Nothing can be more characteristic of a hermitage than the profound seclusion of this spot, from which you cannot hear

"The distant din the world can keep."

Still ascending, we reach the temple of Apollo, or the Sun, after the model of that at Balbec, placed on the summit of the hill above the village. Here the view is very extensive, taking in the whole of the gardens and grounds as far as Alfred's Tower, over the most majestic gradation of wood that can be imagined. In our ascent we went above the road, but in our descent we pass under the road through a subterraneous passage that brings us, by a walk through picturesque spruce firs, rendered more so by the circumstance of the leading shoot having been destroyed, and an irregular leader formed*, to the much celebrated cross,

* In Sir Richard Hoare's Tour through Ireland, page 313, you will find the mode made use of to produce this effect, strongly recommended, and most satisfactorily illustrated by a reference to the very trees here noticed.

so placed as to appear from the village, just without it, as a cross, that might originally have belonged to it; but this exquisitely fine specimen of that species of building was brought from Bristol, and formerly stood near the centre of the four principal streets when it was first erected, in 1373, and afterwards adorned with the statues of several of the English Kings, benefactors to that city, prior and subsequent to its erection, viz. King John, Henry III. Edward III. and Edward IV. In the year 1633 it was taken down, enlarged, and raised higher, when four other statues were added, Henry VI. Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. It occupied its original site till the year 1733, when, to give more room to the streets at their confluence, it was taken down and removed to St. Augustin Street, College Green, where it stood till it was finally taken down and sold to Mr. Hoare, who thought so highly of its merits as to be at the pains and expense of bringing it stone by stone to Stourhead, notwithstanding the city of Bristol had disenfranchised this ancient member of their corporation, and sent it packing with all its cargo of royalty, leaving on record a memorable instance of their taste, their gratitude, and their loyalty *. After minutely surveying this elegant Gothic relic, we turn to the left, and have an opportu-

* Jones informs me that he had been told by a profound Welsh antiquary of a tradition existing in Pembrokeshire, that this cross was removed from Tenby, where it first stood, to Bristol.

nity of contrasting it with a very different style of architecture in the Temple of Flora, whose portico only had caught our eye from the opposite side. It bears in front this inscription: "*Procul, O procul este profani.*" Near this place I was shown a fountain of the most translucent water I ever beheld, as well as of the finest taste, whence the drinking water of the house is supplied. Indeed, all the water here is very excellent, the soil that it passes through being sandy, acting as a filter. Here we closed our excursions for this day, and returned to our inn, where, after a most sumptuous mental feast, on the recollection of what we had seen, nature, that pander to the body, put in her claim for a dish of South-down mutton, to relish which nothing was wanting but the laver and the samphire of Milford. After our wine Jones treated me with some delicious music, having set up his flute for the first time since we have been here; and feeling the inspiration of the muse, he has, in his usual rapid way, thrown off a song, set it to a favourite air, and sung it with great taste; and now, while, to atone for the insipidity of this letter (for I am very awkward at local description), I am preparing to copy another sample of my Shakespearian collection, the production of a lady bard, Anna Hatheway, afterwards Mrs. Shakespeare (for she too, it seems, had tasted of Helicon); Jones has promised me a copy of his song, both which I shall inclose; so adieu, and believe me

Yours, &c.

TO HER OWNE LOVYNGE WILLIE SHAKSPERE.

From mie throane in Willie's love,
Whilest moare than roialle state I proove,
Circledd proude withe mirtle crowne,
I onn Englaunde's queene looke downe.

And proude thie Anna welle maie bee,
For queenes themselves mighte envie mee,
Whoo scarse in pallacis cann finde
Mie Willie's forme, withe Willie's mynde.

By formes forbidd to telle theire smarte,
And of the canker ease the harte,
Withe them, alas! too ofte 't is seene
The wooman sufferes for the queene.

But, oh! withe us, moare blest than thay,
Heere happie nature hathe her swaye;
Wee looke, we love, and, voyde of shame,
As soone as kindledd owne the flame.

ANNA HATHEWAY.
Bye Avone's syde.

SONG.

A truce to all this idle schooling!
Preach musty precepts to the old;
For, whilst you counsel, youth is cooling,
Then keep it till 't is fairly cold.

To scare my steps from Pleasure's bowers,
I value not what greybeards say;
That aspics lurk beneath the flowers,
That dang'rous syrens line the way:

The ear that cautious prudence closes,
The syren's incantation scorns;
Nor shall I fear to pluck the roses
If virtue wait to sheath the thorns.

MY DEAR CHARLES, Stourton, November 13, 1807.

After another day devoted to the lovely grounds of Stourhead, and another proof of the excellence of our inn, I sit down to recount yesterday's adventures. After breakfast, in company with our landlord, who undertook to be our Cicerone, we took the road leading under the grotesque archway, over which we yesterday ascended to the hermitage and temple of the Sun, and turning to the right, followed a screen of laurels of the noblest growth I ever remember to have seen, till we came to a gate, which having passed, we kept to the left for the purpose of visiting the principal keeper's house, pleasantly situated above a running water, and connected with the kennels, that are so disposed of on a declivity open to the south, as to admit of their being flooded, and so easily kept clean and wholesome. These were on each side of the house: one for the pointers, the autumn dogs; and the other for the spaniels, the winter dogs. The dwelling-house over the door has this inscription: *Venatoribus atq. amicis:* and is decorated with prints representing the sports of the field, exhibiting within and without every thing that can render it picturesque, comfortable, and appropriate; a remark applicable to every thing appertaining to Stourhead, and that cannot fail to be made by all who see it. Hence by a gentle acclivity, under a beautifully wooded knoll, we take the path towards an elegant cottage fronting us, the residence of the curate of the parish, than which no situation can be

conceived more delightful; with its courts, its garden, its orchard, and all its little elegant appendages facing the sun, and looking on a view that can never tire. You no sooner pass this cottage than a scene grand and interesting bursts upon you, consisting of a voluminous, and, seen at that distance, an apparently connected, expanse of woods, only of different heights, as the summits they cover are more or less elevated, and the intermediate breaks wider or narrower; but in description as well as prospect, the pen, in giving an idea of a general view, must foreshorten no less than the pencil, otherwise the writer would be as unintelligible as the draughtsman. In the centre of these rich inequalities rises a beautiful conical hill, having its sides clothed with pines of the most majestic character. Beyond and above these woods you catch the tower of Alfred, which of itself, were it unaccompanied by so many other striking objects, would give dignity to its situation, had it been raised on the blasted heath. The road here gently falls into a vale, rendered very cheerful by several neat cottages, prettily sprinkled over it. It for some time takes a straight direction, then, crossing the vale, winds round the base of the conical hill, under the awful shade of its pines, preparatory to your entering a most sequestered spot a little farther on, whence you suddenly fall on the convent, a building most judiciously placed, and constructed to produce the desired effect. Here one of the keepers lives. The principal room is hung round with prints of the different religious habits, and some old paint-

ings, said to have been brought from Glastonbury. In the windows is a great deal of ancient painted glass; and in every part of its exterior as well as interior, the true monastic costume is preserved.

To render the scene more sombre, the tree that here predominates is that species of fir which most truly harmonizes with it, whose branches feather down to the ground, and are so tiled as almost to exclude the light of day. Having struggled through this monastic gloom, and again felt the cheering influence of the sun, we meet with walks of a more cheerful character, taking various directions; and one of green turf, lightly overarched with trees, and winding through an expanse of forest of every growth, and which must form one of the most delightful summer rides or walks imaginable. However, we took the more open and frequented road, gradually ascending through the upper part of this valley, till it loses itself in the terrace, which again brings us to Alfred's tower, that august monument to the greatest of men; for which, in this our second visit to it, we felt our respect rather increased than lessened, especially when contrasted with that proud, ostentatious turret seen from it, that unmeaningly crowns the summit of Fonthill. The prospect from the back of Alfred's tower, and immediately under it, looking over the vale of Bruton, is very rich, as we now saw it in all the splendour of a meridian sun. Hence by a lovely, circuitous, and diversified route through open and woody grounds we come to the third

valley, which, though not so dressed as th two former, displays uncommon charms in dishabille, and capable of being equally heightened and improved, unless it be

"When unadorn'd adorn'd the most."

The outermost hill that bounds it our host recommended us to cross, to explore a spot that of late many travellers who came to his house went to see; since our initiation at Holnicote we had contracted the true antiquarian curiosity, and needed no great inducement to follow the directions of our Cicerone, who brought us to a common including several hundred acres, thickly covered with circular excavations of various depths and diameters, called *Pen pits*, adjoining the little church of Pen. The learned are divided in their conjectures as to their origin and use; some supposing them quarries, and others habitations. If quarries, this natural question results: What became of the stone? as there is no large city or town near, and certainly could not have been at the time they were worked, the whole country round being the great tract of Selwood Forest. Besides, can we suppose people so ignorant, even in the most savage state, were they quarries, as to prefer a perpendicular to a horizontal adit for drawing out the stones? From our examination of them we don't hesitate to join those who contend for their having been the habitations of some of the earliest inhabitants; for Jones has furnished me with a note from Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, that tends strongly to confirm this most general

opinion, proving from Ephorus, that the Cimmerians were a people undoubtedly of the same stock with our *Cymry*, that is, primitive inhabitants dwelling in subterraneous habitations, called *argillas*; and it is a curious analogy in language, that *argel* in the British means a covert, or place covered over. At the bottom of several of those pits, querns have been found, stones that ministered to the primitive mode of triturating grain, before the invention of that complicated machine, a mill; and this, I think, is a strong presumption in favour of their having been habitations.

Having ordered our dinner at half after four, our landlord begged leave to remind us of the time, which would only allow of our getting to the inn five minutes before our appointment with the cook; so we hurried to return, with appetites grown keener by our long walk, in healthy pure air. A fine fire, as usual, awaited us, and preparations for dinner gave us no small pleasure. A piper, a fish of the gurnet species, and a fine beef-steak, removed by a pheasant, made up our bill of fare; which gave relish to our bottle of port, the very best I ever tasted at an inn; but at such an inn, so situated, I am surprised more people do not make parties to stay a day or two, instead of paying hurrying visits, by which means they do not see half the beauties, or enjoy half the comforts, of this place. In the evening we were too much fatigued for any thing but conversation. Even botany on Jones's part, and the Shakespearian manuscripts on mine, could not tempt us out of our arm-chairs. I took some

pains to reason Jones about his prejudices with regard to fetch-candles and ghosts, which I fear, notwithstanding his strong mind on all other subjects, are too inveterate to be overcome. I tried him with reason; I tried him with raillery—but in vain; and when I attempted to laugh him out of it, his country flew into his face, he asked me if I recollected what Johnson said, talking of ghosts, when in consequence of Miss Seward treating the subject with an incredulous smile, he with a solemn vehemence addressed her, "Yes, Madam, this is a question which after five thousand years is yet undecided; a question whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that ever can come before the human understanding." After the discharge of this blunderbuss I fired off no more of my popguns, but gave the discourse a new turn; I said I envied him his facility at writing short-hand, though I never could be brought to attempt learning it, from an idea that it would be more difficult to read it when written, than to write it at first. "Why," said he, "with my inquisitive mind, and but a bad memory, what should I have done without it? you see by this means what treasures I have collected, and how little room they take; I owe it all to short-hand: I was, like you, deterred at first, but there are no real difficulties; they are all ideal. Had I the memory of a grand-aunt of mine, I should hardly need the aid of such a science: I have a sermon written by her from recollection, after she came home from

church, where she had been to hear the great Tillotson, and I have had the curiosity to collate the manuscript with the same sermon afterwards printed, and the difference was very trifling; perhaps owing to some alteration it had undergone from the author himself, to fit it for the press." He said he had been told by his father, who well knew Woodfall, the printer of the Morning Chronicle, the first paper that professed to report the speeches of the House of Commons; that he had seen him in the gallery of that house for three hours, with his cane-head to his mouth, never varying his posture, and never taking a note; and yet the following day reporting the speeches without the loss of a single word, though, perhaps, he would call at the theatre in his way home to see a new farce, or a new performer, for his criticism; and that his memory disposed of such various gleanings without the least confusion, or any apparent technical help. What an enviable talent! From parliamentary reporters the transition was easy to the House of Commons, the great assembly of the United Kingdom, squeezed into a room not half large enough to contain it; which, when full, must be suffocatingly oppressive: ill lighted, and unwholesomely heated, with every thing so dingy about its appearance; as if it was meant for the rendezvous of conspirators, and not of the patriots and legislators of the land. How much the want of a senatorial habit is there felt! not that it would absolutely confer on its wearer intellect, eloquence, or integrity, yet it must cer-

tainly contribute to give to the house in general that dignity at least to the eye, which it never can assume in its present motley character of dress. Is it not to be wondered at that the graces of oratory are so little studied, or so little displayed, as in England, and that it does not constitute a more essential part of education; or, if it does, that the effect of it is rarely visible in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the senate? Great pains are taken to teach us to dance, that we may be better enabled to enter a room, make a bow, and play a thousand other monkey tricks; but to adapt attitudes to speech, so as to give it greater powers of persuasion, has never yet been made a science. Indeed there has of late years a method been adopted at most schools of making boys *spout* parts of plays by way of introduction to oratory; a most pernicious practice; as, if it does not create in them (which I fear it too often does) a passion for the stage, and the vagabond life of a player, it gives them ever after a ranting, turgid, bombast manner of expression; as distant from what I humbly conceive to be the true graces of eloquence as one pole from the other. We both agreed in rejoicing at the visible decline of private theatricals, a sort of mania that had at one time been universally prevalent; which led to more expense and more mischief in the families who favoured them than any other entertainment: and all for what?—to see a play murdered: to say nothing of the dangerous tendency it had to inflame the passions, and so corrupt the morals of the

younger, and particularly the female, part of the *dramatis personæ*. Thus over our tea, careless how far our colloquial wanderings led us, we protracted the evening till the stroke of twelve reminded us of the lapse of time and the dues of nature, which we hastened to discharge, there being few preparatory ceremonies to be attended to, as my companion had not his botanical apparatus to put by, or I my manuscripts, which I prize like the leaves of the Sibyl *. Breakfast waits, and so adieu!

P. S. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, chiefly owing to the light thrown on the *Hwlfordd* pedigree by what was communicated to me by the gentleman we casually met at Haverfordwest, and who afterwards joined us at Milford, I have nearly established my claim to the intestate's property, having just heard from my uncle to that effect; and there is but one trifling point yet to be cleared up, and that I think I can easily do from documents I was so fortunate as to pick up at Minehead, from the papers of a great antiquary there, whose ancestors for several generations had been eminent attornies in that country, to whom I was directed, who, tacked on to an old

* I say *Sibyl*; as *Petit*, a French physician, has endeavoured to prove, and not without strong arguments to support his assumption, that there never was but one Sibyl, and that her name was Herophilé; that she was born at *Erithnæa*, and died at *Cuma*; and that the diversity of names was occasioned by her travelling from one place to another.

marriage-settlement of one of the Arundels, about two hundred years ago, showed me a family chart involving the very link that was defective in the chain I had formed, and makes my title complete.

Stourton, November 16, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

YESTERDAY being Sunday we rested from our labours, contenting ourselves with a quiet recapitulatory survey of the principal home scenes we had seen before, and a silent contemplation of the various beauties of nature and art, which for these last two or three days had engrossed our thoughts; after attending divine service at church, which afforded us a grateful opportunity of hearing it performed to a most respectable congregation with proper devotion by the inhabitant of the beautiful cottage I noticed in a former letter, the curate of the parish, under the well-known literary character, Archdeacon Coxe, who is the rector, by the presentation of Sir Richard Hoare. The church is a neat Gothic building, but in point of architecture, or monumental contents, it has no peculiar claim on the notice of the traveller or the antiquary; but in a higher character, as the house of God, it is entitled to the praise and admiration of every one who, like us, may be so fortunate as to visit it on that day set apart for devotion, and may have an opportunity of witnessing the

proper manner in which it is kept, served, and attended, which will ever be the case while the head of the congregation sets so laudable an example of regularity in the discharge of his religious duties. From repose such as we had not enjoyed for some time, procured by exercise less violent than usual, and minds tranquillized by the peaceful employments of the sabbath, we rose refreshed, and prepared to encounter a fresh treat, that we were told we were likely to enjoy this day in our intended ramble. Though cold, it was bright and calm; therefore hiring a couple of horses, we varied our amusement, and ascended the downs, where we rode in various directions for several miles, over the finest turf imaginable, breathing the purest air, and looking round us on a richly diversified country. Here the chalk hills end, and present, towards Stourhead, a most charmingly varied outline. Occupying an extensive and bold projection, we entered a large encampment, strengthened by several lines of circumvallation, in all probability Danish, as there is a covered way leading from it to a little valley on the left, called Sweyn Cwm, or, the Vale of *Sweyn*. The downs here are studded with numerous tumuli, of various forms and dimensions, most of which have been opened under the judicious eye of Sir Richard Hoare, the contents of which, now preserved in a museum at Heytesbury, have proved highly interesting, being of different ages; some clearly of as remote antiquity as the earliest population of the island, be-

fore the use of metal, when flint and bone supplied its place; and others of a later, wherein weapons of iron and a mixed metal are found, probably Danish. It seems the learned Baronet has in contemplation a most splendid work of the ancient history of Wilts, from records that cannot falsify, for ages locked up, but lately discovered by the application of the spade and the pick-axe, without the help of an ostentatious tantalizing folio index; older it is true, yet more accessible, often better preserved, and more intelligible than those in the Tower or the Augmentation Office, to get at which, though every British subject may of right claim to inspect them, I blush to say, that, even with the gold key in hand, one must frequently submit to more humiliating toil and encounter more dirt, than the barrow-pioneer in his subterraneous researches. This work, illustrated from drawings of the various deposits found in the tumuli, is, I am told, in great forwardness; while to make it equal to its subject, no expense is spared, and facts are more minutely and judiciously investigated than they have ever been before, either by Stukely or Douglas.

After surveying with a sort of reverence those monuments of our ancestors, we left the downs, descending to Mere, a little straggling town, with a ridge of hills to the south, on which formerly stood a castle, the remains of which, for the sake of the stones for building, have been perfectly ransacked; so that nothing remains but the bold,

irregular site. The church is a respectable, dignified building.

We wished much to have seen the Abbey at Fonthill, whose proud and lofty tower attracts the notice of the traveller; but were told that no person was admitted unless the professed of the order, and particularly known to the abbot.

Having much of the day yet undisposed of, we extended our ride through pleasant lanes and villages to Silton, where we were told by the tree-enthusiast we met at Bridgewater, there was a remarkable oak under which Judge Wyndham, in the time of Charles II. who in that village usually passed his vacation, used to sit and smoke his pipe. The situation of the place is charming; most cheerful, and yet retired; a retreat that must have been highly grateful to the venerable lawyer, after the din of courts, and being "in populous cities pent." The oak we visited with peculiar reverence. It was of immense size, but more striking from its picturesque form than its dimensions: perfectly hollow, with the greater part of its limbs decayed, showing on one side only symptoms of vegetable life.

Inquiring of the villagers, we found that this was the Judge's principal country residence, and were shown his mansion, now a farm-house, not far from his favourite tree. He died on the circuit, in his painful vocation, at a very advanced age, and was buried in the church of Silton, where we saw a beautiful monument in the chancel to commemorate him. His statue, erect in his robes, as

large as life, is of white marble, and of exquisite workmanship.

After a very interesting excursion we returned to our inn about four o'clock, and just above Stourton pass a large farmhouse called Bonhomme, which had of old times, as I was here told (though I suspect the information to be unfounded), some connexion with the only establishment of that order in England, at Hedington, in Wiltshire; for Jones, who is a walking library, and knowing that we were to touch at Stourton, had, during our sojourn at Holnicote, copied out of old Leland the little that relates to this country, furnishes me with the following quotation, which is decisive of its origin: "There is on a hill, a little without Stourton, a grove, and yn it is a very praty place, caullyd Bonhomes, buildid of late by my Lorde of Stourton. Bonhome of Wiltshire, of the auncienter house of the Bonhomes there, is lord of it." There still exists a Romish chapel here, as in the neighbourhood are several of that persuasion, a remnant of the old dependants of the Lords Stourton. We again experienced all the comforts and independence of an inn evening, nor were the attractions of the table or the fireside inferior to those we acknowledged on former evenings.

After dinner a packet of letters awaited me, and till the hour of repose I had them to digest and answer. Another letter from my uncle informs me, that all my *Hwlfordd* claims are allowed beyond the fear of any new opposition to them. I find the real property in Ireland is but small,

consisting of a few houses in the vilest part of your capital, near St. Patrick's, and one farm and a church-lease in the north of Ireland. The houses my uncle advises me as soon as possible to get rid of, being now more saleable than they will be a few years hence, as they have lately undergone thorough repair. The intestate being a speculative, sensible, observing man, seemed to foresee the commotion that took place a few years ago in your country, and wisely got rid of most of his little landed property, turning it all into money, to the amount of about ten thousand pounds, which, during his residence in North Wales, whither he retired at the commencement of the troubles, through the medium of an eminent attorney or two he formed an acquaintance with in that country, he vested in sound mortgages, now forming the bulk of the property. After meeting my uncle in London in the spring, I purpose visiting North Wales, as well on account of its picturesque beauties, as to examine my landed securities; so don't wonder yet if you find me turn hermit among the Snowdonian mountains. But by way of counterbalance to this favourable account, calculated to raise my spirits, I hear from another quarter what has an equal tendency to depress them. Health grows every hour more and more a stranger to my Eliza; and weighed against her happiness, riches, fame, and honour, are but a feather in the scale. Charles, Charles, pity my weakness! I have touched on the "string that makes most harmony or discord in me," and its

vibration will not soon be over. Oh! to forget her thrilling through my heart! Adieu!

Stourton, November 14, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

HERE we still are, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the season, fascinated by the superior charms of this lovely place, where the absence of summer is so happily supplied by groves of evergreens, that winter cannot be felt. Yesterday we partook of a treat, such as I had never been a guest at before. Hearing that it was in contemplation to open an immense tumulus with the popular name of Jack's Castle, in the vicinity of that memorable spot where Alfred's Tower rises, which had been always considered to have been a beacon, and probably might have been made use of for that purpose several hundred years after its first erection; I signified to the landlord, that if he thought there would be no impropriety in it, I should be happy to be present at this ceremony. He said he was well assured that nothing could be more gratifying to Sir Richard Hoare than the presence of any gentleman actuated by such curiosity; adding, that he would, with our permission, as it were from himself, get our wishes made known. This produced a most polite invitation from the Baronet, and we hastened to obey the summons. The men employed to open those primitive sepulchres, and who by almost constant experience are

deeply skilled in the operation, had been sent early in the morning to prepare the work, which by twelve o'clock, when the company assembled, was in such a state of forwardness as to render every stroke of the pick-axe, and every motion of the shovel, highly critical and interesting, charcoal being perceived, the never-failing criterion of its having been sepulchral. On this symptom the gentleman who presided at this business, and under whose eye the solemn process was graduated, descended into the opening that had been made, and by some minute, and to us mystic observations, feeling as it were the pulse of the barrow, was justified in pronouncing that " the consummation devoutly to be wished" was at hand; for no sooner had he pronounced this, than the cyst or factitious cavity, in which, instead of an urn, the ashes of the dead were deposited, was discovered, among which was found a stone hatchet, with a red blotch over part of it, as if it had been stained with blood, grown after a lapse of ages to look like red paint, time not having the power to efface it: this little weapon was highly finished. There was likewise a piece of a spear's head, of brass or mixed metal, the produce of countries more civilized, the effect of barter, for it hardly can be supposed that a people who had the means of fabricating such a weapon of metal would submit to the slow and tiresome process of resorting to stone and flint.

The acquaintance we had formed did not end here. The Baronet gave us a polite and pressing

invitation to dinner, which, after detailing our adventures in Somersetshire, and mentioning our letter of introduction from Mr. Fortescue, and our reason for not delivering it, we accepted. We sat down at half past five o'clock. The dinner was elegantly served, in one of the most magnificent rooms I ever sat in, the saloon, which I have before described, and warmed by a fire that required a forest to feed it. The wines were of the first quality, and the dessert excellent. The company was not numerous, and the conversation such as might be expected at such a table, various and entertaining. You may well suppose that much of it turned upon the business of the morning, and other subjects of antiquity; for the greater part of the guests, if not professed antiquaries, were all amateurs, and had been convened for the purpose of being regularly initiated in the mysteries of barrow-opening, in the course of which much ingenious disquisition took place, and the result of prior discoveries was communicated. In many of the tumuli great quantities of beads, of amber, jet, and an imperfect kind of vitrification, are found accompanying the ashes, and in almost every interment there is one pin found, having no head, and a triangular point, like a glover's needle, and sometimes small pieces of linen, as if the ashes were collected into a cloth, and held together by that single pin: Jones suggested that perhaps it was a web made of the linum asbestinum, a kind of fossil flax, found in the stone asbestos, of which they say there is a quarry in Anglesea,

which will bear fire, and of which Pliny, in his Natural History, says, the ancients made cloth to burn the hearts of their princes in, and preserve the ashes. There was a young man of fashion of the party, who, with a great deal of satirical wit, took much pains in endeavouring to turn into ridicule the pursuits of the antiquary, and particularly barrow-hunting, evidently not from any conviction that it was ridiculous, but merely to show his talents for raillery, of which he certainly possessed a great share. Jones, who, I believe, thought him in earnest, and has too liberal a mind to permit him to despise studies that don't accord with his own notions, offered himself a champion for the antiquary, and, having entered the lists, managed his weapons well. Being on the subject of antiquities, I mentioned our visit to Pen Pits, those excavations I already gave you a cursory account of, in hopes of having some light thrown on their history; but I found that every thing that has been said of them is conjectural, as none of the topographical writers have ever noticed them, and there are as many different opinions almost as there are pits; but the majority of the company present seemed to favour that of their having been habitations: a young barrister, who was voluble and argumentative, would have them to be quarries; but on being asked what became of the stones dug from them, he was fairly gravelled: besides, as his principal opponent, a strenuous anti-quarryist, observed, the pits seem to have stopped where the stone begins; for till you

go down to a certain depth, no stone can be found; and if stone was their object, they would hardly have finished where they ought to have begun.

Our host finding our plan was to see Stonehenge and Salisbury, recommended us to take Heytesbury in our way, where the museum containing the relics that have been found in the different tumuli opened under the patronage of Sir Richard Hoare, is kept, and where Mr. Cannington, the gentleman I referred to above as taking the lead in directing the operations of the morning, lives, to whose arrangement every thing is consigned. He was to set off for home the next day, and we engaged ourselves to take that road soon after him. Highly flattered and gratified by the entertainment we had enjoyed, we returned to our inn by ten o'clock, and, without trespassing on the hours of rest, had sufficient time to give you the journal of the day, and by the help of Jones, who is at another table copying out of my late purchased manuscript another sample of its contents in verse and prose, to inclose you a little poem by Anna Hatheway, which Jones speaks in raptures of; and a curious letter from Shakespeare to one of his early intimates in his native town. Adieu, and believe me, my dear Hibernian,

Ever yours, &c.

TO THE BELOVYD OF THE MUSES AND MEE.

Sweete swanne of Avon, thou whoose art *
Can mould at will the human hart,
Can drawe from all who reade or heare,
The unresisted smile and teare:

By thee a vyllege maiden found,
No eare had I for mesured sounde;
To dresse the fleese that Willie wrought
Was all I knewe, was all I saught.

At thie softe lure too quicke I flewe,
Enamored of thie songe I grewe;
The distaffe soone was layd aside,
And all mie woork thie straynes supply'd.

Thou gavest at first th' inchanting quill,
And everie kiss convay'd thie skill;
Unfelt, ye maides, ye cannot tell
The wondrouse force of suche a spell.

Nor marvell if thie breath transfuse
A charme repleate with everie muse;
They cluster rounde thie lippes, and thyne
Distill theire sweetes improv'd on myne.

ANNA HATHEWAY.

* By this Sonnet, as well as several parts of Shakespeare's manuscript journal, and the memoirs of his life written by himself, it appears that Shakespeare's dramatic genius had discovered itself very early, and that several scenes, afterwards, with slight variations, engrafted into his best plays, were exhibited at seasons of festival by him and his companions; and he was fortunate enough to have two or three friends in his native town of nearly his own age, with congenial talents, particularly the very person who wrote Titus Andronicus, which Shakespeare only revised and fathered; and two others, of the names of *Benson* and *Clopton*.

TO MASTER WILLIAM BENSON, MY MUCH ESTEEMED FREND, AND THE DARLYNGE OF THE MUSES.

These from mie harte.

It rejoyceth me muche to heere that youre broaken legg is agen knytted together, and that it beginnes to looke and dyschaurge its office now as well as the othere. During youre paynfull confinemente with it, when it was dowtful how it would end, I seriowsly felt for you, and for the woorld, which in that shorte vacation from youre labors hath had a loss; and had not Heven presevid you to us, wold in youre deth have had such a loss that could not be repayred, with soe manie misterys of art shut up in the cabbinett of youre braine, that must have peryshed with you.

Of youre unyversall alfabett I have allwaies spoaken to such as have mynd enow to grasp the plann, as well as of that cureouse macheene for writing twoo letters at once, which was in it's nursy's armes when I sawe you last, but now arryved at maturitie.

Richarde Sadleir, who you maie remembere our puny littel schoole-fellowe, and who sayes he shall neaver forgett your savyng hym from Dick the tanner his mastiffe, hath promysed, and hys promyse is anoather woorde for purformaunce, to get his fathere, Sir Ralph, to interest the Queene's Majestie in your behaulfe, and bryng your rare tallentes to her knolege; and the vennerable knight boastes of haveing more of the eare of hys mystress then

anic other of her courtiers, as he knoweth better than most of them how to humore her.

I was yesterdaie honored by a visite from my Lorde of Cork, to whoom I spoake in the warmest tearmes of your ingeniouse conceiptes in all kindes of mechannisme, as well as sciencys. He asked me if I beleeved you woold not dislyke going oaver to Irlande, for he could sarve you theare, wheare larning and the artes are in a lowe state. He had a goodlie ould gentilman withe hym, hys father-in-lawe, Sir Geoffry Fenton, reputed a grete statisman, and a persone hie in the Queene's favor; he had travvyled muche over Europe, and sojorned, when yong, long in Italy. He gave me the frame of a tragedie, from a lammentabil storye, that fell out when he was at Lucca, and showed me noe smalle skille in hys hintes for putting it togither. He sayd he had at tymes amusyd hymselfe in making posies of the symple wild flowres growyng at the foote of Parnassus. He lamentid muche the mixteur of lowe ribbauldrie with some of mie most mooving sceanes. It was almost, he sayd, prophanacion. I owned it was soarelie against mie wille, but I kept a shop, and must have wares for all customers. Att the requeste of a ladie of honore, noe less a parsonage than the Countesse of Pembrok, I had dropped the grave sceane in mie Hamlett, butt the poppulece grew outragiouse, and threatted to bury us all unlesse theire favorit parte was restorid. He presented me wyth a choyce discoorse of his on love, printed

at Padua, in goulden letters, and in soe smalle a forme as to go into the pocket of one's dublet.

It was noe good pollicie in you to open soe much of your scheame of the universall carecter to that Frenche Papiste* who ould Gastrell, the apoticary, had picked upp and harbouryd, for he has all the ayr of a treacherer. In future keep your harte more lockid, and give not the kay but to such as are woorthie of the truste; and of that number you maye safelie venture to rank your tried and faithful sarvitor,

W. S.

Warminster, November 15, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

LONGLEAT, the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Bath, having been pointed out to us as well worth visiting, and by way of foil, to set it off, the seat of the Duke of Somerset, which we must pass in our way thither, they both lying not far out of our direct course to Heytesbury; and Jones recollecting that he had an acquaint-

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* Jones recollects to have seen among his father's memoranda a reference to a curious letter, dated 1641, from Doctor Griffith Williams, a Welshman, then Bishop of Ossory, about being consulted by King Charles I. respecting an invention by an unknown Frenchman, born in Geneva, for an *universal character*; probably a descendant of the very Papist Shakespeare refers to, as having drawn the secret from his friend Benson.

ance in the vicinity of Warminster, where we proposed to fix our head-quarters for the night, to whom he had written to give us the meeting there; yesterday was devoted to this purpose; so leaving the beauties of Stourhead with regret, we proceeded to Maiden Bradley, the present Duke of Somerset's principal country residence; an old house, of no size or pretensions for a nobleman of his high rank, and situated close by the road, in one of the most beggarly, sordid villages I ever passed through.

Here one of the coheiresses of Manasseh Bissett endowed with all her patrimony an hospital for female lepers, being herself afflicted with that disease, and the first patient; and to this day the place looks as if the leprosy had cleaved to it, and was not to be cleansed. The hospital was annexed to a priory founded there before by her father, over which presided a prior, with secular priests, a sort of spiritual physicians, to cleanse the leprosy of the soul, being entitled by the founder most equivocally, *procuratores mulierum.* Of one of the priors Jones, from his universal *vade-mecum of oddities,* has furnished me with a curious anecdote he extracted from a manuscript in the Cottonian library, which referring to the prior of Maiden Bradley, says, " A none medler withe marrith women, but all withe madens the fairest could be gottyn. The pope considering his frailtye, gave him lycense to keep an *hore,* and hathe good writing (sub plumbo) to discharge his conscience." Such indulgences were a great

source of the papal revenue. Jones says he has seen the original parchment, containing an annual absolution of Clement VI. and a printed book called the Custom-house of Sin, with a regular table of rates for all crimes annexed.

The best and the only thing worthy of being mentioned as an appendage to a great man's house, was the park, not large, but well stocked, and, I am told, productive of good venison.

About four miles beyond this wretched place we enter the grounds of Longleat, which appear very extensive, and well wooded; the house, occupying the site, most probably, of the priory, like all the ancient religious establishments, lies too low for health, on the margin of a fine piece of water, flooding the vale. The mansion is an immense pile (I only speak as to its exterior, for our time would not allow of our looking within, could admission have been obtained); the plantations near the house are most of them young and thriving, but have too great a proportion of Scotch fir, that harmonizes with nothing else, producing a most funereal effect. Here still are to be seen the venerable ancestors of that species of pine in England the Weymouth; so called after the title of their first planter.

The first Thynne who settled here is called servant to the Lord Protector Somerset; I presume his confidential secretary; but he seems in the choice of his residence to have had a much better taste than his master, who chose to abide among the lepers; nor if we judge from the wide

range of his finely circumstanced property, was he less attentive to the quantity than the quality of his great master's donation; for, taking the grounds of the present Longleat all together, there are very few finer places. In our way to Warminster, after emerging from the vale, we passed a new piece of water of great extent, which when the young plantations that surround it shall have arrived at a growth to make them ornamental, will be a vast addition to the beauties of the grounds; and by the time we had reached our inn, there was very little day left.

Before we were fairly disengaged from our chaise, another drove up, and who should step out of it but our masked friends, whom we parted with at Piper's Inn! They still preserved their disguise, accosted us with apparent satisfaction at this unexpected meeting, and mutual congratulations took place. They said they could not pass near that lovely place Stourhead, without taking a look at it, though they had been in the habit of stopping there almost every year in the course of their excursions; they talked of paying a visit to the Marquis of Bath, the Earl of Cork, and Orchardleigh; a place that, if we had not seen it, they thought would amply repay us for the deviation of a few miles, as now involving great beauties, and capable of infinitely more, which the present possessor with great taste is daily calling out; yet the beauties of Orchardleigh have their alloy, in its proximity to the manufacturing town of Frome, notorious for poachers,

and principles ever at variance with aristocracy, by which it is perpetually infested. However, they should not start till the morning; and in that case they hoped we would have no objection to uniting parties for the remainder of the evening. We had neither of us dined, therefore agreed to order something that would be soon provided, which was done accordingly.

We had scarcely sat down before Jones's acquaintance, the clergyman, made his appearance. He was a formal, shy man, and appeared to have mixed but little with the world, the living world; but we all soon discovered that he had conversed much with the learned dead, and that he was an excellent classical scholar, a character he had frequently occasion to display in the course of the evening.

After dinner, having given orders to brighten our fire, over a fresh bottle, our Attic entertainment commenced, and our conversation was uninterruptedly supplied with new topics, in the discussion of which we all took our parts. Our clerical guest talked much of the geoponics of the ancients, and oftener cited Varro and Columella than Horace and Virgil; he said the Roman and Greek writers *de re rustică* were too little known; on which one of our masked acquaintance asked, if better known, would they be worth reading? a thing he much doubted: but the parson urged their curiosity as a recommendation. "That," replied Signor Parvidoglio, "would, I fear, be but a poor one: the curious in agriculture is a

solecism; to be valued, it must be useful and practicable; there is no laying down general rules for agriculture; they must be governed by climate and nature of the soil; the treatment the Campagna of Rome requires would not suit the downs of Wiltshire. I am astonished," added he, "that Apicius *de re culinariâ* has not been published, under the patronage of some professed Pic Nic *Epicuri de grege*, with notes by Sir W——m C—s and D—r P—rr, the latter of whom, when gluttonously gormandizing, has had the grace to thank Heaven for *such astonishing powers of enjoyment*; and enriched with various readings by the B——ch of B——ps; the whole adapted to the meridian of the city, the taverns round St. James's, and the two universities; as well as to rescue that noble science from the dull nostrums of *Sir Kenelm Digby's Closet unlocked*, or the greasy recipes of *Hannah Glasse:* the curious would be in character there, for the more we deviate in cookery from the natural and obvious mode, the more likely is it to be adopted; and in this age, so much under the influence of fashion, while hourly innovations take place in dress, in furniture, in manners, in houses, equipages; nay, in religion, law, and physic; there have been fewer changes rung on cookery within these twenty years than on any thing else; but what an accession to the curious in literature and cutting of throats would Polyænus's treatise on stratagems be, were Bonaparte, Sir S——y S—th, or G——e H——r, to favour us with a commentary!"

The parson finding that a page of Arthur Young would outweigh all his geoponical and georgical authors, with some degree of petulance, and as if he was still tingling from the critic lash, snarled out, " But it matters not what a man writes, whether curious or useful, if the currency of his work is to depend on the decision of a venal Review, that happens not to be in the pay of the publisher of the work reviewed. I remember, indeed, in a periodical paper, called the British Press, there was a review carried on most ably for some time, in which the hand of a master, and the mind of an impartial judge, and (to use the phrase of the old report-books) of great courage, were discernible. I was congratulating the nation on this auspicious epoch, when suddenly the critical department was put a stop to, and the learned conductor's services dispensed with, merely because he was so unfortunate in the discharge of his duty as a public censor, to speak what he thought (and he seemed always to speak correctly) of a dull yet favourite work published by the editor of the very paper which he had been auxiliary to."—" I agree with you, Sir," observed Monsieur Shamnez, " that a most scandalous partiality, if not venality, is justly chargeable on our reviewers, and that no talents are a security against the daggers of those mercenary assassins, who stab in the dark. In one respect it would be an improvement if the critics were to utter their censure with their real names; a plan that I was told the other day, a well-known veteran in the

ranks of literature had in contemplation; yet it would be to be feared that in a Review of this kind few works would undergo its decision but such as had too much merit to be in any danger of being disapproved or condemned; for where is the man who in that case would be bold enough to decry to the teeth of the popular applause the inconsistencies of W——r S—tt's muse, and avow with the sanction of his real name that a schoolboy ought to be whipped for showing up as an exercise such bad lines as those which preface his cantos of M——n, whether we consider the subject, the poetry, or the application? What a pity it is that this literary assay is not lodged in the hands of such as would be above all temptation to abuse it; in the hands of men of rank, fortune, and real learning! it is a grand national object: under such censors the press would assume its proper dignity; the taste, the morals, and the literature of the country would, could not fail to improve: and this," addressing himself to Jones and me, "seemed to be your opinion as well as ours when a similar remark was made during our meeting at Piper's Inn."—"Oh! that our nobility and gentry," cried Jones, with his usual animation, that brought the soul to his face, and tipped his tongue with fire, "would be actuated by sentiments worthy of their birth and character, worthy of men, that we might truly say, in every sense of the word, with the patriotic enthusiasm of Goldsmith,

'I see the lords of human kind pass by:'

but as things are, we are certainly a reproach to our neighbours on the continent; we are not happy in any of our public institutions, neither in their principle nor their management; we begin where we ought to leave off; like reading Hebrew, we begin at the end: we have, 't is true, institutions without end, from the gulls of animal magnetism and the strokers of metallic tractors, to the idolatry of a cow's ulcered udder; and as to hospitals, and other charitable endowments, they are innumerable; and I expect to see an asylum soon opened for orphan lap-dogs, and an infirmary for sick monkies. You see subscriptions for all denominations of establishments fill, and the names of such in the list, were it not for the ostentation and publicity of the roll, as would not, if it was done by stealth, give a penny to pluck a dying man from a ditch, or keep a poor unfortunate family, with sensibilities above their condition, who cannot beg, from starving. Is there a charity set on foot for expatriated emigrants, though chiefly spies, or assassins in mask; unemancipated Catholics, or excommunicated nuns—what is its origin and its progress? Does it spring from the only source that can justify its creation or ensure its permanency; from the silent and gradual operation of pity, acting on the benevolent and the rich, to prompt them to consider the wants and distresses of their fellow-creatures, and for their relief to 'cast the superflux to them,

'to show the Heavens more just?' No such thing. Some deep, designing, specious projector, with an imposing plausibility, and apparent disinterestedness, yet with an eye, should the establishment succeed, to the housekeeper's, the secretary's, or the treasurer's place, recommends the plan to some great man, whose ear he has gained by flattering appeals to his vanity and his pride, the only passports to his favour and his purse. The train thus laid catches like wildfire, the avowed founder is puffed off in verse and prose, and the institution flames in the Red Book with all its blaze of president, vice-presidents, council, and subordinate officers; but analyse the establishment and the founder, and will they bear it? The former, too often the crude conception of prejudice and self-interest, adopted by whim or party, if reducible, never reduced to system, and furnishing support for such as, for aught the contributors to its funds know, (so little inquiry is made into the merits of the objects it professes to relieve), may have deserved a cart's tail, or to pound hemp in Bridewell; the latter, as most frequently has been the case, one of those Proteus characters with talents unhappily to match his versatility and his artifice, who, after broaching a variety of strange doctrines from the school, the pulpit, and the lecture-room; at one time a furious demagogue; at another as loud for monarchy; now a revolutionist abroad, and now a political incendiary at home; who, like an old courtezan, that, outliving all her charms and her passions, stiffens into prudery and

piety, never misses church, and is shocked at a *double entendre*; finding that he can neither subvert church or state, thinks it politic, by standing forth the champion of humanity, to patch up a tattered reputation, and smother principles which without being, fortunately for the world, combustible enough to blaze, betrayed themselves by the offensiveness of their smoke. Nay, I have got my doubts as to the utility of that charity called the Literary Fund, celebrated as it is by the elegant compositions of a Symmons or a Pye; for whom does it profess to benefit? Decayed authors; words of very vague and equivocal import. Is it always inquired whether the persons appearing under this title have been authors of genius and merit, who by their writings have promoted the cause of virtue; or, negatively good, have not assisted the cause of vice? Have they considered that many who would wish on such an occasion to class themselves among authors, have, only to expose themselves, deserted the plough or the cobler's stall, and, from mistaking or misapplying their talents, have done an injury to society? I have myself known some rewarded who rather deserved reproof; men certainly of talents, but who hid them under a bushel; who having just tantalized the world with a specimen of what they could do, and not loving exertion, console themselves with this reflection: I need not work, my name is up, and I have the Literary Fund to resort to." Apologizing for the interruption, Signor Parvidoglio, with much humour, wished to know

if decayed ballad-singers were within the embrace of that charity; for on the same principle that it is said there would be no thieves if there were no receivers, if there were no ballad-singers there would be no ballad-makers; so far their relation to authorship is established; and as accessaries are liable to a participation of punishments, why not of rewards? But Jones, with more spirit from this trifling rest, continued, "Would it not be more to the honour of this nation to raise a fund for assisting and fostering infant and growing genius, to enable it to stretch its wings, and soar to the heights of literature, by being properly buoyed up, and preventing its falling a prey to the rapacious trade, as the booksellers are called; and, perhaps, for bread prostituting itself by writing novels and political pamphlets, to corrupt the morals or foment a faction? There should be a committee to decide on works of merit, to apportion premiums, and give the imprimatur to such as were worthy of publication. It is much nobler to prevent distress than to relieve it. What an humiliating thing it is to think that genius should be obliged to become a beggar at an age when the faculties are impaired!—genius, that, if properly encouraged at first, might have enabled the possessor to make a provision for age, after having by his talents contributed to the entertainment as well as the improvement of mankind." We were all unanimous in echoing back Jones's sentiments; and the parson, who had been on the move for some time before, was rivetted to hear him out,

who, with a rapture that I thought the quiet elements he seemed composed of were not capable of feeling, exclaimed: " Ay, with genius so fostered, criticism under such control, and the harpy trade disarmed, the press would become a blessing, the treasures of ancient literature would be unlocked, and even geoponics, perhaps, would be more duly appreciated:" then ordering his horse, and pinning up his coat, he was impatient to be going. We pressed him to stay, but he said his lantern was lighted (it being moonlight), and his presence at home was materially necessary in the morning early, as he was going to give orders about sinking a well on the plan recommended by his Greek geoponical friend, Diophanes. However, we made him promise to meet us the following evening at Deptford Inn, and to accompany us to Stonehenge.

After the ceremony of parting with our clerical guest was over, and we had resumed our seats, Jones observed, " There is a man who has just left us, the most fortunate creature alive, possessed, one would think, of every ingredient of happiness, but who, not content, though he set out in life without any expectations, with having succeeded to an affluent independence, is a prey to imaginary wants and imaginary pretensions, and, consequently, to real miseries. He succeeded early in life to a valuable college living, which luckily brought him into the neighbourhood of a gentleman, a quondam college acquaintance, a bachelor; who dying soon after, left him his whole fortune,

with a noble library, a fine collection of drawings and prints, and a curious cabinet of coins. These new possessions suddenly showered upon him, infinitely exceeding his taste, his expenses, or his desires, became a source of new disquietude. His literature was too abstruse to be useful to the world or profitable to himself; and his independence only generated a sort of pride that aspired to attentions he had no claim on, and, from his recluse life, he had no chance of receiving; yet the hermit, shrinking from observation, too modest to court notice, and too humble and primitive to figure away as a modern high churchman, thinks his lot hard to have been so overlooked, and that his temples have not felt the embrace of the mitre." The stroke of twelve now put us in mind of retiring, and we separated for the night. We rose early, and whilst I was winding up my journal, our masked friends, apologizing for their intrusion, stripped of noses, wigs, and all disguise, came to wish us a good morning, with the hope that some accident might again throw us into each other's company. Hearing I have half an hour yet to breakfast, Jones being gone with the landlord of the inn to see a botanist a little way out of the town, and to inquire for a rare plant whose *habitat* is mentioned in this neighbourhood, I shall copy out a little poem of Shakespeare's, which, if it pleases you half as much as it has done me, you will thank me for inclosing.

Adieu, &c.

TO THE PEERLESSE ANNA, THE MAGNETTE OF MIE AFFECTIONNES.

Nott that mie native fieldes I leve,
Swelles in myne eie the scaulding teare,
Or biddes with sighes mye bosom heave,
* A wyse man's countrie 's everie wheare:

Nott that I thus am rudelye torne †
Farre from the muses' haunte I love,
With manlie mynde this might be borne,
Else wheare the muse might friendlie proove:

But, ah! with thyne mie vitall thredde
So close is twysted, that to parte
From thee, or e'er the bridal bedde ‡
Was scarselie tastid, breakes mie harte.

Oh! would the fatall syster's steele
Be streched to cutt her worke inn twayne,
Wythelde whiche destynes me to feele
That lyfe thus lenthen'd is butt payne.

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* In a letter from Milton to Peter Heimbach, as quoted in that valuable accession to the biography of this country, the Life of Milton, by Doctor Symmons, I remember an expression, echoed, as it were, from the great dramatist:

"*Patria est, ubicunque est.*"

† This seems to have been written on his quitting the country in consequence of his juvenile adventure with a party of deer-stealers, as the little poem which follows in the collection from Anna clearly settles.

‡ By this it appears that Shakespeare had but just been married when the deer-stealing frolic took place; a circumstance to which, in all probability, we owe the noblest compositions of human genius.

But yett a whyle her sheares be stayde,
For dieing I woold fayne reclyne
On Anna's brest, and theare be layde
Wheare Anna's duste mote wedde withe myne.

Deadford Inn, November 17, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

BREAKFAST over at Warminster, and Jones made as happy by the acquisition of the plant he was in quest of as a barrow-opener can be in the discovery of a new relic, we lost no time to make for Heytesbury, no great distance off, and were no sooner alighted than we called to see the museum, containing the contents of the different tumuli that have been opened for these ten years, under the patronage of Sir Richard Hoare, and the direction of Mr. Cunnington, who has the care and the management of it. This gentleman, who has all the enthusiasm that is necessary to excite the mind to a pursuit of this sort, appeared to be highly gratified by our visit, as well as the zeal we expressed at the prospect of a new epoch in antiquarian literature, from the splendid work Sir Richard Hoare had in contemplation. Nothing could be more curious and systematic than the arrangement of the museum; the contents of every tumulus were separate, and the articles so disposed as in the case of ornaments, such as beads, in such elegant knots and festoons, as to please the eye which looks to nothing farther. The story of

several was so perfectly told by the relics they contained, that an epitaph could not have let us more into the light of the rank and character of the dead. In one drawer were displayed all the utensils employed to fabricate arrow-heads, other weapons and implements that required sharp points, there being various whetstones, of a coarse and a finer grit, with grooves in each, worn down by the use made of them; together with bone in its wrought and unwrought state, evidently proving it to have been the sepulchre of an artist, whose employ this was. In another we were shown some flint arrow-heads, very similar to those I saw at Milford, which had been dug out of a turbary in the island of Nantucket, which Mr. Cunnington accompanied with the history of the tumulus wherein they lay. About three feet from the apex of the barrow, in digging they came to the skeleton of a dog, and from the fineness of the bones supposed to be of the greyhound kind; but when they got to the level of the surrounding ground (where, in general, the interment is found), in the centre, on the ancient sward then apparent, they came to a heap of ashes, mixed with some few particles of bone, not perfectly calcined, as is always the case, and surrounded by a wreath of stag's horns. In the middle of the ashes were discovered the flint arrow-heads, and a curious pebble of a reddish colour, not casual, but certainly placed there with design, as in that chalk country a pebble of such a character and quality is never seen, probably

some amulet. What a beautiful designation of the hunter's grave! He told us they met with groups of tumuli sometimes of the prince or chieftain, and all his household, the prince's chiefly larger, but clearly characterized by the richness and singularity of the ornaments and relics; and many of the others as characteristic of the person whose ashes occupied them. They never find coin in any, which induces me to think that the greater part are prior to the era of mintage; and seldom have found ornaments of gold. We saw a variety of urns from the height of two feet to one, not twice as big as a thimble. The urns that held the remains of the dead were all rude pottery, and half baked; but there are found often accompanying skeletons, a vessel they have given the name of *drinking cup* to; I presume from a supposition, that it was filled with some fluid, a viaticum for the dead, as it is always near the head of the skeleton, with its mouth up, and empty. The pottery of these smaller urns is much thinner, better baked, and more ornamented. When Sir Richard Hoare opens tumuli, a week is generally set apart for the operations, and the Baronet, he told us, is generally attended by a party of his friends; their head-quarters are sometimes at Amesbury, sometimes at Everley, sometimes at Woodyeates Inn; " and in such a company, gentlemen," said he, " you may well suppose the time passes with much festivity and good humour: though they may not all of them be as sanguine barrow-hunters as the learned Baronet, yet they

are all amateurs in such a degree as to relish the pursuit, and enjoy it. From the collision of great talents much wit must be elicited; therefore our entertainments on such occasions cannot fail to be well seasoned with it; and, by way of confirmation, permit me to show you a little poem written at one of our parties by a gentleman who, in another part of the kingdom, is desirous, by a similar process on a smaller scale, of illustrating the antiquities of his country, and which, were I even justified in giving his name, would bring no discredit on his muse. To make the poem more intelligible," added he, " though I ought to blush when I own it, as the writer, I fear, has strained his compliment, I am the absent member referred to, being then, to my no small mortification, disabled by illness from attending; but the compliment with which the poem closes, applied as it is, will not admit of excess. But let the poetry speak for itself; and therefore permit me," said he, " to present you with a copy of it; the subject in itself, though truly dignified, and thought so by the poet, is treated with so much characteristic pleasantry, as to induce those to read it who may have been in the habit of treating all the pursuits of the antiquary, particularly the opening of tumuli, with indiscriminate ridicule, and stimulate such to digress a little from the high road of fashion, to examine the interesting deposit I have the honour of taking charge of, who, having seen it, may retire with a more just and favourable estimate of our labours, and acknowledge that too

much praise cannot be bestowed on the learned and liberal patron of them." I wish, Charles, you had been with us, as I am certain you would have found it a rich treat; we both allowed that we never passed a couple of hours more to our satisfaction. It was not only the things we saw, so totally new to us, that we were so much delighted with; Mr. Cunnington's illustrative account of the different articles displayed very considerable powers of mind, as well as originality, and was conveyed in a language and a manner peculiarly his own, and left us in admiration of acquirements so rarely met with in men of his rank and calling, who affected no other character than that of a respectable tradesman. His knowledge was not confined to those primitive sepulchres whose contents he presided over, and mere antiquarianism. As a naturalist he had some claim on notice, having made large collections relating to mineralogy and fossils, and Jones allowed him more than superficial knowledge in botany. On our acquainting him with our route by Stonehenge to Salisbury, he lamented much his not having it in his power to accompany us then to a spot which had occupied much of his thought, and which, often as he had visited it, he always saw with new delight; but on our saying that we meant to stop that night at Deadford Inn, he promised to attend us the following morning if we would permit him, and would call on us by ten o'clock. He pressed us to take some refreshments, which we accepted, and afterwards stepped into the mail, then going by, there

being places, that passed the inn we were to lodge at. Our company in the mail for the few miles we had to go were, a boatswain of a man of war and his wife, who had been at Bristol to see some relations, and were returning to Plymouth. The tar was a man of a decent appearance, bore marks of his having served his country in the loss of an eye, and had no disposition to be taciturn; so that, during our short ride, the glory of the navy of England proved an inexhaustible source of conversation. He talked much of Nelson; he said, as to naval tactics, he was at sea what Bonaparte is by land: he settled an engagement as men would play at chess; he knew the moves and the chances, as far as a mortal could know them, and Heaven had so gifted him, that he seldom moved or calculated wrong. He was no less bold and decisive in the execution, than he was skilled in the forming of his plans. Who but he could have got us out of the scrape of Copenhagen? it was neck or nothing. "I was in it all," cried he, "being on board Captain Foley's ship, as brave an officer as ever trod the quarter-deck; and this Lord Nelson knew." One nautical anecdote followed another in rapid and uninterrupted succession till we were set down at Deadford Inn, where we found Jones's friend just alighted, not having yet unpinned the flaps of his coat. I call this place, *meo periculo*, Deadford, though usually spelt Deptford, being a village on the river Wily, the fords on which, from its slowness of current, particularly at this

place, must have been of that character to entitle it to the epithet *dead.*

While dinner was getting ready we had time to read the poem which Mr. Cunnington had presented us with; and Jones, who you know writes faster than any man I ever knew, and more legibly, undertook to copy it, that it might be inclosed to you, which I send, with all its notes, just as it was communicated to us. Our dinner over, and our wine and dessert of biscuits, apples, and walnuts being placed on a smaller table, we approached the fire, and every thing around us seemed to wear an air of comfort, though it would not bear a comparison with that of Stourton. Our guest said he had been so fortunate as to find the water he had sought for after the mode recommended by an ancient geoponic writer, *Paxamus*; and as to his reservoir for collecting it, he followed *Diophanes*, the Bithynian. But in the preparation of his mead, great as his veneration was for his old Greek friends, he preferred Queen Elizabeth's receipt for making it, as communicated by old Fuller, who says, the Queen, by reason of her Tudor blood, was very partial to it, and so must every one be who should experience, as he had done, the good effects of it on the constitution. Warner, who wrote on the gout, is of opinion, that if no other liquor than whey was drank as a common beverage, and mead as the only wine, it would entirely eradicate this excruciating disorder. He told us he had some fifteen years old, which to men of nice discriminating palates,

and used to rich foreign wines, he had passed off as the produce of a Sicilian grape. He followed the ancients only in one species, called *Rhodomelites*, which he brewed according to a prescription of *Berytius*, who lived in the time of Adrian.

Jones wishing to get rid of the geoponics, and yet pay his friend's learning a just compliment, observed, "That in reading those ancient authors, there must be great difficulty in finding out the true meaning of their technical terms."—"That," replied the parson, "is the only difficulty, and many of the terms must ever remain unexplained."—"Don't you think, then, Sir," said Jones, "that my namesake, Sir William Jones, gave proof of his profound knowledge of the Greek in his translation of the speeches of Isæus, the true chancery cases of that day?"—"Certainly," said the parson, "it is a splendid monument of his learning: as a scholar he was, indeed, a great man; but I think he sacrificed too much to oriental literature and Hindoo mythology; had he devoted half the time he gave up to the oriental languages to that truly venerable, comprehensive, and, unquestionably, original language, the Welsh, he might have found means of unlocking treasures, to which such studies would have supplied him with a key that in his hand might have done wonders; but though he had several times, in my hearing (for we were at College the same time), confessed that he would exchange any two of his languages for the Welsh, yet he never could be brought to encounter it, such were the prejudices he had con-

ceived against the practicability of acquiring a knowledge of it, yet I strongly suspect that pride had a share in this irresolution; for though his father was a Welshman born and bred, and had a name that of itself almost stamped him of that country, yet when, by the patronage of the Earl of Macclesfield shown to his great abilities, he had arrived at a state of independence, and mixed with the higher circles, he studiously avoided being thought of a country that he must have conceived himself disgraced by, before he would take the pains he did to conceal his origin and lose sight of his kindred; and this sort of pitiful pride, this littleness of mind, in other respects the truly great man, his son was not free from; who, with all his talents and boasted acquirements, that would confer lustre and dignity on any origin, yet was not possessed of philosophy enough not to be disconcerted by any thing which glanced at the lowness of his own, I mean comparatively, because he could not trace his pedigree to the nobles of the land, of whom Goldsmith says,

'A breath can make them, as a breath has made;'

but the honest yeomanry of Old Mona." You will perceive from the emphatical close of his sentence, that our guest is an ancient Briton, if not a native of the Druid island. I saw a kindred spirit mantling over Jones's countenance, at the just censure passed on feelings so unworthy the great man referred to, which was ready to burst into compliment, when, having the start of him, and

addressing myself to the parson, "I honour you, Sir, for your sentiments, and the exultation of pride with which you speak of your country; a country to pride one's self on, from what I have seen and know of it, and of late I have had a considerable acquaintance with it; for what spot on earth can be more beautifully diversified, picturesque, without too great a proportion of the barren and the sterile, rich on its surface, yet richer beneath, as its embowelled wealth is inexhaustible, with as much hospitality and patriotism as the Irish, without their captiousness and Quixotism (for you must allow the dear little island has too much of that), and as much learning as the Scotch, without their reserve, their harshness, their pedantry and temporizing suppleness to turn it to account; to say nothing of its noble language and its literary treasures, every year unfolding, particularly its ethics, which, since I have been let into the light of by specimens of our friend Jones's translation, I am truly astonished at, and am bold to pronounce superior to any thing handed down to us of that kind from the ancients, not even the golden verses of Pythagoras excepted, and which, I trust, will find a native Hierocles to diffuse their fame."—"And you," said Jones, "have only had a sample of the moral triads; they had their historical, poetical, and satirical triads, into which they found means of compressing more matter, sentiment, and point, than any human composition of the same extent can boast of; for what

can exceed the justness of thought and the comprehensiveness of the following poetical triads?

Tair sail awen; rhodd duw, ymgais dyn, a damwain bywyd.

The three foundations of genius; the gift of God, man's exertion, and the chances of life.

Tri phriv anhepgor awen; llygad yn gweled anian, calon yn teimlaw, a glewder, a vaidd gydvyned ag anian.

The three indispensable requisites of genius; an eye to see nature, a heart to feel nature, and boldness and perseverance to go along with nature.

Tri harddwch cerdd; mawl hêb druth, nwyv hêb anllad rwydd, a dychan hêb serthyd.

The three ornaments of song; praise without flattery, gaiety without licentiousness, and satire without vulgarity.

"Then, for satire, what can be more pointed than the following, though rather ungallant?

Tri fêth sydd ar wraig, a garo weled y cyntav nis anghar y ddau aralli, wyneb ei hun mewn drych, cevyn ci gwr o bêll, a gordderchwr yn ei gwely.

There are three things, of which if a woman likes the first, she will have no dislike to the other two: to see her own face in a glass, her husband's back far off, and a gallant in her bed.

"And who knows what mines of such wealth are yet to be discovered, were private cabinets more liberally opened to research, and public libraries better arranged?"

Jones, by his rapturous panegyric, had touched the chord that reached the very soul of his friend, rousing all that was Briton in him, till his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and even geoponics were forgotten. Then addressing himself to Jones, "I am happy," said he, "to find that, much as you have been out of it, you have not been seduced to forget your country, and that your Saxon companion, uncontaminated by that cockney narrowness of conception that induces half the English to suppose that Wales is an imperfect sort of creation, has the virtue and the liberality to allow it all the merit it so justly is entitled to. Thus richly endowed, beautified, protected, and bounded, it would seem as if Heaven had ordained Wales to be a sanctuary to preserve a genuine remnant of mankind."

I know not how it is, Charles, with your countrymen and the Caledonians, but nationality has such an effect on these Welshmen, that not only their voice assumes a more dignified tone, and their language becomes more figurative, but with the enlargement of the mind their very forms seem to dilate. After this colloquy on stilts there was no bringing them down to the *sermo pedestris*, and I thought it cruel to provoke them with common topics, so I voted for retiring, that they might chew the cud on this. The morning has risen

most auspiciously for our Stonehenge excursion, and we are hurrying through all our business, to be prepared to attend the summons of our pilot of the downs, whom we expect every moment; therefore Jones is at his post, making breakfast, while his friend, by a recapitulation of some of the subjects which so interested them last night, makes the tea-brewer almost forget, if not ashamed of, the process employed in producing so unheroic a beverage, which the parson still hopes he shall live to see supplanted by toast and mead, after Queen Bess's receipt, in old Fuller, the only chance of restoring our primitive stamina, that the plant of China had destroyed. You know I am a furious breakfast-eater, and how I hate to be hurried at that most delicious of all repasts, though it lack the Cambrian hydromel, so strongly recommended by our clerical guest: so adieu till we get to Salisbury.

P. S. I hope to be in London in three or four days: your letters then in future must be addressed to my Chambers.

A BARROW-OPENING AT EVERLEY, AUTUMN 1805.

Day has pal'd his gairish light,
And yields his empire to the night;
The spirits of the neighb'ring down
Claim the season as their own,
In murky mists as hov'ring round,
They circle each his separate mound,

And, with sad terrific yells,
Mourn their violated cells.
In this dark, this witching hour,
First let us due libations pour;
And be the awful tribute shed
To reconcile the mighty dead;
But watch, and see no eye profane
Peep on us through the broken pane *;
And that none with footsteps rude
On our mysteries intrude:
Then let the solemn rites begin,
Bring the urns, the largest, in †;
Round them all the smallest place,
Like satellites their state to grace;
And let the spear and dagger's pride
Rival each other, side by side:
Bring many a relic green as leek,
Crusted with the verd antique;
The drinking-cup, with nothing in 't;
Arrow-heads of bone and flint;
With the leaves of gold that shone
On the Arch-druid's breast alone,
When his office bade him go
To cut the sacred mistletoe;
Whetstones bring of every kind,
From the coarse to the refin'd;
Amulets of various form,
Gifted to raise or lay the storm;
The talisman of power to steep
The lid of care in balmy sleep;

---

* This was literally the case, the window of the inn being in a shattered state.

† As a finale to the entertainment, on the last evening of our meeting, the different urns and other relics, the produce of our researches, were laid out with great taste on the board after dinner, as an antiquarian dessert.

And the adder-stone, whose sway
The spirits of the deep obey;
In festoons then round them set
Beads of amber and of jet;
Next bring the smallest urn we have,
Taken from a Druid's grave,
Urn which we the thimble call,
Than nest of humming-bird more small,
With a precious balsam fill'd
By magic's wondrous power distill'd,
Essence of rarest gums and dews,
Which *Tydain* *, parent of the muse,
From *Defrobani*'s distant shore
To his much-lov'd Britain bore,
Unchangeable in smell and taste,
Not subject to corrupt or waste;
The flame approaching, let it melt,
And through the loop-hole of a *celt*
Drop three drops into the fire,
The mystic number we require;
Whence issuing a perfume is found
To purify the space around,
Of potency to guard from blights
'Gender'd in autumnal nights,
And th' initiated to screen
From every harm that lurks unseen;
With many a flinty arrow-head,
Found in the hunter's narrow bed,
'Bove which, companion of the chase,
His faithful dog had burial-place:
Lastly, bring the rèlic known
To be the rarest thing we own;
The kidney pebble, which appears
Once, perhaps, a thousand years,

---

* Tydain Tâd Awen, the father of the muse, makes an illustrious figure in the Welsh historical triads; some will have him to be the same with Taut or Hermes.

For all the ills a sovereign cure
Which sportsmen in their reins endure.
Nothing now, I ween, remains
But to chaunt old Arcol's strains,
Which to hymn the day he chose,
When Abury's mountain columns rose;
And, the stupendous labour o'er,
His harp he vow'd to string no more:
In the chorus, got by heart,
Let John and Stephen * bear a part:
Illustrious barrow pioneers!
Who never yet have had their peers.
But the notes seem flat and dull,
The choir is not as usual full;
Full how can the concert be,
For Druid Mordred, where is he,
At our solemnities whose pride
And office still was to preside?
Whilst aguish vapours cloud his sight,
Hating converse, hating light;
See! where in his *Hakpen bower* †
He languishes away the hour,
Dead to its furniture around,
And rich mosaic on the ground.
Great Mordred absent, who can tell
How to pronounce the closing spell?
Which, supplied by him alone,
Demands a more majestic tone;

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* The two labourers, father and son, who are constantly employed on this work.

† Alluding to a bower which the gentleman here alluded to, Mr. Cunnington, of Heytesbury, has so arranged, as to represent on its floor, with different coloured pebbles, the plan of Abury, which was one of the grandest temples ever designed by man; consisting of an immense circle of twenty-two acres, with an avenue on each side of a mile long, to figure a winged serpent. Hakpen is an oriental word signifying the serpent's head.

Then, till health restore our friend,
Abrupt our ceremonies end.
Quick the relics then withdraw,
With regret, but mix'd with awe.
Or shrieks of troubled ghosts I hear?
Or is it fancy mocks my ear?
Rest, perturbed spirits, rest,
Vanish and mingle with the bless'd;
Think no longer, that, your foes,
We come to break your dread repose;
But from motives pure we trust
To scrape acquaintance with your dust;
Those numerous piles of pious toil
Man may level with the soil;
But with all the beauteous swells
Which cover your sepulchral cells,
Whatever changes be their lot,
If swept away and clean forgot,
This sacred, death-devoted plain
In *Crocker*'s * colours shall remain;
For know, the costly page that saves
From chance of future spoil your graves,
The splendid monument by *Hoare*
Shall last till time shall be no more!

Stourton, November 19, 1807.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

AFTER an interval of two days I again resume my pen, to give you a cursory account of

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* A most ingenious draftsman, who attends Sir Richard Hoare on these occasions to make drawings of the contents of the tumuli, as well as tumuli themselves, for illustrating the learned Baronet's intended work.

the manner in which it has been employed, and of the things we have seen and heard. Our Cicerone from Heytesbury was punctual to a minute, and there was no delay on our parts to attend him. After congratulating us on the fineness of the day, he asked us how we meant to travel: we answered, in a post-chaise.—" Why, then," said he, " Gentlemen, you must permit me to have the conduct of it as to its pace and its pauses, as I should wish to show you some things in the way, and introduce you to the principal object with the greatest effect; therefore I must stipulate for regulating every stage of this excursion." For all the apparent mock solemnity couched under this mysterious caveat we were at a loss to account, yet we professed to submit ourselves entirely to his direction. On our road to Stonehenge our intelligent guide showed us camps and ancient British trackways, and made most judicious observations on every thing he called our attention to; but we had not got many miles before our conductor ordered a halt, insisting, for reasons he was certain we should hereafter approve of, that we should continue to proceed the remainder of the road with the blinds of our chaise up; a motion we most cheerfully complied with. Thus in darkness and durance we travelled rapidly for a few miles, till our captain, with a most majestic tone, issued the word of command, " Stop, down with the blinds;" when, lo! we found ourselves within the area of the gigantic peristyle of Stonehenge. In every approach to this stupendous

pile, particularly that which we took, it is seen for some miles before you reach it, and every eye will discover it too soon; so that on this extended plain at such a distance it appears nothing, and by the time you are at it all astonishment ceases; but when it bursts suddenly and all at once on the eye, as it did on ours, not familiarized by a graduated approximation, the effect is wonderful. I know not if the subject of Stonehenge has ever occupied your attention; if it had, I think, I should have known it; and, therefore, on the supposition that you are still a stranger to the various opinions entertained of this majestic monument of antiquity, you may not think a summary of the whole tedious, as Jones's vade-mecum furnishes me with a brief account of the hypothesis of every writer who has touched upon it. The triads mention it as one of the three great works.

Jeffrey of Monmouth ascribes the erection of it to Merlin, who, as he lived in the time of Aurelius Ambrosius, in Welsh Emrys, is called Merddin Emrys, to commemorate the Saxon treachery in the massacre of the British nobles there assembled, to meet Hengist (and the true Saxon name is Stonhengist). It seems the honour of having given a place first to these wonderful columns, is by many allowed to your country, and that they once stood on the Curragh of Kildare, but that Merlin by magic that he was supposed to be skilled in, removed them to the plain on which they now stand; though Jones accounts for this without magic or the aid of the devil,

whom Merlin was said to have employed as his chief engineer on this occasion, by supposing Merlin or Merddin a great mechanic for that age, to have been sent to Ireland to survey your more ancient Stonehenge, and to have raised this on the model of it; a work so colossal, and, for the rude era we may date it from, such an evidence of art and improvement in mechanism when compared with the massive simplicity of the colonnade of Abury, that it is no wonder they should resort to preternatural means to account for it. Camden considers it a piece of work such as Cicero calls *insanam substructionem*; for says he, "There are erected in form of a crown, in three ranks or courses, one within another, certain mighty stones, whereof some are twenty-eight feet high and seven broad, on the heads of which others rest crosswise, with tenon and mortise, so that the whole frame seems to *hang*, and therefore Stonehang or henge." Without entering into much argument, he rather laments that the history of so curious a monument is so obscure; adding, that in his time there were some of opinion that the stones were not natural, but an artificial composition. Inigo Jones will have it to be a Roman temple of the Tuscan order, to the god Cœlum or Terminus; a hypothesis which his son-in-law, Webb, has endeavoured to defend with a great deal of learning and ingenious sophistry. In opposition to him, Doctor Charlton as strenuously assigns it to the Danes, and endeavours to prove that it was built to amuse themselves during their

short-lived triumph, whilst Alfred was in concealment. Sammes conceits it to have been the work of the Phœnicians. Aubrey contends for its having been a temple of the Druids long before the time of the Romans. Doctor Stukely follows him, but with all the visionariness that his fine fancy was capable of. Wood is nearly of the same opinion, but delivers himself more soberly in his treatise. A lecturer on the subject in 1792 will have it to be a vast theodolite for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies. A whimsical tract among Hearne's collections, entitled, "A Fool's Bolt soon shot at Stonage," maintains, but not with much humour, that it commemorates a bloody battle over the Belgæ by the Cangick giants; whilst in a manuscript Jones saw with an uncle of his, in the Welsh language, said to be written by Humphrey Llwyd, evidently a piece of ingenious raillery, it is made out to be a play-place of the giant race, where the game was a sort of complicated cricket, and that the holes observable in some of the stones were occasioned by the balls striking against them. That it was a grand conventional circle of the Britons there can be no doubt, and long subsequent to Abury and many other lesser works of that character to be found over England and Wales, as in its formation the pure principles of forming such circles, which would admit of no art, were in some degree abandoned—a proof that at this period probably Christianity had begun to interfere with the institution. As to the stones, certainly not found near, some

contend that they are of various qualities and countries: granite, jasper, porphyry, and granulated quartz; that the altar-stone is a species of porphyry, from the Black Mountain in South Wales; and that others are from the Pyrenees and Finland, no such being found in this island; but the majority are disposed to trace them all to one family, to the Grey Wethers near Marlborough, about thirty miles off, a tract of sloping ground still dotted with numerous stones appearing on the surface, the loose sandy soil in which these nuclei were bedded having in the course of ages been washed away; and to corroborate this opinion, our intelligent Cicerone, Mr. Cunnington, who in his remarks on every thing he attempts to speak on is clear and convincing, showed us at intervals some of the stones that in the carriage to the spot had been dropped, exactly in the direction to the Grey Wethers. The day being bright and pleasant, we traversed this vast plain in every direction, were shown the cursus, which plainly tells its story to this day, on a scale to suit the magnificence of Stonehenge; and groups of tumuli of all sizes, most of which had been opened under the inspection of Mr. Cunnington, who entertained us with a most interesting account of the discoveries made in them, and ingenious deductions from their contents to ascertain their age and their comparative rank. There was a group called the Prophet barrows, which he said had been productive of a number of curious articles; but being asked how they came to have that ap-

pellation, he informed us that the French prophets, a set of fanatic impostors in the early part of the last century, from these elevated mounds were used to deliver their oracular doctrines, which, wild as they were, like those of Joanna Southcote's at this day, had a large party to give them countenance. The group, he said, belonged to the Rev. Mr. Duke, an amateur antiquary, whom he had the pleasure of attending when they were explored; a circumstance that had been made the subject of the same gentleman's muse, who recorded the Everley treat, in three sonnets, which though too flattering to him, yet as he considered the little praise he was entitled to or received as part of the main compliment to the great patron of the undertaking, even when Sir Richard Hoare's name was not mentioned, he hoped he might be permitted to refer to without the charge of any unbecoming vanity, and request our acceptance of, to commemorate this day's excursion, which he had the honour of conducting; and as I know you are as fond of poetry as of the subject of the specimen in question, I send you the sonnets, which, I agree with Jones, have a great deal of spirit, and perhaps more so from being bastards, for they are stamped with illegitimacy.

I am told that your Curragh of Kildare has some kindred features with this awful plain, and that, though you have been robbed of your Stonehenge, your tumuli still remain, and examined, if

at all, very partially and immethodically. May it be reserved for you to illustrate this venerable national record, and by so doing throw a light on your early history. I assure you I have seen and heard so much of those primitive sepulchres, that, had I your fortune, there is no pursuit I should affect with more avidity.

Having consumed the day in our rambles, we took up our quarters for the night at Amesbury, a town on the skirts of the downs. Here is an old mansion in a very ruinous state, formerly the favourite retreat of the late Duke and Duchess of Queensberry; and in the groves that embosom it were once heard the melodious strains of Prior and Gay,

"When Kitty was beautiful and young;"

where now only

"The moping owl does to the moon complain."

The house, I believe, has never been inhabited since the Duchess's time, and the manor annexed to it is rented for five hundred pounds per annum by Sir James Mansfield, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, to supply him with game; but chiefly for the sport of coursing, which he is passionately fond of, and where he runs down hares with as much eagerness as he once did chancery causes, though the *suits* here have a quicker end. The old Judge is at the head of a coursing club which meets here in autumn annually for a week,

during which time all the members in their turns "*make and are made examples of*;" a favourite expression among the Greyhound Hunt.

The inn at Stourhead made us fastidious as to our accommodations; and being the scale we applied to every house we stopped at, no wonder that so few came up to the standard; yet in the present case, the whole day in keen air on the downs had given us an appetite for food and fire, and, so there was a sufficiency of both, we were indifferent as to the cookery or the colliery. Our evening, it is true, wanted the *sal Atticum* of our masked friends, but it had its competent seasoning of the *utile* and the *dulce*. In the recapitulation of our day's adventures Mr. Cunnington convinced us that he was no superficial antiquary, but was a man of strong understanding and exquisite sensibility. Jones's clerical friend gave us several anecdotes of the late Duchess of Queensberry, whom he represented to the last as retaining traces of great beauty, which her strange manner of dress, in spite of all fashion, and calculated to produce an ugly disguise, and even age, could not subdue; and if the lustre of her eyes in the last year of life was remarkable, what must it have been at the age when Prior in his beautiful song compared her to Phaeton, borrowing her mamma's chariot for a day to set the world on fire! He said that long after, at a time when their fire might be supposed to be abated, there was a story current of a carter with a pipe in his mouth happening to pass

by her carriage with the Duchess in it as it stopped at a silk-mercer's, and struck with her beauty and the irresistible brilliancy of her eyes, begged the favour of lighting his pipe at them—a compliment she was always proud of referring to when her admirers used to flatter, saying, *That's nothing to the carter.* "And pray, Sir," said I, "do you think that any lady possessed of her great understanding could have been gratified by such hyperbolical adulation?"—"Yes, Sir, I really do think it; Solon's Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν, which was said to have been dropped from heaven, does not seem to have been picked up by many of us; the very best and wisest of men are too apt to form erroneous opinions of themselves; and we are all, perhaps, too much addicted to conceit that our deserts are greater than they are; then praise becomes more or less flattery in proportion to the excess of such conceit. I was," continued he, "at the same time of the same college with Charles Fox, at Oxford, and knew him well then and after he had become a conspicuous public character. I believe the world allows him to have been possessed of as vigorous and manly an understanding, and less affectation, than most of his contemporaries, the young men of fashion of the day, could boast of; yet so ignorant was he of Solon's heaven-descended scroll, and so little conscious of that infirmity which is the last and most difficult to overcome, that he was often heard to profess that he was not accessible to the vanity of adulation; wherefore there was a trap laid to as-

certain how far his professions would bear him out; and, though the bait was obvious, it took, and the great statesman was caught. A noble Earl now living, with Mr. Hare, and several of his other intimate friends, being of a party with Mr. Fox once, in the country, agreed to assent to every thing he proposed and extol every thing he uttered, however repugnant to their own sentiments, or however absurd in itself; but after two or three days passed in this sort of masquerade, they asked him if he seriously thought them in earnest when they approved of all the inconsistencies that fell from him during that time: Fox, like an electric shock, feeling the force of the appeal, and obliged to own his weakness, replied, 'That never struck me, but I never passed two 'such pleasant days in my life.'" Recurring to the Duchess, Jones said he was told, that after the death of her son, by grief her natural liveliness of disposition was sublimed into a wild eccentricity, bordering at times on a slight derangement, and numerous instances of a conduct to prove it are on record; for she has been known to go into a shop in the city, and to have taken a particular liking to the shopkeeper's wife for no other reason than that she resembled the late Empress of Russia, which was followed up by repeated calls, and an inquiry into their circumstances and views, ending in Her Grace's getting a place of six hundred pounds a year under Government for the husband, besides making them many very

ample presents; yet their conduct in life was such as merited reproof rather than encouragement or reward; whereas on a worthy family, who had fallen from affluence by unavoidable misfortunes to extreme distress, though their condition was properly set forth with the most respectable credentials by this recent object of her bounty, she never bestowed a farthing. Surely, to say the best of such capricious benevolence, it was, as Mr. Pope expresses it, "doing good by whim." As I found that Jones's friend was in the habit of visiting Alma Mater every year, never missing a commemoration, and that he was perfectly acquainted with, and seemingly felt an interest in the discipline and regulations of the University of Oxford, and as I had there the orphan son of a poor relation, to whom I am guardian, who is now on the point of passing his first examination, I was anxious to know what he thought of the late mode adopted, if it was calculated to sift real genius, or only puzzle by quaint set questions, which those who ask have always by rote, and the asked may answer by the same means?—"Why, Sir," replied our clerical guest, "I cannot say that the examinations, as they are now conducted, are what, in my humble opinion, they ought to be; certainly they are stricter; that is, they don't make it a mere matter of form, as it was in your time, and in mine, long before; but still the examination is that of schoolboys, all mechanical, and to young men of real genius very humiliating; while the examiners, with too pe-

cantic a scrupulosity, make quantity, accent, or some such secondary consideration the test of those qualifications by which the examined are to rise or fall, though the best classical scholar I ever remember never could read ten lines either in Latin or Greek without a lapse or two of that kind; yet, notwithstanding, no man understood his author better, or talked or wrote those languages more critically or fluently. A superficial mechanical logician, such as I fear most of the examiners are, is a contemptible thing, and yet a smattering of logic is much insisted on at this probation; and I am bold to contend that even too much stress is laid on mathematics, and many an excellent scholar in other respects, for want of readiness in this science, has been rejected; or, to use the vulgar scholastic term, *plucked*. Now let us see who the probationers are: if you except a few young men of fashion, the majority of whom aspire to nothing above four-in-hand, there are ten trained to the church for one that is destined for any other profession. Ought not, then, theology and ethics to make a part of this probationary catechism? and that to consist not merely of the construction of the Greek Testament and Grotius, and of Aristotle or Seneca, but of a competent knowledge of that religion which springs from the harmony of the Gospels, and of that moral philosophy whose fruit is never racy and valuable but as it is grafted on it? or, in other words, ought mathematics to be encouraged

almost to the exclusion of religion; a science which, I fear, by engendering arrogance and presumption, and inducing its possessors to withhold their assent from every thing that cannot be proved, as if what is only the subject of faith, revelation, could be demonstrated like a problem in Euclid."

Thus passed our evening till near eleven, when our antiquarian oracle and the divine took their leave of us and retired, as they both had occasion to be off early; the one to explore a British village on the downs, and the other to complete his hydraulics after the manner of the ancients.

The next morning our guests had not much the start of us, for we had left our beds and breakfasted betimes, wishing to make the most of the short day. To Old Sarum we had not far to go, one of the most curious specimens that we have of the mixed work of the different periods at which, and people by whom, it was occupied; there being still extant manifest traces of its British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman inhabitants, the whole forming a stupendous aggregate. It stands on very high ground, and from it may be seen the branching of the Roman roads, and one very distinct to the north-east. It is estimated to be in compass about five thousand feet. Eigen, the daughter of the renowned Caractacus, reported to be the first female saint of Britain, having married the regulus who swayed this district, is said to have resided here. The later emperors seem to have much frequented it, as many of their coins are found here. It was a favourite spot of the Saxon

Egbert, and Edgar called a parliament here. Nor were the Norman kings less attentive to it. The see was removed from Sherborne first to Salisbury, then to this place in 1056; but the church he begun was finished by his successor, Osmund; and if *ex pede Herculem*, from the only entire relic now extant of that fabric, in the gardens of the College at Salisbury, it must be allowed to have been a magnificent Gothic building. In 1220 the see was again removed to Salisbury, and the present cathedral built by Bishop Richard Poore, about the year 1227; Peter Blesensis being said to have prophesied of that event sixty years before.

Few places have exercised the ingenuity of etymologists more than this, and my companion's interesting note-books furnish me with a variety of conjectures, and some ridiculously fanciful, such as that of old Baxter, who will have Sarum to be a corruption of the *British Sar-Avon*, that is, angry or violent river, which ran at the base of the hill on which is placed Old Sarum, and flows through the streets of the New; though the *Wiley* is of a directly opposite character. Johannes Sarisburiensis calls it Severia, from the Emperor Severus; but the Roman name of Sorbiodunum is much nearer the mark, being an almost literal translation of its original British appellation, *Caer Sarflog*, the *fortified place abounding with the service-tree.* Now *sorbus* is service-tree in Latin, and *dunum* is a common Latin termination for places which have the adjunct *dun* or *caer* in the British; so that

it was impossible to latinize the word with less violence to the original.

After an hour passed in exploring this singular spot, we descended to the modern Salisbury, where I found letters from my uncle, who has just got to London, requiring me to hurry thither as soon as possible, so that our plan of resting here a day or two is frustrated. We therefore lost no time to visit the beautiful relic of Gothic architecture brought from Old Sarum, to which a letter from Mr. Cunnington procured us admission. It was at first attached as a sort of vestibule to some part of the new cathedral, but, in the rage for innovation, cut off like a scirrhous tumour, and discarded, and now fills a respectable situation after its disgrace of being doomed to mix with rubbish, in the charming grounds of H. P. Wyndham, Esq. member for Wiltshire, to whose taste we owe the preservation of this elegant little portico, as he rescued it from oblivion, and took pains to repair and perfect the building where it was defective from other outcast fragments of the present cathedral, when it underwent reparation about half a century ago*, and much of the chaste simplicity

* It bears this classical inscription from the pen of the gentleman to whom it belongs:

"Hanc ædem, olim in vicinâ urbe Sorbioduni extructam, et postea ad Novam Sarisburiæ urbem transvectam, ubi, per plus quingentos annos, ecclesiæ cathedralis portam borealem, jam nunc occlusam, vestibuli loco adumbraverat, hic demum Decani Capituliq. assensu, collocari curavit

"H. P. Wyndham,
A. D. 1767."

of that fine fabric was sacrificed to the fantastic frippery of modern designs.

We ordered an early dinner, and while that was getting ready we paid a tantalizing visit to that splendid monument of Bishop Poore's spirit and taste, the so much justly celebrated cathedral, a model of the purest Gothic, till the late innovations had destroyed the consistent harmony of its parts; but our examination of it was too hasty to please ourselves, and therefore I shall not attempt any thing by way of description, for we could scarcely give ourselves an hour to see what, to do it justice, demands a day at least.

In our way back to the inn we secured places in the mail for that evening, and had only time to hurry our dinner before we were summoned to the coach, which landed us in London about nine o'clock the following morning: I have occasionally found this mode of conveyance productive of great entertainment and great variety of characters; but in this instance I found an exception, our companions for the night being perfectly unsocial: the one a Quaker, by his demureness and dress, whom the spirit never once moved to utter a syllable, not permitting his rigid stiffness to relax into a yea or nay; the other an Italian, with the looks of an hereditary assassin, and a stiletto in every feature, who was as silent as the Quaker, but whose countenance spoke more, I fear, than his tongue could dare to utter. I learned that he was confidential valet to a great man: what a reflection! to think of preferring a set of foreign mis-

creants to our own countrymen, and perhaps by so doing nourishing vipers in our bosom. I wonder, with such a pack of wretches, rapacious and vindictive, always about their persons, that our men of fashion are not oftener doomed to feel the midnight dagger or the slow-consuming poison; but it is a depravity, that, before it is corrected, bids fair to be severely punished. Jones, with his command of sleep, escaped from the misery of this silence and confinement that I was awake to all night; while my constant employment was to ventilate the coach every five minutes, and purify the air, contaminated by the rocambole breath of the Italian. At my chambers your welcome packet greeted me. It gives me infinite pleasure to find that my communications from the Carmarthen manuscript have been so acceptable, and that Conolly is of the same opinion with you as to publishing the whole, which, from looking more into the contents of my purchase, will make a handsome modern octavo, what with the Shakespearian farrago, the prophecies, and two or three whimsical scraps of more recent date, probably collected by the person who last owned the book. I shall therefore avoid giving the chance of publicity to more of my ancient treasures, and yet I cannot forbear treating you with a specimen of the prophecies and their *notes variorum*, which I shall tack on to my next, having already pledged myself in this to give you the antiquarian sonnets I have referred to, and which Jones at another table is now copying to be inclosed. It may be some

time before you hear from me again, as a letter from my uncle acquaints me with his having left town for Hampshire, where he has engaged to pass his Christmas at a relation's, and has requested me to follow him without delay; so that to-morrow I shall again box myself in a coach, and Jones proposes a visit to Bury, where I suspect there is a magnet of very attractive power, that is likely to rescue him from celibacy. I have heard nothing of late from a certain quarter, and I almost dread to inquire.

Adieu, my dear Charles, and let me live in your remembrance.

THREE SONNETS TO MR. CUNNINGTON,

TO WHOM THE WORLD IS INDEBTED, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF SIR RICHARD HOARE, FOR DISCOVERIES THAT CANNOT FAIL TO THROW NEW LIGHT ON THE PRIMEVAL HISTORY OF BRITAIN.

AT MEETING HIM ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

I.

O THOU, on whom each antiquarian eye
  Is turn'd, as when the mariner from far
Stretches his aching vision to descry
  Through Night's dark vault some tutelary star,
Benighted long I hail thee as the day
  That bids the wanderer all his fears dismiss;
What joy to meet thee, pilot of my way,
  And meet in such a latitude as this,
Where o'er the boundless ocean of a plain
  To steer the self-same course that thou hast been,
Is ever safe, as in the South Sea main
  Wherever Cook's adventurous track is seen;
For, till thy time unknown, 't is thine to boast
To have discover'd well this curious coast.

ON OPENING THE PROPHET BARROWS.

II.

Hither were wont mad prophets to repair
For facts unborn to search Time's mystic womb,
And vent their impious ravings to the air—
Imposture all! who dares to pierce the gloom?
Fallacious ray allied to error found,
No ignis fatuus leads our steps astray;
Fearless we tread, though death's deep night surround,
Where'er thy polar star directs the way.
The rod augurial in the miner's hand
The mineral world is gifted to unfold;
More wondrous still the magic of thy wand;
It turns whate'er it touches into gold.
Oh! for that splendid epoch, when the ore
Its sterling impress shall receive from HOARE!

ON ATTENDING THE REV. MR. DUKE,

TO WHOM THE ABOVE GROUP OF BARROWS BELONGED, TO DIRECT THE THREE OPERATIONS OF OPENING THEM: BEING THE FIRST TIME OF HIS BEING PRESENT AT SUCH A CEREMONY.

III.

Auspicious morn, by prophets long foretold,
To Sarum's plain once more that calls my friend,
The dark sepulchral mysteries to unfold,
And DUKE's initiation to attend:
Oh! let the young noviciate for his guide
Look up to thee, in mind thy precepts bear,
That when thy mantle thou shalt throw aside,
The mystic robe he may deserve to wear.
In Egypt's piles, the wonder of mankind,
Sages in vain the labyrinth pursue,
But in our rival pyramids we find
No secret chamber that eludes thy clue:
Like Maia's son, where'er thou wav'st thy hand,
The dead appear obedient to thy wand.

December 29, 1807.

MY DEAR HIBERNIAN,

After three weeks interruption of our correspondence I again take up my pen to give you some account of myself. A Christmas in a country gentleman's house is pretty near the same the kingdom over; a noisy mixture of epicures, sportsmen, and boarding-school boys and girls; hunting at the hazard of your neck in the morning; feasting every day laid with a *continuardo*; after dinner hard drinking, and the chase again over the bottle; between tea and cards, by way of interlude, a waltz by the young ladies, and spouting by the young gentlemen; during which exhibition, to please mamma, you must affect to see the graceful agility of Deshayes in the daughters; and to ingratiate yourself with papa, an embryo Garrick or a Tully in the sons. Then succeed that odious thing called a round game, and, what is still more odious, a hot supper. However, as some counterbalance to half a dozen professed Nimrods, we had one gentleman very entertaining, an intimate of the late Dr. Goldsmith, who knew my father a little, and was one of the last, if not the last survivor, of the celebrated literary club of that day: he was a man who at the age of seventy-four looked only sixty, but studied to play the boy more than became him, had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and told a story with infinite humour. He gave us several original

traits of Goldsmith's character highly honourable to him, treated us with many jeu-d'esprits of his own and his early contemporaries, and by his lively description made the wits of times gone by pass as it were in review before us: the ponderous lexicographer now moving like an elephant, attended by the lord of Auchinleck, now playing like a kitten with his learned hostess at Streatham; Garrick, all finesse, and gasping for applause; Goldsmith, a strange compound of brilliancy and blunder; Hugh Kelly, a lump of affectation; and old Murphy, who in his narratives had the opposite vice to his favourite historian Tacitus, for he said one of his stories would continue from the rising to the setting sun, and he has been often known to go on with it during the whole of dinner, not the least sensible of the total inattention of his hearers. I suspect that this gentleman had been in some diplomatic character abroad when young, for he knew a great deal of most of the courts of Europe, whilst Europe had courts; he told us, among many curious particulars that had occurred to him, that he knew a Dutchman who had been hanged and had his throat cut, and yet survived to be reconciled to life; for in a fit of jealousy he had gone up to his chamber, which was over the kitchen, and hung himself up to the bed-post, but in his struggles he had kicked down a chair, or made some violent noise, which so alarmed the cook, who was then dressing dinner with her knife in her hand, that she ran up stairs just time enough to

save her master's life, as, in trying to cut the cord he was suspended by, her knife slipped, and cut his throat, which restored him to animation. The other very remarkable thing he told us was, that he had once dined at the Piazza Coffeehouse in company with five men who were afterwards hanged: the two Perreaus, Doctor Dodd, Hackman, and Donnellan. He has been of great service to me, being well acquainted with Lisbon, and with the very merchant on whom I have a claim in right of the late Mr. Hwlfordd, which without his assistance I fear I should never have recovered, though I may be obliged to go thither myself before I succeed: besides, having great India connexions, and being pleased to take an interest in my fortunes, he asked my uncle if he thought I should have any objection to go abroad, as he thought he should soon have it in his power to offer me a situation that would be worth my acceptance. For this last week, since my return to town, I have been plagued to death with lawyers and conveyances, having sold the houses in Dublin, and that most unpleasant species of property, tithes; yet my uncle, who has not been in London for some years, and has a large and fashionable acquaintance, has given me a sort of entrée into life. You know that neither you nor I had seen much of what is called the world for the two or three years we had been in town, for we had no idea of pleasure a mile from the Temple Coffeehouse, or much beyond the Theatres, and seldom threw ourselves in the way of an invitation

to the court end of the town, even shrinking from good Lady M——'s monthly dinner, though most of the guests and the whole entertainment were of a costume that might have been in fashion at the Revolution, and we might be said to be out of the world; but I have of late been truly in it, and have seen so much of its unmeaning folly as to make me pant more and more for a retirement among the mountains of North Wales. You have routs, I suppose, as well as riots in your capital, and I presume you may have had a practical knowledge of the former; but since Dublin has been drained of people of rank by the Union, I should suppose they must be on a very small scale compared to ours: I was the other evening at one, where, from first to last, there were from four to five hundred names announced, and two thirds of those unknown to the furnishers of the entertainment (if entertainment that can be called, which is exactly what Dr. Johnson defines a *rout, a tumultuous crowd)* but by a reciprocation of such follies. Having made many morning calls the same day, I had an opportunity of contrasting the faces of several of the ladies at the two different seasons of the day; for the pale primroses of the morning were become rosebuds, nay, full-blown roses, in the evening; so that they could hardly be known. What a masquerade this life is! and think you their hearts are as much in disguise as their cheeks? An evening party is a sort of half-way to a rout; but a *small* evening party, which is generally fixed for Sunday, is the acmè of

insipidity; and of such I lately was so unfortunate as to make one: it seldom consists of more than twenty or twenty-five; men of a graver cast, and ladies rather à l'antique, and generally calculated for the more quiet amusement of some dowager aunt with bad nerves, the effect of sixty years dissipation; or the gradual initiation of some female cousin, a young country put, not yet safely *presentable* every where, though she talks with rapture of Marmion, which she cannot understand, and may have written a novel, which nobody will read. Being announced in a tone of a more domesticated pitch, fitted to the occasion, you walk up with your crescent hat growing to your side, and one dirty glove on, to the lady of the house, and after half a dozen scrapes and bows, in receding you have a chance of treading on the lap-dog, which was my case, and I was confused for the whole evening. To make your situation pleasantly tenable, the praise of Pug and the old china is an incense you must offer. The gentlemen may look sentimental, but they say little; but all the conversation is carried on in a low key by the ladies, and chiefly turns on the amusements of the preceding, and what is announced for the coming week: says one lady to her neighbour, "Pray, my dear, what have we for this week?"—"Profusion of good things," replies the other: "on Monday night Lady C—r sees masks to spite her beautiful neighbour Mrs. O——n, who opens her house for the same purpose. Tuesday morning the dancing monkies in Bond Street, and

the Maltese girl without arms, who plays the violin within her teeth; and for the evening, our old friend the deaf Countess's rout. On Wednesday Mrs. V——'s dinner and the harp. On Thursday the Opera. On Friday the new actress. And on Saturday Lord B——'s infantine theatricals, by children not more than eight years old; with duets between the acts by bullfinches." For the honour of old Ireland, I hope you have nothing worse than this. In another fortnight, from my uncle's present bill of fare, I suspect I shall have wherewithal to amuse you in my next.

Yours, &c.

London, February 22, 1808.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I AM sick of law and lawyers: for this fortnight past I have not been a day without some interruption from them, though they come to enrich and not to impoverish me; yet for all that I do not like them:

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

You must know that my uncle in his day was esteemed a man of vertù; and not having seen London for some years, he is resolved to renew his old acquaintance and revive his old habits. With most of the great painters thirty years back he was intimate, particularly with him who was

facilè princeps, Sir Joshua Reynolds; but of many of those who now figure away at the head of their profession, with R. A. and knighthood in their train, he then scarce heard the names; some of them he might have seen copying at Sir Joshua's, or trying their talents on drapery and back-ground. However, he devoted every morning of a whole week to visit the most eminent of the present artists, the majority of whom are portrait-painters; and certainly portrait-painting must be confessed to be the noblest department of the art, inasmuch as a man excels a tree; however finely imitated a landscape may be, still you may see a better by looking out at your window; and in history you can catch but one point of time, it is fancy supplies the rest. *Ut pictura poesis:* the parallel may hold a little, but the powers of the pencil must yield to those of the muse, if nature is to be described, or the passions illustrated: were Claude to live again, and paint the four seasons in his best manner, I would pronounce Thomson's superior pictures; and where is the colouring that can produce Shakespeare's Macbeth? But in portrait-painting the muse must own her inferiority, and resign the palm to the pencil, which is employed not only to imitate the grandest work of creation, but to give a sort of immortality to that which, without such aid, perishes, not to admit of renovation in this world. Of all the painters of this class, the man whose performances please me most is Sir William Beechey: his likenesses the most prejudiced must allow to be un-

commonly striking; and as to taste in the disposition of his figures, and calling out the soul of character, he is unrivalled: then there is as little affectation about his style as himself—all is nature; there is no parade or charlatanrie belonging to him, as there is to several of his fraternity: not content with being painters, some of them aspire to be poets too: one deals in the pastoral, rural, and descriptive; another in sea-pieces; and a third sets up for a censor. But Mr. W——ll knows as little of the country and the scenes he employs his verse about, as a cockney who has never been further than Bagnigge Wells, or his villa tub in a paled spot six feet by four, where he measures the progress of vegetation by the growth of a true lover's knot, or his wife's cypher in pepper-grass; yet his poetry has this peculiar excellence, that it reads backward or forward equally well. Mr. T——m's pencil is "resistless and grand," but his muse at sea is a perfect emetic. And as to Mr. S—ee, though he certainly has some pretensions to call himself a poet, yet I doubt if his censure be just, and he is not querulous without a cause; and when he affects to give precepts, let him be reminded of *ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Besides, didactic poetry never made a man perfect in any art; for were there no other directory for brewing cider than Philips's poem, I take it the cellar in Maiden Lane would have but few customers. What is Fresnoy's Art of Painting but poetical pegs, though turned in Dryden's and in Mason's athe, to hang Sir Joshua Reynolds's notes and il-

lustrations on? Not that I have the honour of having F. R. S. or F. A. S. to page the heel of my name, yet I have lately visited the two societies they characterize, my uncle being a member of both. It seems a club formed of several gentlemen belonging to the Royal Society, dine weekly together at the Crown and Anchor during the session of Parliament on the day the society meet; and my uncle having an extensive acquaintance with many of them, particularly some he had known in India, was invited as well as myself as guests: a circumstance from which I promised myself great entertainment, but was much disappointed. The dinner, in the first place, was very bad, and so scantily supplied, that literally it would not have been enough were it not for some excellent doe venison which one of the members from his park had contributed; and had it not been for the gentleman himself, we should have lacked food for the mind. The company was very motley in rank, age, and talent, and seemed to want that congeniality of sentiment which is the cement of society. You found from the conversation of almost every one of them his darling pursuit, and the system he most favoured: one took an opportunity at every turn to refer to gypsies; another, to stones dropping from the clouds; a third, to a new mode of bleeding poppies; a fourth, to the dissection of a pine-cone; whilst a fifth broached a doctrine respecting the human form wilder than Lord Monboddo's, of which no man could make either head or tail; yet take

either of them out of his respective line, and he was silent. The first was toujours à la Bohemienne, and nothing else. The stone-shower man, unless you admitted of the possibility of raining pebbles, was a mere petrifaction. The man of opium, shut out from poppies, was a perfect narcotic. And the pine-cone dissector's knowledge was limited to that anatomy. But the gentleman who by his aid of the bill of fare had saved us from hunger, and by his general knowledge and pleasing powers of communicating it had kept conversation from stagnating, was alone more than a counterbalance for all the phlegm, formal dulness, and eccentricity of the rest of the company. After a temperate circulation of the glass and coffee, we adjourned first of all to the Antiquarian Society, where I found the account given of its process by one of the masked travellers no way exaggerated; afterwards to the Royal Society room, where a most tedious and stupid communication, on the nature and power of lenses, was read; a paper in itself so heavy and involved, had it not been rendered more so by the monotony of the reader, that it soon appeared to have acted as a soporific on half the room, and the reading of which, to prevent a general torpor, the President himself, feeling his lids weighed down, proposed to defer, which was done accordingly, to the no small satisfaction of most present, not excepting old Mr. Cavendish. So much for two boasted societies!

Last night for the first time I visited the House

of Commons, and my expectations were raised in proportion to the importance of the scene. Though prepared to see a room, from what I had heard, rather small, I was astonished to find it literally not large enough to hold all its members without danger of suffocation, ill lighted, and worse heated. However, I thought I should certainly have specimens of fine oratory, and, notwithstanding I was so fortunate as to hear some of our most eminent speakers that night, they fell infinitely short of the idea I had formed of a good orator. As to the matter of the speeches, I shall not presume to enter into a disquisition of it, and hazard an opinion; but as to the manner, without any danger of lodgings in Newgate, it is a fair subject of animadversion, and I am bold to say that, with an exception of one or two, nothing can be worse, or more anti-Ciceronian. How it is possible that the highest bred gentlemen in the land, who on other occasions deport themselves with gracefulness and dignity, can, at a moment when their most exalted feelings ought to be awake, lose sight of all, and accompany delivery turbid and inflated, with gestures the coarsest and most undignified, without ever suiting "the action to the word, or the word to the action," oh! as Hamlet says, "it offends me to the soul." My uncle in a peevish tone only muttered, "Had you seen the old Robin Hood in its best days!" I was astonished to hear some of our brethren of the gown make so poor a hand of it; men voluble enough and eloquent at *nisi prius*. I have been told that there have been

instances of men of that profession who could in the Court of King's Bench speak for three hours together, to the admiration of all who heard them, in that House absolutely fainting in limine, as it were, paralyzed by the awful change of situation, and in no better plight than I was on making my first motion. My uncle talked of your House of Commons, when you had a Parliament, as a noble room, and seemed to lament, with many others, the want of a senatorial habit.

I shall be again lost, perhaps for a month or six weeks, having had a summons to visit a place where every thing that is most dear to me, and every thing my heart could possibly desire, would be found, were Health of the party, which I fear is not the case. I forgot to tell you that my uncle, who yesterday took his leave of me for Dublin, is much for my accepting the offer made me of a situation at Bombay, a thing that would exactly suit my inquisitive mind, were it not for my Eliza, without whom, though possessed of the wealth of India, I could not be happy. Jones, who will be in town to-morrow, occupies my chambers till I return, and will take care to forward your letters. Adieu till my eclipse is over.

P. S. I believe I promised to treat you with one of the prophecies out of my manuscript collection; but my amanuensis not being there, and in the present distraction of my mind, it is out of my power to perform it.

Petersfield, March 28, 1808.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

If you recollect, I some time ago told you that I should have occasion to visit Lisbon, where I have no less a sum than two thousand pounds due to me, and the recovery of which is now put into such a train, by means of the gentleman I met in Hampshire last Christmas, that without returning to London, having here with me all the necessary papers for the purpose, I intend setting out immediately, especially as I have an incitement for expedition infinitely more powerful than that of gold, the critical state of my Eliza's health, which it is the opinion of the ablest of the faculty might be likely to benefit by the air of Portugal, so that I shall have the happiness of accompanying her and her mother; with haste, then,

> "I fly to snatch her from the rigid north,
> And bring her nearer to the sun."

By the first week in June I am engaged to be in North Wales, where I have much to do respecting the mortgages I have there; and when I have settled the redemptions and foreclosures, I pledge myself to be with you as soon as the enchanting scenery I shall pass through will permit me. You flatter me much by pressing on me the publication of my foolish letters, which if they

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have any merit, they derive it from being addressed to you, and your approbation; but you assign an additional, and a much better reason for making them public, as they are the vehicle of several choice morceaux of modern poetry and curious ancient fragments, that cannot fail to interest; and likewise announce the prospect of much entertainment to every lover of literature, from an appearance of a much greater portion to match the tantalizing sample. Before this arrives I may probably be in the midst of the Atlantic; but on land or sea believe me ever

Yours, &c.

London, May 25, 1808.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I AM once more, thank Heaven, in Old England, after having had a taste of other countries and climates; but I must say, in the rapturous language of the old song,

"They are my visits, but thou art my home."

I told you in my last to consider no news as good news, and to rely on it; therefore, as things turned out better than I had a right to expect, I did not plague you with letters, but send you now a large packet, containing a cursory journal of my foreign travels. When I wrote last it was my intention to have gone to Lisbon with my Eliza and her

mother, but by letters received from that country the following day it was represented to be in such a state of ferment and alarm as to render it absolutely necessary to abandon our first destination; and as we found that Mrs. H—— and her brother were then at Portsmouth, about to set sail for Madeira, we hastened to join them—a change in our plan which the medical men seemed highly to approve of; so that I in the first instance overshot my own mark, to see my treasure safely deposited in that island, and having consigned it to the tender care of our most amiable and sympathizing friend, Mrs. H——, I set sail for Lisbon, where I have been successful in my mission, am returned in health, and continue to have favourable accounts from Madeira. During my absence I have lost my excellent uncle, who had always been a second father to me, and has left me the last survivor of my family. Having never been married, and having no relations that required a provision, he had so disposed of his property as to give him a greater life income, and by that means a greater command of such things as gratified his fine taste, and contributed to his ease and comfort. Personal property was all he had to leave, and that he bequeathed to me, chiefly consisting of a well-chosen library, a valuable collection of drawings, prints, and coins; and among the books several topographical works, illustrated; that is, enriched with the spoils of others; particularly Pennant's London, which has been swelled by that sort of interlarding from one ordinary-sized quarto to thirty

volumes folio, which he has been heard to say cost him at least five hundred pounds, and has been valued at a thousand. He had, besides, a few choice cabinet pictures, and several original portraits of the literary characters of his time. Jones has not been idle; for having left him the manuscript farrago I picked up in Wales, he has most judiciously arranged it for the press, and out of the rudiments of a tragical event at Lucca, as found among Shakespeare's memoranda, and communicated to him by a gentleman he there names and refers to, has sketched the outline of a most interesting tragedy, and has filled up three acts in so masterly a manner as bids fair to restore Melpomene to her pristine rank in the British drama. But yet when he has finished it, it will be difficult to prevail on him to bring it before the public, such is his extreme diffidence and genuine modesty, without a particle of affectation, owing to which I fear his great abilities will be lost to the world. I shall be nearer to you in my next, which I hope will be dated from among the mountains in North Wales; so, till then, adieu!

Barmouth, June 7, 1808.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

WITH Jones still my entertaining companion, though full of the tragic muse, I left London the first of this month, having taken our places in the Holyhead coach to Corwen in Merionethshire.

Our fellow-travellers were two of your countrymen, the most haughty and uncommunicative I ever met with: they never once condescended to address us on any occasion, but overlooked us with ineffable contempt, confining their conversation entirely to themselves, and the subject of it principally to their own country. They talked of the parks and lodges of their fathers and uncles; the beauty of their mothers and aunts; and their alliance to half the peerage of the United Kingdom; fighting duels in saw-pits; Curran's eloquence; Lake of Killarney; the Irish pipes; A—r O'C——r; Bogwood; Dublin Bay herrings; the clearness of the Liffy; and whiskey punch. In our defence we were, therefore, obliged to narrow our colloquial amusement to each other; and though at times, improvidently perhaps, something would escape us that had a tendency to rouse whatever was Milesian in them, and to ignite stuff less combustible, yet it was luckily never noticed, or deemed not worthy of being so, and no flame took place. I was struck with a remark that dropped from them, reminding me of a similar one from my poor uncle at a private concert we were at in town last winter; for said one of them to the other, and not without a strong dash of the brogue, " Why, Captain, now were you not astonished to see Mrs. B——n the other evening at Lady L——'s not only as a performer but an intimate guest, after what you heard my father say of the winter of her debut at Dublin, when poor T——y B——n, on his return from England,

where he had gone to fetch his bass-viol, was either pitied or laughed at by all who knew him? Surely it cannot be the same person; though after a quarantine of twenty-six years one may be entitled to clean bills of reputation. She has the credit of being very rich, having considerable sums vested in the Junction canal and embankments in Wales." At Llangollen the Irish grandees left us, stopping there to pay their respects to the two ladies, their countrywomen, the Linda Mira and Inda Mora, whom every body has heard of, who came there professedly for retirement, yet whose cottage, situated on the road-side, is literally a house of call to all who travel to and from the dear country, as well as for all curious and impertinent pedestrian tourists, female novel-writers, and maudlin poetesses. Our former hasty transit through North Wales was by a different road, so that this lovely vale I knew nothing of but from description; and where is the pen or the pencil that can do justice to the beauty or the grandeur of the scenery? The vale of Llangollen for the picturesque stands unrivalled; broken into the most enchanting intricacies, finely wooded, with the Dee winding its "wizard stream" through it, and rising from its banks the lofty conical hill of Castle Dinas y bran, crowned with its aerial castle, partly hid in clouds. What a pity that art should be employed to deform this lovely scene by the formal line of navigable canal above the margin of the romantic river that rolls and roars beneath it! it is like tattooing a beautiful face. It seems, as we heard afterwards

at Corwen, that we had passed close to the site of Owen Glendwr's palace, in the heart of his vast possessions, which I should have cast my eye on with peculiar reverence, as, in my opinion, he was a great man, and merited a more honourable appellation than that of rebel. At Corwen his portrait supplies the sign of the principal inn. This is a noted rendezvous for the disciples of old Isaac Walton; and here I saw, on an angling party, a gentleman whom I recollect to have been pointed out to me one morning last winter, at an eminent painter's in town, as one of the greatest patrons of the modern artists, and into whose gallery, which, I understood, was superbly furnished, none, or very few, pictures (perhaps by way of contrast) are admitted, highly to his honour, but those of the British school. Hence we diverged, in a chaise, to Bala, where I had business with the agent of a gentleman on whose estates I had a mortgage of two thousand pounds. The day happened to be the last of a Methodistical association there, which generally continues for part of three days; so the town was crammed. The weather being remarkably fine and warm, the dome of their temple was the canopy of heaven: as the street, filled from side to side, was impassable, we abandoned our chaise, and wedged in among the crowd to hear the peroration of the sermon, then near its close; and in the preacher recognised our lame fellow-traveller in the mail from Carmarthen last October. His manner was not at all ranting; his language and allusions very familiar, yet not low,

and the effect on his audience wonderful. His discourse was a mixture of Welsh and English, or chiefly Welsh, with some striking portions for the benefit of a casual Saxon auditor, like myself, paraphrased into English. It was the farewell sermon. He and another of the officiating chaplains at Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, in Spa Fields, were the most distinguished in the multitude of preachers. A number of pious cadets between the acts, and now at the finale, before the curtain dropped, had an opportunity of trying their talents, and feeling their ground, by prayer. With these miscellaneous ejaculations the association was dissolved, and I followed the preacher to his horse, which his servant had in waiting, for him immediately to mount, being engaged to perform in the evening at the next town. I purposely threw myself in his way, and he recollected us with the same smile of good humour, and the same cordiality, that marked his parting with us at Narberth, when his heart seemed at his fingers' ends. He rode a fine cream-coloured horse, that would not have disgraced His Majesty's stud. In his walk I could perceive not the least halt; and our naval mail-coach traveller would have said that he was repaired and sound in his lower timbers. I am told that the salient mania, to which this holy man owed his accident, as the naval wag informed us, and which spread like wild-fire over the principality, had its origin at this place, and that the first fanatic bacchants filled the roads by night for

miles round, and fatigued the echoes of Aran* with their orgies, though at present the frenzy appears to have much subsided. The Lake of Bala is the first piece of water of the true lake kind I have ever seen, and that I am therefore in raptures with it there can be no wonder. It is called in the Welsh language, *Llyn Téghyd*; *The beautiful long lake.* It is in compass about nine miles; the water extremely clear, and in the centre very deep: it abounds with trout, perch, and a species of fish, they say peculiar to it, called the *gwyniad*, but mean eating. On the south side of it, in an elbow of the hill, prettily recessed and embosomed in wood, at the head of a lawn that gradually slopes to the margin of the lake, having in front the blue range of the Arennig† Mountains, stands the elegant villa of Sir Richard Hoare, who, we heard, was then there, and to whom, after dinner, we took the liberty of paying our respects. We found him at home with a gentleman, a friend of his, of similar pursuits. They were just going to take their usual evening diversion of perch-fishing, in a commodious boat belonging to the Baronet below the house. We were pressed to join them, and had we not had sport, the luxury of the scene would have amply gratified us. There was not a breeze to ruffle the azure mirror of

* Aran is the name of the highest mountain that bounds the lake of Bala.

† So called, as Jones conceives, from their summits being broken into *kidney-shaped forms: Arennig*, he says, being an adjective that would answer to *kidneyish* in our language, could we be bold enough to coin it.

the lake, in which the inverted landscape, with all its grandeur and variety, then richly illumined by the setting sun, was charmingly reflected. After an hour's amusement on the water we took tea, and had a treat of most interesting conversation. The Baronet's guest, I found, had been bred to the bar, and, if not a native of North Wales, had once gone that circuit, for he knew my uncle Robert well, who passed the greater part of two summers about seventeen years ago between Carnarvon and Beaumaris. They had, during the month of May, been rambling over South Wales, and were reposing for a fortnight after their fatigue, in order to be prepared for exploring the northern part of the principality. During their sojourn here their mornings, if fair, were occupied in antiquarian excursions near home; and if rainy, by their pens and pencils: they dined at the rational hour of three, and their evenings were passed similar to this. Being made acquainted with the principal bearings of our journey, they were so polite as to sketch for us such a route as would best accommodate itself to our time and course. The hours flew away insensibly, and we did not reach our inn till half past eleven, where we found every thing hushed after the raging tempest of methodism. I had often heard it said that the best house in every town through Wales is the attorney's, and so we found it here. The next morning, with our itinerary made out, we set off for Dôlgelley, and arrived there to dinner. This town is situated in a beautiful valley, on the banks of a charming river bounded by Cader Idris, a

mountain very little inferior in height to the peak of Snowdon, on one side, and by hills on the other, which, but for their opposite neighbour, elsewhere would be deemed high. After an early repast, wishing not to lose time, we went to see the cascades in the vicinity of this place, leaving our ascent to the mountain to the following morning. Our guide to the falls was one of the greatest curiosities we met with in our travels, though a little shrivelled man, at least eighty-five years old, yet active as a goat, and vivacious as a viper, with a great deal of low humour, who had that day been up with a party very early to the top of Cader Idris, and still had vigour enough to accompany us on this excursion in the evening. He is for four or five months in the year in the habit of undergoing such toil on an average four days in the week. The falls we saw, to an eye like mine, which had seen nothing before to deserve the name, were most romantically beautiful, broken in the happiest manner, with their due proportion of wood and rock, by way of accompaniment; and what was most fortunate, the Naiads had their urns full, but not overflowing, for it rained the night before just enough to produce the effect desired. We lamented now more than ever our total ignorance of the use of the pencil, for never were subjects better calculated to employ it on. The next morning was as auspicious for the mountain as a warm sun and cloudless sky could make it. With our little guide dressed in the most fantastic manner, and on horses not much bigger than goats,

and as sure footed, we set off for the regions above, and, clear and warm as it was below, we fell in with some fleecy clouds, whose skirts were humid and cold, but they were transient, and, soon dispersing, left us an extensive view, though the horizon was involved in a warm haze. We agree, notwithstanding this sublime prospect, that, taking the hazard of disappointment as to weather, on, and before you reach the summit of, the mountain, and the no small toil, as well as, in some places, owing to a giddy head, danger in attaining it, into the account, what you gain, exclusive of the boast of having been there, does not repay you; and it is one of those things that is better on paper than in reality. A nap on Cader Idris, as on Pindus of old, has the reputation of making a poet; but my companion being already made, and duly acknowledged by the Nine, had no need of sleep there to enable him to throw off the expressive lines I inclose, which he did with his usual rapidity when the fit is on him; and he certainly seemed to feel inspiration from the mystic seat he occupied. Having started early, we had descended time enough for a three o'clock dinner, and to get to Barmouth in the cool of the evening on horseback; a delightful ride of ten miles, following the river Maw, navigable almost up to Dôlgelley, and which, discharging itself at Barmouth, gives to the estuary the appropriate name, in Welsh, of *Abermaw*. We got to our place of destination before it was too dark to explore it, and take a mouthful of sea air, a luxury we enjoyed. The situation of Barmouth is the most singular I ever

saw; till within these few years, since it has become a sea-bathing resort, the place, with the exception of a very few houses on the flat, consisted of only two or three tiers of buildings on ledges in the rock, one above the other; so that from the windows of the upper tier you could look down the chimnies of that below it; but now at the base of this rocky cape, so built on, a new town has sprung up, having several good houses, interspersed with showy fashionable shops, and two or three large hotels, the most frequented of which is the Corsygedol Arms, where we inned for that night. The principal street is literally a bed of sand, ancle deep; and if there is any wind, so much does a man inhale of it at every breath, that, before night, he becomes a perfect hour-glass; yet such is the Oikophobia that prevails the whole kingdom over, that people of the first rank, to fly from home, and to be fashionable, prefer this arenaceous promenade to the velvet surface of their own lawns, content to occupy bed-rooms no bigger than band-boxes, and subject themselves to associate with all sorts of company at an ordinary here. After our short ramble, to avail ourselves of the post, that moves off at five o'clock in the morning, we bespoke a quiet but small room, and were retired for the evening: being too fatigued, from our mountain excursion, to be social, and mix with the supper party in the public room, we were resolved to minister to your entertainment; Jones by his poetical inspiration among the clouds, and I by my humble prose. Adieu,

and in future expect letters oftener, for each day shall supply its journal. And so Conolly has become a Benedick and a soldier *uno flatu*; this erratic planet has at last fixed between Mars and Venus!

WRITTEN ON THE SUMMIT OF CADER IDRIS.

Here, where of old great Idris sate,
I occupy my chair of state,
And, all unrivall'd and alone,
Feel myself monarch on my throne,
Whence, as on little paltry things,
I dare look down and pity kings;
While, high above what clouds their scene,
My mind enjoys a calm serene,
And reason, with despotic sway,
Forcing the passions to obey,
No rebel sense provoking sin,
Creates a little heaven within.
Hence from gross vapours purg'd, my eye
Shall pierce the sapphire of the sky,
That from th' excursion it may come
Humbler, and therefore wiser, home.
Here, where no debts or duns annoy,
Let me my solitude enjoy,
And from the mountain's beetling brow,
The scene quick shifting, turn below,
Now, while the medium is so clear,
To view my forked fellows there,
And, with the help of optic glass,
Describe the pigmies as they pass,
See them pursuing different game;
To undermine their neighbours' fame
By subtle practice, like the moles,
Insidious in their dirty holes,

See! some industriously employ'd;
Exulting, some, o'er fame destroy'd:
See! up yon hill crowds puff their way,
To swell a great man's public day,
Who weekly spreads his ven'son feasts,
To make himself and others beasts!
Yon prig, the priest, displays no note
Of his high calling but his coat,
To hunt, drink, dice, and give the toast,
Is all his learning, all his boast;
His thought the flesh alone controls,
Let who will take the cure of souls.
Yon wither'd thing, so bent with age,
Feels in his veins the lecher rage,
Into each alley pokes his nose,
And after every tid-bit goes:
And can cold embers hide a flame
To mutiny in such a frame?
Of glow-worm phosphorus a spark,
The fire of touchwood in the dark!
And are those they, the reptiles men,
With whom I 'm doom'd to mix again?
Of every passion to be slave,
To deal with knaves be half a knave!
Rather, like Timon, let me run
Monsters in human form to shun,
Deep buried in some shaggy wood,
The spring my drink, the herb my food;
Or live a pensioner on air,
Entranc'd in this mysterious chair.
Yes, to the world ere I descend,
And this enchantment have an end,
The spell I 'll cherish while I can,
Forgetting, and forgot by man,
And, purer from my reverie,
Grow more like what I ought to be.
The mist collects, enough is seen,
The fleecy curtain drops between,

And shuts out from my painful view
The world and all its motley crew;
Then let me, pausing, turn my eyes
Into myself, and moralize;
A moment giv'n to thought sublime
Is worth an age of after-time
Doom'd to be spent 'mong such as crawl
And yawn out being on this ball,
Which having ceas'd, no trace is seen
To show that they had ever been,
Nor other epitaph supplied,
Than that they liv'd and that they died.

Tanybwlch, June 9, 1808.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I HAVE passed another day among the rocks and sand of this place; and though I should not like to spend a whole summer here, yet I think it as well worth seeing as any thing in Wales. In our morning rambles we fell in with an antiquary, who was busily employed digging in several parts of the sand, even as far as the tide had receded, in quest of grave-stones, on the credit of some of the country people, who affirm, that many years ago, after a violent storm, which had washed away the sand to a great depth, tombs inscribed, but not legibly, were seen, as if a churchyard had been bared, and by them insisted on as a proof of the existence of that lowland region, which extended for many miles sea-ward, from the high ground now bounding it, called Can-

trev Gwaelod, that was said to have been overflowed sometime between 460 and 590, in the time of Gwyddno Garanhir, the then regulus, and to whom most of the gentry of this coast, I was told, trace their lineage, the posterity of his clan having continued to settle near the first spot of high land they met with in escaping from the ravage of the inundation: but this gentleman I take to be a suckling in antiquarianism, to suppose that as early as that period, to which we ascribe the first Christian establishment in this island, a cemetery filled with common grave-stones, described to him as those of modern days, could have been found, for I presume few churches (and very few they were then) had that appendage called a churchyard marked out; that devoted precinct, as well as the posthumous tablets it contains, being of much later date. Passing the seemingly disappointed antiquary, for he clearly dug in vain, we fell in with a roving party like ourselves, and you know it is our plan to turn, or try to turn, every thing we meet to account; there was no digressing, for the ocean was close on one hand and the high sand barrier and beach on the other; so unless we had melted into conversation we must have been sulky indeed, and incapable of dissolving into sociability. The party we overtook consisted of four human creatures as unlike each other as it was possible: one was a gentleman, who, though dressed in clothes of a cut fifty years distant from the present fashion, had still the visible appearance of a former beau, that no-

thing could obliterate; a young Cantab, a true bang up four-in-hand man; a blunt original character, with a strong understanding and a slight squint, which rather improved a very plain face, who was very loquacious, and never opened his mouth but a quotation from Hudibras flew out, that he always applied most laughably and dexterously; the other I could not place higher than the rank of a cockfeeder or cook to a kennel, who was as silent as his companion was talkative, seldom opening his mouth but to shift his quid. We found the two very opposite characters, as well as the young Cantab, were all in the train of the gentleman first noticed, who, I presume, was a man of large fortune in that country, as frequent reference was made to his draining and his mines. He had a racing calendar in his hand, seemed a perfect Clarencieux in horse-heraldry, talked of Newmarket as if he was at home, and was deeply read in the annals of the turf and the Jockey Club. After our luncheon of sea-air and sand we returned and dined at the ordinary; we sat down about fifteen; the principal were, the group we joined on the shore; the tomb-stone hunter, the disappointed antiquary; a clergyman, who had the *purpureus flos*, not of *juventæ*, but, I should suspect, from his attachment to that beverage, of *cerevisiæ*, talked much of Charles Fox, with whom he had been of Hertford College, and talked of it with some degree of pride, as having been of the same society; a gentleman and lady, of whom the buzz went round that he had kept

an E O table, and was groom of the chambers to Graham's celestial beds in his youth, and married a Cyprian priestess from King's Place. He had here a splendid carriage, and frequently took occasion to mention his hounds, his hot-houses, and other luxurious appendages at his country-seat; while she, affecting piety, talked of nothing but the new light, the C———r of the E———r, H——h M——e, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and the B——p of St. D——d's: a strolling player, who, as we learned afterwards, was a candidate for an engagement at a week's theatricals shortly to be furnished by a gentleman of that neighbourhood, who gave us after dinner a specimen of his talents in a few passages from Romeo and Juliet and Richard the Third, which he managed above mediocrity; an elderly lady with two or three fine girls, her daughters, and one of them, who from the great familiarity that passed between her and the knight of the buskin, I imagine would have had no objection to have played Juliet to his Romeo: but the most striking figure of the whole set, and with whom I close the catalogue, was an old Cherokee country squire, who affected to talk Welshy, carried a hunting-pole as tall as himself, was followed by half a dozen terriers, and in his dress gave us a specimen of the old school: a blue velvet coat, a scarlet waistcoat, laced with gold, and gold laced hat triple cocked: the leader of our sand party and he were well known to each other, bandied about their raillery, and mutually gave hard knocks;

but the man of lace was rather an overmatch for the miner, though backed by his two aid-de-camps, the quoter of Hudibras and the quidder of British rag, and ably by the former. It seems the mineing gentleman, professing to work after a Staffordshire plan, by perpendicular shaft, conducted his operations horizontally, which gave his antagonist such an advantage, that he and his bottle-holders shrunk from the contest, and soon retired. The party was now become small, there being none left but the old fox-hunting squire, the parson, and ourselves: smoking and ale was the order of the day, and as there was great originality and good humour about our companions, we joined them in the ale, making a virtue of necessity, for the wine was execrable; when Nimrod addressed us, saying, "You seem, gentlemen, to like our ale; it is a noble beverage if well brewed, but we have lost the art; our wives and daughters are above superintending a process their mothers were educated to understand. I remember the days of the Cæsars; but you, Sirs, may not understand my reference:—Which way are you travelling? for if you are going my road, towards Harllech Castle (but that is worth going out of your road to see), I could bring you better acquainted with the Roman Emperors I allude to. These were the days for ale and smokeing, when the bland vapour of the tube was not offensive to the finest lady; which of late I could not have presumed to regale myself with till every female had vanished. Oh! had you known the Druid society in its glory, you then would have

witnessed to a scene, clouded as it was, full of spirit and fire, when I remember, at the Bull in Beaumaris, as much smoke as was raised by the Romans when the devoted groves of old Mona blazed round the Druids of old—such was the honour paid to the Virginia plant! The old King of Spain, who was none of your wine-bibbers, but had drunk at that time as much ale as would have floated a first rate, and I, have often sat with our pipes touching, and yet could not see each other for half an hour together; and so had Sir Hugh and I at the Friars; nay, in my own smoking-room, so deliciously obnubilated have we been, that I scarce saw one of my guests for the whole evening, our pipes being never out of our mouths, but to charge them anew and swallow our nip-perkins. During one of those festive fumigations, I shall never forget a young barrister entering at the most inspissated moment of the vapour, with whom I talked for some time unseen, knowing him only by his voice; a conversation, as you may imagine, very mellow through such a fleecy medium; but suddenly we lost him, for, not sub-limed enough for company like ours, he had slunk away by favour of our clouds to the ladies: a mere milksop! not worthy of associating with such en-lightened beings as we were; a sing-song fellow, full of small talk and himself, who was famous at handing round a plate of light cakes, and could write an ode on the head of a pin."

Finding that our road lay exactly in the direction of this mansion, to which was attached the history of

the twelve Cæsars, he proffered his services to escort us so far; so next morning, having agreed to start early, we left this region of rock and sand, and after a ride of about five miles, with the sea on one side, and a ridge of cloud-capt mountains on the other, we turned out of the main road through a gate which led by an ascent of great length into a woody avenue, previous to our approaching the place of our destination among the mountains, called Corsygedol (the arms of which, as a sign, the inn at Barmouth displayed), the baronial residence for centuries of the Vaughans, descended from a branch of the Fitzgeralds in Ireland, soon after their being grafted on that country from South Wales, and to which our Cicerone boasted to trace likewise. The entrance to the house was by an old gateway, through a porter's *lodge*, so that we might have fancied it led to a college, and the whole building wore an appearance not very foreign from it. "Now," said our conductor, "you are within the august precinct of the Cæsars: you must know, then, that in this house it was a custom more honoured in the observance than the breach, to fill twelve casks containing a hundred and twenty gallons each with strong ale, denominated after the twelve first Emperors of Rome, and that each cask was twelve years old before it was of age to be tapped, and as soon as it had passed its minority there was another brewed, so that the imperial series was always complete; but, alas! the Cæsar-brewing family is extinct, and now there is nothing left here but the husk of hos-

pitality; indeed, for some years I marked with regret the decline of this Roman empire, and the noble fluid that characterized it; for at the last gentleman's table, who preferred whey, which he called the mulsum of Hippocrates (no Welshman, you may be certain), to that heroic beverage, very little was drunk, but in the form of a posset at supper, and it was no bad night-cap I assure you: but I will show you a room in which some superannuated or supernumerary servants, and other old pensioners, a sort of heir-looms, useless live lumber, in the house, were drinking it from morning till night; they lived on nothing else; like Boniface in the play, they might literally be said to eat their ale and drink their ale; it glued them together, and they lived to a great age without dissolving, and at last they melted like sugar-candy." The family of this mansion, he said, at the time when the two roses divided the nation, which might have exclaimed, in the words of our immortal Shakespeare, "A plague on both your houses," were strenuous adherents of the Lancastrian party, and he showed us a cell in the garden where Henry VII. before his elevation to the throne, had been concealed, to avoid his persecutors. If it had not been for our new Cicerone, we certainly should not have seen this venerable place, which, on account of its situation, character, and history, is worth a much greater digression than we made to see it. Our companion, not willing to lose us, and seeing that we felt an interest in his communicative originality, begged to conduct us as far

as Harlech, which, much as he extolled it all the way, we found merited any panegyric that could be bestowed on it. It is one of the most finished specimens of the castellated architecture of Edward's reign, with a view to strength more than elegance, and, seen from the sandy plain below, incorporated as it seems with the precipitous rock it stands on, strikes you with astonishment as to its height and massive solidity, which, if got possession of, would be tenable against almost any force; for a sturdy Welsh captain, as Jones, from his universal vade-mecum, informs me, one David ap Evan ap Einion, kept Harlech castle, and all the lands belonging to it, fifteen years for the House of Lancaster, notwithstanding the formidable efforts to dislodge him, at last effected by Sir Richard Herbert, the rival of the Welsh captain in prowess, person, and stature. Our mountain squire was not a little proud of having some of the blood of this gallant Welshman in his veins, which he trusted would run uncontaminated to its last drop. "You see," says he, "the effect of being suckled by one of the Cæsars; no doubt the Harlech hero drank Corsygedol posset in his cradle—an infant Hercules!" Jones having dropped some hints as to his veneration for Welsh genealogy, and the squire having much to boast of in that way, with a voice loud enough for a view halloo, addressed us: "Gentlemen, I have not yet given you my pedigree, which I have by heart; and though it is indebted to a thousand *aps* for stringing it together, I don't think I should lose

a link in the chain; a nun is not more perfect in the tale of her beads, so habituated have I been from my first lisp to call the roll over; for the first exercise my tongue and memory were put to was to enumerate my ancestors from the post-captain in the ark to his latest descendant in Merionethshire, and my father's hounds by their names: so now," said he, " as I find my countryman here has a smack of our national failing, a taste for pedigree, I will accompany you to Tanybwlch, the place of your destination, as I understand, for this night; and perhaps in that sort of learning, which I am not behindhand in, I may give you a treat; besides, my presence may serve to improve your quarters, for I am as well known there as the sign-post; and if you like cockles and pancakes, you will have them there in perfection. I shall dispatch a messenger over the mountains to say where I am, and then my absence matters little, as I can swear the bastard child here to-morrow as well as at home, having that part of Burn at my fingers' ends; and as for the hounds, the parson, my whipper-in, will be on parade with them early enough to take the field, and I dare say will have unkennelled by the time I shall join them."

This charming little inn is situate in the beautiful vale of Festiniog, which old Lord Lyttelton so much and so justly celebrates, where he says, " With the woman one loves, the friends of one's choice, and a few books, one might live here an age, and think it a day:" and it truly is the most lovely retired spot I ever was at; the house neat,

all accommodations good, and the pancakes so superior to any thing in batter I had ever tasted, that they ought to have a patent for making them. It was late before we dined, and the evening was chiefly spent in conversation between the two Welshmen, on subjects that fairly excluded me; on the excellence of the Welsh language, a comparative examination of its different dialects, and Cambrian genealogy. Jones contended, as a South Wales man, for the merit of his dialect, which he called the true Attic; and as a proof of it instanced the translation of the Scriptures, the book of life, in that dialect.—" Yes," said his opponent, " because the principal translators might have been men of that country."—" Quite otherwise," replied Jones; " for that noble work was known to be conducted by men of the northern part of the principality. Queen Elizabeth in 1566 issued a royal mandate to have the Bible translated into Welsh; however, the New Testament only was then published, the joint work of Richard Davies, Bishop of St. David's (though a North Wales man), and William Salisbury, of Caeder, in the parish of Llansannan, Denbighshire; but the Old Testament was not completed till 1588, for which we are indebted to the labours of Dr. Morgan, a native of Merionethshire, afterwards Bishop of Landaff, with the aid of the Bishops of St. Asaph and Bangor; Gabriel Goodman, Dean of Westminster; David Powell, D. D.; Edmund Prys, Archdeacon of Merionydd; and Richard Vaughan; all decided Venedotians; and yet they adopted the

dialect of Deheubarth or South Wales, undoubtedly from a conviction of its superior excellence before they would presume to use it as a vehicle of those sacred oracles."—" Well supported, I acknowledge," rejoined the Squire; " and if it is so, I have no way of accounting for it, but by supposing that impiety prevailed more in South Wales than here, and that accordingly the language of that infallible directory to salvation was calculated for that people, who were esteemed to stand most in need of it." They then began a genealogical chase, springing at every step fresh game of princes and heroes, which they hunted down through as many subtle doublings and windings as a fox would take; and I left them in a warm dispute about the dignity of the root of their respective family trees, a contest that, Jones told me, was strenuously maintained on both sides, and was not decided till midnight, and then only by a sort of drawn battle. Notwithstanding the late hour of retiring, the Squire was up early, and soon roused the whole house; having got his justice business over, and swigged a bowl of milk punch, he was off for the mountains, leaving us with a compliment to Jones's heraldical knowledge, adding, that he ought to be made garter king at arms for Wales. I am here among mountains of no contemptible height, but my next will be from the more Alpine region of Carnarvonshire, where the monarch Snowdon holds his court: I expect a packet of letters at our next stage, which will determine the course and duration of my wander-

ings; for till I hear from abroad I scarce can be said to have any fixed plan; only in this I am decided, that I am, and ever shall be,

Yours most sincerely, &c.

Bedd Celert, June 11, 1808.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

WERE it possible to feel a satiety of fine scenery (though we lose half by not being able to draw), I certainly should by this time have experienced a surfeit; but there is no such thing; for there are features here so strikingly prominent, that there is no possibility of escaping, yet, by the change of the spectator's position, perpetually varying their effect, and incapable of tiring. Having seen the most interesting parts of Merionethshire, I proceeded to the adjoining county of Carnarvon, having occasion to make some little stay, if the news I shall hear will leave me master of myself, at the county-town, being engaged to meet an eminent solicitor there, with whom I have business relative to a mortgage that is likely to end in a foreclosure, on a spot that is described to me as possessing some of the most essential requisites of a picturesque, if not a romantic landscape, and where we may yet meet to talk of the past and plan the future. I entered this county by way of Pont Aberglaslyn; that is, Aberglaslyn bridge, a view of which I dare say you

have often seen, it having been a favourite subject with the artists and amateurs of the pencil. Above the bridge is a noted salmon-leap, where, particularly after any fresh from rains in the river, as was now the case, you hardly need wait ten minutes before you are entertained with the frequent exhibition of this salient property in the creature to surmount difficulties under the strong impulse of nature for the preservation of its species. The singular character we parted with at Tanybwlch recommended it strongly to us to visit a place not mentioned in the route sketched for us at Bala, a new creation of Mr. Madocks, Member of Parliament for Boston, but a native of North Wales; instead, therefore, of going to the right, according to our first intention, we took a turn to the left, and by a delightful road along the margin of an extensive tract of sand, at high tides partly overflowed, and under precipices of various heights, shagged with wood, over the crags of which here and there were seen "the pendent goat," arrived at Tremadock, called after the founder's name. It consisted of above fifty houses, a large inn, and a town-house, with several buildings begun, and is situate in a small opening between the mountains, till within these six years all sand and moss, but by judicious embankment converted into solid fertile land. But this enterprising gentleman, a most valuable accession to his country, having had a grant of that vast tract of sand called Traethmawr, so dangerous to be crossed, and which every year multiplied the coroner's inquests, is

now employed in shutting out the ocean, preparatory to his reclaiming this sandy waste, and reducing it to the same state with the contiguous proof of his former successful exertions. His own beautiful villa is niched like an eagle's nest among the crags overhanging his new town, amidst thriving woods of larch and other trees, which now clothe the mountain's side; in every part of which singularly built and situated mansion, both within and without, the greatest taste is displayed. And though the patriotic proprietor regularly attends his duty in parliament, and, consequently, must be absent for several months, yet his works are carried on with the same spirit, and are the result of his own vigorous mind, which at that distance can judge of and direct every stage of the proceedings, without trespassing too much on the attentions he must necessarily pay to the senate, and those circles of fashion he is accustomed to move in. He has established races there, and preparations were making for the festivity which marks that season, there being a great deal of company expected, particularly gentlemen of the turf. No man seems to have consulted more the union of the *utile dulci* than Mr. Madocks; for I observed an avenue leading to a sort of Belvidere on the knoll in the midst of his new creation, that was contrived a " double debt to pay," having been, and capable of still being, a rope-walk likewise. The hard serpentine his hills are composed of, and of which he has an inexhaustible fund, he ships off for London as paving-stones; so every thing is turned to account. After

retracing our road to the foot of the bridge we diverged from, we pursue that which leads towards Carnarvon, and rest that night at Bedd Celert, stopping time enough whilst our dinner was ordered to explore the vicinity, which involves as many curious circumstances as any place I have yet visited within such a compass. Jones for the evening, having picked up several scarce plants, has sufficient to occupy him; whilst, a prey to fear and hope till I receive letters, I have lost my relish for all enjoyments; so stealing away unseen from the botanist, I shall wish you a good night, and see what my pillow can do to compose me.

Yours, &c.

Bangor, June 14, 1803.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

JONES having a great desire to see the most accessible of the mountains, passes, and lakes, prevailed on me to devote one day to such an excursion, as we were then at the base of Snowdon, and should not again be so conveniently situated for that purpose; and I requiring something new to divert my thoughts, we procured a guide and horses, and meant to penetrate as far into this region as our limited time would allow; but to describe what we saw requires a language I have yet to learn, or a pencil such as yours. It had rained hard in the night, so that

every lake was full, and every Alpine stream a cataract: besides, the day was clear, and Snowdon and his attendants condescended to be uncovered. Our guide was a fisherman, and had his rod with him, which on one or two of the lakes he used successfully, whilst we were surveying the surrounding scenery; Jones with a botanical eye leaving no crevice of the rocks unscrutinized. Our intention was to go to Bangor that night, where I had some expectation of meeting my attorney, and our route was so conducted as to give us time, after cursorily viewing this majestic scenery, to get there by night; but we had no sooner left the recesses of the mountains, than the clouds began to collect, and threaten an approaching storm, which suddenly came on with such violence, attended by incessant thunder, lightning, and rain, that we were compelled to seek shelter; and fortunately about two hundred yards from the main road, in a sequestered little nook, above a torrent stream that roared beneath it, in the midst of fine young plantations, a neat cottage presented itself, which we made up to, and without much ceremony, the fury of the tempest being our apology, alighting, begged to be housed from the rage of the elements: a gentleman of middle age most courteously desired us to walk in, and partake of such fare as his humble roof could afford, entreating us not to feel embarrassed, as he had a spare room double-bedded, and could accommodate our guide and the horses; saying it was hopeless to expect a change of weather so soon as to admit of our

prosecuting our journey that night. From the urbanity and heartiness with which the offer was made, we could see in a moment that any stiffness on our parts would have distressed him; so we most thankfully accepted it: "Then," said he, "we have nothing more to do, than, by drawing on my stock of turf, to refresh our fire, and enjoy it; but, Gentlemen, I presume you have not dined; I have some fine fish which that young angler, my son, here," introducing us to him, "has this morning caught in a neighbouring lake, esteemed of fine quality, which with a fowl and a bit of bacon and some peas (early, you will say, for the mountains, but I am my own gardener), may be instantly got ready:" so having given the necessary orders for this repast, he returned, and pressed us to consider ourselves at home, and endeavour to forget that we were strangers: "You see me here a hermit, but though I have had some reasons for leaving the world, I do not profess to be a cynic, and shall to the last 'court the offices of sweet humanity.' If there is one gratification greater than another, it is to afford light to those who need it, to open the door to the benighted traveller; or by soothing kindness and seasonable counsel reclaim the mind that is gone astray, and correct its wanderings; from my peculiar situation here I have had some practice in this way, and I have the conscious satisfaction to think that I have more than once contributed to the repose of the wayworn traveller, the wounded spirit, and the victim of sensibility. I have lived much in

the world, and long enough to make me sick of it; have suffered from the instability of fortune and the delusion of friendship; but, profiting by my follies and my inexperience, am got into port before I was fairly wrecked, having had the resolution to retire before I had lost my relish for the enjoyment of happiness, and happiness I had to enjoy till the grave swallowed it up." The tear swelled in his eye; he had struck a chord that was too moving, and instantly changed the strain, saying, " How thoughtless I am, gentlemen! I should have asked you if you would have taken any thing before your dinner; I have mead of such strength as to merit the name of cordial, and in cases of extreme fatigue or lowness of spirits I have known it operate most wonderfully as a restorative; and, perhaps, from your toil all day, and the agitation which the awfulness of the storm might have occasioned till you saw a place of shelter, you may require something." On our replying, that we were not in the habit of resorting to such aids, and taking this opportunity of giving a new turn to the conversation, we thought his countenance resumed a melancholy smile, which settled into apparent cheerfulness. His little parlour was a model of elegant neatness; it was hung round with a set of drawings from the pencil of the young gentleman, his son, of scenes in the neighbourhood, in which was discovered a master's hand. The young draftsman was not then present, being gone to see that proper directions were given about the horses and guide, so that we were

lavish of our praises. His father said that he was skilled in three things that were valuable resources in retirement: music, drawing, and angling. For his drawing, the specimens before them would best vouch; of his music they might by and by have a proof, as well as of his angling, in the dish of trout that was preparing. He said, that of all accomplishments drawing he ranked highest: in music the entertainment ends with the performance; and if you excel in it you wish for an audience; a man is soon tired of gratifying his own ear; whereas, in drawing you must be alone; you want no company but your pencil, and when your work is over you leave something behind you. Our dinner was now announced; the trout was delicious, and we could not avoid remarking their colour, approaching to that of salmon in full season. "This is nothing," said our host, "to what the fish of a more distant lake, which my young angler once visited, exhibit, of a much deeper red and higher flavour: and yet no wonder, when we trace the origin of this superior excellence by traditional lore. It is said, that in the first colonization of the country, the men of a certain mountain district, wanting the indispensable means of providing for population, women, in an adventure similar to the rape of the Sabines, forcibly seized the females of a neighbouring province, and carried them off; but being pursued, a bloody conflict took place, in which the ravishers fell, and the violated ladies, whose affections they had won, resolving not to survive their gallants and

their disgrace, in the glow of injured honour, a little subdued by the delicate blush of a softer passion, rushed into a neighbouring lake, which has ever since been called by a name commemorative of the event, Llyn y Morwynion, *The Maiden's Lake*, where if they were not fairly metamorphosed into trout, they had the reputation at least of having given them their colour." After our repast, which was served up with the same neatness which characterized every thing that met our eye, we were treated with the finest ale I ever drank; thin, vinous, and flavoured in the brewage with lemon-peel; and mead most excellent. "You see," said our host, "every thing is done in honour of Wales: Welsh ale! Welsh mead! and I am not without my Welsh harp, though no Welshman,—'*sic honor et nomen Walliæ.*'" Then addressing himself to his son, he begged he would give us a national tune on the national instrument, which he most obligingly did; singing Welsh words (having learned that venerable language since he had been a resident here) to the air he played; he likewise favoured us with some beautiful Scotch airs on his flute, which Jones says he managed in a superior style. The young gentleman having retired, which he did at an early hour, and a fresh pyre of turf laid, our host, with a frankness that seemed natural to him, let us a little into his history, which, to avoid the prolixity of detail, he said he would beg our acceptance of a little pamphlet, a few impressions of which, by the help of a small printing-press, which he and his son worked, he had struck off, entitled, *The History*

of a Man disgusted with the World, if we would at our leisure condescend to look it over. Our conversation now became very various: we talked of the acquaintance formed at public schools between men of different ranks, which very seldom outlived the school-days: our host said he never knew disparity of rank succeed in friendship or in love. He was a melancholy instance of its failure in the former: he was at a public school, Oxford, and the Temple, at which three places he had been in habits of the greatest intimacy with a few young noblemen and men of large fortune, some of whom he lived to see in power, and able to serve him; but the instant he asked a favour they made a point to *cut him*, as they unmeaningly term it. There is now a little man with whom he had often mixed his commons, high in office, who swells to fill his situation, who scarcely deigns to recollect his name; but to counterbalance such pitiful pride, there is a senator of no less eminence, an acquaintance of the same standing, who, after a lapse of twenty-two years, happening to meet him, took him by the hand with the same cordiality as marked their Temple intimacy, unchanged, with his heart glowing at his fingers' ends, a rare instance, he must own, and therefore more to be valued. *De minimis non curare* seems to be a maxim, he believed, with statesmen as with the law: " but commend me," says he, " to the man who when at College, and his expenses, as there is generally the case, exceeded his allowance,

and he could not pay his taylor, gave him a sumptuous dinner, and did not spare the wine, which so disarmed the man of the needle, that he could not think of pressing his demands, fresh indulgences being still purchased by fresh dinners. Yet when he came into administration, and had the keeping of the fountain of preferment, though he had long before honourably discharged all his debts, yet he remembered Snip and several of his other tradesmen, by giving them small places. Such consideration in the midst of the most important state affairs, in my estimate, outweighs all the mock patriotism of these last fifty years, from W——s to Sir F——s B——tt, or the boasted talents of the late Pilot who weathered the storm, and his rival the Revolution historian. Before we parted in the morning I was struck with the sight of quill feathers stuck upright every where I cast my eye, through all his garden and little pleasure-ground; which, though *nil admirari* in general is my motto, I could not help noticing inquisitively. My host had heard that in his predecessor's time, a clergyman, a man of learning too, who was in the habit of visiting the place, never passed a feather that occurred without immediately planting it in the earth, a ceremony he religiously observed on such occasions, and for which he never assigned any reasons; mere superstition! Our hermit host seemed to regret parting with us; he said all parting was painful to him, and he felt it in a greater degree every day. At Bangor we met the attor-

ney, but not the letters, expected. Another night of misery, then, is mine.

Adieu, my dear Charles; remember and pity me.

Bangor, June 13, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHAT I long dreaded has come to pass; our friend this morning received letters full of alarm as to the state of her health for whom he lives; and he has torn himself from me in a state of distraction, resolved instantly to set sail for Madeira. I offered him all the consolation I had to give, or that friendship could dictate; but "who can medicine to a mind diseased?" After the first paroxysm, summoning his fortitude, he became calm enough to have a letter of attorney filled to empower me to complete the business he had to transact, and to make his will. He told me he had left us both trustees for his nephew, young Benson; and as to publishing his Letters, as well as the contents of his Carmarthen manuscript, he left that totally to you and me, saying, he felt but little interest in any thing now. His fortitude then forsook him, his manly cheek was wet with tears, his heart was bursting. At last, grasping me by the hand, in an agony of conflicting passions, with "Remember me to O'Brien," which were his last words, he turned from me, never looked back, rushed into the chaise, and

drove off. I shall be here for at least a fortnight, before I can finish the business left me to accomplish; so I may hope to hear from you, and it would be but charity to endeavour to raise the depressed spirits of, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

H. JONES.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 25, line 19, *for* lonely, *read* lovely.
—— 37, line 20, *for* way, *read* weigh.
—— 77, line 12, make the same correction.
—— 90, line 15, *insert* end *after* east.
—— 169, dele the full stop at the end of the last line.
—— 178, line 16, *for* Munarnawan, *read* Manarnawan.
—— 190, *for* waiste, *read* wriste.
—— 252, line 5, *after* heads *insert* and.

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