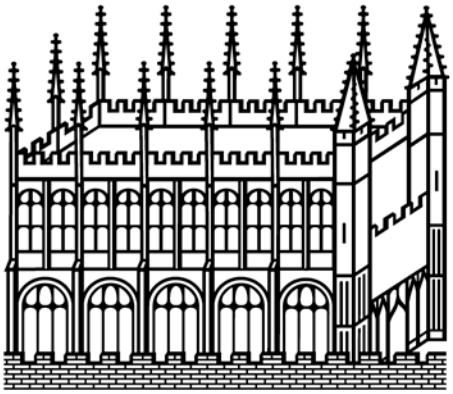

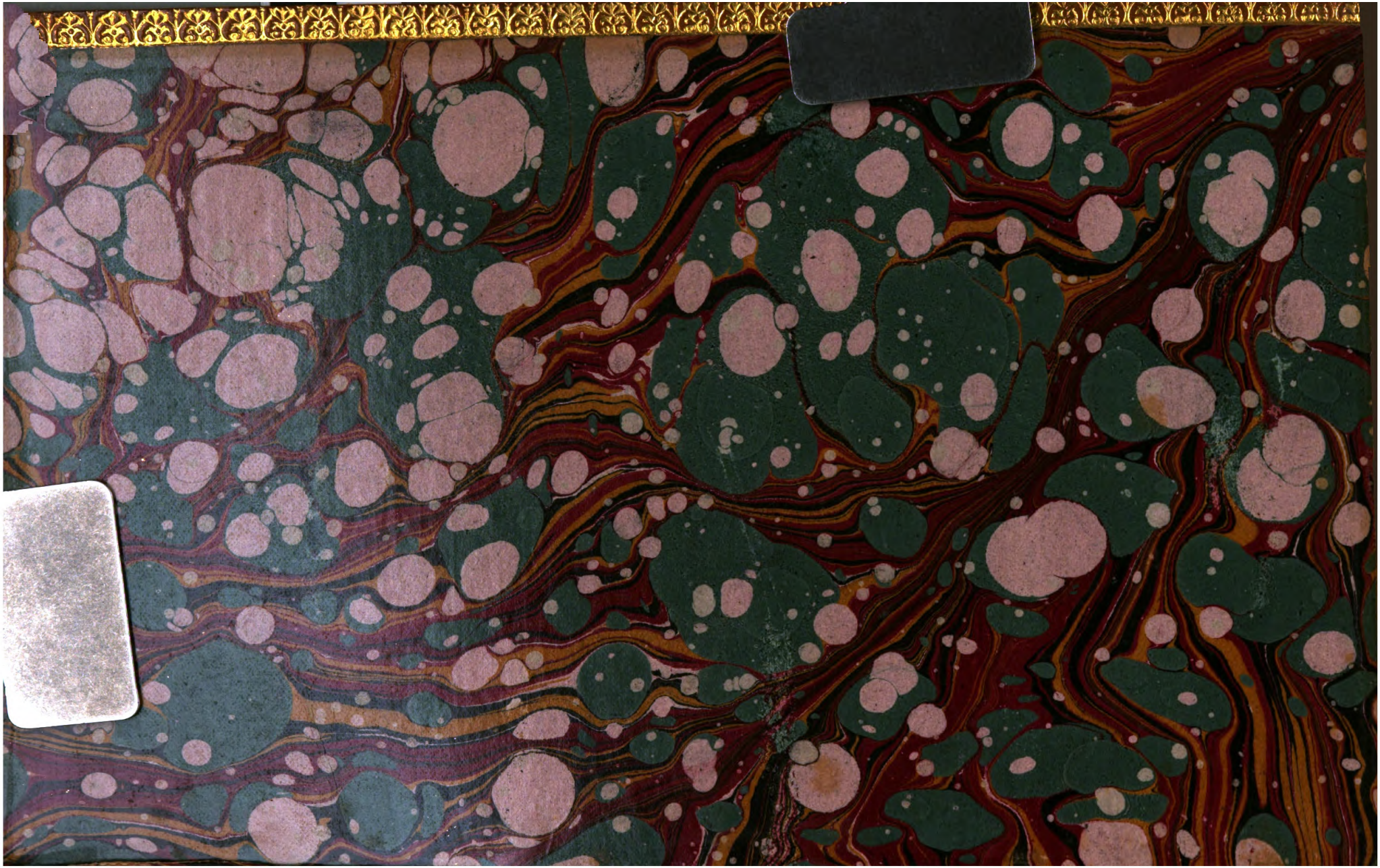

A JOURNEY THROUGH ENGLAND

IN 1752.

[*Fifty copies only printed.*]

NARRATIVE OF THE JOURNEY OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN THROUGH ENGLAND IN THE YEAR 1752.

EDITED FROM A CONTEMPORARY MANUSCRIPT,

WITH A FEW ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS.
1869.

PREFACE.

IN the following pages are given the contents of a MS. volume which came into my poſſeſſion a ſhort time ago. It is an anonymous narrative of the journey of an Iriſh gentleman through England in the year 1752. From its familiar and unpretentious ſtyle, and from a certain diſregard of the moſt ordinary rules of ſyntax, it ſeems unlikely that it was written with a view to publication; indeed, at p. 54 the author diſclaims any ſuch intention; nor after the moſt diligent inquiry can I find that it has ever before appeared in print.

On looking through it, I thought that I had ſeldom read anything ſo curious for notices of travelling in England at that period, or ſo full of curious popular matter and deſcriptions of lo-

calities, eſpecially intereſting at this diſtance of time, and it appeared to me that, ſlender as its pretenſions to literary merit might be, it was not unworthy of being preſerved in type, if only to the extent of a few copies for private circulation.

It is eaſy to perceive that the writer was a gentleman who entertained a not unfavourable opinion of his own capacity, merits, and appearance; but perhaps this very egotiſm may be thought to give a value to his book which it would otherwiſe have wanted. The characteriſtic little touches which peep out at almoſt every turn, and the ſtrong perſonal colouring imparted to the deſcriptions, conſtitute indeed the principal charm and intereſt in works of the preſent kind. The little volume has quite a Boſwellian vein of coxcombry running through it from beginning to end.

It has been found neceſſary to amend the punctuation throughout, and even to remedy, to a certain extent, the confuſion of moods, tenſes, and caſes into which the writer or copyiſt has fallen; but at the ſame time no undue liberties

have been taken with the text, which (with the exceptions indicated) has been printed exactly as it ſtands in the original, inſomuch that in ſeveral places forms of expreſſion which are obſolete, and even ungrammatical, have been left intact.

My thanks are due to my friend Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, of Kenſington, for his aſſiſtance in preparing the volume for the preſs, as well as for ſome intereſting notes which he has added to it.

HENRY HUTH.

30, Prince's Gate,
January, 1869.

DEDICATION.

MADAM,

ONE line from your fair hand is more perſuaſive with me than twenty volumes from another; and if I have neglected fulfilling my promiſe ſo long, be aſſured it was not out of a principle of ſeeming refractory to your entreaties, but the ſcruple I made of ſubmitting to your cenſure the few irregular notes of two or three months: however, I rather chooſe to betray my ill judgement than forfeit your favour, which your repeated letters denounce on my refuſal.

I ſend you very little more than the bare occurrences on the ſpot when I took them, and what indigeſted thoughts proceeded from them your own genius and good nature will endeavour to make up and collect their meaning, which my capacity will not permit me to do in as ample

a manner as your's may require; I can boaſt of nothing except the bare ſketch or outlines, which want ſuch an artiſt as you to fill up; therefore if you are wearied with its inſipidity, I inſiſt that you attribute it to your own curioſity, that will not be ſatisfied except you know every individual, however trivial.

But now, ſince I mentioned curioſity, you may ſuſpect that I arraign as particular in you what is common to the ſex, on which, if I have made any remarks that may ſeem too ſatyrical, the intent which I aimed it for will in ſome manner excuſe me, becauſe it proceeded from a deſign of reforming what I think is moſt unbecoming in the moſt beautiful of the creation.

What perſon of the leaſt perſpicuity can ſit in a woman's company who affects the refined part of coquetry without noticing it; and what a diſtaſtefull opinion muſt it not produce; and I am apt to believe it creates as much or more contempt in a woman of ſenſe as in a man, who, by a barbarous cuſtom, is obliged ſeemingly to approve with his lips what his heart thoroughly contemns.

The lady mentioned in the latter part of my tour will diſcover that part of the ſpecies which I entirely except againſt; and this is the point

alone in which I will ſeem diſobedient, for I will not inform you whether it is a real or a fictitious character.

As to my own country-girls, I will be bold enough to make free with them, and plainly ſay any thing without reſerve; I ſhall not endeavour to apologize if I ſomewhere ſaid they are more given to affectation than thoſe with whom I compared them, as I think I need not be aſhamed of the compariſon. I read ſomewhere that "Affectation is as great an enemy to a pretty face as the ſmall-pox;" but the misfortune of this evil is, it can ſeldom conceal itſelf for ſo long a time as to reap an advantage, but breaks out in ſo ungovernable a manner as makes any other quality diſagreeable, however good.

I know not by what infatuation that moſt of our country women who have been abroad, commonly return home with variety of odd pronunciations, particular geſtures, and new faſhions, (perhaps never known in any part of the world, but the production of their own fertile brain, which they impoſe upon our credulity as the top of the mode), joined with a contempt of any thing that does not ſavour of the foreign, and of conſequence a general diſlike to any of our domeſtic commodities; a new plaited cap and tucker,

a reclining of the head, and introducing a new country-dance, attract the attention more than the more material part; an uncommon familiarity or impudence, with a peculiar accent, compoſes the well-bred woman.

I have remarked more than once, to have ſeen one of theſe faſhionable ladies make three court-ſeys (to ſome acquaintance who juſt entered the front gallery) in repeating the Creed, when the common uſage of the ceremony required but one; ſo unreaſonably polite are they to make double the reverence to an acquaintance that they pay to the Divinity. But what yet gives me much greater concern is to ſee them imitated in their impertinences by children of not above eight years old, who never fail of making a better progreſs in it than they do in their Catechiſm: the maturer part of our ladies do not ſo evidently betray their thirſt of it as the inexperience of the young creatures; but whether it would not be a nobler emulation for them to imitate examples that would improve the mind, and conduce to a more laſting and ſolid happineſs than is to be expected from trifles, is a point, if any of the practitioners themſelves are aſked in a ſerious manner, will allow of. I am quite charmed with a paper in the Spectator, who ſpeaks with ſuch

a ſpirit as nothing but the juſt contempt of theſe inconſiſtencies could inſpire, and concludes it thus:—"And I deſire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their paſſion for being admired: in order to which they muſt endeavour to make themſelves the objects of a reaſonable and laſting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dreſs, or faſhion, but from thoſe inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or ſickneſs, and which appear moſt amiable to thoſe who are moſt acquainted with them."

How expreſſive is the laſt ſentence, and what a beautiful idea does it convey of the inward ornaments: they continually diſcover ſome new perfection, and increaſe our eſteem for the poſſeſſor; whereas the more we are acquainted with perſons of the other caſt, our eſteem gradually leſſens, and they betray every day ſome latent imperfection. Beauty may pleaſe for a while, but to put it in competition with the nobler faculties of the ſoul would do injuſtice to the promoters of permanent happineſs; how often have I juſtly ſeen you admire Juba's ſpeech in Cato, where he prefers the inward beauties before the external charms.

"Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the ſenſe;

> True ſhe is fair (oh, how divinely fair),
> But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms,
> With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
> And ſanctity of manners."

I have known many inſtances of an ugly woman being made agreeable by affability and good-ſenſe, but never knew beauty to make an entire conqueſt without ſome other aſſiſtance; indeed, it may make the firſt impreſſion, but good-ſenſe raiſes the pile, and modeſty covers it.

You have often urged me to give my ſentiments of what I thought would render a woman agreeable in a married ſtate, of which I believe there are but few but think leſs or more about it; and as this is the end for which they purpoſe themſelves, I think the time but ſhort enough to prepare for it, let it be never ſo long; and they may take my word they will find it difficult to lay aſide any of the airs they have learned young, and the loſs will ſit heavy if ever they attempt it; whereas a total ignorance of them will cauſe them not to regret what they were unacquainted with, and make them ſeek enjoyments not to be met with in the giddy world.

I ſhall now draw this to a period, and only obſerve, you muſt not be ſcrupulouſly nice in any of my expreſſions: I know they will not bear

the leaſt criticiſm, as your impatience did not even allow me time to ſettle its order; in return of this my obedience I expect you'll favour me with ſome of your productions, ſome of which I have already read with the greateſt pleaſure, and any other which you may hereafter ſend me ſhall doubly engage the attention of,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant.

JOURNEY THROUGH ENGLAND IN THE YEAR 1752.

SET ſail from Dublin on board the Hibernia, John Morton commander, the eighth day of May, at three o'clock in the afternoon, with a fair wind; the ſea to me who was a ſtranger, methought it looked exceeding calm. I was enlivened the more as another veſſel ſet ſail the ſame tide, and we continued in company ſome time, but had ſoon the mortification to ſee them ſhoot a head; nevertheleſs we ſtood out with a fair wind, and at three o'clock next morning (which was Saturday), got ſight of Holy head, and purſued our voyage in ſight of Wales. In the evening the wind ſhifted, and we were obliged to caſt anchor, to wait for the tide, which anſwered the next morning (Sunday) about two o'clock, when we weighed anchor and went by the influence of the tide till we came within three leagues of Liverpool,

which being ſpent, we were obliged to the ſame diſagreeable work as we had the preceding day; I am induced to think that this muſt be almoſt the moſt diſagreeable part of ſailing, as we are commonly anxious to arrive at our deſired port. We were obliged to lie here, having no wind to ſtem the tide, but had the pleaſing proſpect of Wales, which, though ſomething mountainous, is as extremely pleaſant to one who thought he ſhould never be ſoon enough at it. I took this opportunity to refreſh myſelf with clean linen, the ſea having produced ſome of the common effects incident to new ſailors.

At eight o'clock the king's boat boarded us, left an officer on board, and went off carrying in her four of our paſſengers, who I ſuppoſe had the ſame inclination to be out of the wooden world (as he termed it) as I had. I was ſomething diſpleaſed at the neceſſity of ſtaying behind, which was unavoidable, as my father could not go. Here we lay like a log on the water, and felt a greater emotion while the veſſel was at anchor than when under ſail.

My muſe was interrupted (into which I forgot to ſay I was inſenſibly fallen) by our eſpying a boat rowing towards us, which excited my curioſity, which I ſoon ſatisfied by inquiring of one of the

men, who told me it was another king's boat that belonged to Liverpool; the head officer and five men again boarded us. I could not help ſmiling how eager each was to ſearch the ſhip, which they did admirably with ſeveral kinds of tools which they brought for that purpoſe.

The officer happening to go into the cabin there found my father, and ſoon got into converſation with him; but I need not ſay how pleaſed I was, when I found he was a Cheſhire man, and conſequently a countryman of my father's. They ſoon engroſſed the whole converſation to themſelves, and I ſo effectually managed the matter, that it was agreed to go aſhore in the king's boat. I took ſuch things as I ſuſpected I might have occaſion for, if the veſſel might be put back by contrary winds, which ſeemed by its ſhifting to anſwer the ſuſpicion. We put off from the ſhip and rowed for about an hour, which brought us within a league of the town, but found ourſelves on the wrong ſide of the channel, which obliged us to return round the breakers and prolonged our landing; this difficulty at length being accompliſhed, we turned down and doubled a point of land called the Red Noſes, which afforded us the proſpect of Liverpool, as it is ſituate on the ſide of a hill adorned with lofty ſpires, and makes a moſt agreeable landſcape.

I muſt confeſs, here was I almoſt tired with ſailing, and thought I could never ſoon enough get foot on Engliſh land, as the notions I had entertained of that delightful iſland had filled my mind with ſome very venerable thoughts. We ſet our ſail, the wind ſpringing up favoured the option, and in a ſmall time we found ourſelves at the ſide of the landing-dock.

The Liverpool harbour is accounted dangerous, as there are prodigious ſand-banks on either ſide the channel, on which if a veſſel happens to ſtrike, is inevitably loſt.

We landed at three o'clock on Sunday evening, and our obliging officer ſhowed us to the Lion tavern; when I reſted, my head preſented the ceiling dancing, and was ſcarce able to make my footing ſure; nevertheleſs I dreſſed in the evening and ſallied forth to view the town, which, in my opinion, is very handſome, being compoſed chiefly of regular buildings. My female acquaintance, perhaps, may be diſpleaſed at making any remark before that of the ladies, beſides, I ſhould be very ſorry to be found ſo unpoliſhed, or if you pleaſe ſo injudicious, when I returned and told 'em I had ſeen London; therefore I take the liberty to break ſomething abruptly from my deſcription of Liverpool and its regular buildings to the

more engroſſing one of the ladies, who, as I know, are very curious; yet they muſt be content with general remarks on this head, as I had no acquaintance, and that they may not be hereafter ſurpriſed, I ſhall make but very few on it, as my vanity is ſuch, I can't ſay whether it's a prejudice, but I fancy my own country girls beyond any I have ſeen in Great Britain, and I muſt ſay that the women here are in general handſome enough; their manners and actions very plain and honeſt, and very apt to credit an improbable ſtory; their faces beſpake this character, as they ſeem to me not to have that meaning or vivacity ſo common in Ireland; they dreſs exceeding neat, not complete without the addition of a hat, which no woman is without, and is, as I may ſay, an overgrown faſhion. The better ſort dreſs extremely neat, and it ſomething ſurpriſed me to find the reſpect they payed here to the Sabbath, whereas in Ireland it is the day of greateſt mirth. I was directed to a place at the town's end where they generally walk. This is an agreeable garden, wherein are three regular plain gravel walks, with a row of aſh trees kept in excellent order; it is on a regular deſcent, fronted by the ſea, which gives a greater beauty to it, as you may enjoy a proſpect of the veſſels as they come in. This

little adventure almoſt tired me, as I had ſlept but little at ſea; I thought the beſt ſcheme would be to return to my lodging, where, when I came, I wrote two letters, and met with a fellow paſſenger, who, as he was acquainted beſt with the cuſtom of the town, he ordered a very good ſupper, conſiſting of veal cutlets, pigeons, aſparagus, lamb and ſalad, apple-pie and tarts. What makes me ſo particular is, that I was ſurpriſed when I found the charge ſo extremely reaſonable, I aſſure you but ſixpence per head, the company conſiſting but of four. I having gained a voracious ſtomach from the ſea, ſpent little time in diſcourſing, and after drinking a bottle of port, retired to reſt, and made one ſleep to Monday, the 11th of May, when I awoke about eight o'clock. As impatient as I was to take a further view of the town, I found another call muſt be ſatisfied firſt, and accordingly haſted to breakfaſt.

I went firſt to the dock, which was a very ſpacious one, the entrance of it is guarded by ſtrong gates. This is joined by another of much the ſame dimenſions, and both encircle a part of the town. Here ſhips lie very ſecurely.

I proceeded next to find out my ſhip, which had arrived the laſt night's tide, as I wanted to get out my trunk, which I did with ſome difficulty of entry, etc.

Next I went to ſee St. Thomas's Church, which is the moſt beautiful piece of modern architecture I had hitherto ſeen; it is made of freeſtone, adorned with handſome niches, with ſeveral cuts and ſtatues on the outſide; 'tis of a ſquare figure to the front, but the eaſt end is in a ſemicircle; the ſteeple or tower of this church is really worth the obſervation of the moſt curious. It is raiſed to a vaſt height, with columns of pillars gradually ariſing out of each other, and are interſperſed with divers cuts and figures; the windows after the ſame order, with variety of devices. On the top of this is a ſpire (as you would almoſt think) touches the clouds, and ſeems (as it's made taper-wiſe) as thin as an hair on the top, whereon a neat weather-cock ſtands; the ſpire is of an octangular form, with beads on every ſquare, and theſe all terminate in a point; in each ſquare there is a regular window near the top.

I am confident it would tire my friends' patience to give a ſuccinct account of the beauties of this little pile, and I think I hear ſome of 'em cry, "On with the thread of your travels, inform us of the manner of your travelling, what perſons you met, what ſprightly converſation enſued," joined with, "I wonder how you could have the patience to take particular notice of the trifling

things in the country, when I was immediately to have the opportunity of ſeeing London; and beſides, what have thoſe deſcriptions to do with us; it may happen ſometime we may have the ſame opportunity of ſeeing theſe things, without your peſtering us with the different orders of architecture and ſuch like." But hold, my good friends, not ſo faſt; give me leave to inform you that I did not go to England to ſee London alone, of which ſo many fine things have been ſaid, nor merely for the ſake of ſaying, I travelled with ſuch and ſuch perſons to entertain my acquaintance. I was willing (for the little ſtay I made) to know all I could, and for that purpoſe took ſome few notes on 'em,—this for my own ſatisfaction and not as a writer; therefore, if I commit my little remarks to a friend, I expect he 'll as readily accept of the moſt trifling as them of a greater conſequence; it will be ſomething ſtrange for me to reaſſume St. Thomas's Church, but know, I only gave you a deſcription of the outſide, and can't content myſelf without ſaying ſomething of the inſide.

I was ſurpriſed to find the ſeats of this church mahogany, curiouſly wrought, all lined with green, the backs carved after the neweſt taſte; the pulpit ſeems to merit a particular deſcription; 'tis placed in the middle of a fine marble aiſle, the

reading-deſk under, and the clerk's lower, made of mahogany, with work ſuitable to its ſolemnity, repreſenting King David, Fame, &c., with abundance of other devices; the top or canopy is hung by a gilded ball from the ceiling, after the manner of two large branches which front it; the organ-loft and gallery are finely wrought, but plainer. The church is a ſemicircle, and vaſt columns of mahogany (of carved open work) ariſe, and ſeem to ſupport the great arch above—in a word, 'tis nothing but mahogany carved; no paint in the whole church.

From thence I proceeded to St. George's Church, built in all reſpects like the other, ſave the ſpire is not ſo high, nor is it embelliſhed with ſo much carvings, and, being old, cuts not ſo fine a figure. The other has been modelled from this. The inſide is very beautiful, but not ſo grand as the other. As I have deſcribed it, I think a repetition here of this may ſeem diſagreeable — nay, you may call it ridiculous or impertinent.

I viewed next a church as much remarkable for its age and deformity as the other for the contrary. 'Tis a Gothic building, and, if poſſible, ſtrikes the mind with awe. The ſteeple is not of a remarkable height, is of a ſquare form, and

has ſeveral rows of ſquare windows after the old faſhion, which makes it appear venerable. There is a ſet of bells in this ſteeple, which are commonly rung on the arrival of a foreign ſhip or a veſſel which has been deſpaired of. As the church is ſituate over the river, the inſide of it is divided into four parts, and the gallery in the ſame manner; and it's impoſſible to take in above half of it in any one view. There are very high windows in it, remarkable for ſome panes of ſtained glaſs.

I am broke off in this part of my deſcription, as I think, by ſome ſimpering or laughing; but, on inquiry, I am ſurpriſed to find it's ſome of my female acquaintance, who endeavour to lay the blame on each other. One, of more diſtinguiſhed vivacity than the reſt, ſeems, by the plaiting of her mouth, willing to ſay ſomething, and, with mixture of deſpite in her tone, thus begins:—

"Never has female reſolution been ſo much tried. Behold, you've gone on with the dry deſcription of three churches. You'd almoſt make us ſuſpect you are an enthuſiaſt or a bigot—nay, a Methodiſt never, at his firſt appearance on the ſtage, hath given us ſo high a character of theſe places of worſhip in England."

Why, faith! I forgot the ladies were in com-

pany. I beg their pardons, and ſhall take care to avoid ſuch ſuccinct accounts of churches, as I know religion and ladies are things of a different nature.

This little ſally of the ladies' wits has ſo much put me out of countenance, that I am afraid I ſhall not have ſpirits enough to go on with my deſcriptions. I'faith, I thought of a good expedient to recover 'em, and muſt beg the lady's pardon, as it's almoſt dinner-time, till I go from the old church to the "Lion" tavern, where an ordinary is kept at one o'clock.

Laſt night I gave you a deſcription of our ſupper, as I could well bear it, becauſe the ſea had cauſed in me an uncommon appetite, and the recounting of that which gave me infinite pleaſure made me ſo particular. Now behold me cheerful from all the dainties in ſeaſon and a pint of excellent port, and fit to entertain the ladies with what's moſt agreeable. I ſhall not trouble 'em with my dinner, only obſerve it's accounted one of the beſt ordinaries in the kingdom, as you've the niceſt and moſt uncommon diſhes at only eightpence per piece.

The major part of the town (as I hinted already) is ſurrounded by the two docks. Theſe are kept always in excellent repair, and contain

an incredible quantity of veſſels, which are daily employed by the town. It has within theſe few years arrived at a very conſiderable branch, as moſt of the inland manufactures are exported from it; they live very neat and regular. They have almoſt finiſhed a fine exchange, on which no expenſe has been ſpared, and will be the fineſt in England, except the Royal Exchange in London.

As the days were now at the longeſt, and we had ſeen all curious at Liverpool, 'twas agreed to take a poſt-chaiſe and go to Warrington, about twelve miles from Liverpool. This we ſoon executed, and had a pleaſant proſpect of the country. 'Tis a continued garden all the way. I never beheld ſo delightful a ſight; and if any terreſtrial abode can invite, 'tis impoſſible this ſhould give place to any. Oh! the ſweets diſcloſed in it are paſt imagination. Behold houſes within a ſhot of each other adorned with beautiful walks and cut hedges; theſe are common in the pooreſt abode.

The poſt-chaiſe went extremely uneaſy, which made me chooſe to take my ſervant's horſe, and give him my place in the chaiſe; beſides, I could have a more extenſive proſpect.

There are a vaſt quantity of windmills in this

country. I reckoned in one view fourteen about a mile from Liverpool.

I cannot avoid making a particular remark on one ſmall cottage, which made me ſtay an half an hour behind the chaiſe to behold it. It certainly inſpired me with thoughts ſo pleaſingly romantic that it will give me a pleaſure as often as I think of it. I ſhall fall ſhort of the deſcription of it; not that it's any way remarkable for its building. 'Tis an old pile with three fronts, a croſs on each front; it has two chimneys, and one of 'em ſo artfully covered over with moſs that I at firſt miſtook it for a tree. It certainly makes a pretty figure. Before it ſtands a ſmall garden, contrived after the moſt uſeful manner; it is paled in or incloſed with handſome cut box. There are eleven windows (old faſhion) in the front and nine above. It is ſituate at the top of a delightful verdant hill, and behind it is the ruins of ſeveral old buildings covered with moſs; add to this a number of tall poplar trees, which ſhade and cover the houſe behind, and is made to appear more ſolitary by the croaking of [an] innumerable quantity of rooks who have their habitation in them. In a word, 'tis ſo amazingly ſtriking that I was quite loſt in ecſtaſy, and never conſidered how far my company was gone. Neceſſity

at length prevailed on my unwillingneſs, and I went off juſt as I ended this ſoliloquy :—

"Oh! thou lovely abode; how much more preferable art thou to all the gaudy ſhows of grandeur! Thou exciteſt venerable thoughts, and appeareſt yet more lovely the longer we know thee. How ſerenely contented could I paſs my life with thee, and deſpiſe all the fopperies, if my other wiſhes correſponded with that of thy manſion! But, ah! thou art reſerved for ſome more happy one that can uſe thee beſt as thou deſerveſt, and in tranquillity behold thy beauties. Adieu, thou lovely place, let thy aſſiſtance heighten the bliſs of one that can in peace poſſeſs thee!"

From this romantic ſtrain it may be ſuſpected I had read the "Economy of Human Life." The ladies may conjecture, by the agitation I ſeemed to be in, that I was in love, and perhaps deſpiſed, and may probably conjecture 'twas that which made 'em experience ſome of the effects of it in ſome of the foregoing ſentences; as there hath been inſtances wherein the whole ſex hath ſuffered from a particular prejudice, it would be impoſſible for me to prevent people's ſuſpicions, but I can aſſure 'em 'tis nothing of all that. It may ſeem ſomething ſurpriſing that I cannot rightly account for it myſelf. I believe it's owing

to the different objects which ſtrike the mind, and I really believe mine is a medley of all kinds; and in ſome particular times you may ſee me cry and laugh by intervals.

If this cannot avail me, I muſt contentedly ſubmit to the cenſure; but I cannot help ſmiling when I think hereafter I ſhall give the moſt exalted praiſe to the condemning ſex. If the female one ſuſpects I here mean them, I cannot prevent their thinking ſo, more than I can that of my being in love.

This digreſſion brings me after a ſmart trot up with my company, who I obſerved before had got the ſtart of me, and found 'em ſtopped about a half a mile's diſtance from the little happy retreat, at a decent houſe, enjoying themſelves at the door (for they did not alight) with cups of fine ale, here preferable to the richeſt wine. I drank of it as it pleaſed my taſte, and I had almoſt inſenſibly loſt thoſe romantic ideas which had engroſſed my thoughts. Here, then, is a proof of my variable temper.

I ſhould have told who my company were ſooner, but, as they had no relation with my preceding narrative, thought it might as opportunely fall in in another place. They conſiſted but of two, viz., my father, the gay Valerius, and

myſelf, and you may include the ſervant, if you think he was a ſquire good enough for ſuch a hero as I.

I hinted before I had given my place in the chaiſe to the ſervant, but then I forgot to tell you what Valerius did, why he mounted the ſecond horſe, which my father rode, becauſe he choſe the ſeat.

Valerius and I rode in company through the delightful country till we came to Warrington, which was about ſeven in the evening. The roads are the moſt diſagreeable part of it, as they are very deep.

This town is clean, handſome enough, and regular. The bulk of it is in one large ſtreet. We found everything abounding here in plenty. We ordered an agreeable collation, and went to reſt about ten.

Sol had no ſooner ſhot his firſt rays but they appriſed me of his approach. I haſted from my bed, as I was impatient to behold the country which raviſhed my ſenſes ſo much the day before. For that purpoſe I mounted to the higheſt room in the houſe, and directed my eyes over a vaſt plain diverſified with ſweeteſt colours from the influence of the ſun, who in oblique rays emitted a feeble warmth more pleaſing than in mid-day.

I believe I ſhould have remained in this poſture ſomething longer, had not the tinkling of the tea-ſpoons againſt the diſhes (which I muſt needs ſay the waiter ſtruck with ſome vehemence, as I heard 'em in the room under as he laid breakfaſt) reminded me 'twas as neceſſary to pleaſe ſome other ſenſe beſides that of ſeeing, and for that purpoſe hurried down, where I found my father and Valerius over a piece of toaſt, who laughed at my entrance. I immediately underſtood their meaning, as I found they were willing to deprive me of my ſhare.

Here our tour had almoſt been delayed by an unforeſeen accident; that having inquired for our poſt-chaiſe, the man refuſed letting it go farther without an additional price, as he found we could not immediately get horſes: we inſiſted on our agreement with the owner ſome time to no purpoſe, till, threatening him with the juſtice and adding to it a tankard of ale, we at length prevailed. This was a man who had been ſent to aſſiſt the boy to take back the cattle; this was an open villany, which I am afraid is too much practiſed and too little taken notice of in England.

I would not be underſtood here to caſt this as a reflection on the whole country, as none is free

from vitiated perſons, but in part to take off ſome of the odium generally thrown on ours; and were we impartially to conſider matters, we might find we are not even as much addicted to thoſe vices as they who would rid themſelves of 'em at our expenſe. But to return: we ſet out in our poſt-chaiſe, Valerius and the ſervant rid as before; we had not gone a mile when we were obliged to relinquiſh it and exchange places with the two horſemen. In all the world I believe there are not ſuch roads as theſe, they being but a continued heap of ridges, ſo very deep that I expected every minute when I ſhould be ſwallowed up in ſome of 'em. We ſuffered three overturnings before we could perſuade ourſelves to quit our vehicle; the poor horſes were to be pitied, for one or the other was ſeldom five minutes on his legs.

With much difficulty we at length arrived at Knutsford about one o'clock, and were directed to the Swan Inn, a very fine one; here we dined on variety of diſhes at a very moderate expenſe. This is but a ſmall town, though handſome enough; it is very dead, not having any particular trade to enliven it except ſome thread-makers, and them but a few.

I never beheld ſo ſweet a proſpect as ſaluted

mine eyes all the way, it being but an extenſive garden; not one place is uſeleſs or become vacant; the print of the induſtrious huſbandman is to be ſeen on every ſide, and betrays the vigilance of its inhabitants, 'tis mighty rare to find any hand unemployed.

" Ignavum Fucos Pecus â Præſepibus arcent."

Virg. [*Georg.* iv.]

Oh! how it elates the heart to behold all thoſe things in their increaſing nature, and to ſee how the huſbandman expects to be rewarded for his pains! Who then would not ſeek for ſuch a one when ſuch ample amends at laſt crowns the labour?

Dinner being over, we purſued our journey in the ſame order as before related through this delightful elyſium: the harveſt now advancing gave us an opportunity to find Ceres on her part had not been ſlothful, but had ſpread her induſtrious hand over moſt part of it.

The frequent overturning of our chaiſe obliged us often to turn back to give Valerius and the ſervant aſſiſtance; as the chaiſe could come on but ſlowly, my father and I agreed to go on ſomething faſter, which we put in execution till we arrived within a half-a-mile of town, where we intended to take up our lodgings; here was ſome

excellent ale, with which we refreſhed ourſelves. This put in my head a piece of humour which I thus managed :—

I told the man of the houſe that we were obliged to quit our poſt-chaiſe becauſe of the bad roads, and that we exchanged with our ſervants, who followed us in it; that as ſoon as he ſaw it he ſhould order 'em to haſten, and withal give 'em a pint of ale, which I then paid him for. I knew this would take, as the ſervant had a livery on who rode with Valerius.

We rode on, and it may be ſuſpected I was not a little pleaſed at my ſcheme, though I did not impart it to my father, who, having occaſion to alight, ſaid he would go into town in the chaiſe. I was much pleaſed at the propoſal, as it ſoon would reſolve me of the event of my project, which ſucceeded according to the intent I had propoſed; for on Valerius's approach he aſked me what put it in my noddle to order a pint of ale for him by that unmannerly man, who deſired him to haſten after the gentlemen. I made no reply but a ſmile, aſking him would he exchange places, which he readily complying, we ſoon ſeated ourſelves, and in that manner arrived in leſs than a half an hour at Macclesfield.

It was about ſeven o'clock when we arrived at

the town, and having been fatigued much the two preceding days, thought the moſt prudent ſcheme would be to defer any curioſity till the next day, and only for the preſent order ſomething light and agreeable for ſupper, and retire to reſt. This motion was ſeconded by Valerius, who crept into the larder and brought with him a brace of fine pullets, which were immediately ordered to the fire, and in leſs than an hour found 'em in that order we had deſired 'em.

At my ſetting out from Cork I had appointed a particular friend to advertiſe me of any news he thought I would be deſirous of knowing; the foot he and I had always lived upon, and the probity I knew him endued with that made me regard him rather as a brother. I had but one letter from him ſince my departure, and that was three weeks, which ſomething ſurpriſed me, as I had wrote to him almoſt every poſt, giving him a ſuccinct account of what related to myſelf, and what elſe I ſuſpected might be agreeable to him. I did not account this neglect to anything, except he might conjecture I was ſo taken up as not to admit any time for the peruſal or anſwering his; but then it occurred that as I had wrote ſo often it could not be the caſe: as it was impoſſible to form any probable notion of it, I

ſuſpended all ſuſpicions till I could have a plainer proof.

I thought thus much neceſſary to premiſe, as I may have ſome occaſion hereafter to ſpeak of him; ſo that if this digreſſion is not altogether ſo entertaining, yet it may be not altogether unuſeful.

After the cloth was removed, we ſtayed not long to chat; I caſt myſelf into the arms of Somnus, and buried all my thoughts in a profound ſleep, and believe I made but an entire ſleep of the whole night; I awoke not till eight the next morning, the 13th of May. At breakfaſt I met with ſomething unthought of, namely, a very genteel girl about eighteen, who preſided at the tea-table; ſhe ſeemed to me to be well verſed in what is called (now-a-days) politeneſs, for ſhe received me with an air ſuitable to the profeſſors of it.

Our converſation turned upon indifferent topics, and found ſhe was but lately come from London, where ſhe had been for upwards of a year with a ſiſter who lived there. This eaſed all my doubts concerning her, for when I had an opportunity, I inquired and found ſhe was our landlord's daughter. I endeavoured to correct the brogue natural to our country, and told her I believed

the manners of the country but ill correſponded with the refined ones ſhe lately had ſeen in London; for my part, as I was an entire ſtranger, and was going there, ſome little inſtruction from her would be of more weight and have greater efficacy on my mind than double the number from any other perſon.

This obliging diſcourſe made her ſmile, as I endeavoured to accompany it with ſerioufneſs; but on obſerving I expected an anſwer, ſhe replied, "That however miſtaken ſome people may be in their notions, the country ſometimes afforded politeneſs little inferior to that of the town; the laſt example ſhe had of it from me convincing her of the truth of what ſhe before ſuſpected."

I found the lady was not to be impoſed on entirely, and that there required a little more acquaintance to make her believe the ſincerity of what I urged, and found I was caught in the ſame trap; for I perceived ſhe alſo expected an anſwer, which was, "that I ſhould always acknowledge the penetration of a lady's judgment, eſpecially hers who was obliging enough to ſave the bluſhes of the ignorant, by friendly attributing to 'em accompliſhments which they never were ſenſible of being poſſeſſed of."

After a few compliments naturally ariſing on

this head, we parted. I went to my chamber to dreſs, and perhaps ſhe might have done the ſame, but my curioſity being excited after a more peculiar manner, I heeded not the trifle of her dreſſing or any other employment which may at that juncture engroſs her time. When I was in my chamber and alone, I had then an opportunity of indulging ſome reflections on this little adventure.

On my firſt meeting with her I thought ſomething ſtruck me more than is ordinary for girls of her condition to inſpire; ſhe ſeemed to have all that delicacy and unaffectedneſs requiſite to perſons of the firſt rank, without betraying any of that awkwardneſs or timidity common to a low ſtation. I ſaw ſhe had wit, accompanied with a competency of judgment, and a vivacity or ſprightlineſs which ſeldom fails of being agreeable. As to her perſon, ſhe was rather low of the two extremes, and as ſhe was naturally fat, it rather diminiſhed than added to her ſtature. Her face was not what is accounted beautiful, but had a ſoftneſs or ſweetneſs which denoted an agreement of temper. A good ſet of teeth and a pair of penetrating grey eyes was no ſmall addition; ſo that, upon the whole, I thought ſhe was to be admired rather than treated after the

manner of one of an equal condition; and in all probability her father could have given a fortune to her which would render her not deſpicable.

As ſuch, then, ſhe ſtood in my opinion; ſo that I reſolved to treat her agreeable to it. I cannot ſay what it was, but I really had a deſire to be again in her company: it did not ſeem the leaſt like love, but ſomething unaccountable I never obſerved in myſelf before.

Theſe different agitations delayed my dreſſing ſomething longer than uſual, ſo that, on my coming down, on inquiry, [I] found Miſs Dama (for that was her name) was gone to church. I was ſomething diſpleaſed, but Valerius happening to meet me, aſked if I would not view the town; and I replying in the affirmative, we immediately went out. We walked over ſome of the ſtreets, which were exceeding clean; but of this hereafter. On the turning of one of 'em I thought I heard a bell ring, and, on paſſing through a ſmall lane, I found myſelf at a church, for it ſeemed the people had not as yet gone in. I propoſed to Valerius going to church, as I ſuſpected we ſhould there find Dama; beſides, I ſhould have the opportunity of ſeeing it. I looked all round during divine ſervice, but could not ſee her; till I at length grew weary of it,

and concluded ſhe had not come thither. After it was done, I procured the ſexton to ſhow us the church. 'Tis a large old ſtructure; all the pews are made of oak, nothing elſe being remarkable in it, except an old ſtone erected in one ſide of it to the memory of Sir Richard Legh of Lyme, now ſucceeded by his great-grandſon, who lives in the manſion houſe of the family near this town; and for curioſity [I] have taken a copy as it is in the old characters:—

"Here Lyethe the bodie of Perkin a Legh,
That for king Richard the death did die,
Betrayed for righteovſnes:
And the bones of Sir Peers his ſone,
That with King Henrie the fift did wonne,
in Paris.

This Perkin ſerved king Edward the Third and the Black Prince his Sonne in all their warres in France, and was at the battell of Creſſie, and hadd Lyme given him for that ſervice, and after their deathes ſerved king Richard the Second, and left him not in his troubles, but was taken with him, and beheaded at Cheſter by king Henrie the Fourth; and the ſayd ſir Peers his ſonne ſerved king Henrie the Fift and was ſlaine at the battell of Agincourt. In their memorie ſir Peter Legh of Lyme knight deſcended from them, fynding the ſaid ould Verſes written upon a ſtone in this chapel did re-edifie this Place An°. Dom. 1620."[1]

From hence I entered on the left ſide of the church to a very old ſquare area, called Earl

[1] Collated with Ormerod, iii. 367.

Rivers' Chapel, whoſe family are all interred here. There are four monuments in it, a man and a woman in each, being the predeceſſors of ſaid family. The oldeſt of theſe monuments is upwards of four hundred years. The lateſt or laſt earl is but a ſingle man cut in marble, and moſt exquiſitely wrought, leaning on a cuſhion, holding one of his hands open as if willing to graſp.

His ſon Robert, the preſent earl (as they ſay), in his juvenile days, being profligate, broke his father's eſcritoir, and took thence fifteen hundred pounds to ſupport his extravagance. The old man was much vexed, and endeavoured to hang him, but his majeſty, conſidering his avarice, pardoned him.

Upon his deceaſe the ſon declared he would place him in a poſture ſuitable to his avarice, by putting him in a manner of endeavouring to gripe at all, in which way he is as above related. This piece coſt upwards of a thouſand pounds.

This chapel was founded four hundred years ago by the Archbiſhop of York, who took ſuch a liking to it, that he ordered his heart to be interred here, which, when he died, was accordingly executed, and the figure of it is cut antiquely on the ſtone under which it was buried, but is now ſo worn by the continual treading on

it as it is ſcarce diſcernible, except the bare figure.

In one corner of this place is a ſtone which a woman purchaſed of the Pope as a pardon for herſelf and ſix children for one thouſand years. The ſexton makes conſiderably by this ſtone, as he has found a method of taking the impreſſion on a large ſheet of paper, one of which I now have. There are ſome old characters at the bottom, not intelligible by any one I could as yet find.

The outſide of this church makes a Gothic appearance. The ſteeple is low, hath ſix indifferent bells, and chimes the Fourth Pſalm. 'Tis placed on a very ſteep hill, under which runs a very agreeable river, which adds to the muſic of the bells. The yard of the church is kept in good repair, and near it is a poor houſe or public ſchool, where children are taught to work, read, write, &c.

The forenoon being pretty well taken up with viewing thoſe things, we diſcharged the ſexton, Valerius chiding at the ſame time my too particular curioſity, as he called it.

We returned to our inn, and had the pleaſure to find things in forwardneſs for dinner. I could not as yet put Dama out of my head, who, as I

was informed, was but juſt come in. I aſked no further queſtions concerning her. Valerius took up a newſpaper which he ſaw lie on the table; and when I found he was engaged in it, I took the opportunity of retiring. I went immediately into my own chamber, adjoining to another room, which as I paſſed by, [I] peeped in the key-hole, where I ſaw Dama reading. I did not ſtay long in my room, but returned haſtily, as if I only wanted ſomething. As I knew the room ſhe was in [was] free to any, I made no ceremony of entering, at which ſhe ſhut the book and laid it on the table; on obſerving which, I ſaid I hoped I had not intruded on her meditations. She replied, with a careleſs air, "that the ſubject ſhe had been engaged on required not ſuch deep attention as to put me under the neceſſity of an apology; that ſhe had taken up that merely to kill the time between dinner."

"Whatever has," ſaid I, "the luck to contribute to your diverſion cannot, I am ſure, fail of making any one curious; and as this ſeems to be in print," added I, taking it up, "I fancy it is no ſecret; therefore, to let me ſhare with you the pleaſure will add more to the obligations I already have held from you."

"The obligations," replied ſhe, "you ſeem to

hint you've received from me have not as yet come within my knowledge, and therefore I ſhall diſpenſe with any return until they do; as I am convinced of my giving no room for thanks, [it] makes me ſuſpect I ſhall wait ſome time for the performance."

I then opened the book, and found it a novel tranſlated from the French; upon which I cried, ſomething maliciouſly, "Oh, Madam! I perceive there are obligations of a different kind than what I experienced, holden from you, which, I believe, you'll not acknowledge as ſuch."

Upon which ſhe replied, looking ſomething tenderly, "That we gentlemen ſuſpected every one had as good an opinion of our excellencies as ourſelves."

I anſwered that "I was ſenſible there were but too many coxcombs with a great deal of vanity and little judgment that ſeemed to have the opinion ſhe ſpoke of; but I knew her capacity too well to think her judgment would permit her to place her affections on one of them; that I hoped ſhe would find perſons of merit, even in our ſex, one of which, I doubted not, was her choice."

She anſwered, with ſomething of a free and gay voice, "That ſhe muſt beg a truce, as all

her ſtore of compliments were exhauſted; that I had choſen a very ſilly topic to beſtow 'em on, who was not capable of making a ſuitable return; that I muſt not account it impertinent in her if ſhe deſired I ſhould drop the point hitherto diſputed."

This pleaſed me much, as I had almoſt found myſelf in the ſame dilemma; and, beſides, ſhe gave me an opportunity of turning the converſation to the point I aimed at.

"I am glad," reſumed I, "you put it in my power to ſhow, by this ſmall mark of compliance, my readineſs in obeying any of greater moment. I, who am now a ſtranger here, ſhould be much indebted to you for the trouble of ſhowing me any curioſity this town affords."

After ſhe had muſed a while, ſhe replied that ſhe knew of none in town except ſome agreeable walks, which ſhe would ſhow me another time; but if I could undertake to walk about a mile and a half off to a ſmall town called Preſtbury, where there were ſome old buildings, and an organ in the church, "which," added ſhe, "if you've an inclination to ſee, I am acquainted with the organiſt; and I ſhall get a couple of other young ladies, which, with your friend, will, I flatter myſelf, not altogether make a diſagreeable troop."

This obliging propoſal exactly correſponded with the ſcheme I before had laid in my own imagination. I received it with all the reſpect and politeneſs I was capable of. We were diſcourſing of it when a ſervant entered, and put an end to our *tête-a-tête* converſation by informing us that dinner waited.

On entering the parlour, I found Valerius chewing a cruſt of bread, who told me that I had delayed his dinner near five minutes, and begged I would[1] ſit down, for which purpoſe he had drawn a chair. Dama entering a little after, cauſed ſome other compliments on the occaſion.

When I found my ſtomach permitted, I opened the ſcheme to Valerius, who ſeemed very glad of it. "Beſides," added he, "I can jangle the organ a little, which, if it happens to pleaſe the ladies, [I] ſhall account myſelf happy."

My father reliſhed it alſo, and ſaid he would ride ſo far to be a partaker. We agreed to leave the management of it to Dama, who ſaid ſhe thought it beſt to do it early next morning, as it would require ſome time to prepare her friends and the organiſt.

Matters being thus adjuſted, Dama ſaid ſhe'd go to make her viſits. Valerius and I went to

[1] MS. reads *may*.

my chamber, where, after remaining ſome while, I thought it beſt to take another walk about the town. As I came downſtairs my father met me, and told me he had procured a friend to ſhow us a curioſity. As the time lay on our hands, we readily agreed; whereupon there was a decent-looking man introduced to us. He ſeemed to be of the ignorant, honeſt caſt, and ſeemed ready to oblige us.

We did not appear anxious to know whither he intended ſhowing us, till Valerius inquired, when he informed us 'twas the ſilk mills. As I had heard a character of 'em, I was the better pleaſed.

As we went on, I ſaid to Valerius I was ſorry we had not Dama with us. Our conductor, hearing her name, turned and aſked me what I thought of her. I replied, I thought ſhe was an agreeable girl. He ſaid, nodding his head, "So it might hap. For his part, he knew nothing on her, but heard ſome of the folks ſay ſhe had learned a great many fine airs lately in London; and her father would have been e'en as well pleaſed had ſhe ſtayed at home; for," added he, "they ſay her feather and ſhe hath quarrelled about it, and ſaid he was afraid ſhe had learned no good there; whereupon ſhe threatened to go

back again. That's all, meaſter," quoth the fellow, "I know on't. 'Tis not my buſineſs to interfere in't, I only ſeay what other folks ſay."

This, joined with the ſimplicity he expreſſed it with, ſerved to convince me there was ſomething extraordinary in the gay appearance this fair lady made, and to confirm ſome ſuſpicions I entertained from the ſecond time of my converſing with her. I made the man no reply, but that it concerned me as little as it did himſelf, and did not trouble myſelf about it.

Though I might have had ſome few conjectures at this time concerning this affair, I ſhall omit explaining 'em here till I have more leiſure, but tell you by this time I am arrived at the ſilk mills, the deſcription of which I ſhall fall ſhort in, but as I gueſs I have excited the curioſity of my friends concerning this ſurpriſing machine, I ſhall attempt it in the beſt manner I can.

I firſt entered the ground floor, where I ſaw three vaſt engines compoſed of about eight hundred bobbins each, which ſpin the ſilk as it comes raw from India. From hence I aſcended the ſecond loft, where I ſaw one thouſand nine hundred bobbins turned by the ſame wheel, winding the ſilk on ſwifts, which is ſpun on the

lower engines; and on the upper or laſt floor are ſeveral new machines as experiments for the improvement of the aforeſaid work.

This grand piece of mechaniſm coſt upwards of ten thouſand pounds, and was a conſiderable time in building. The workmanſhip is really admirable, as ſmall ſticks not as thick as a hair do their reſpective duties with the utmoſt exactneſs, and without intermiſſion. This variety put in my mind the words of Portius in Mr. Addiſon's excellent tragedy of Cato:—

"Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends."

I could, I believe, have ſtayed weeks to behold this huge engine, and find ſome beauty or curioſity I had not before perceived. I cannot in any reſpect convey an idea of it to one who hath not ſeen it, but make 'em to faintly admire this exceſſive piece of art, which I thought could not be performed by man.

Having ſpent beſt part of this day in walking and other amuſements, about ſix I thought I had a propenſion for ſleeping, and accordingly haſtened to my chamber, where I threw myſelf on my bed, and was ſurpriſed when I could not ſleep. Thoughts of various kinds filled my brain, which of conſequence draw reflections;

among the number of which I happened to hit on what our guide to the mills had, as I thought, undeſignedly ſpoken concerning Dama; after weighing the manner he expreſſed it, I concluded I had ſome reaſon to ground a ſuſpicion of her having learned ſome of the airs *à la mode* lately in London. This entirely baniſhed any thoughts concerning her, and as I found ſleep would not befriend me, I arouſed myſelf and took a book I ſaw in the window. I was not an half [hour] reading, when the door flew open, and preſented Dama, who run up immediately, and told me ſhe had got the organiſt, who[1] now waited below to have the pleaſure of being introduced to me. I ſaid no more but that I was at her command, and followed her down. On entering the parlour I ſaw in appearance a genteel man, who[2] very politely told me he would accompany us to the church. Valerius coming in ſoon after repeated the ſame ceremony I had gone through before, but I muſt confeſs it was done with a greater air of politeneſs, as it was attended with a multiplicity of bows, ſome of which had almoſt coſt him a fall on a couple of young ladies entering, who were to be of the party. I endeavoured to exert myſelf after the example

[1] MS. has *and who.* [2] MS. has *and.*

of Valerius, but not with half his ſucceſs, for after I was done I found he had reſerved a ſuperior ſalute for the ladies, for he not only kiſſed his hand, but ſcraped too with that violence as entirely tore a piece off his ſhoe, which I am apt to conjecture was before broke by the frequent uſe of this polite exerciſe.

It may be ſuppoſed that we all readily agreed to the little excurſion propoſed by Dama, and accordingly 'twas reſolved to ſet out about eight next morning on foot, as we could the better enjoy ourſelves than if we rode, and for that purpoſe had appointed this room for the place of rendezvous, when Dama promiſed to have breakfaſt ready. We talked on the pleaſure we ſhould have next day, and Valerius, looking tenderly on one of the ladies, ſaid he would petition for a fine day, which he doubted not of obtaining on ſo divine a cauſe, and as he had more than once performed a part in a play, he very gracefully repeated ſome ſpeeches *à propos*; after Valerius [had] received ſome compliments but the due of his merits, we retired to our reſpective apartments, though I might have had Dama's company longer.

I was arouſed next morning about ſeven by an unexpected ſpeech of Valerius, who lay in the

next bed to me, who cried out with an unuſual vociferation—

"The great, th' important day."

As he ſtarted me ſomething, I replied haſtily that an hour's ſleep would be of more importance to me than his damned nonſenſe. Nevertheleſs, I conſidered the time was but barely neceſſary to prepare myſelf, and accordingly I honoured the "great, important day" by riſing quickly.

Our little aſſembly ſoon met, and when breakfaſt was over, we purſued our journey which was rendered very agreeable by the frequent witticiſms of Valerius, which he very judiciouſly knew how to adapt to the occaſion, and got to Preſtbury when I thought we were not half way; but the miles in this part of the country are ſo ſmall, that you may inſenſibly paſs over a number of them.

This town, though ſmall, is extremely agreeable; it is but one long regular ſtreet, which, as it is encompaſſed by many orchards and well-improved meadows, appears very inviting.

We proceeded to the church, which looks as ancient as time, being built of limeſtone, cut with various devices and croſſes after the old method; the ſteeple or tower is very romantic, in which are ſix ſmall bells. The inſide of this church is

of very old oak, and pictures of the twelve Apoſtles are againſt each pillar. The pulpit was hung in mourning for the death of Sir William Meredith and his lady, who both died about ſix months before. The organ to the front makes a pretty appearance, but diſappoints your opinion of its goodneſs when you come to play on it, as it makes a very ſqueaking noiſe.

When we were ſufficiently ſatisfied with the church, Valerius proteſted he could not walk back to dinner until he had taken a wet, as he called it: and as he is one of the moſt active men in thoſe caſes, he went into a tavern (there being an excellent one in this town), and produced ſome cold roaſt beef, Cheſhire cheeſe, and a cool tankard, which was very agreeable to the weather, ſtrongly recommending the ladies to his treat. I muſt confeſs none of us turned his ſubject into ridicule, for we eat heartily.

I forgot to mention we had engaged the organiſt to dine with us, and when we were on our return, he ſent one to tell us he ought to be remembered for his trouble. We then ſent him a half-a-crown, withal telling him we did not deſire his company at dinner. I never ſaw ſo mercenary a fellow. His name was Ridley.

This furniſhed us with matter ſufficient to

entertain us longer than the time we could take to return to dinner, which was in about an hour after, where we found a very good one prepared; but the heat of the day and Valerius his treat prevented me from eating much here. We had ſcarce done, when we were alarmed by the ringing of bells, and were informed it 'twas for us, but in the evening were convinced of it, when the body of ringers came to us, who, after we had diſcharged [them], rung moſt part of the night.

After dinner my father went to take a view of the town, [in] which, as I was tired, [I] could not accompany him; but Valerius, whoſe ſpirits were ſeldom ſlack, ſaid he would. I refreſhed myſelf by a nod, and Dama, returning afterwards, aſked me if I would accompany her in a little walk. I made no heſitation, but accepted it. Nevertheleſs, I was ſomething diſpleaſed, as I had partly made an engagement with a friend of my father's for this evening.

The ſerenity of the day invited us to walk further than at firſt propoſed, and certainly the innumerable improvements which ſurround this place would raviſh any mortal whoſe ſenſes were not entirely ſunk into ſtupidity. Thus drawn, we inſenſibly walked until we found ourſelves at a foot of a moſt delicious mountain, overſpread

with all the rural delights; a murmuring rivulet added freſh beauty to it, when on the declivity of the oppoſite hill a handſome houſe feaſted our eyes with all its gardens and water-works; the harmleſs flock ſkipped and played, and by their bleating (in innocence enjoying[1] themſelves) ſeemed quite happy in this heavenly place; the feathered race on their part were no leſs aſſiduous, and by their endeavours, though little, added great delight to it; the meandering ſtream, as conſcious of its ability, ſeemed to diſplay its[2] higheſt notes, and quavering lulled in ecſtaſy the ſoul; the little ſun-flies ſeem[ed] delighted and "gilded" ſport amongſt themſelves on the ſurface. I quite tranſported lay, gazing on the verdant beauties now all in bloom, when Dama minded [me] 'twas now grown late and time to ſhelter; I begged her to let me enjoy myſelf a little longer and entreated her to go to the top of the hill to have a more extenſive proſpect; when I was ſeated under the branches of a lofty oak, no knight-errant could be filled with more romantic notions. I fancied I was ſome exiled prince and my princeſs was partaking of my misfortunes; at ſome times I was ſo timorous of diſpleaſing her that I would ſcarce touch her, and I doubt not but

[1] MS. has *enjoyed.* [2] MS. has *her.*

I anſwered her, "my princeſs," or after ſome ſuch manner.

Though the remoteneſs of the place and the familiarity ſhe admitted me to may give room to ſome ſuſpicions not entirely to her advantage, yet the reſpect I bore my princeſs at that juncture may in ſome meaſure invalidate it; nevertheleſs, after having remained ſo long and being conſcious of an opinion which might[1] prevail, ſhe grew ſomeway peeviſh; whether or no ſhe might[2] ſuſpect her virtue was in danger or any other motive, I ſhall not pretend to ſay, but leave that to the judicious to determine.

I endeavoured to ſatisfy her in what I thought affected her; I exclaimed againſt the wilful follies of youth, told her how [the] different ſexes may enjoy each other, ſoothe and make gentle [love?] in the utmoſt innocence, applauded and extolled platonics to the ſkies; whether this was the way of pleaſing and giving her a good opinion of me or not, I ſhall leave to be determined with the former.

I led my Statira back, who, as we had walked pretty faſt, was ſomething fatigued, ſo that I had not the pleaſure of ſeeing her the reſt of the day; my father and Valerius returning from their ramble, they entertained me with a detail of their adventures.

[1] MS. has *may*. [2] *Idem*.

Next morning my father propoſed viſiting an old acquaintance of my grandfather's, and for that purpoſe provided a couple of horſes, and after a mile's ride [we] found ourſelves at a very neat houſe. We were immediately introduced to him, and as time had left his marks on him in ſo particular a manner, a deſcription of him may not altogether ſeem improper.

He is about ninety-ſix, and his looks, though not auſtere, yet [are] not tinctured with any of that effeminacy ſo common to age, and in ſome reſpect draw veneration; his gray locks hung gracefully on his ſhoulders, and while he ſtood erect as a man of twenty, he ſeemed buried in contemplation; when he took notice of me he aſked me divers queſtions, which, if I ſhould here repeat, [I] may ſeem to run too far into particulars.

From hence we proceeded to viſit a man of eighty-four, and were directed to a very pleaſant vale, where his houſe was ſituate upon a brook. Here we found the old man, who ſeemed very ſprightly; he was not ſo grave or ſolid as the firſt, but, on the contrary, was all alacrity, mirth, and facetiouſneſs. He told many diverting ſtories, and very frankly gave us a tune of his violin. As I remembered of an engagement with one Mrs. Gill, I haſtened homewards to put myſelf in a condition of fulfilling it.

Accordingly, at the appointed hour, I appeared at Mrs. Gill's, who received me with a good deal of politeneſs. I had got the ſtart of ſome ladies, who ſhe told me had engaged themſelves with her that evening. This, as it was unexpected, pleaſed me. I had forgot to ſay Valerius was with me.

Not long after two of the ladies came. Valerius diſplayed all the *congees* he was maſter of, and as he is a man who naturally hates circumlocution, moſt of his compliments commonly conſiſt in ſcrapes. Theſe ladies were hardly placed, when three more immediately followed, which increaſed our number to five. I found it would require more time than I could well ſpare to make a particular acquaintance with any of them; therefore I thought general converſation fitter for the occaſion. Two of 'em were handſome, and perhaps the other three might ſeem ſo to another perſon. I found ne'er a wit amongſt them (a kind of an animal I deteſt), neither could I diſcern the leaſt tincture of the prude or coquet. Any one may ſuppoſe that our prattle was unmixed with any of the reigning diſtempers in Ireland, where a girl thinks ſhe cannot ſhew herſelf to advantage without being miſtreſs of ſome of theſe neceſſary qualifications. I alſo apprehend that a little pride is

ſeldom wanting to ſome of our ladies, who I am perſuaded would make as good, nay, a better figure without it, for as it is commonly productive of vanity, vanity gives 'em too great an opinion of any little excellency they are miſtreſs[es] of, and by that means obſcure[s] its beauty, which perhaps may redound to their praiſe and inward ſatiſfaction, if it was not accompanied with too high an opinion of its value.

How we came to have this reflection caſt upon us by the Engliſh, well known by the name of Iriſh pride, I ſhall not anſwer; but then I am induced to think that it muſt have ariſen from facts, and as the appellation is general to the country, ſo I ſuppoſe the facts which produced it muſt alſo be neceſſarily general.

If my young miſſes will not pardon this digreſſion, their vanity may give them that ſatiſfaction my pen cannot; nevertheleſs I muſt aſſure them 'tis with diſpleaſure I have obſerved it ſo univerſally practiſed, neither would I have 'em think but I have their welfare more at heart than that of our neighbouring ladies. Everybody, even a coquet, will allow with me that though the ſprightly airs, affected poſtures, liſping, and all its train of impertinences, that though, I ſay, they ſeldom fail of pleaſing, yet ſhew me even

the wildeſt rake, or one man out of an hundred, that would not chooſe (were he to marry) the unaffected, plain-dealing, and goodnatured woman. Were I not zealous for their intereſts, I ſhould not have ſtept ſo far out of my road to give 'em this word of advice; as this is not intended for the preſs, ſo it cannot reach all our Iriſh ladies; therefore I only intend it for ſuch of my acquaintance as I regard, and who I ſhould be glad would reform if they are troubled with this diſorder.

Though it was with ſatisfaction I partook of theſe ladies' converſation, yet I could not avoid regretting ſo viſible a want of it in ours, as ſincerity with us is not commonly a concomitant of the tea-table; here then I thought it viſible on every feature, but if it can be any pleaſure to the fair in this kingdom, I can tell 'em 'tis not a general practice all over England, for I found the ſcene entirely altered when I came to London, though my ſtay was ſo ſhort.

I am convinced of a failing I have (if it can be termed ſuch), and though I know the folly on't, yet for my life I can't break myſelf of it; I am generally baſhful, or in other words which I think more proper, timid in a ſtrange company, and it muſt be ſome time that can bring me to

expreſs myſelf freely; I can't ſay by what means it[1] forſook me in this agreeable company, and I could as freely converſe with any of 'em in leſs than a half an hour as with my cloſeſt acquaintance. I mention this one circumſtance barely to demonſtrate how ſincerity alone can make a laſting friendſhip, and it ſhould be from this principle we ſhould judge how we may depend on a readineſs of being ſerved.

Without farther comments upon this head I ſhall diſmiſs it, as I ſhall likewiſe the tea-table and our enſuing diſcourſe, of which I was ſorry to deprive myſelf ſo ſuddenly, which the neceſſity of writing a couple of letters compelled me to; after I had finiſhed them, I partook of a light repaſt and ſoon went to bed.

I ſhould not have dwelled ſo long on incidents which may ſeem trifling, but as nothing more material happened in the time, and my ſtay in this place [was] ſomething longer than in any other part of England (except Briſtol), I thought better to fill up the vacuum than to paſs over ſo much time entirely ſilent. I ſhall now take my leave of this town, which afforded me ſuch an agreeable variety, after I have given[2] ſome deſcription of it, which I hitherto omitted. I differ with ſome people in opinion, who commonly begin with the geo-

[1] His failing. [2] MS. has *give.*

graphical part, as I think the more time that can be given for forming a juſt opinion of a ſituation the beſt method.

It ſtands partly on the ſide of a hill and is environed by many mountains; at a diſtance, when you behold it from any of them, it makes a very agreeable appearance and ſeems as if encloſed by the innumerable trees which ſurround it; it is watered by many rivulets and brooks, which flow very plentifully round, over which are many wooden bridges for the convenience of paſſing. The town is compoſed of half-a-dozen or ſeven large regular ſtreets, well built, not including a number of ſmaller lanes which run from many of them; and in the cloſeſt, and them which are moſt expoſed to dirt, they are kept ſo decent that it gave me ſome ſurpriſe. Near the town on one ſide is a fountain or large reſervoir[1] for water, which ſtands on a high hill. This ſupplies the town and is conveyed by a large pipe to the market croſs, whereon is a ciſtern, and from thence is carried by ſmaller pipes to every houſe. I do not remember anything elſe worth here inſerting except what [has been] before related.

Having now done with Macclesfield, 'tis to be ſuppoſed we only waited for ſome convenient opportunity of leaving it, and, upon inquiry,

[1] MS. has *reçevoir*.

[we] found a ſtage-coach would ſet out from Derby the Monday following, it being now Friday. It was, therefore, concluded to ſet out for that place the next morning.

Our landlord provided us with horſes, and we ſet out about ten, Saturday morning. He accompanied us to a compact town called Leek, where, having quitted us, we purſued our journey under the direction of a guide to Aſhborne, a large town, where we found everything in great plenty. Here we reſted this night.

The roads were almoſt impaſſable. Sometimes we were buried up to our horſes' bellies, and at others we rode on ſuch dangerous precipices as had almoſt endangered our falling. Certainly the roads in England are the moſt diſagreeable [part] of it, which they attribute to the fertility of the ſoil, and [that] is ſo rich that the treading of a horſe roots up the ground.

As Derby is twelve miles from Aſhborne, ſo it was neceſſary for us to be up early to overtake the ſtage, and accordingly [we] ſet out before day and got into Derby about ten o'clock. As my father rode, ſo it prevented our making as much haſte as we otherwiſe ſhould, was he not with us. But judge of our diſappointment when we were in-

formed of no ſtage-coach going from thence till Wedneſday!

This is a well-ſituated and regular-built town. I can't forget that our entrance into it was odd enough, for I think we went under a bridge; and as my ſtay here was not above three hours, [I] cannot give a larger deſcription of it.

The miſſing the coach vexed us. Yet we were reſolved not to be diſappointed, for, having heard of another coach ſetting off from Nottingham in the morning, we reſolved to go thither, being about twelve miles from hence, and for that purpoſe diſmiſſed our horſes and hired a coach to convey us to Nottingham. As the day proved extremely fine, it rendered our journey very agreeable.

We are now arrived at Nottingham, ſo remarkable for the beauty and regularity of its buildings. Moſt of the inhabitants here are Preſbyterians, and I really believe I was in five different meetings, which I miſtook for churches, and at length was ſo much vexed at being ſo often diſappointed, that I proteſted againſt looking further for one.

This town is compoſed of a very large uniform ſquare built on arches, which I call piazzas, as you can walk under moſt of 'em; ſeveral fine

ſtreets branch out from this ſquare, and a number of 'em are planted with trees, cut and kept in excellent order. Its ſituation is extremely beautiful, as it is placed in the midſt of a fine open country, and I have been aſſured the air in this town (though I am ſure as big as Liverpool) is accounted as wholeſome as any the country can afford, and certain it is the Engliſh have as juſt a taſte for ſituation as perhaps any people in the world. As I am naturally curious, the time had inſenſibly ſlipped away, and was it not for the approach of night that minded me, I believe I ſhould have ſtayed longer about the town. I returned to my lodging greatly pleaſed with what I had ſeen, when Valerius run up to me and ſaid ſomewhat maliciouſly, "he hoped walking had filled my belly." I could not avoid ſmiling and told him "that I was glad to find he had employed his time better; that when we returned I could aver he had been in England, but hoped it would not be in my power to ſay he had only gone to be inſtructed how to make our Iriſh diſhes as palatable as the Engliſh;" for I afterwards underſtood he had been regaling himſelf over a quantity of diſhes which were left at dinner, and which I found ſpread in great order.

When we had hired places and made ſome

little requiſite preparations, we thought it adviſable to go to bed, as the ſtage ſet off at two in the morning. I had not got my firſt ſleep when I was diſturbed by a brawny maid, who ſaid the coach was going. Valerius was ſo much vexed that he bid her to deſire the coachman to lay by his horſes for a couple of hours and he would recompenſe him. As I had been informed of the exactneſs of their proceedings, I could not avoid laughing, which I did all the time of my dreſſing. After I had rallied him a little, he conformed, and we were ſoon in a readineſs of purſuing our journey.

We were ſomething ſurpriſed to find no other places taken in the ſtage than ours,[1] but withal were well pleaſed (though my father ſaid it would be much eaſier if it 'twas full, which by experience we found to be true). We had not gone ten miles when we ſtopped to take in a paſſenger. He was a man of few words, and therefore [I] don't think 'tis any way pertinent to my ſtory to give him a particular deſcription.

I very frequently regretted being ſo confined in theſe kind of vehicles, which afford no other proſpect than what you have inſide, as there is no glaſs in 'em. Indeed, they correſponded with Valerius his humour, for, if I don't forget, he

[1] MS. has *others.*

ſlept commonly very heartily. We went at a great rate, and very ſeldom altered our gait, except where a hill intervened, and then our coachman took the opportunity of giving his cattle breath.

As I had been ſaying ſomething which I ſuppoſe diſturbed Valerius, he ſtarted up of a ſudden, on which I congratulated him on receiving new life, as I termed it; he thanked me, and ſaid he only intended to propoſe a topic and to ſee who could manage it beſt. I was glad he had reformed from ſome of his old manners and was very impatient to be informed. He then began a diſſertation on how little ſleep he had got, and on the vile cuſtom of ſetting off ſo early, and added he, "let us not ſpeak a word and lay a wager who can ſleep longeſt." As I knew his temper, I rallied him on the excellent choice he made of a ſubject; after which he again fell into the arms of ſleep.

I am extremely ſorry that nothing better offered to ſupply the place of our trivial diſcourſe (as I hinted before how cloſe we were boxed); but then I cannot avoid paſſing over ſo long a journey in ſilence and ſay I am arrived in London without ſpeaking of ſome of our company and how we paſſed the time. Hitherto I have been ſome-

thing ſevere on Valerius, who in reality is very good-natured and readily partook of any of my railleries, which he thought would conduce to ſpending our time agreeably ; and indeed I ſhould not have been ſo free with him was it not by his own conſent, and he frequently takes a pleaſure to hear of his behaviour in travelling, and though ſleep was ſometimes his favourite topic, yet he frequently hearkened to matters of greater conſequence.

We now drew near to Leiceſter, when our fellow-paſſenger ſaid we ſhould ſoon ſee the place where King Richard the Third was buried.

" Ay, ay," cried Valerius, " I remember ſomething about it. But ſhow me the place," added he, " where he ſtood when he offered his kingdom for a horſe."

" Oh," replied our informer, laughing (in which I accompanied him, as we remembered part of the king's ſpeech in the play), " that was near Boſworth, about ten miles acroſs the country," and to which he pointed.

" Right," anſwered Valerius; " I think Boſworth Field is painted on the ſcenes in the theatre, where King Richard was killed by the Duke of Richmond. To be ſure I never played a part in this tragedy, therefore I cannot give as juſt an

account of the plot as of many others by which I have gained applauſe."

As we were thus diverting ourſelves, and admiring the ready recollection of Valerius, the gentleman pointed over to a couple of fields, where the ruins of an old building or monument ſtand, which he ſaid was erected to the memory of King Richard, who was there interred.

This ſight filled my mind with a kind of horror on reflecting on the cruelty of that ambitious prince, which ſerved to entertain me till we arrived in the town of Leiceſter. Breakfaſt was immediately ſet, and certainly we ſtood in need of it, as we had travelled upwards of thirty miles this morning without the leaſt refreſhment. I cannot avoid remembering one particular, though very trifling. After we had very often called for eggs, the waiter at length brought two and proteſted there was no more in town to be bought. We were brought to think as he did, for no more than ſixpence was charged for eggs.

I rambled over as much of this town as the time would permit. I take it to be as large as Nottingham, though not comparable in the neatneſs of its buildings. Here is a very handſome market-houſe, under which is an engine with which they weigh the wagons. The contrivance

is admirable, for the horſes are not ſtopped; they only pull on the carriage, which when it is come on the proper place, the machine ſinks to the exact weight by ſome large ſprings, which are placed under it, and riſes even with the ground when the wagon is drawn off.

By a late Act of Parliament no wagon is to carry more than a certain weight, limited by ſaid act, to prevent the ſpoiling of the roads, which in the winter are made exceeding deep by ſuch great burdens as are frequently carried; therefore this is a new contrivance to obſerve that no rogueries are committed this way.

When I returned to the inn I found the coach ready harneſſed, and [we] were informed we were to take in another paſſenger, who ſoon appeared. His looks beſpoke him agreeable. We ſoon reaſſumed our places and proceeded on our way. After ſome diſcourſe with this new-comer I found he was an apothecary who reſided in Leiceſter, and that he was bound to London. He was a mighty well-tempered man, accompanied with ſome humour, and gave us ſome intelligence concerning the country. We had not gone above a mile when we ſtopped at a very neat houſe and upon inquiry found we were to take in another paſſenger, who ſoon appeared at the door, and

civilly aſked if any of us would drink wine, or what moſt agreeable his houſe could afford. We all replied in the negative except my father, who aſked for a little ſmall drink.

As I ſhall ſoon have occaſion to ſpeak of this gentleman, 'twill not be improper to give ſuch a deſcription of him as I can draw from his appearance. The dreſs he wore made me take him to be a clergyman, or elſe a Methodiſt preacher. He ſeemed mightily reſerved, and betrayed ſomething ſevere or rigid in his countenance. I then put all thoughts of mirth out of my head, as I ſuſpected it would but ill ſuit with his temper; however, I was willing to ſound him, and accordingly let ſomething fall concerning books. Here 'twas he took the blaze, and ſparkled in a manner which ſurpriſed me. We talked but in general for this day; nevertheleſs, I found he was a Preſbyterian miniſter who had laboured a great deal on books, but to what intent I could not as yet make any judgment. I could obſerve by degrees the ſeverity of our clergyman ſomething relaxed itſelf by a little familiarity, which made our journey pleaſant, and in ſome manner compenſated for the proſpect of the country.

After three hours' ride the coach ſtopped at a ſmall town called Market Harborough, remark-

able for nothing except a good inn, where we met with a very good dinner. We again embarked, and in about two hours and [a] half got into Northampton, a town, in my opinion, vieing with Nottingham, both for the regularity of its ſtreets and its neatneſs. This has two ſquares, whereas there is but one in Nottingham, and, in the opinion of ſeveral, is as large. As we got in early, I had leiſure to view great part of it, in which the apothecary accompanied me, and civilly ſhowed me all he knew. The great church and town-hall are juſtly eſteemed by all who ſee them. We had juſt as much time as was requiſite for viewing them, and [I] ſhall give ſuch a deſcription of' em as the ſhortneſs of my ſtay would permit.

The church is built of freeſtone, carved with abundance of devices. It is in the form of a croſs, the tower ſtanding in the middle. The part where divine ſervice is celebrated is exceſſively well wrought, much in the ſame taſte as[1] St. Thomas' Church in Liverpool. There are abundance of monuments of curious workmanſhip, and to examine it particularly would coſt a man ſome hours. This church was burned in a great fire which happened here in the reign of King Charles the Second. His Majeſty allowed an hundred tons of timber, for the re-edifying it,

[1] MS. has *of*.

from ſome of the adjoining mountains; but the overſeers who delivered it being negligent, it is ſuppoſed as much more was taken, which did not complete the building. The contributions received towards it are[1] almoſt incredible, amounting to more than twenty thouſand pounds ſterling, a table of which is hung over the door.

The town-hall is built of much the ſame ſtone as the church, but as it is new, ſtrikes the eye more agreeably. 'Tis a half ſquare,* one [part] of which * is for the king's uſe, and the other for the town. It is adapted for conveniency after the neweſt taſte, no officer[s] having communication with each other. The king's court is adorned with fine paintings—of King William, Queen Mary, King George the Firſt and Second, and Queen Caroline. It is very lofty, and much exceeds for convenience any court of judicature in Great Britain.

At our return we found ſupper laid on the table. We ſoon attacked it with violence, and Valerius proteſted we ſhould not have [had] a bit for an hour, was it not for his diligence; and after this laſt fatigue was over, I hurried to bed. I ſhall not ſay I was diſturbed from any dreams, but rather from a deadly ſleep, which my early riſing, [and] the bruiſes and jolts I received, occaſioned. It was in vain to murmur when a man told me of

[1] MS. has *is*.

the ſtage. I unwillingly obeyed this ſummons, but found all our company aſſembled in the parlour regaling themſelves over ſome hock and bread, of which I taſted; and as Valerius is a very provident man, he propoſed taking a bottle of white wine in the coach, to wet his livers, as he ſaid.

We had not been long ſeated, when a ſudden gloom overſpread the ſkies, and threatened an immediate ſtorm. This appeared diſmal, as it was not as yet daylight. We prepared ourſelves by pulling up one of the windows, and ſoon found it come on with unuſual violence, accompanied with thunder and lightning. A melancholy ſilence reigned amongſt us, and all but Valerius were ſecure from it, who, I can't ſay by what accident, got a horſe as we mounted the ſtage. It was impoſſible for us to admit him, as there was no perſon to mind the horſe, which, I think, was to be left at the next town. I ſhould not have grudged him to ſuffer for his imprudence, was I certain it would have been no other damage to him than a little wetting, which we afterwards were[1] glad to find was attended with no worſe conſequences.

The violence of the ſtorm was not abated, when we arrived at a ſmall handſome town called New-

[1] MS. has *was*.

port Pagnell, where we got breakfaſt and Valerius a dry ſhirt, who in reality wanted it; and I muſt confeſs I believe he ſuffered more from our gibes than he did from the hurricane.

By the time we had done here, the clouds diſſipated, and unveiled the ſun's cheerful rays, and preſented us with a fine day. We again mounted our vehicle, and in proportion as the weather brightened our converſation enlivened, and we became all mirth, ſave our clergyman, who had no taſte for anything but books. He ſpoke the French very well, and I muſt ſay I think he was a man of parts, if he could have diveſted himſelf of prejudice in ſome reſpects, which was a great means of obſcuring them.

As I before obſerved, he ſpoke the French, and as I could underſtand it tolerably, he explained ſome very remarkable paſſages in many of the beſt French authors with judgment. From hence we were inſenſibly led to talk of the merits of ſome of our own, and [I] found he was very well acquainted with the Engliſh ones. As I have ever been a lover of my country, I thought in honour I ought not paſs over in ſilence an eminent genius who was of ſome ſervice to it, namely Dean Swift, and accordingly aſked his opinion of him. After he had knit his brows and put on a

more ſerious air, he replied: "That he believed we had more reaſon to boaſt of him than the French had of Rabelais. He acknowledged he was excellent in his own way, but that if he had taken as much pains for the good of mankind he might have made a great figure." Upon this I deſired him to explain himſelf and recount ſome of his failings.

"I muſt own," reſumed he, "he had a little ſpirit of humour, but without judgment, and found[ed] his characters according to his own peculiar way of thinking. That really he was a general hater of mankind; reflected on the very ſpecies for deficiencies which were natural to the moſt perfect, and from which no perſon is exempt;"—and [he] turned the vivacity and every bit of the dean's humour into a baſeneſs of mind, want of judgment, and a ſatirical reflection on mankind; —"that he laſhed at perſons in the moſt eminent ſtations for the good they intended their country, without examining to what end they purpoſed their deſigns."

I muſt confeſs I was ſomething ſurpriſed at the indigeſted method he had of forming an opinion of ſo great a man's works, and was very ſorry that this was his [Swift's] requital after forfeiting ſome of the greateſt men's favour for his ingenuity and the good of his country. Any one who has

read his works cannot but find an unbiaſſed diſintereſtedneſs reign throughout, accompanied with the moſt ſolid judgment, and though he hath ſomewhat a different turn of expreſſing himſelf (ſomething like ſatire), yet I take it to be the moſt effectual method of giving the true meaning and enforcing his arguments, which in ſome of his ſubjects would loſe half the energy they ſo much required, had they been wrote in any other ſtyle.

But to return. After I was recovered from the ſurpriſe this unexpected harangue cauſed in me, I was willing to ſay ſomething in defence of my author, was it but barely for his being born in the country. Nevertheleſs, I was unwilling to urge my point too far, and for that purpoſe began in the gentleſt manner poſſible. I ſaid that though I muſt acknowledge Doctor Swift peculiar in his way, yet I could not obſerve it paſſed further than his private affairs; that I fancied he had not as yet made a proper diſtinction between him and Monſieur Rabelais; but without ſaying anything further of Rabelais, as I think the ſubject of the two authors no way connected. References from one to the other are inſignificant. I added that he could not be unacquainted with the great ſpirit of party which reigned in his time, and the key required to the reading his works, which, if a man

does not well underſtand, he frequently runs the riſk of miſtaking his meaning. I ſaid I was afraid he did not allow himſelf time to conſider of theſe things before he gave his opinion, which may in ſome meaſure be altered on recollection; and told him I perceived he condemned him moſt for railing at the diſcontent of party affairs, which perhaps he thought neceſſarily incident to human nature, which I knew ſubject to many changes, but apprehended it did not go ſo far as to create civil broils. As to any bits of humour which you think beneath a man of his character, they were only wrote at ſuch times as when he relaxed himſelf from ſtudy, and to divert his friends, which were all printed without his conſent—nay, abſolutely againſt his command. He then aſked me if I had any exception to make to what the Earl of Orrery hath ſaid of him in a late treatiſe, which was then juſt publiſhed. I anſwered I knew little more than by what I heard, as I never read more than a few pages of it, but, by what I could infer, concluded that he dealt very ungenerouſly by him, for he ſought the dean's acquaintance with an unwearied zeal, and beſtowed on him vaſt encomiums while alive, but ſince his death hath wrote his criticiſms on him. Whether it redounds much to a man's honour to attack the dead, when

he knows[1] he is not capable of defending himſelf, is a point every perſon may judge as he likes; "and," added I, "I always thought it incumbent on a friend to endeavour to hide a man's foibles, when he knows 'tis impoſſible to reclaim 'em, and [it] makes him in a manner acceſſory to them, when he was familiar with them, and did not ſtrive to amend them when there might[2] be a poſſibility of effecting it, the hopes of which is entirely loſt in death, which of conſequence ought to cancel any further remembrance of them."

He anſwered that he had aſcribed all the merit he deſerved to him, and made him equal with ſome of the greateſt geniuſes, and endeavoured as a friend to hide his foibles, which was contrary to what I ſaid, but that they were ſo glaring, 'twas out of his power entirely to conceal them.

I replied, that it was the moſt effectual method to make trivial faults have weight by recounting a man's excellencies, and, if I may ſay as an old fable, "Exalting him the higher to make his fall the ſurer." It was by theſe means Julius Cæſar loſt his life, by hearkening to the flattery of his creatures, who laid the blackeſt ſcheme againſt him, covering it and alluring him with the bait of royalty, which they never in-

[1] MS. has *they know*. [2] MS. has *may*.

tended to confer on him; and I am perſuaded any man with Lord Orrery's talent need not be afraid of getting applauſe without laying the foundation of it on another's ruins; or, in the words of inimitable Pope, who ſeemed to have a juſt contempt of the baſeneſs of it—

> "Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
> But the fallen ruins of another's fame:
> Then teach me, Heaven! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
> Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe,
> Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
> Oh, grant an honeſt fame or grant me none."

I concluded by ſaying, I hoped ſome perſon would gain as much honour in vindicating Dean Swift as my lord had by his criticiſms.

"Let us lay aſide the merit of his works," purſued he, "and come to his diſpoſition. Pray is he not himſelf guilty of the greateſt breach of friendſhip? When Mr. Pope wrote him ſeveral fine letters in anſwer to ſome queſtions, he begged and conjured him by all the ties they were under not to make them public, which he afterwards ungenerouſly printed, without even letting Mr. Pope know."

I anſwered, that if he barely conſidered the fact without circumſtances, he was; but then the Dean was a man of ſo good principles, that he

knew he could never be accountable to the world, if he deprived it of ſuch valuable effects as any of Pope's productions.

Whether it was out of a point of manners, or that he found ſome juſtice in what I urged, I can't ſay, but he here deſiſted, and ſaid, in ſpite of argument, every man would retain his own opinion; upon which Valerius ſtarted up and ſaid that his opinion was, and he would retain it, that eating a good piece of beef was the beſt argument. For his part, he did not care if neither of our authors were ever born, and that he did not underſtand peoples' conteſting about men they never ſaw.

Though he had not all the reaſon in the world to back this opinion, yet it ſerved to diſcontinue farther arguments on this head, which made me forget to mention two ſmall towns we paſſed through while it laſted, viz. Oborn [Woburn] and Hockley-in-the-Hole, remarkable for nothing but their neatneſs.

Not far from the laſt of theſe towns our coach made a full ſtop. The frequent robberies committed on theſe roads made us ſuſpect we were going to be attacked by ſome of 'em. We were ſoon undeceived when our driver told us he wanted to ſhow us a remarkable tree, which no-

body could tell what it was, or how long it hath been there. I viewed it from the coach-door. It ſeemed to be very old, overgrown with a kind of moſs, but not ſo cloſe; the branches extended a good length, and its leaves looked ſomething like ſham-rocks.[1] For curioſity I took a few ſprigs of it, and had them till they quite decayed.

About an hour afterwards we got to a town called Dunſtable, where we made a very hearty dinner, when our clergyman told us he was obliged to quit us, as he intended going to ſee a friend four miles off. Though we had ſpoke of ſome points that neither of us would agree in, yet I could have wiſhed for his company to London. I went over this place, and found nothing worth remarking except ſome odd inſcriptions over the market-houſe.

We ſeated ourſelves, and purſued our journey full of ſpirits; and having paſſed through ſome inſignificant villages, arrived in the town of St. Albans, a place ſo noted in Engliſh hiſtory. I had juſt time to get the ſexton of the church to view the curioſities I had heard ſo often of.

We entered a door which conducted us to a very long antique aiſle, where ſeveral monuments

[1] MS. has *ſham-rogues*, which may be *phonetically* correct.

ſtand, and appear very ſolemn by a feeble light that is conveyed by many old windows. It branches out into many leſſer walks, in which are a number of old garlands hung over the burying-places of young people, and is interſperſed with ſtatues or reliques of ſaints. At one ſide is a long entry or paſſage, wherein are a number of ſmall doors, which, they ſay, formerly led to as many cells, where confeſſion was heard, and adjoining ſtood a monaſtery, but now quite down, except part of the foundation, which may be perceived. We again returned into the large aiſle, in the middle of which the ſexton clapped his hands, when I believe it was echoed by five hundred claps, which gradually died away, and ſeemed to loſe the ſound at both the extremities. Some people have attempted to account for it. Some of their reaſons we were told, but as none of them ſeem to carry any weight of probability, [I] ſhall not here mention any of them. From hence we paſſed into the part where divine ſervice is performed, which makes an odd appearance like the reſt. Here we ſaw a quantity of reliques of abbots. I noticed a couple—the ſkull of a man which had lain there upwards of three hundred years, wherein the teeth were as white and as faſt as could be; likewiſe the thigh-bone of a man of

an immoderate ſize. From hence we doubled round a couple of obſcure aiſles leading to the pariſh veſtry-room, in the midſt whereof ſtand the ſtumps of ſix old pillars. Theſe, it is ſaid, are the remains of a ſhrine or tomb, wherein an abbot was enſhrined for ſeveral hundred of years paſt, and lay among the ruins of the church, when moſt part of it and the monaſtery was raſed in the civil wars, and [they] happened to find them when the rubbiſh was removed to make a veſtry-room.

We went to the outſide of the large aiſle, where I ſaw a large iron monument erected to the memory of the good Duke Humphrey, who was not only a learned man, but a good patriot. He was Lord Protector of England during the minority of King Henry the Sixth, who awhile after his acceſſion to the throne eſpouſed Margaret, the daughter of René,[1] Duke of Anjou and Lorraine, who ſoon formed her a party that ruled, giving the king little more than a ſhadow of authority ſave the title; who was a temperate and mild prince, and ſought, perhaps, more to pleaſe his conſort than to look into the concerns of his ſubjects. As Duke Humphrey, who, by

[1] MS. has *Renate*, a free tranſlation of the Latin form *Renatus*.

his prudence, and alſo by the honour and authority which his birth and place gave, did not ſeem willing to let the queen and her creatures govern in ſome reſpects which he thought prejudicial to his country, oppoſed her and her party, they fearing the like in ſeveral matters they were willing to introduce, reſolved to be rid of ſo great an obſtacle. Many great lords were ſeduced into this conſpiracy; at this time the Parliament was held at St. Edmundſbury, where, when this great duke came to appear, [he] was arreſted under pretence of high treaſon by Lōrd Beaumont, then high conſtable, and the Dukes of Buckingham, Somerſet, and others of the conjuration. He was not long in priſon, when he was found dead, and his body afterwards ſhown to the Lords and Commons, as if he had died of an impoſthume or palſy. As he was accuſed for contriving the king's deſtruction, thereby to get the crown, his friends feared they might[1] uſe his body ignominiouſly, and for that purpoſe conveyed it privately to St. Albans (where I am now), and buried him, and it was kept ſo cloſe a ſecret that it never was found out where he was laid, till about forty years ago. When ſome labourers were digging to make a vault, they accidentally met

[1] MS. has *may*.

with ſome ſteps, which they purſued till they got to a ſmall arch, and, entering in there, found an old oak coffin, which having broke, [they] met with a lead one, and, opening it, [they] were ſurpriſed to find [it] full of a liquor, and a body lying in it without the leaſt putrefaction, it being as firm and hard, and the hair as freſh, as that of a living perſon; it retained the very colour, though it could not be interred leſs than three hundred years. There are ſeveral old inſcriptions round this place, which intimate his coming there. Everybody at finding him was curious to ſee him, and very unwiſely they let people dip their fingers in the liquor to endeavour to find what it was made of; as likewiſe phyſicians took phials of it for the ſame intent, and by theſe means conſumed it, after which his fleſh dropped to powder, but the bones as yet remain there, which I took ſingly in my hands. He ſeemed to be a man of low ſtature,[1] but exceeding ſtrong. The apothecary dipped his finger in the bottom of the coffin, and told me there was ſomething of a fluid, which I found likewiſe.

In all probability I ſhould have ſtayed here longer, had not a meſſenger come and told us the coach waited, and accordingly [we] haſtened to

[1] MS. has *nature*.

the inn, where our company expected us. I was very well pleaſed, as I had ſeen all without the leaſt loſs of time, and indeed more would have been uſeleſs.

Having again taken our places, we ſoon arrived in a ſmall town called Barnet, and in a ſhort ſpace got on a large open plain called Finchley Common, ſo celebrated for the frequent robberies and murders committed there; and our apothecary, to animate us, told us of his knowing five ſtage-coaches to be robbed by a ſingle man, and they altogether; and certain it is a day ſeldom paſſes without ſomething of this kind being here practiſed. We travelled here under ſome anxiety, and ſuſpected every buſh for a tory. Many gibbets are up over all this common, and I ſaw no leſs than five within a piſtol-ſhot of each other, which made [me] wonder it did not deter theſe villains from ſuch practices.

This common is ſix or ſeven miles long, and we were not a little pleaſed when we had paſſed it over without the leaſt moleſtation, and got to Highgate, which I believe is part of the ſuburbs of the city of London, as it is almoſt a continued ſtreet to it. Here it is that they are ſworn to ſeveral comical oaths, with a pair of horns on 'em, of which there are a great number here on poles

outſide the doors, and you are made free at a ſmall expenſe. This place is ſituated on an eminence, which affords you the proſpect of the vaſt city of London. Tho' mightily obſcured by the clouds of ſmoke which ariſe from it, I viewed [it] on all ſides, but could find no end to this metropolis, which is adorned with ſo many lofty ſpires and public buildings that imagination cannot paint a more beautiful proſpect at a diſtance. We rolled down this gentle deſcent, and ſoon found ourſelves on the rugged pavement of the city, which is prodigiouſly uneaſy to thoſe who paſs in wheel-carriages; and, after many ſevere jolts, we ſtopped at the Ram in Smithfield, where the ſtage puts up. This is a diſagreeable inn, but as it was now too late to ſeek for a further and more convenient lodging, and being much fatigued, [we] thought it better to get to bed. We travelled in theſe two laſt days upwards of one hundred and twenty-ſix miles. I never ſaw Valerius ſo much dejected, and could not even draw the leaſt piece of humour from him.

The next morning I found myſelf very much refreſhed, and concluded the firſt buſineſs ſhould be to find out a more convenient abode. I remembered to have got a direction where the Iriſh commonly ſet up; and, having procured a guide, [I] deſired him to ſhow me to the Three Cups in

Bread Street, where my father was to follow me in a coach, in which I would not accompany him, as I choſe rather to ſee the town.

I can't ſay whether I appeared like Roderick Random at his firſt coming to London; but for my life I could not avoid remembering his comrade Strap, as often as I looked on Valerius, who looked with his mouth half open at the great variety in the ſtreets. I think I prevented his falling twice, as he very ſeldom looked down to mind his way, and he had more than once ſtumbled againſt the poſts which are ſet up for foot-paſſengers; withal ſaying he believed the people here were fools to put ſuch nuiſances in their ſtreets.

After we had fixed our lodging (at the place mentioned) we again ſallied out and viewed many ſtreets till 'Change time, where I was obliged to go to find perſons to whom I had letters. I was ſurpriſed to find ſuch a concourſe of people as reſort here from all nations, and the noble branch of commerce as it is carried on here ſo regular amidſt nothing but confuſion: every creature ſeemed intent on his proper buſineſs. I found out my countrymen, amongſt whom I knew a few. As I was very often at this place, I had an opportunity of taking particular notice on't, and for that purpoſe took ſome notes.

This ſtately piece is ſituated in Cornhill, almoſt in the middle of the ſtreet, and is a ſquare, though ſomething longer than broad; or, to term it better, it is an oblong. On every ſide is a noble piazza, ſupported by many columns and arches, on which the galleries ſtand. The outſide of the building is of much larger dimenſions, and to the front of Cornhill is another row of pillars, or a piazza, in the middle of which ſtands a large gate, as likewiſe another to the oppoſite ſide. Over the firſt gate mentioned is a handſome ſteeple (if it may be called ſo) of a great height, with chimes in it. Under the piazza are large cellars, over which are ſhops that let for a great rent. 'Tis all built of white carved ſtone, and greatly enriched with the ſeveral orders of architecture, which as I don't thoroughly underſtand, [I] ſhall not come to particulars. At each ſide in the middle are ſeveral arms, as follow:—On the north ſide the king's, on the ſouth thoſe of the city, on the eaſt Sir Thomas Greſham's, who founded it, and on the weſt the arms of the Company of Mercers. There are a great number of niches filled with ſtatues of the kings and queens of England, with divers inſcriptions which I could not well read. Within-ſide all around are many niches, but moſt of them vacant. The piazza is paved with black and white marble, and [you] deſcend by one ſtep into

the vaſt area, in the middle whereof ſtands a noble ſtatue of King Charles the Second on a lofty pedeſtal, which is adorned with ſeveral devices, and under are[1] written theſe words:—

CAROLO CÆSARI BRITANNICO.

Patriæ Patri, Regum Optimo, Clementiſſimo, Auguſtiſſimo, Generis Humani Deliciis, Utriuſq. Fortunæ Victori, Pacis Europæ Arbitro, Maris Domino & Vindici.

Societas Mercatorum Adventuror. Angliæ (quæ per CCCC. *jam propè annos regiâ benignitate floret) Fidei Intemeratæ, Gratitudinis æternæ Teſtimonium, venerabunda poſuit.*[2]

On the weſt ſide of the pedeſtal is a Cupid with a ſhield, wherein are the arms of England and France, another on the north with the arms of Ireland, and on the eaſt thoſe of Scotland. This place is ſo well divided into walks, that you may eaſily find a man of any country in the world.

When I had finiſhed here, I went to an eating-houſe and dined, where having met a friend, he propoſed after dinner ſhowing me Guild-Hall, as it lay contiguous to us. I accepted the offer,[3] and in leſs than half an hour walked to it.

[1] MS. has *is*.

[2] Collated with Stow, ed. 1720, book 2, p. 137.

[3] MS. has *it*.

This ſtructure lies at one end of King Street, and is the town-houſe of this large city. There is a kind of portico, through which we paſſed to the principal hall. 'Tis very large, but ſeems to be old. On the right hand, at the upper end, is the Court of Huſtings, and at the other end, oppoſite to it, are the Sheriffs' Courts. There are alſo againſt ſome pillars the arms of St. Edward the Confeſſor and of the kings of England, the ſhield and croſs of St. George, as alſo the arms of London and of the twelve companies. The portraitures of King William and Queen Mary are here drawn in full length, with ſeveral judges on either ſide who were of ſome ſervice to the city. From this hall we went up ſome ſtairs to the Mayor's Court; though not magnificent, yet [it] anſwers the end for electing of ſheriffs and other officers, and [it is] where they entertain ambaſſadors and other great men on certain days.

From hence we took a long round, and my guide told me I was near Leaden-Hall Market (by all accounts I had heard the fineſt in Europe). This market is divided into large ſquares, each ſquare or place appointed only to ſell one thing. All manner of eatables are here ſold, and it looks like a town moſtly compoſed of ſhops. The walks all around are covered, ſo that you are

ſecured in the wetteſt weather. They ſell baize and other manufactures here on certain days.

Night was juſt approaching by the time I had taken a view of this unparalleled market, though a man without money in his pocket may as completely ſtarve in it as if he was in the moſt unknown place on the continent of Africa or America.

At my return I found Valerius preparing to go to bed, and as ſoon as it was duſk I did the like, intending to be up early with an intention to view St. Paul's, etc.; but there were[1] ſo many charms on the pillow that I could not force myſelf to riſe till eight o'clock. Having procured a guide, Valerius and I ſet out, and my father followed, for our impatience would not permit us to wait for him.

After a ſmall walk we arrived in the yard belonging to the Church, which is a large piece of ground, well built, in the midſt whereof ſtands this ſurprizing ſtructure, which, as it is ſituated on an eminence, it adds the more to its height; and though the Cathedral of St. Peter's in Rome is ſaid to exceed it in the richneſs of its materials, yet travellers affirm St. Paul's makes a much grander appearance, as that of St. Peter's is much obſcured (except at on[e] front) by the

[1] MS. has *was*.

Palace of the Vatican and many other buildings contiguous to it, whereas St. Paul's may be viewed all round. The circuit outſide the walls of this Church is 2292 feet. The dome or cupola is placed in the midſt of the fabrick, and at the weſt end are two high towers, making the front of the edifice. The outſide is adorned with innumerable pilaſters of the different orders, and [the ſpaces] between the arches of the windows are enriched with feſtoons, cherubim, fruit, leaves, Biſhops' caps, books, and the Dean's arms, with many other devices I cannot recollect, all elegantly cut in ſtone. At the weſt end are[1] acroteria of the figures of the Twelve Apoſtles, with that of St. Paul on the angle, with thoſe of the four Evangeliſts ſurrounded by angels, and over the dials of the clock are[2] the two towers: theſe are adorned with many pilaſters, and at the top of each is a curious pine-apple. The inſide of the Church is ſupported by lofty pillars, wrought after the moſt elegant taſte; the cupola is ſupported by eight of them, and to look to the top or vertex, would almoſt ſtrain the eyes, being 276 feet high, in which are painted the Twelve Apoſtles; they appear, as you think 'em, very diminutive, but in reality are incredibly large. The pillars which ſupport the roof of the church are in

[1] MS. has *is an.* [2] MS. has *on.*

two ranges, with beautiful arches, which divide the body of the church from the choir, and make[1] three [a]iſles; the floor [is] paved throughout with marble, except under the cupola, which is laid with fine poliſhed porphyry; the altar piece is adorned with fluted pillars, the capitals of them gilt, over which is a glory finely painted; the north and ſouth entrance are by iron doors, exceeding by far any work of the kind in Great Britain, executed by the famous Monſieur Tijan; the galleries, Biſhop's throne, Lord Mayor's ſeat and ſtalls, add to the beauty of it, forming altogether a curious piece of wainſcot moſt curiouſly carved.

We aſcended to the outſide of the dome by a great number of large winding ſteps, where is a ſtone gallery ſurrounding the baſe of the cupola. We then entered the inſide of it, which looks into the church, and is fenced by a neat iron rail. This is called the whiſpering gallery, and it really ſurprized me to find the ſofteſt whiſper reſounded by an infinite number. I viewed ſeveral people walking in the aiſle, who appeared to me as the Liliputians did to Gulliver when he firſt ſaw 'em. I walked ſeveral times round this place, and was conducted between the two roofs to ſome wooden ſtairs, which led to the very top of

[1] MS. has *and divide . . . which make.*

the cupola. After I [had] mounted many flights we entered the upper gallery, fenced with an iron baniſter, almoſt as high again as the whiſpering gallery. The pedeſtal riſes from hence, which ſupports the ball and croſs (the croſs being ten foot high). I walked ſeveral times about this, but indeed I thought I ſhould be blown off. I ſaw ſeveral coaches paſſing under me, which ſeemed like ſo many children's toys; the numberleſs ſteeples in the City of London appeared like ſo many maſts of ſhips, and the entire town and country looked like an agreeable landſkip, which we ſometimes admire after the hand of an eminent artiſt; the houſes here, being covered with red tiles, made the object more ſtriking, and I ſtayed upwards of an hour to behold this real ſcene, which looked ſo imaginary.

This undeſcribable piece of building ſtands on the ruins of the old church, which was burned by lightning, when King James gave a commiſſion for collecting ſubſcriptions for the rebuilding it; but the fire happened[1] ſoon after, which demoliſhed it ſo much that it was neceſſary to pull it entirely down, whereupon King Charles the Second commiſſioned[2] for rebuilding it agreeable to a model drawn up by Sir Chriſtopher Wren, ſurveyor of the works. His Majeſty allowed

[1] MS. has *happening*. [2] Gave a commiſſion.

£1000 towards it, and the private ſubſcriptions amounted to upwards of ſeventy thouſand pounds, which ſum being too ſmall for ſo great an undertaking, an Act of Parliament paſſed for a duty of two ſhillings per chaldron on all coals brought into the Port of London from the 1ſt of May till Midſummer, and from thence to Michaelmas three ſhillings per chaldron, one fourth of which was allowed to this building, and the reſt to public uſes. By an other Act of[1] James the Second a duty on coal at eighteenpence the chaldron [was impoſed] for three years [for this purpoſe], except the one-fifth, which was applied to public uſe. By an Act of[2] William the Third a duty of one ſhilling per chaldron [was impoſed] for eight years [for this purpoſe], except the one-ſixth for public uſe. By an Act of[3] Anne a duty of two ſhillings per chaldron [was impoſed] for eight years for compleating and adorning St. Pauls, and to purchaſe ſome old houſes which ſtood in the way, and to ſecure it from fire. All which benevolence and benefactions amounted to between ſeven and eight hundred thouſand pounds, which have been employed in building and ſecuring this magnificent fabrick.

When I had ſufficiently viewed the town, I deſcended by the wooden ſtairs, and, when I came to the ſtone gallery, was ſurprized to find Valerius

[1] MS. has *in*. [2] MS. has *in*. [3] MS. has *in*.

buſy at carving his name on a ſpout, which for certain would prove to any of his countrymen who ſhould come after him that he was there, and ſo [he] purſued his work, withal deſiring and preſſing me to follow his example. I yielded at laſt to his entreaties, but not to his ſatisfaction, for I only cut the two firſt letters of my name ſlightly, whereas his was in full length and deeply cut. I did not entirely let him put the finiſhing ſtroke to it, but we haſted down, as we had left my father waiting almoſt two hours; where when we met with him, we went to the Exchange, but entertaining ourſelves by the way with the grandeur of St. Pauls.

After we had finiſhed our parade, we adjourned to the eating-houſe I had been before at. After dinner I told Valerius we would go to a houſe where I was afraid he would be kept. He was very impatient to know it; when I told him it was Bedlam, he ſaid he would take care how he would behave, and having procured a guide we ſoon got to the mad-houſe.

The Hoſpital of Bethlehem, commonly called Bedlam, is a fair large ſtructure, built of brick, except the principal corners and tracings, which are Portland ſtone. It ſtands in Moorfields, in an open place, in good air; it is ſurrounded by handſome gravel walks and trees, kept in order. We entered into a long aiſle or paſſage, divided

by an iron door, ſeparating the men from the women. In this entry are abundance of ſmall doors leading to as many cells, where the lunatics are kept. Theſe poor creatures are kept under ſuch diſcipline that they tremble when they ſee any of the officers belonging to the houſe. We were not long there, when a man accoſted us with a book in his hand, without any covering on his head. He told us he was a clergyman, who, in compaſſion to the poor creatures here confined, came often to read to them, and that as he was acquainted with[1] the houſe, [he] would ſhew it to us. He ſpoke this ſo ſeriouſly, that if I was not previouſly acquainted with his diſorder, [I] ſhould not have ſuſpected him for madneſs. Accordingly he went over moſt of the houſe, and called to ſeveral in their cells; and ſays he, "I'll ſhew you a ſon of a b——h of an Iriſhman, who is here for cutting off his mother's head;" when we found him in fact to be an Iriſhman. We peeped in the hole for that purpoſe, and ſaw him picking ſtraws, with a landſkip of chalk before him. The poor man who conducted us had been in here for ten years, and was a man of learning. He was now recovering, and was permitted to walk the gallery. It would be endleſs to recount the many deplorable circumſtances theſe unhappy

[1] MS. has *in*.

people are under here ; I proteſt I inſenſibly grew melancholy, and haſted away not to be longer a ſpectator of their calamities, which put in my mind God's goodneſs for not inflicting ſuch puniſhments on[1] many ſinners whoſe crimes are very notorious.

After we had walked round a great part of this place, we returned to our lodgings, where we met my father, who ſaid he intended to go to Vauxhall. This elated Valerius ; and for that purpoſe [we] went to Queenhithe Stairs, and found a number of boatmen, who I thought were making a jeſt of me ; for they have a method of holding up one of their fingers, crying aloud, " Sculls or oars." The difference of 'em is, the ſculls have but one man, but the oars have two. When I found my miſtake, I got into one of their boats, and arrived at Vauxhall at ſeven o'clock. The garden ſtrikes the eye prodigiouſly, as it is ſet with many rows of tall trees, kept in excellent order, among which are placed an incredible number of globe lamps, by which it is illuminated ; and when they are lighted, the[2] ſound of the muſic raviſhing the ear, added to the great reſort of company ſo well dreſſed, and walking all about, would almoſt make one

[1] MS. has *of*.

[2] MS. has *and the ſound*, and in the next line, *which, if added*—which makes a grammatical chaos.

believe he was in the Elyſian Fields: ſome [were] repoſing themſelves on banks, others reading, and ſome converſing, which forms ſo delightful a variety, that the ſoul is inſenſibly tranſported out of its common ſphere. This is a general place of rendezvous, where intrigues of all ſorts are commonly carried on, and pity it is that ſo enchanting a place is ſo often made the inſtrument of ſo much wickedneſs. Many women in ſome ſort owe their ruin to it, for, when their ſpirits are ſo much elevated by all theſe charms, they ſeldom are capable of reflection, and do not conſider of the harm till it is too late. However, I think it ſhould be preferred to the maſquerade, where people maſk, and frequently practiſe many immodeſt matters, which they can the better do as not being known,[1] and [it] is a much greater trap for young maidens than any yet invented:

> "What guards the purity of melting maids
> At courtly balls and midnight maſquerades?"—Pope.

As I do not pretend to ſet up for a reformer of the times, I ſhall not dwell farther on this ſubject, but obſerve that I ſhould not chooſe (was I to marry) a woman who had much uſed thoſe kind of amuſements.

In the middle of the garden are two ſemi-

[1] MS. has *been*.

circles which appear like an amphitheatre, in which are placed a great number of ſmall booths, which may contain about ſix or eight people a-piece, where they commonly refreſh themſelves with ſweetmeats, wine, tea, coffee, or ſuch like. The backs of theſe boxes, or booths, are adorned with curious paintings, all which are enlightened to the front with globes. They are all numbered, and very juſt attendance is given by a vaſt number of waiters kept for that purpoſe. Near to this is a grand orcheſtra, where the muſic plays in fine weather; but this night the concert was held in a magnificent hall neatly furniſhed. At one ſide of the orcheſtra is a noble ſtatue of Handel. The muſic no ſooner began than we entered the hall, where fifty-four muſicians performed. Mr. Lowe ſoon ſang, whoſe character I need not here mention, and after him the inimitable Miſs Burchell, whoſe voice I believe exceeds all in Europe. She but lately hath come into repute, and was accidentally found out by a gentleman who happened to be at a houſe in the north of England (where ſhe ſerved in quality of a chambermaid); and having heard her hum a ſong, and being ſurprized at her voice, at his return to London [he] reported it to the proprietor of Vauxhall, who ſent for her, and had her inſtructed by the beſt

maſters; and [ſhe] is now arrived to ſuch[1] perfection as aſtoniſhes almoſt every one that hears her. When ſhe was done, the formerly celebrated Miſs Stephens performed, before accounted the beſt ſinger in Great Britain, but indeed her voice[2] ſeemed very inſipid after that of Miſs Burchell.

As we returned to the booths, my father by chance eſpied a gentleman with whom he was acquainted. He had been here ſome time to ſtudy the law, and I had the pleaſure of reading in the news ſoon after I came home of his being admitted a barriſter-at-law. He introduced us to an old Frenchwoman and an agreeable girl, her daughter, who received us in an affable manner. I underſtood afterwards that he lodged at her houſe in Chelſea, "where," added he, "I ſhall be glad to have your company, and from thence we will proceed to Ranelagh." The old lady and her daughter preſſed us ſo much that we promiſed to be punctual. I ſoon grew very great with the old dame, who was very entertaining, and very freely called me her child. I could not tell what conſtruction to put on this adventure, but in the mean [time] was well pleaſed at having met my friend.

Whilſt we were thus entertaining ourſelves, we

[1] MS. has *the*. [2] MS. has *it*.

were informed of the new caſcade being lighted. The old woman leaned on my ſhoulder to prevent her falling, and, gabbling French, got to the caſcade in this poſture. A fine grotto ſaluted our eyes, ſurrounded by the ſtatues of Neptune, a mermaid, and other ſea-pieces, as dolphins, &c., ſome reclining on the banks, and placed in very agreeable attitudes, behind which fell in caſcades cryſtal water, which[1] was received by a ſpacious baſin or reſervoir,[2] wherein were[3] placed ſmall fiſhes, &c., which ſpouted up the water. It was all painted in water-colours, and ſo well executed that it hath often deceived many for real water. The lights were placed at the inſide with ſuch exactneſs that [they] repreſented everything very natural[ly], and an innumerable quantity of 'em are behind, though not viſible.

While we were admiring this piece of art, Miſs Burchell (we were told) was going to give a favourite ſong. As I am a lover of muſic, I bounced away, not remembering the lady in my care, who called after me, and ſaid ſhe was afraid ſhe would be trod by the crowd; but my impatience hurried me faſter than ſhe could well go; and whether it was chance or otherwiſe I can't ſay, but ſhe fell down, ſaying ſhe had broke her

[1] MS. has *and*. [2] MS. has *receivoir*. [3] MS. has *was*.

arm. This accident diſpleaſed me, and ſome people may be ſo ill-natured as to ſay 'twas rather the fear of loſing the ſong than the fear of her arm that vexed me. I raiſed her as ſoon as poſſible, and in a manner dragged her to the hall, where Miſs had juſt begun[1] her ſong. My dame puffed ſo immoderately that it partly interrupted my hearing. When Miſs had gotten the juſt applauſe of her performance, we returned to our booth, when my partner offered to ſet me down in her coach near my lodgings; but, as Valerius waited, [I] was obliged to decline this obliging offer. When they departed, I found him out, and having got a boat, though it began to blow, we ſafely landed at Queenhithe Stairs, and ſoon got to our lodgings.

Though the next morning proved wet, yet we had ſome buſineſs which obliged us to go to Spitalfields,[2] and for that purpoſe got a coach, where in leſs than an hour we were ſet down. There is a large ſquare in this place, and many good ſtreets. A great number of French refugees have ſettled here, and they reckon no leſs than ten thouſand French or their deſcendants now in this pariſh, moſt of 'em following the ſilk buſineſs, and [theſe] may be eſteemed the largeſt

[1] MS. has *began.* [2] MS. has *Spittle Fields.*

ſilk manufactures in Europe, little elſe being here wove. The pariſh books here mention two thouſand houſes in theſe[1] fields, and upwards of eighteen thouſand ſouls.

Moſt of the day being ſpent here, we returned to our lodging to dreſs for Ranelagh, and in an hour after we got a coach, and directed him to drive to Chelſea; and having paſſed through many agreeable roads (moſt of which are hung with lamps) leading to Ranelagh, we got to this lovely village, wherein are many handſome houſes, many of which are let out to the nobility in the ſummer ſeaſon, as the air here is accounted the beſt near London. We immediately got the houſe by the direction our friend had given us, who received us with all the marks of civility. We were conducted to an upper room commanding a proſpect of the city; but how great was my ſurpriſe when I found the old lady and her daughter undreſſed, and of conſequence unprepared for Ranelagh. They made ſome excuſe for not accompanying us, and immediately the tea-table was ſet, with ſome fine buns which the village is remarkable for. It is a particular man who makes them, and [he] is ſaid to diſpoſe of more than two thouſand every Sunday. They

[1] MS. has *thoſe*.

have ſomewhat a different flavour from any I ever before ate. When Queen Caroline was living, happening one day to take the air this way, and having heard ſo much of this man's buns, ſhe bought [ſome] of them, and the owner of the houſe, who ſerved her, requeſted the liberty of putting up her majeſty's arms, and calling it hers, which ſhe granted, and accordingly the arms are up, and [it] retains the title of the Royal Bun Houſe ever ſince.

Tea being over, we took our places in the coach, and about five or ſix minutes after we were ſet down at the door leading to the gardens, which, though but ſmall, yet are laid out in a very judicious manner, and therein[1] are ſeveral fiſh-ponds or canals, but whether there are any fiſh in them or no [I] ſhall not reſolve. The place[2] ſtands near the river Thames, but is deprived from a communication to it by ſome fields overgrown with twigs, &c., which lie between it and the river, [and] which the proprietor was unfairly deprived of. The manner was thus: This piece of ground was advertized to be let, when this man applied to the landlord to take it, thereby to render the gardens more commodious, and accordingly agreed for a certain ſum; but the proprietor of

[1] MS. has *wherein.* [2] MS. has *It.*

Vauxhall, hearing of it, and knowing that if ſo much ground was added to Ranelagh, thereby[1] adding to it the proſpect of the river and the oppoſite houſes, it might prevent people from[2] going to his gardens, immediately went[3] to the landlord and agreed to give him double the price the other man was to have it for, whereupon he got it. The proprietor of Ranelagh could lay no claim according to law, as there had been no writings between him and the owner of the land, which the proprietor of Vauxhall now lets to be entirely overrun with ruſhes and uſeleſs ſtuff, whereby the proſpect of the river is entirely loſt.

When I had taken a walk all round the gardens, I went into the Amphitheatre, which is very large, entirely built of timber; all around are booths placed, ſuch as before-mentioned at Vauxhall, though a greater quantity of them, and [you] deſcend by one ſtep into the area, where ſeveral tea tables are laid out; over the booths riſe very ſtately windows, outſide of which is a gallery encompaſſing the whole. From the crown of the arches of the windows a cap or cupola decreaſes[4] gradually, till it terminates in a point above, out of which the chimney of the

[1] MS. has *and thereby*.
[2] MS. has *may . . . . of*.
[3] MS. has *goes*.
[4] MS. has *decreaſed*.

great fire-place below is conveyed. This fire-place ſtands in the middle, from whence all the tea-tables are ſupplied with water and coffee. The room is illuminated with thirty-ſix branches of globe lamps, beſides many others, which are put near the booths. The orcheſtra fronts the door, wherein was an excellent band of muſic and a good organ. The ſingers here are not ſo good as at Vauxhall. Mrs. Storer ſung Ellina Roon in Iriſh, but with ſuch a clipping of the words that I was aſſured by one who well underſtood Iriſh that was ſhe to ſing it in Ireland it would be taken for ſome other dialect. Mr. Beard performed next, but the tune was ſo melancholy, no body paid it much attention. Here was a moſt brilliant appearance; and moſt of the Court come here. The maſquerade is commonly kept at this place.

The many repeaters which ſtruck here minded me that the hours ſlid away more haſtily than I choſe, and at eleven o'clock we retired. Having called for our coach, we and our friend placed ourſelves, but the incredible quantity of coaches that occupied both ſides of the paſſage detained us near an half an hour, and I really believe the lane we went through was near a mile. Our friend parted [from] us before we got free, and

it was near one o'clock before we were ſet down at our lodgings.

Next day Valerius and I ſet out to take a view of the Monument (having hitherto only ſeen it at a diſtance), and in a ſhort ſpace arrived at this noble column, being fluted to the iron gallery, and [it] ſtands on a grand pedeſtal; it is upwards of 200 feet high, built of Portland ſtone. On the top, over the iron gallery, is a pedeſtal, on which ſtands a gilded flame. The weſt ſide of the lower pedeſtal contains a repreſentation of the dreadful Fire of London in the year 1666, which happened in a baker's houſe. This is ſo well known that I need not here ſpeak particularly of it. The inſcriptions on each ſide of the pillar give a ſmall deſcription of it; they are wrote in Latin, which I tranſcribed, but chooſe to inſert 'em here in Engliſh, as I met 'em ſomewhere tranſlated by an eminent hand.

ON THE NORTH SIDE.

"In the year of Chriſt 1666, the 2nd day of September, eaſt from hence, at the diſtance of 202 feet (the height of this column), about midnight, a moſt terrible fire broke out, which, driven on by a high wind, not only waſted the adjacent parts, but alſo places very remote, with incredible

noiſe and fury. It conſumed 89 churches, the city gates, Guildhall, many public ſtructures, hoſpitals, ſchools, libraries, a vaſt number of ſtately edifices, 13,200 dwelling-houſes, 400 ſtreets. Of twenty-ſix wards, it utterly deſtroyed fifteen, and left eight others ſhattered and half burnt. The ruins of the City were 436 acres, from the Tower by the Thames ſide to the Temple Church, and from the north-eaſt gate along the City Wall to Holborn Bridge. To the eſtates and fortunes of the citizens it was mercileſs, but to their lives very favourable, that it might in all things reſemble the laſt conflagration of the world.

"The deſtruction was ſudden, for in a ſmall ſpace of time the ſame city was ſeen moſt flouriſhing, and reduced to nothing.

"Three days after, when this fatal fire had baffled all human counſels and endeavours, in the opinion of all, as it were by the Will of Heaven, it ſtopt, and on every ſide was extinguiſhed."

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

"Charles the Second, ſon of Charles the Martyr, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, a moſt gracious Prince, commiſerating the deplorable ſtate of things while

the ruins were yet ſmoking, provided for the comfort of his citizens and ornament of his city, remitted their taxes, and referred the petitions of the Magiſtrates and inhabitants to the Parliament, who immediately paſſed an Act that public works ſhould be reſtored to a greater beauty with public money, to be raiſed by an impoſition on coals; that Churches and the Cathedral of St. Paul ſhould be rebuilt from their foundation with all magnificence; that bridges, gates, and priſons ſhould be new made, the ſhores cleanſed, the ſtreets made ſtraight and regular, ſuch as were ſteep levelled, and thoſe too narrow made wider, and markets and ſhambles removed to ſeparate places. They alſo enacted that every houſe ſhould be built with party walls, and all in front raiſed of equal height, and thoſe walls all of ſquared ſtone or brick, and that no man ſhould delay building beyond the ſpace of ſeven years. Moreover, care was taken to prevent all ſuits about their bounds; alſo anniverſary prayers were enjoined, and to perpetuate the memory hereof to poſterity they cauſed this Column to be erected.

"The work was carried on with diligence; London is reſtored; but it is uncertain whether with greater ſpeed or beauty. A three years'

time finiſhed what was ſuppoſed to be the buſineſs of an age."

Round the baſe of the pillar are theſe words, eraſed out by King James II's. order, but after the Revolution deeply engraven.

"This Pillar was ſet up in perpetual remembrance of the moſt dreadful burning of this Proteſtant City, begun and carried on by the treachery of the Popiſh Faction, in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord 1666, in order to the carrying on [of] their horrid plot for extirpating the Proteſtant religion and Engliſh liberties, and introducing Popery and Slavery."[1]

Over the door is an inſcription denoting the Mayors while it was building. I did not go into it, as I was informed the iron gallery was rotten. About a week before I came to London, a ſilly man, who got a denial from his Miſtreſs, threw himſelf off the top of the Monument, and the people who took him up made a great deal of money by ſhewing his brains and bruiſes to the common people.

As I was taking particular notice of this beautiful pillar, we by chance ſaw an acquaintance paſs on the other ſide, who aſked us to walk

[1] This paragraph has been collated with Stow. ed. 1720, book ii., p. 181.

with him; and, having paſſed through many ſtreets, [I] was ſurpriſed when he, turning about, aſked me if I knew where I was. I replied I did not know the name of the ſtreet. He ſaid we were on a bridge. I immediately recollected this bridge; I had heard ſo much of it. There are but three vacancies from whence you can have a proſpect of the river and the innumerable quantity of veſſels, which form a foreſt farther than the eye can reach. Theſe openings are guarded by iron palliſades. There are nineteen arches under this bridge, and four of them are employed or taken up by a huge engine, which raiſes the water to ſupply the city. The repairs of this machine and the bridge ſometimes coſt the city three thouſand pounds per annum, and it cauſes the rent to come heavy on the inhabitants, who are compenſated by a briſk buſineſs, which is commonly ſtirring here.

The bridge was upwards of thirty years in building. The river Thames is a fine river, partly in the form of a creſcent, and widening in the bent. There are very convenient ſteps or ſtairs all round, attended by a vaſt number of ſmall boats, which conſtantly attend, and are very uſeful when you are to go far.

From hence I was obliged to go to the Rain-

bow Coffee Houſe in Cornhill, to meet a friend by appointment, where my ſatisfaction was increaſed by receiving a letter from home, that informed me of all friends being well, and ſome ſtrange news concerning ſome actions of a particular friend of mine, which I could not credit, 'till I conſidered the ſincerity of the perſon who wrote.

When dinner was over, I went to Spital-fields to finiſh ſome buſineſs, where I was detained till night. On my return Valerius told me with the greateſt ſpirits to haſten to bed, "for," ſays he, "we are to go to the Tower to-morrow, where the lions are kept, which I would rather ſee than all the curioſities of London." I told him he might[1] ſtay with the lions while we viſited the other parts of the Tower, thereby to take better notice of them. He ſaid, With all his heart, and ſoon went to bed. The next day, according to appointment, we all ſet out on foot for the Tower, where after a tedious walk we arrived. It conſiſts of many old buildings, and withinſide the walls are upwards of fifty houſes (making a Pariſh by itſelf), where the officers belonging to the Tower reſide. We entered firſt under a poſtern on the ſouth ſide, where are[2] the apartments

[1] MS. has *may*. [2] MS. has *is*.

for the lions and other ſavage beaſts, kept in dens railed to the front, which are divided into two parts for the convenience of driving the beaſt into one while the other is cleaning. The keeper arouſed a lioneſs, who was ſo well trained that he put his hand to her paw,[1] and [ſhe] leaped over a ſtick, when, after ſhe had performed, [ſhe] lay quietly down. There were many young lions who lolled in the dens. We afterwards came to an old lion (who had been there upwards of ſixty years), who ſeemed very compoſed, but the man putting in the pole, [he] ſnapt at it, and made a prodigious yelling. From hence we went to a parcel of uncommon large birds, and afterwards to the panthers, leopards, and tigers; the ſkin of the leopards is the moſt beautifully mottled I ever ſaw. We entered next into a lofty room, wherein were two oſtriches (the largeſt of the bird kind); they are above nine feet high, with beaks reſembling a gooſe['s]; from the thigh to the claw is much like a horſe, and the breadth of the claw a foot and a half; their necks are upwards of four foot long. Theſe are but newly come here, being a preſent made the laſt ſummer by the Algerines, together with a young lion.

[1] MS. ſeems to read *Iaw*, but the writer probably omitted to complete the firſt letter—a *P*.

Valerius was particularly pleaſed with theſe uncommon beaſts, and accordingly ſurveyed 'em attentively, and recorded what he ſaw in a pocket-book he bought for that purpoſe, and to which I ſhall refer the curious for a fuller information. He meaſured many of the beaſts, and hath ſet down their different colours with vaſt exactneſs. He was near ten days in completing this little treatiſe, which he intended for the amuſement of his friends, and would ſet it forth under this title, viz., "A Particular Survey of the Lions, and ſeveral other uncommon Beaſts and Birds of Prey, as they are now in his Majeſty's Tower at London." I will venture to vouch for the performance, as I am ſenſible he ſpared neither time nor pains both in collecting the requiſite materials and in putting it together with the utmoſt accuracy; and indeed I think our accounts hitherto of them are but very defective, which will render this of infinite ſatisfaction. His readers muſt excuſe him in not being particular in the length of the old lion, who was really too fierce to be meaſured. From hence we went to ſee the regalia, or repoſitory of the jewels, and, entering a dark cellar, [we] were[1] placed before an iron grate, behind which a woman entered with a couple of

[1] MS. has *was*.

candles, and ſhowed us all the curioſities, of which ſhe gave me a bill, which, as it is fuller than any other account I can give, [I] have here inſerted.

"A liſt of his majeſty's regalia, beſides plate and other rich things at the jewel-houſe in the Tower of London.

1ſt. The imperial crown, that all the kings of England have been crowned with from the time of Edward the Confeſſor.

2d. The orb or globe held in the king's left hand at the coronation, on the top of which is a jewel near an inch and a half in height.

3d. The ſceptre with the dove, the emblem of peace.

4. The royal ſceptre with the croſs, which has another jewel of great value under it.

5. St. Edward's ſtaff, all beaten gold, carried before the king at his coronation.

6. A rich ſalt-cellar of ſtate, the figure of the Tower, uſed on the king's table at the coronation.

7. Curtana, or the ſword of mercy, borne between the two ſwords of juſtice, ſpiritual and temporal.

8. A noble ſilver font, double gilt, that the royal family are chriſtened in.

9. A large ſilver fountain, preſented to king Charles the Second by the town of Plymouth.

10. The rich crown of ſtate his majeſty wears on his throne in Parliament, in which is a large emerald ſeven inches round, a pearl (the fineſt in the world), and a ruby of ineſtimable value.

11. His royal highneſs the Prince of Wales's crown.

12. Queen Mary's crown, globe, and ſceptre, with the diadem ſhe wore in proceeding to her coronation.

13. An ivory ſceptre, with a dove, made for the late King James his queen.

14. The golden ſpurs and the armillas worn at the coronation.

15. The ampulla or eagle of gold, which holds the holy oil the kings and queens of England are anointed with, and the golden ſpoon the biſhop pours the oil into, which are great pieces of antiquity."

I received this bill when I had ſeen all the particulars therein mentioned, which was quite different from all the ordinaries I had ever ſeen, for the bill of fare is commonly produced before the meat is ſerved up.

The woman handed me the ſpurs, which ſhe bid me put on my foot, which having done, ſhe ſaid there was a forfeit thereunto belonging, which[1] I was obliged to pay.

[1] MS. has *and which.*

When I came out from this place, I viewed a noble pile of building commonly called the Armoury, being upwards of four hundred feet in length. At one end of it is the Spaniſh Armoury, ſo called, as all the arms are here which we took from the Spaniards at the time we burnt their invincible Armada (as it was ſtyled by the Pope), and I verily believe they were certain of making us ſlaves, as a vaſt number of different kinds of fetters and manacles are here ſhown, with which they intended to have bound us. The very ſight of theſe engines of ſlavery ſhould be enough to make us guard againſt any ſuch future attempt. Here is an old axe, which 'tis ſaid beheaded Queen Anne Bullen.

From hence we went to the Artillery Armoury, which takes up the entire length of this long building on the ground. Here are the different kinds of warlike engines, and a great number of light cannon ready mounted, the larger ſort being kept in the king's ſtores in Deptford, Woolwich, Portſmouth, &c.; as alſo a great number of mortars of all ſizes. There are tackling and harneſſes for ſeveral hundred[s] of horſes, ſo regularly diſpoſed and in good order that they are ready at a minute's warning. I ſaw the field-pieces the Duke of Cumberland had

with him at the Battle of Culloden in the late rebellion.[1] Here are many curious pieces of different invention, particularly one with nine barrels; alſo the firſt great gun that was caſt in England. In one corner ſtands a well wrought braſs cannon, known by the name of Queen Anne's Pocket Piſtol, and at the other ſide two ſmall pieces with which his preſent majeſty was taught the art of gunnery. The upward part of this room is hung with a great number of pieces which were taken from the grand firework exhibited on the concluſion of the peace.

Our curioſity being ſatisfied here, we were conducted next to the Horſe Armoury, wherein are the equeſtrian ſtatues of moſt of the kings from Edward the Third to King William. At the door is placed King Henry the Eighth a-foot, with a pincuſhion on his ſleeve, wherein the ladies commonly ſtick a pin, in return of which they are ſhown another, though ſomewhat of larger dimenſions. We went round a long paſſage, where are placed on either ſide a great number of coats of mail, among which is that of John of Gaunt (*ſic*),[2] the French general, with the ſword taken from him by Lord Kingſale (being

[1] MS. has *in the late rebellion at the Battle of Culloden.*

[2] See *Notes.*

ſix foot long), for which exploit he was honoured by being admitted to wear his hat in the preſence of his majeſty, which privileges his ſucceſſors as yet retain.

We entered next the foot, or armoury of ſmall arms (of the ſame ſize as[1] the artillery armoury), exceeding almoſt deſcription. It is compoſed of muſkets, carbines, cutlaſſes, bayonets, and piſtols. There is a long walk on either ſide, with fluted columns of pikes, and in the pan[n]els are ſeveral devices, ſuch as the front of an organ, waves of the ſea in cutlaſſes, ſwords, and bayonets, ſuns with circles of piſtols, a pair of gates in halberts and piſtols, the backbone of a whale in carbines, the form of a battery in ſwords and piſtols, a folding door, &c.; but what is moſt ſtriking are the four columns wreathed with piſtols, which riſe to the top. The middle is called the Foreſt of Guns, and there is enough to arm an hundred thouſand men, all regularly placed, divided in the inſide with narrow paſſages, where they can eaſily be got at; and what makes it moſt ſurpriſing is that any ſingle gun, piſtol, and any of the other arms, may be taken down without diſturbing the next to it. There are a great number of ſmiths conſtantly employed in keeping them clean.

[1] MS. has *of that of the.*

This grand piece of invention is not to be paralleled by any ſuch in the univerſe, as all the ambaſſadors of the different nations yield it the precedence, and what is more remarkable, 'tis the invention of one Harris, a poor blackſmith, who had a large penſion granted him when he completed it.

A little below the armoury ſtands a ſquare building with a turret on each angle, called the White Tower, wherein[1] they ſay are upwards of two hundred thouſand muſkets and their accoutrements, though not placed in the beautiful manner above mentioned, but [they] are ready if occaſion ſerved. In this tower are kept records and other law affairs.

My curioſity would have been entirely ſatisfied, could I have ſeen the Mint, which is ſomething difficult, as they do not chooſe to ſhow it to ſtrangers; it was near four o'clock by the time we had ſeen all the curioſities afforded by the Tower, which ſuſpended my appetite, while they were before me, but it recurred when I had loſt theſe inviting objects; which haſtened us away. We were quite indifferent about the place of dining, reſolving to take up the firſt [which] ſhould offer, and I believe we walked upwards of a mile,

[1] MS. has *and wherein.*

inquiring at every fourth houſe for dinner, but as the time was paſt, we could not be ſupplied. I made an odd reflection on this kind of treatment, viz., that we were in the fineſt city in Europe, had money in our pocket, and could get nothing to eat. At length we got into an indifferent houſe, where we bought ſome lobſters, which, with ſome ſalad and cold meat, made a comfortable dinner, of which we eat very heartily, eſpecially Valerius who, I believe, had gained an uncommon ſtomach by converſing ſo long with the lions, &c., who have naturally an inſatiable appetite. I will not ſay whether it was in imitation of his favourites or not, but I felt the effects of it, for the lobſters diſappeared of a ſudden.

It was near five o'clock by the time we finiſhed this laſt diverſion. My father propoſed going to Cuper's Gardens. Indeed, my thoughts were ſo wholly taken up with the Tower that I made ſome objection to it, but as he again mentioned it, and Valerius, being ever attentive to novelty, urged it ſo cloſe, I[1] found it impoſſible to refuſe. We provided a boat, and in leſs than an hour got thither, but were diſappointed, as there was no performance this night. As the evening

[1] MS. has *that I*.

was very calm, and the beautiful proſpect afforded by the river and the buildings contiguous to it made us ſtay a long while on the water, we went to the new bridge at Weſtminſter, and ſailed under ſeveral of the arches. This bridge hath been lately built by ſubſcription and taxes on coal, and is the fineſt in Europe. The middle arch is ſixty foot wide, and the reſt decreaſe in the juſt proportion, being ſeventeen in number. 'Tis of Portland ſtone, finely wrought, and riſes to a vaſt height in the centre. On the top is a ſpacious way for carriages, and the ſides [are] neatly flagged for foot-paſſengers. The wall riſes about ſix feet, above which are rails hewn with great art, through which you have an extenſive proſpect of the river and boats.

We did not return till night, and I was much better pleaſed in viewing this noble bridge than [with] all the amuſements afforded by the gardens. We reſolved the next day to viſit the Abbey of Weſtminſter. We had not breakfaſted when a coach waited for us at the door, into which we ſoon hurried, and at length [were] ſet down at this truly awful and noble building.

The length of it is near five hundred feet; the choir is in the middle, and the aiſles ſurround it, in which are placed many beautiful monuments;

the beſt worth viewing are the Duke of Newcaſtle's Sir Iſaac Newton's at the weſt end of the choir, Mr. Secretary Craggs, &c. Theſe are eſteemed the grandeſt by connoiſſeurs in architecture, but I think there are many which ſtrike the eye as agreeably. The Poets chiefly lie at the weſt end of the Abbey, and have handſome monuments, with inſcriptions *à propos* to the genius of him who is interred. I ſhall ſet down a few of 'em as they are placed:—Gay, Rowe, Shakeſpeare, Shadwell, Milton, Prior, Butler, Ben Jonſon, J. Dryden. I ſtood ſome time buried in thought and contemplation on viewing the place where theſe great men lay, who, though [they] had here but a few ſtones erected to their memories, yet had left behind them immortal monuments, which can reach to the remoteſt nation; whereas the ſtately tombs which are ſet up to a Duke at vaſt expenſe lie confined amongſt theſe walls, and can afford no other ſatisfaction than that of admiring the work of the artiſt, when perhaps we hardly know the name of him who is therein. But the monument of a genius is everywhere diſperſed, and gives us a deep ſenſe of the loſs; which, I believe, was the original intent of this kind of building, when they would remember a man who had been of ſignal ſervice; but the meaning is loſt, becauſe

every blockhead who has money can have one raiſed.

The Chapel of King Henry the Seventh is curious, as it is filled with many fine monuments of the kings and queens who have been buried there. His own is very grand, and is enriched with many ſtatues, &c. On the eaſt ſide are two Cupids ſupporting an imperial crown. There are abundance of other devices and inſcriptions, which had I been particular in, [I] muſt have come [for] ſome weeks. The roof, which is all ſtone, is divided into ſixteen circles, curiouſly wrought, and is the admiration of all who ſee it. The outſide of the Abbey makes but an odd appearance, the ſtone being formerly hewn, but at preſent ſo much decayed and mouldered away, [that it] makes it look the more ancient.

Having paſt the moſt ſolemn and agreeable day, we took our places in the coach, and returned at about five o'clock. I was ſo ſtruck with the antiquities afforded by the Abbey that I believe I was ſo entirely buried in contemplation the whole night that I ſpoke not at all.

The next day I went to the common place of rendezvous (the Exchange), where I accidentally met with a man with whom Valerius had an acquaintance. He was no other than the

ſprightly Phædrus, who ſeldom failed of diverting thoſe with whom he met, and, though he was not a man of ſolidity, yet I concluded our journey would be made perfectly agreeable between Valerius and him.[1] We concluded to take the ſtage on Monday following for Briſtol, in which Phædrus ſaid he would likewiſe go. It being now Friday, 'twas high time to prepare for our departure, and accordingly we packed up the next morning moſt of our baggage. When we had ſettled moſt of our affairs at this end of the town, we ſent for a coach, and by the time it arrived found ourſelves in a readineſs to embark. We ſet out, deſiring the man to drive to the One Bell in[2] the Strand, near the new Church. As this is near St. James's, we thought it the beſt to paſs the remainder of our ſtay there, as we ſhould have been obliged to come[3] thither, becauſe the Briſtol ſtage ſets out from thence.

We viewed moſt part of this end of the town after dinner, and from thence we went into the park, where I walked above two hours. This is an extreme fine park, ſurrounded by three level walks, planted with well grown trees, which[4] in

[1] MS. has *he*. The name is unqueſtionably *Phædrus*, but the writer or copyiſt, except when he firſt introduces him, always ſpells the word (phonetically) *Phadrus*.

[2] MS. has *on*. [3] MS. has *have come*. [4] MS. has *and*.

the middle of ſummer in great heats afford a very refreſhing ſhelter. Round the inſide walk are long ſeats where people may reſt themſelves. Theſe walks are crowded in the evening with a great quantity of ladies and gentlemen, who can entertain each other, and receive a double benefit, that of the air and converſation. In the middle of the park is a long regular canal, upon which are a number of wild ducks belonging to His Majeſty.

At my return to the One Bell I found my father had engaged places for himſelf and me; Phædrus had alſo taken one, and three others, which of conſequence left no room for Valerius, who was mightily diſpleaſed, and was obliged to be content in travelling with the coachman.

Next day being Sunday, I reſolved once again to viſit the Abbey of Weſtminſter, and accordingly got up ſome time earlier, and walked round moſt of the aiſles before the ſervice began. When it was over, Valerius and I took two or three turns on the park, and on our return to the ſquare found my father, who ſaid we muſt go to ſee the Prince of Wales return from Chapel. We then walked to the Palace, which is an old building on the north ſide of the park, but I

believe never was intended for the reſidence of a monarch; it makes but a wretched appearance, looking not much better than a heap of dead walls. We aſcended by a large ſtaircaſe to a long room, through which the royal family were to paſs. This was Prince George's birthday, who came from his country ſeat (Kew) to receive the compliments of the nobility, a number of which were continually paſſing into the drawing-room. I placed myſelf in a very advantageous poſture, and had remained near half an hour, when they came out of chapel. Prince George entered firſt (who this day entered into his fourteenth year), and, though in ſo tender years, he diſcovered all the marks of manlineſs, his action quite free and unconfined; an innocent ſmile played upon his countenance while he bowed to the throng that environed him, and he ſeemed no way attentive to the glittering ſhow that ſurrounded him. In a word, a princely dignity betrayed itſelf in the moſt undeſigning of his actions, and gives us the greateſt hopes of his filling the throne in as conſpicuous a manner as his noble progenitors. Certainly, 'tis impoſſible to look at him and not love him. Princeſs Amelia came afterwards with Prince Edward, followed by the Duke of Cumberland.

We waited about half an hour till their return, when I had a ſecond opportunity of feaſting my eyes on the Prince, who got into his hand chair, attended by the battle-axes through a regiment of guards which waited on him.

A public clock had juſt ſtruck five when we came down. I found my ſtomach at the ſtair-foot, but was much diſheartened, as the time of the day gave me no hopes of getting a meal[1] ſpeedily; nevertheleſs we happened into a very good houſe, the maſter of which was an Iriſhman, by which means we got the better fare; for he ſoon ſerved up ſome French ſoup [and] a gooſe, and provided us a bottle of excellent wine; and indeed it was a rarity, as I had taſted none good ſince my coming to England.

After dinner I walked to the park, where I ſaw an incredible number of ladies and faſhions. Valerius made ſome pretty remarks on them, which I am in hopes of his inſerting with his Treatiſe on the Lions, otherwiſe I ſhould have endeavoured to have done his remarks juſtice by committing them to paper; but as I know his ability more capable in things of this nature, and as[2] I am in hopes of his purſuing his intention, I have here omitted it.

[1] MS. has *one*. [2] MS. has *that*.

At duſk we returned to the One Bell, where we put everything in readineſs for our departure next morning. Phædrus came in leſs than an hour afterwards with his portmanteau. We made a light ſupper and went to bed early, as we were told we muſt be up at two o'clock, at which hour the chamber-maid arouſed us. Having got a bottle of white wine and a twopenny bun, in a few minutes my Father, Phædrus and I got into the coach, and Valerius mounted the box; and he very wittily[1] remarked, that though the generality of people eſteemed the body of the coach moſt honourable, yet he would ſuſtain that in many parts in tragedy the heroes are diſtinguiſhed by being placed on an eminence, one of which he would now imagine himſelf.

Though my ſtay in London was ſo ſhort, yet I ſaw abundance of other beautiful buildings, [beſides] them here inſerted; but as theſe are the moſt remarkable, [I] thought I could not well diſpenſe with[2] giving at leaſt a curſory deſcription of them.

Our coach went on as faſt as the pavements would admit, and when we had received many ſevere jolts, we ſtopped at a houſe, at which our coachman bellowed. The door was immediately

[1] MS. has *wittingly*. [2] MS. has *without*.

opened, and ſoon preſented us with three females, who[m] I could not well diſcern, it being as yet dark. I heard one of them cry out in a peeviſh, affected tone, "Lord, how many have you got in the coach?" to which I replied, putting my head out of the window, that we would endeavour to make room for the ladies. She made no anſwer but that it did not ſignify complaining, but that ſhe was a fool for not taking another place in the coach. The ladies placed themſelves with the profoundeſt ſilence, not even making an anſwer to the many compliments I made them. I could obſerve, though it was dark, that one of them was young. This made me conjecture that the woman who ſpoke was a governeſs or mother to the young one. I reſolved to be ſilent till I could gather more, and was very timorous of diſobliging her, leſt it might[1] be a conſtraint on the young one. I endeavoured to gain her good opinion by ſeveral civilities that I could invent, ſuch as offering her my ſeat, and preſſing her to taſte the wine, which with ſome difficulty I perſuaded her to. As we had no converſation to enliven us, moſt of us took a nod till we arrived at Slough to breakfaſt. When the coach ſtopped, I leaped out to hand out my particular,

[1] MS. has *may*.

but oh, ye who are martyrs to love! judge of my aſtoniſhment when I received in my hand an old withered ſpectre, ſcarce worth accounting amongſt the living. She ſeemed to be one of the old caſt miſtreſſes, who for reaſons travel up and down the country. She appeared to have an opinion of herſelf which I dare ſay was different from mine; but before I venture to give her my heart I think it will not be amiſs to give ſome deſcription of an object which indeed for a great while attracted my admiration.

She had a long viſage, which ſeemed battered from the effects of time; her head was banded or ſwathed up in exquiſite taſte; two red eyes ſtood buried in their hollow orbs, and endeavoured (I believe) to diſplay the remains of ſome arts ſhe had learned in her juvenile days; her noſe ſeemed ſomething like a ſickle, from whence diſtilled a certain denſe liquid, which I concluded to proceed from the immoderate uſe of a certain pulverized Indian weed, the effuſion of which very gracefully ſettled or remained on her upper lip, overflowing a thicket of hair which ſpontaneouſly grew there. Her chin, ſhamed into good manners by the politeneſs of her noſe, alſo made its advances, forming together half an oval. I was ſo buried in contemplating this beauty that it

deprived me of the proper function which ſhould have employed me, for ſhe ſtumbled againſt a large ſtone, which made her open a wide mouth entirely deſtitute of utenſils to bemoan the accident. I could not but admire the graceful manner of her utterance.

The young woman did not prove entirely to my liking, and, as in our diſcourſe at breakfaſt her companions addreſſed her by the title of Mrs., I reſolved not to loſe the time with the old dame, as I knew I could take all the freedoms allowed by that ſtate.

I made as much acquaintance with the young one as to aſk her, was the old lady married. She replied ſhe never was. This information did not diſpleaſe me. When I handed her to the coach, I knew the point [which] would moſt pleaſe her, and accordingly launched out on her praiſes with a thorough contempt on all coxcombs; and, when I had an opportunity, introduced a joke on matrimony. She expreſſed a great abhorrence of it, ſaying no young woman ſhould throw away her youth in it. She would admit of no joke except them which could not offend the ear of a Platoniſt. She was indeed one of theſe old preciſe maids who, having ſpent all their lives and art in endeavouring to get an huſband, and finding their

efforts too weak, reſolve to exclaim againſt every tittle of it, to bring themſelves off with credit in ſeeming to refuſe what they would willingly accept. On my credit, I pitied her, and reſolved, inſtead of adding to her misfortunes, to ſoothe and comfort her. I behaved in the moſt obliging manner poſſible, paying her the deference. We had now got on Hounſlow Heath, a long piece of waſte or untilled ground, which[1] is commonly infeſted with robbers. Phædrus told many dreadful ſtories of them, which I knew he did out of archneſs to affright the old lady.

We paſſed this morning by many fine ſeats, particularly Kew (the Prince of Wales's) and Windſor Palace, finely ſituated on a hill. The country all around, covered with villas, makes the moſt agreeable landſcape imaginable.

At one we got to Reading, an indifferent town, but watered all round by many rivulets and brooks, and [I] believe we paſſed over more than half a dozen wooden bridges, which lead to the town. We found an excellent dinner here, which having finiſhed, we proceeded on our journey, and paſſed through many agreeable villages till we came to Newbury.

This is [a] pretty regular town, well built, about

[1] MS. has *and*.

ſixty miles from London, and the river Thames is made navigable up here by means of a deep canal, which coſt an immenſe ſum ; but I am apt to think the project anſwered the expectation and expenſe, for large flat-bottom boats of an hundred and fifty ton can come ſo far up[1] the country and drop their freight in the ſeveral parts as they paſs. They generally are loaded back with grain and ſuch commodities as are to be ſold in the city. This contrivance is of great uſe, as it makes the carriage exceeding cheap, as four horſes can tow one of them with eaſe.

Moſt of the company were aſſembled to ſupper when I returned from this ramble,[2] but I was ſurpriſed when the other two women told us the old lady was gone to bed, adding, by the bye, that it was to ſave expenſe. All the good opinion I before entertained of her vaniſhed, and made room for a kind of antipathy which I could not reſiſt, as I thought ſhe had hitherto no reaſon to complain of the gentle treatment ſhe had received from us. I could form no other ſuppoſition than that ſhe feared ſhe would be made to pay. Phæ-

[1] MS. has *up in*. The Thames had been made navigable ſo far as Oxford in 1715.

[2] Something ſeems to be wanting in the MS., as the narrative is evidently not quite conſecutive.

drus ſwore he would be revenged of her, and for that purpoſe made a friend of the chambermaid, who promiſed to ſhow us to a couple of beds adjoining to the old lady's chamber.|

Supper being over, we went to our room, which was divided but by a thin partition. Phædrus and Valerius lay together. They were no ſooner in bed than they begun a violent ſcreaming, which I thought would have arouſed the houſe, beating time by driving their ſhoes at the wainſcot. They[1] continued ſo till one o'clock, when with much difficulty I begged them to let us have one hour's ſleep, which they[2] complied with; but I ſhould have been better pleaſed to have been awake the remainder of the time we were to ſtay; and I hardly knew I was aſleep when I was ſtartled by the ſcreaming of a maid at my chamber door, who bellowed forth the coach was ready, which I heard echoed from the yard by the hoarſe voice of the coachman, with a b——d and n——s he would not wait. This gentle alar[u]m arouſed my drowzy ſpirits, when I ſprung from the downy abode (though, by the bye, I believe it was flocks, for I do not remember to have had ſo hard a bed ſince I came to England).

When we got to the yard we found the women

[1] MS. has *He.* [2] MS. has *he.*

ready to embark, and when we were ſeated, Phædrus wiſhed the ladies a good morning, and hoped they had repoſed well the ſmall time [which] was allowed them. The other two, who were ignorant of our midnight tranſactions, replied in the affirmative, but, alas! the old dame, opening her mouth, ſaid ſhe believed there were not ſuch another pack of people in the world, "for," added ſhe, "I have not got a wink of ſleep all night." Phædrus ſeemed mightily ſurpriſed, and was impatient to know the cauſe, and added that no one dare diſturb her while he had the honour of her company. She ſaid ſhe wiſhed ſhe could have leſs of his, for ſhe never was ſo uſed before, for that ſhe had the misfortune to be in the next room. Phædrus innocently replied that it was impoſſible, for he ſaw the other ladies going to the other end of the houſe. She anſwered diſdainfully that as ſhe was no lady, ſhe ſuppoſed that was the reaſon they put her by ſuch ruffians. Phædrus, putting on a very ſubmiſſive countenance, thus addreſſed his fair:—

"How unjuſtly you accuſe me I ſhall not ſay, as I am perfectly conſcious of my own innocence. Were I ſenſible of the happineſs of your being in the next room, be aſſured no conſideration could have tempted my tongue (which I am now ready

to ſacrifice to your diſpleaſure) to tranſgreſs in a point ſo inconſiſtent with my will. Let then, I beſeech you, this my ignorance plead pardon for a crime more foreign to my intent than London and Pekin. My future amendment will convince you of my repentance, which will, I hope, atone for my paſt miſconduct, and replace me in your favour."

Whether ſhe was ſo very ſtupid as not to comprehend this banter, or that ſhe thought it was her due, [I] ſhall not ſay, but ſhe relaxed in his favour, and ſaid all ſhe looked for was the performance, which would moſt effectually determine her in the good opinion he expected from her.

I could not avoid ſmiling how ridiculous ladies in her unhappy circumſtances often make themſelves; they think every body is bound to humour their caprice, and ſeldom take the pains of being agreeable to any one. The ſelfiſh opinion which they are commonly addicted to commonly diſapproves of anything that does not ſavour according to their taſte. I have indeed the luck of being acquainted with one or two of this caſt, but, as I am no ſtranger to the diſappointments they have met with, I am inclined to make the greateſt allowances for the want of temper and

ſprightlineſs which misfortunes of this kind rarely fail of producing.

Matters being thus adjuſted, we paſſed the morning very agreeably. Phædrus ſung many witty airs, and took more than uncommon care of pleaſing the lady; and he managed his part with ſo much dexterity that ſhe began to practiſe over ſome of her airs, which ſhe thought would retain her conqueſt. About nine o'clock we were ſet down at Marlborough, no way remarkable but for the cleanneſs of it, where we breakfaſted, when the ladies informed us they were to quit us five miles of the place we ſhould dine at. Phædrus ſeemed much affected with this piece of news, and aſked if it was not poſſible for them to go to Bath.

We took our places in the coach, and ſoon after got on a large common called Marlborough Downs: the coach ſtopped, and the driver ſhowed us ſome large grey ſtones, called the Grey Weathers. They grow out of the earth, and ſome of the inhabitants have remembered them to grow ſome feet. On this plain is a huge pile of earth, taper-wiſe, formerly one of the Danes' forts. I have ſeen many of the ſame form in Ireland, but none any way comparable in ſize to this.

Phædrus ſeemed mightily caſt down, and

looked[1] for ſome time wiſhfully on his miſtreſs. After he had obſerved a profound ſilence for ſome time, he at length broke out into this ſpeech with a ſeriouſneſs that ſurpriſed me.

"'Tis of no purpoſe," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to her, "you endeavour to hide what your looks and geſtures ſo manifeſtly diſcover. I have obſerved, ſince I firſt had the pleaſure of ſeeing you, that you have regarded me with more than uncommon civility. Pray, what could be the meaning of having me ſeated by you at table and helping me to the daintieſt morſels, with ſeveral circumſtances of the like obliging nature? For my part, there is no ſin in the univerſe I deteſt ſo much as ingratitude, were there no other motive for me to be intereſted; but, when I find the advantage entirely fall on my ſide, can I be ſo remarkably ſtupid as to let ſlip advantages which I venture to ſay would be preferred by numbers as the only happineſs of their lives?"

As this was uttered in ſo grave a tone, I will not avouch whether ſhe believed it or not, tho' ſhe ſeemed quite ſtartled at it, and ſaid ſhe did not underſtand his meaning. To which he anſwered with the ſame continued ſeriouſneſs,— "Had I ſpoke in much obſcurer terms to a per-

[1] MS. has *looking*.

ſon of your apprehenſion on any other topic, I am convinced you would have underſtood me; but, ſince my ſtyle muſt have an interpretation which your modeſty will not permit you to underſtand, to ſpeak in a few words, I perceive you are in love with me, and have been ſo ſince you ſaw me. 'Tis in vain to deny it—nay, do not, for, as I am all ſubmiſſion, and willing to make you happy, let's not longer delay our bliſs." At which words he ſtopped the coachman, and aſked him how far it was to the next clergyman. He replied, "Not above a mile." Phædrus ſaid he would requite him if he dropped him there, upon which Valerius (underſtanding the joke), leaped from the coachbox, and ſwore he would run before and prepare the clergyman, to prevent delay. The old lady ſeemed very much ſurpriſed at this kind of proceeding, and really imagined he intended going for the parſon, though I believe ſhe began to comprehend the banter, and, reſolving to be revenged of the affront, ſaid to Valerius that he was an unmannerly jackanapes, and, was it worth her while, [ſhe] would have him puniſhed at the next town. The gravity and fret ſhe uttered this with made me laugh, ſpite of all my efforts to the contrary. Poor Valerius was greatly out of countenance, and crept up to his box.

It would ſeem ridiculous to ſpin this jeſt to a greater length, and I believe I ſhould not have mentioned it had I anything more material to ſupply its place. The country, indeed, may ſerve for a nobler topic, but, as I have deſcribed it more than once, ſo many repetitions may ſeem ſtupid.

At length we got to the place where our ladies departed from us, without much regret on either ſide. The old lady, as we ſet off, ſaid ſhe hoped ſhe never would meet [again] with ſuch a wild Iriſhman as Phædrus.

Their departure made room for Valerius,[1] who immediately took his place, but I believe he would have wiſhed to be in his old place, becauſe he ſuffered ſo much from our railleries. About one we got to Sandy Lane, where we dined. This place derives its name from itſelf, being a long lane of deep ſand, which annoys travellers on windy days, but not in ſo diſmal a manner as the ſandy deſert of Arabia, which frequently buries ſome thouſands of people in their pilgrimage to Mecca. There is but one houſe here, but good accommodations, and you[2] commonly find at dinner

[1] MS. has *Phædrus*, although, juſt half a page before, the writer informed us that it was *Valerius*, who took the box-ſeat.

[2] MS. has *we*.

a particular kind of a pudding, which is very good, well known over moſt parts of England by the name of a Sandy Lane Pudding. Dinner being finiſhed, we proceeded on our journey, and at the end of this lane found a warren for rabbits, in which were the greateſt quantity I ever ſaw. Nothing worth remarking happened till we got to Bath about ſeven o'clock, and really I was well pleaſed to refreſh myſelf from the fatigue, as we intended to make ſome little ſtay here.

I was informed in London of a particular friend of mine, who came to Bath for the benefit of his health, and had brought all his family. While my father diſcharged the coach, I inquired out his lodgings, whither I ſent a note, and received anſwer that he would be glad to ſee us that night. I ſent an excuſe, but promiſed to breakfaſt with him next morning.

After a long and ſound ſleep I awakened exceedingly refreſhed, and by the time my father and I were prepared we found our friend's ſervant waiting to conduct us to his maſter's, who[m] we found but very indifferent. His lady received us with the greateſt civility, and ſoon after his daughter entered, with whom, as I had before ſeen her, we ſoon began to chat. When breakfaſt was over, ſhe conducted me to ſeveral hot baths, and

it ſurpriſed me to find ſome of them bubble as if boiling, and ſo warm as you could ſcarce put your hand in them. From hence we went to the pump-room, where people aſſemble to chat and drink the waters. I drank a few glaſſes, but, indeed, they were of a very diſagreeable flavour. We proceeded next to the long room. It is a well-built houſe, compoſed of ſeveral rooms for gaming, which they practiſe here to an immoderate degree. The dancing-rooms are well furniſhed, and in one of them is the portraiture of Beau Naſh in full length. This is the man who regulates all the affairs of this houſe, and ſits preſident in the ſeaſon. There is a beautiful church in this town, tho' not ſo grand as ſome already deſcribed, and a good market, well furniſhed, tho' ſometimes at an extravagant rate. We walked round moſt of the town, when we returned to dinner at three o'clock with our friend, who inſiſted on it at breakfaſt. The walk got me a good appetite, and at dinner we were informed of a ſhip that intended to ſail the day after next, which made us reſolve to ſet out for Briſtol next morning, being unwilling to miſs the firſt opportunity for Cork, tho' we intended to have ſtayed here longer. This unwelcome news made me reſolve to ſee as much of the town as poſ-

ſible, and the young lady, though ſo much tired in the morning, inſiſted on ſhowing it to me. We traverſed all worth ſeeing of it, and I was really charmed with the obliging manner and the pains ſhe took of informing me in what ſhe thought the moſt neceſſary. I ſhould account myſelf very ungrateful if I ſlipped any opportunity of doing juſtice and acknowledging the friendſhip and politeneſs ſhe diſcovered to me.

At night I returned and took leave of my friend, his lady, and his agreeable daughter, and, having procured places in the coach, I took an imaginary view of what I had ſeen this day, and ſhall endeavour to deſcribe what I could recollect.

It is a large town, ſituated on the declivity of a hill on one ſide: the ſtreets are regularly built of a freeſtone which is found near, and cut or hewn in great taſte: the ſtreets are paved with a ſquare flag, and ſo even as renders walking very agreeable; the Parade, or Beau-part of the town, is built very grand, the houſes riſing a great height, and the oppoſite ſide is fenced with ſtone paliſades, through which you[1] have an enchanting proſpect of the ſeats and gardens of ſeveral noblemen. Withinſide is a large ſquare, built after the ſame manner, and fenced round the houſes

[1] MS. has *we*.

with a rail, the ſame as before mentioned, in the middle of which ſtands a quadrangular pedeſtal or ſpire, terminating in a very ſharp point, which[1] is called Beau Naſh's Toothpick. The length of one of theſe ſquares is a noble building or apartment, known by the name of the Queen's Building, being the place where the royal family have reſided, or reſide in, when they come to the bath.

Next morning we again mounted the jolting machine, and got to Briſtol about eleven o'clock. We ſent our lumber to the quay,[2] where we took lodgings, as being the propereſt for our purpoſe. By the direction we found out the captain, who told us he was diſappointed in his loading, and that he believed he could not fail theſe three days. I was much fretted at this account, as I could have ſtayed longer in Bath without inconvenience, and to return again for ſo ſhort a time did not ſeem worth while. This evening happening to be wet, [I] could not ſtir out of doors, but was obliged to take a book to paſs the remainder of the day.

Next morning I went on the quay, but was very much ſurpriſed to find the river ſo very muddy, which I concluded to proceed from the heavy rain that fell the night before, but on in-

[1] MS. has *and*. [2] MS. has *key* here and *infrâ*.

quiry found it was continually ſo. I can no better give a juſt idea of it than by a witty remark a young lady of my acquaintance made on her firſt ſeeing it, " That it ſeemed as if Nature had taken a purge, and that was the operation." The filth and dirt that floats on [the] top makes it very loathſome. The quays here are of a prodigious height, becauſe the tide flows ſo high, and commonly with ſuch rapidity that it ſurpriſed me. When it is quite ebbed, the maſts of the ſhips reach to the level of the quay, and the landing of goods would be very difficult, were it not for a number of cranes which are placed all along it; and it is worth obſerving that one man with the greateſt eaſe can raiſe a ton burden. The bridge is made of timber, and, when any ſhip is to paſs, it opens in the middle by means of an engine on either ſide.

I went to the other ſide of the bridge up a hill to a place called College Green; 'tis of a triangular form, encloſed with wooden paliſades, and divided within into regular walks, which are kept gravel'd and planted with well-grown trees, kept in good order. In the middle is a ſquare, where all the walks terminate, wherein ſtands a high wooden monument or ſpire, called High Croſs; it is ſupported by five pillars, forming an arch

under. On the capitals are four niches, wherein are placed as many ſtatues, cut in the Gothic taſte, and above them as many more in a ſitting poſture; and from thence ariſes a ſpire, whereon is a croſs. 'Tis well worth noticing, both for the manner of carving and the age. This is ſaid to have been[1] ſet up in King Richard the Third's time in Redcliff Street, but afterwards removed to the place [where] it now ſtands. There is a large ſtreet without the rails all around, well built.

I went to the Exchange, very neat and well built, modelled from the Royal Exchange in London, but not near [that] as to the dimenſions or grandeur of the pile. On the entrance is a coffee houſe on one ſide, and a tavern on the other. I was ſurpriſed to ſee moſt of the merchants aſſembled in the ſtreet, tranſacting their affairs, and very few within. As the Exchange hath been newly finiſhed, and the people never before uſed to one, [they] cannot as yet reconcile themſelves to it. The London merchants ſay, "The Briſtol hogs have built a ſty, but cannot find the way into it."

The next day happened to be the martyrdom of King Charles the Firſt, and at my going out [I] thought I was in a wood by the number of oaken

[1] MS. has *be*.

boughs hung at almoſt every door. The common people had ſprigs in their hats, and put 'em in their horſes' heads. The Corporation here obſerve it as one of their ſtate days. I went to the church, which is called the College Church, whither they were to come, and had time to take a particular view of it before their arrival.

There is a large aiſle about it with ſome monuments. The ſervice part is very old, and makes an odd figure with the variety of carving. There is an indifferent choir, but a very good organ.

This was formerly a ſeminary or college for [the] educating of youth, and this church belonged to it, the building extending at either ſide a great length, and one of the old gates is now ſtanding, very oddly carved.

The trades preceded the mayor and aldermen with their reſpective colours, who afterwards came in coaches with each a pair of gold-fringed gloves. As the reſt of the ceremony was accompanied with ſome hurry, I retired to ſeek my captain, who I thought would ſail on the morrow, [but] who ſaid he had not yet got his loading, but expected in three days more to be able to go. Repining was of the leaſt ſervice,

and [I] reſolved to act the part of a philoſopher as much as poſſible.

The viewing of Brandon Hill and the Lead Houſe occupied the moſt part of the next day, whither we went under the conduct of a friend. This is a high lump of a hill, which commands an agreeable proſpect of the town and a great way into the country. On the ſummit are the ruins of ſome old caſtle or fort, but [I] could not learn by any tradition what it was. The hill was beſtowed [on] the city to dry clothes on by Queen Ann[e], and indeed it is naturally well adapted to the purpoſe, as I am told it conſtantly retains its verdure, and where you[1] ſeldom miſs of a ſharp drying wind. We deſcended to the White Lead Houſe, which lies at the foot of it, and, as we had a friend in it, he ſhewed us it very particularly. The omiſſion would ſeem too groſs if I did not endeavour to be as particular in the recital.

The ſmelting houſe, or place where they run the lead (into very thin plates about eight inches broad), is on the entrance. At one ſide ſtands the furnace where the metal is, and four men are kept conſtantly caſting the ſheets. When a great quantity of theſe ſheets are thus prepared, they are made up into rolls; each roll is afterwards

[1] MS. has *we*.

placed into an earthen pot, made for the purpoſe; a proper number of theſe pots being laid down, [they] are filled up with very ſtrong vinegar, afterwards are covered with planks, on which they ſet another row, and ſo place planks again with another layer of pots till they raiſe a high pile, which is afterwards covered over with horſe-dung. They lie in this manner ſeven or eight weeks, when they are uncovered, and there remains on the lead a white ſkin or film, occaſioned by the vinegar, which is entirely exhauſted. They take the rolls out of the pots, and lay them in order till they are quite dry, when they are taken and put in a mill, which ſcrapes or cleans all the ſtuff off which ſticks to the lead. It is afterwards ground in a mill with fair water, and conducted from thence by ſpouts into large coolers, where it is again purified with water in the following manner:—The coolers are more than half filled with the lead, and the remaining part is covered with water. They both are ſtirred together, and when it ſettles for a while, the dirt or filth ſwims on the water, which is let out by means of a large hole. The purified lead is taken out and laid upon long beds of chalk, divided into ſquares about ſix inches. When it is perfectly dry, it is barrelled up and expoſed to

ſale. There are kinds differing according to their fineneſs, but our painters in this kingdom (as I was told) ſeldom make uſe but of the coarſeſt. 'Tis exceeding dangerous to work here becauſe of the duſt that flies when the mill cleans it from the lead.

In the evening we went to a pretty garden near the Hot Wells, which they call Vauxhall. There are ſome booths and pleaſant arbours, hung with ſome globe lamps, &c., [and] an orcheſtra, wherein were a good band of muſic. There was no company here this night, which rendered it very diſagreeable, and ſeveral times after but very few. The poor man who owned it was at a great expenſe to keep it in order, but in a ſhort time after was obliged to decamp.

The next day it rained ſo very much that it was impoſſible to ſet a foot out of doors, but the day after the dreary ſcene changed to a fine day.

The next place I viſited was Queen Square. This is a large piece of ground lying on a flat, planted with large trees, with ſpacious walks through it. The outſide hath many well-built houſes. On one ſide of the Square is the Cuſtom Houſe, no way grand, but very convenient for the purpoſe.

My impatience to get from this place hurried

me to the Exchange at the uſual hour, when, on inquiring of the Captain, he told me he would not ſail in a week. Any ſtranger who hath ever been in this place can judge how agreeable it is to be here, as the people ſhew the leaſt hoſpitality or affection for any one who[m] they do not expect to be a gainer by. As my ſtay was long here, I viſited many places about the town. I often went to the Hot Wells, much reſembling the Bath waters. Here is a good room for dancing. King's Down is a high piece of ground on the other ſide of the town from Brandon Hill. There is a fine inland proſpect from it and of the greater part of the town. I ſaw many glaſs houſes, with which this town vaſtly abounds, as the inhabitants reckon upwards of thirty. The generality of them are built of brick, taperwiſe to the top. Withinſide is the chaldron wherein the metal is boiled by the means of a large conſtant fire with a chimney, by which the ſmoke is conveyed through the top. There are holes all around the furnace, through which they take the metal. I ſaw ſeveral things blown. This is performed by a long iron tube, the end of which they dip into the metal, and after they have given it a blaſt or two, they form or ſhape it on an anvil. It would require ſome nicety to give a

ſuccinct account of the preparation of the metal and the other branches belonging to glaſs work.

Redcliff church is the beſt worth viewing of any in Briſtol. This is a noble old ſtructure, built of Portland or freeſtone. The tower is very ſtrong, in which is a fine peal of eight bells, accounted the largeſt in the town. We entered by a noble aiſle, the roof ſupported by grand fluted pillars; the ceiling is very beautiful, adorned with variety of carving. Here are ſome monuments, particularly that of a pirate, by whom 'tis ſaid the church was built. The tradition runs thus:—

This pirate infeſted the ſeas for a long while, and thereby gained an immenſe fortune, ſpite of all the veſſels which were employed by the Government to prevent him. At length, being wearied by continually avoiding them that were ſent to take him, he petitioned his Majeſty for a pardon, which was granted thus:—"That he ſhould have his life the length of time that he would take in building a church, but that he muſt not omit to work any day." He accepted it on theſe conditions, and, to render it the longer, 'tis ſaid he would not let a beaſt draw any of the materials, but [the work] was entirely performed by men.

I ſhall not take upon me to aver this for

fact, but any body who reads it will have the ſame choice as I had when it was told to me, to believe it or not.

The choir is extremely handſome and paved throughout with marble; over the altar-piece is a grand window, glazed (except a little), with ſtained glaſs.

Briſtol, indeed, may boaſt a great number of good buildings; the town is ſituated partly between two hills, and is refreſhed by a good air, which blows from off the country ſide. The town itſelf is but diſagreeable; the ſtreets are generally dirty and cloſe built, except a few which lie from the main body; but what contributes more to its diſadvantage is the muddy river which flows in it, and this circumſtance, in my ſingle opinion, cannot be compenſated by any other natural advantage.

As to the people or inhabitants, their ſouls are engroſſed by lucre, and [they] are very expert in affairs of merchandiſe; but as to politeneſs, it is a thing baniſhed from their republic as a contagious diſtemper. This is an article which cannot be well excuſed, as it ſeldom coſts much. If they are not hoſpitable, allowances may be made for it, as it is partly owing to the genius or diſpoſition of a people.

I think I have touched upon the moſt remark-

able places in Briſtol. A perſon may ſuſpect my being prejudiced towards them, but really I only ſpeak as I found it, and poſſibly another may find it quite contrary. I have heard of the moſt polite place being accounted diſagreeable, and it is certain that by an ill concurring of circumſtances theſe events may be produced.

I ſhall not ſay how my time paſſed here, which was much longer than I expected, but at length the joyful news arrived that the ſhip was ready to ſail. The captain deſired us to go down to Pile; we took a boat and our farewell of this enchanting place; we paſſed through many mountains, which ſeemed to impend over us; we arrived at Pile at ſix o'clock (a poor mean place), and next morning at ſix ſaw the veſſel at her moorings. When the tide ſerved, they hoiſted the flag, at which ſignal we took boat and went on board. We had not remained long here when another boat boarded us, in which we found a couple of gentlemen and a lady, who were alſo paſſengers. Was I in the boat when ſhe came up the veſſel's ſide, I doubt not but I ſhould have been ſomething concerned, as the wind, which blew ſomewhat hard, diſconcerted her petticoats. However, ſhe ſurmounted this difficulty, and ſeemed pleaſed that nothing worſe had happened.

I was impatient to know who this fair paſſenger was, and, as I thought it would render my voyage the more agreeable, I reſolved to introduce myſelf to her as ſpeedily as poſſible, and for that purpoſe advanced to the ſeat where ſhe placed herſelf. I accoſted her according to the common method, and was ſurpriſed to find myſelf anſwered in the moſt polite terms with ſuch a volubility of tongue and a frankneſs ſo natural that I conjectured it muſt have required uncommon pains to arrive at this perfection. Tho' I endeavoured to correct my brogue, yet ſome irregular pronunciations ſlipped from me, which the good-natured creature corrected with an engaging affability which made ſuch an impreſſion on my mind that I am confident I ſhall never miſtake in the ſame points again. I was happy enough to find ſomething to ſpeak of for a few minutes that engaged her attention, but then my bad fate drove one of the gentlemen (who came with her) to our ſide, at which I withdrew, as I found ſhe had an inclination to talk on more refined topics than ſhe found me maſter of; and [I] took my ſtand where I could conveniently hear.

He, ſmiling upon her, aſked how ſhe bore the thoughts of returning to Ireland. At this a gloom overſpread her countenance, and with down-

caſt eyes [ſhe] ſaid it would be time enough to experience affliction when it came, and not to increaſe it ſooner, and, added ſhe, with a ſigh,—"Oh, London, thou ſweeteſt of places! every moment I am ſtill carried further from thee. When ſhall I ſee a play, an opera, a maſquerade, a Vauxhall, a Ranelagh, a St. James's drawing-room? Sad, ſad reflection! ill-natured brute to call to remembrance ſuch delights, ſuch pleaſures, afforded in a place where I cannot be! My mornings now, how will they be ſpent? perhaps poring over ſome ſtupid book, without a park or public breakfaſt, to be obliged to dreſs in the uncouth manner of the inhabitants, when what little ſtock of new ones I have now are exhauſted. Mortifying thought! No Garrick to melt the ſoul in tragic ſtrain—no ſerenade to gently break my ſlumbers, except the ruder voice of a neighbouring peaſant's cock!" In uttering theſe laſt words her head fell into a languiſhing poſture, and the court-lady reigned in every action.

> "Practiſ'd to liſp and hang the head aſide,
> Faints into airs and languiſhes with pride."
>
> POPE.

I did not wait to hear the gentleman's defence after the rude ſhock he had given this unfortu-

nate lady, but went down to my cabin under great anxiety leſt he ſhould find a puniſhment ſuitable to his crime. I ſoon came on deck again, by which time all our ſails were bent, and we ſtood out with a fair wind. We had a fine proſpect all the day of England on the left hand and Wales on the right. We ſoon ouſtripped two other veſſels that ſailed the ſame tide with us. In the evening by ill luck our main topſail-yard broke, by which means our going was ſomething retarded. Towards night, the ſea running pretty high, I was obliged to betake [myſelf] to my cabin becauſe of the prodigious ſickneſs. But, oh Gods! judge of my deſpair when I ſaw the lady lying in the ſtate-room as if dead. This redoublement of my griefs cauſed emotions in my whole frame, and had near exhauſted all my ſtrength before I got any relief, and what added to my trouble was that I could afford her no other [attention] than by faintly calling ſometimes to her. In the morning I grew pretty hearty, and before noon was entirely well.

This day and the next night elapſed before the lady got an abatement of her malady, when by adminiſtering ſome broth and green tea ſhe recovered her ſpirits, but we could not perſuade her to ariſe. The gentleman conſtantly kept her

company, and by liſtening to her converſation I gained a better taſte for the polite world, excepting one point in pronunciation, to wit, that of calling A E and ſaying EE for E; but this was a thing I could not readily reconcile myſelf to, for I remember when I firſt went to ſchool my miſtreſs made me begin with my great A. Whether it was that the letter was bigger in dimenſions than its brother vowel E that followed it, I cannot tell, but I am very certain ſhe never made me ſay great E. I was ſo very defective, or [failed] by too blunt a clipping, that my fair tutoreſs ſaid ſhe was afraid I would never make any hand on't. She aſſured me ſhe was not above eight or ten months arriving at that perfection which I am ſure would coſt me my whole life without making half her progreſs.

I think I have heard ſay an ape is the moſt ridiculous of beaſts, as it hath nothing genuine, but borrows its tricks from others. Whether it would not be commendable to conform to what we are firſt initiated in, is a point very few will diſpute.

Next morning one of the ſailors came down with the joyful tidings that he deſcried land. This elated my ſpirits, as I was anxious to be aſhore; but a thick fog ariſing denied us the

pleaſing proſpect of Ireland. About eleven the wind veered about, and prevented us making the harbour of Cork. The fog continuing, we had juſt run aſhore, had not one of the men perceived the land, and immediately we caſt anchor. At mid-day the ſun unmantled himſelf, and exhaled moſt part of the offenſive fog, when, to our great joy, we found ourſelves oppoſite the harbour of Youghal. We eſpied a fiſhing-boat at a diſtance, for which we hung out the pavilion. She immediately obeyed the ſignal. The captain ſaid he could not make the intended port that night, whereupon the paſſengers agreed to go aſhore in the boat. With ſome difficulty we deſcended into her, and in leſs than a half an hour got to the quay, where we ſafely landed :—

"Optatâ potiuntur arenâ."—VIRG.

We made here a hearty breakfaſt, after which my father and I took horſes, and arrived in Cork about nine at night. I ſhall now put a period to my tedious deſcription, and omit my return to Dublin, which I may hereafter ſpeak of, thereby to make out the circle.

FINIS.

NOTES.

Page 12. *Liverpool Harbour.*

FOR an inſight into the early ſtate of Liverpool there are three excellent authorities, namely, *A Journey through England in* 1714, by John Macky, of which Mr. Halliwell has given as much as relates to Liverpool in his *Palatine Anthology*, 1850, pp. 27-28; *A Tour through the Whole Iſland of Great Britain*, by Daniel Defoe, 6th edit. 1761, iii. p. 240, *et ſeq.*; and Brooke's *Deſcriptive account of Liverpool during the laſt Quarter of the 18th Century*, 1775-1800. *Liverpool*, 1853. Roy. 8vo.

The following from Defoe's narrative, which firſt appeared in 1724, is ſomewhat to the purpoſe, as probably matters were not greatly improved in 1752:—"You land on the flat ſhore on the other ſide [of the Merſey], and muſt be content to ride thro' the Water for ſome Length, not on Horſeback, but on the ſhoulders of ſome *Lancaſhire* Clown, who comes knee deep to the Boat's ſide to truſs you up, and then runs away more nimble than one deſires to ride, unleſs his Trot were eaſier."

P. 14. *Liverpool Docks.* "They have made a fine dock here [at Liverpool] for the ſecurity of their ſhipping, where fourſcore ſail of ſhips may lie in the greateſt ſtorms, as ſecure as a man in his bed. But this is all forced, nothing of nature; and when they have brought freſh water into the town, which

is deſigned, by pipes from ſome ſprings in Sir Cleve More's eſtate, about four miles off, and for which they have got an Act of Parliament, may become one of the fineſt towns in England." —Macky's *Journey through England in* 1714.

P. 19. *An Eightpenny Ordinary.* In 1720, according to *A Vade Mecum for Malt Worms*, part ii. p. 30, there was ſuch an ordinary at the Bell Inn, in Carter Lane; but the landlord, finding that it did not pay, raiſed his charge to tenpence, which, unleſs his bill of fare was ſuperior to that of ſuch inſtitutions in our day, ſtrikes one (conſidering the difference in prices and the value of money) as rather high. From the title of one of Rowlands's tracts, printed in 1600 (*Humors Ordinarie, where a man may be verie merrie, and exceeding well vſed for his Sixe-Pence*) it is perhaps allowable to infer, that in the cloſing years of Queen Elizabeth's reign, ſixpence was the uſual demand at the metropolitan *tables d'hote*.

P. 22. *Economy of Human Life.* This is, of courſe, Dodſley's poem ſo called. It was at the time when the preſent narrative was compoſed in the enjoyment of a certain ſhare of popularity, being a comparatively new book, and, beſides, erroneouſly aſcribed to Lord Cheſterfield at the time of publication. The firſt edition appeared in 1750.

P. 30. *I led my Statira back.* Statira, it may perhaps be neceſſary to remind the reader, is the heroine of Calprenede's once exceſſively popular, but now altogether forgotten, Platonic romance of *Caſſandra*, which remained in favour from the middle of the ſeventeenth till the end of the laſt century, or even the commencement of the preſent. But the romantic literature of the ſeventeenth century was rather eclipſed (in a popular ſenſe) by the novels (chiefly tranſlations) which made their appearance in Swift's and Pope's day, and were by no means ſo unexceptionable as their predeceſſors, even if ſomewhat livelier. Theſe again were ſuperſeded by the productions of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, Madame de la Fayette, and

that claſs of writers, whom we ought not perhaps to be ſurpriſed to find a man like Gray devouring with delight, when we bear in mind that our grandfathers were ſimilarly infatuated with the productions of the Minerva Preſs, and that we ourſelves are feeding on an article ſtill leſs healthy.

P. 34. *Perkin a Legh.* The Perkin a Legh here mentioned was Sir Piers Legh, ſecond ſon of Robert Legh, of Adlington. He eſpouſed, as the monumental record informs us, the cauſe of Richard II., and periſhed on the ſcaffold at Cheſter, 23 Rich. II. His ſon, alſo referred to here, was Sir Peter Legh of Lyme, knight banneret, and grantee of the borough and manor. He was wounded at Agincourt, died at Paris, and was carried over to England for ſepulture at Macclesfield. See Ormerod's *Hiſtory of Cheſhire*, iii. 336-8, 367.

Sir Peter Legh of Lyme, reſtorer of the old ſtone in the reign of James I. was the ſon of Peter Legh, Eſq., who died *vitâ patris*, and grandſon of Sir Peter Legh of Lyme and Haydock, who was knighted by Henry VIII. at Leith. Sir Peter himſelf died in 1636.

It may be mentioned that Perkin (*forſan* Peterkin) a Legh was the perſon to whom has been ſometimes improperly given the credit really due to his father-in-law, Sir Thomas Danyers, of having, on the field of Creçy, taken priſoner the Chamberlain of France.

P. 35. *Rivers' Chapel.* See Ormerod's *Hiſtory of Cheſhire*, iii. 336, 368. The families of Legh of Lyme and Savage (Earls Rivers) intermarried.

P. 44. *Scraping.* Valerius followed a faſhion which Beaumont ſeems to ridicule in *The Faithfull Friends*, where Flavia ſays of Sir Pergamus—"At firſt encounter he ſcraped me a leg that ſet my teeth on edge." At the time when this tour was written, many Engliſh cuſtoms remained unaltered, or very ſlightly modified, from the form under which they had exiſted in Beaumont and Fletcher's own day.

P. 49. *The little ſun-flies ſeemed delighted, and, gilded*

ſport, &c. I at firſt ſuſpected a ſlip of the pen here, and that we ought to read *glided in ſport;* but I conclude that the writer intended to convey that the ſunlight gilded the flies. Compare Tennyſon—

> "Many a night I ſaw the Pleiads, riſing through the mellow ſhade,
> Glitter like a ſwarm of fire-flies tangled in a ſilver braid."
>
> *Lockſley Hall.*

P. 57. *Leek.* At the time our traveller viſited this place, it was ſurrounded by moors.

P. 57. *Aſhborne.* This place is ten miles from Derby (our touriſt makes it twelve), and is on the borders of Staffordſhire.

P. 63. *King Richard III., who was there interred.* Lewis (*Topographical Dictionary*, art. LEICESTER) obſerves—"In the ſouth-weſtern part [of the town] was a convent of Franciſcan or Grey Friars, founded in 1265 by Simon de Montfort, in the church of which was interred the body of Richard III. after his death at the battle of Boſworth Field."

Richard is ſaid to have ſlept on the night before the battle at or near Leiceſter, on a bed which is ſtill preſerved at Beaumanor Park, near Loughborough. This bed, which bears marks of having received additions about the time of Elizabeth or James I., was, in all probability, in Richard's time (aſſuming it to be genuine), a ſort of truckle-bed, which was folded up when not in uſe. The curious relic at Beaumanor was purchaſed by its preſent owner, after having been in the Drake and Babington families upwards of two centuries. It continued to form part of the furniture of the Blue Boar at Leiceſter as late as 1610; and it is well known that the landlady of that houſe, having diſcovered a large quantity of gold coin inſide the mattreſs, was murdered, and that the aſſaſſins were hanged at Leiceſter for the crime.

It is hardly neceſſary to add that the authenticity of the legend has been gravely queſtioned, and certainly the evidence in its favour is purely traditional. The carving at the

head, which probably formed part of the original bed, is a repreſentation of the Holy Trinity; it is, no doubt (whatever its hiſtory may have been), fifteenth-century work, and a very intereſting ſpecimen of the ornamental ſtyle of that period. See further, as to Richard III. and the field of Boſworth, Kelly's *Leiceſter in the Olden Time*, 1865, p. 92, *note*.

P. 64. *By a late Act of Parliament.* The Act here referred to was, however, merely a declaratory one, with additional reſtrictions, as on the 16th Auguſt, 1661, we find a proclamation iſſued by Charles II. "to reſtrain the exceſſive carriages in wagons and four-wheeled carts to the deſtruction of highways." There was a further proclamation concerning highways in 1671. The tax on *loaded* vehicles was not repealed, it appears, in 1794 (Gunning's *Reminiſcences of Cambridge*, i. 338).

P. 68. *Newport-Pagnell.* "Newport-Pagnell is a large, well-built, populous town, ſeated on the river Ouze, over which it has two large ſtone bridges. It carries on a great trade in bone-lace, and the ſame manufacture employs alſo the neighbouring villages."—*Tour through the Whole Iſland of Great Britain*, 1761, ii. 231. The travellers muſt have made a long circuit to take Newport-Pagnell in their way. Their route, as we ſee, lay through the midland counties, Nottinghamſhire, Leiceſterſhire, Northamptonſhire, Bedfordſhire, Hertfordſhire, and ſo to London; and therefore how they got round to Buckinghamſhire it is hard to divine—unleſs, indeed, in their homeward journey, which they made through Berkſhire, Buckinghamſhire, &c. There is ſome miſtake, which cannot now be cleared up, perhaps, even if it were worth the proceſs.

P. 71. *Inſignificant*, i. e., deſtitute of meaning.

P. 72. *What the Earl of Orrery hath ſaid of him in a late treatiſe.* The book here referred to was called *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift*, Lond. 1751, 8vo. the author being John Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery. His

lordſhip addreſſed theſe remarks in a ſeries of letters to his ſon. It is ſaid that 12,000 copies were ſold; there were certainly two or three editions. Warburton characterizes the Letters as "deteſtable."

P. 75. *Oborn.* Either the tranſcriber of the MS. made a ſlip of the pen here (only one among many), or the author himſelf muſt have miſ-heard the name of the place through which he and his friends were paſſing. Of courſe *Woburn* is the village intended; it is ſituated within a ſhort diſtance of Hockliffe or Hockley-in-the-Hole. Both are in the Hundred of Manſhead, co. Bedford, on the old high road to Yorkſhire. Woburn itſelf ſeems to be a corruption of *Womborn*. Womburn, co. Staffordſ, preſerves the genuine form of the name. The *Tour through the Whole Iſland of Great Britain*, 1761, iii. 51, ſays—"Woburn, noted for having plenty of fuller's earth near it, and likewiſe another kind of earth, which petrifies wood into ſtone. This town, having been almoſt demoliſhed by a terrible fire, which happened a few years ago, is now rebuilt, and makes no mean appearance. It belongs almoſt all of it to his grace the Duke of Bedford, who finiſhed in Feb., 1737, a fine and commodious market-place here. This place is famous for jockey-caps."

P. 75. *Hockley-in-the-Hole.* The latter is deſcribed in a contemporary publication (*England's Gazetteer*, 1751,) as "in a miry road to Coventry, 5 m. beyond Dunſtable." This road was notorious in the time of Queen Elizabeth for its badneſs.

> "A Ballad entituled A newe Well a daye,
> As playne, maiſter papiſt, as Dunſtable waye,"

was printed about 1570, and is included among *Ancient Ballads and Broadſides*, 1867. It may be ſuſpected, however, that the true reading of this proverbial phraſe was loſt at an early date; for John Heywood, in his work on Proverbs, printed by Berthelet in 1546, gives us what was evidently the original ſentence:—"as plain as Dunſtable *by*-way."

P. 75. *'Em.* This is a ſort of ellipſis for *the footpads.* Our author is juſtified by our elder writers here:—

"*Iſabella.* Why did you not anſwer 'em?
Lady Hartwell. They are ſo impudent they will receive *none.*"
Fletcher's *Wit without Money* (1614.)

P. 78. *Monument erected to the memory of the good Duke Humphrey,* The writer's account may be compared with that given by Stow, in his *Survey*, ed. Strype, 1720, book iii. p. 165, where the error reſpecting the interment of the Duke of Glouceſter at St. Paul's, London, is pointed out.

P. 78. *As Duke Humphrey*, &c. An account of the myſterious death of the Duke of Glouceſter may be found in the writers of the time.

P. 81. *Finchley Common, ſo celebrated for the frequent robberies*, &c. Our open ſpaces in the ſuburbs of London, and even in the metropolis itſelf, have not yet quite loſt the unenviable diſtinction, which they enjoyed to the fulleſt extent, when our Touriſt wrote. Even in the earlier part of the preſent century, Hounſlow, Bagſhot, and Putney Heaths, and all the other commons about London, were abſolutely unſafe for ſingle travellers, and people traverſed them in parties. See Andrews' *Eighteenth Century*, 1856, chap. 14, where ſome intereſting details on this ſubject may be found; alſo, *A Hundred Years Ago*, 1857, by James Hutton, p. 243, *et ſeqq.* Theſe two works traverſe the ſame ground, and are preciſely ſimilar in character and object, but muſt be ſuppoſed to have been written independently of each other.

P. 81. *High Gate. Here it is that they are ſworn to ſeveral comical oaths.* The writer alludes, of courſe, to the well known but now obſolete uſage of making people freemen of Highgate. There is an old rhyme:—

"It's a cuſtom at Highgate, that all who go through,
Muſt be ſworn on the horns, ſir, and ſo ſir, muſt you;
Bring the horns, ſhut the door; now, ſir, off with your hat;
And when you again come, pray don't forget that."

This is, however, merely a counterpart of an old continental cuſtom, according to Dr. Bell (*Shakeſpeare's Puck*, i. 15). "Highgate derives its name from a gate ſet up there above 400 years ago, to receive toll for the Biſhop of London, when the old miry road from Gray's-Inn-Lane to Barnet was turned through the Biſhop's park."—*England's Gazetteer*, 1751, in voce.

P. 81. *Tory.* Tory was the old term in Ireland for a robber or thief, and its political meaning was merely a new application of the word as a party nickname.

"I went to the wood,
And killed a tory;
I went to the wood,
And killed another;
Was it himſelf, or was it his brother?"
The Laird of Logan.

P. 83. *Reminded me of Strap.* The parallel (or *ſuppoſed* parallel) incident is to be found at ch. 13, of *Roderic Random*, where Roderic and Strap arrive in London, are inſulted in the ſtreets, &c. The paſſage is too long and, beſides, too well known to bear citation here.

P. 85. *The Royal Exchange.* A view of the old Exchange will be found in Strype's edit. of Stow's *Survey*, 1720, book ii. p. 135. At p. 137, Strype gives a ſlightly varying account of the devices on the pedeſtal:—"On the top of this inſcription [*Carolo Cæſari*, &c.] a crown, adorned with palm branches, ſcepter, ſword, and trumpets of Fame. On the weſt ſide of the pedeſtal, a boy winged, laying his right hand upon the crown ſet over the arms of *England*, and holding in its left a branch with two roſes, viz., of *York* and *Lancaſter*. On the north ſide, the like boy with wings holding the crown, reſting upon the *Iriſh* Harp. On the eaſt ſide, the winged boy holding the arms of *Scotland*, crowned, having a thiſtle, with the ſtalk in his right hand.

P. 86. *The Court of Huſtings.* Of this ancient inſtitution

ſee a long deſcription in Strype's edition of Stow's *Survey of London*, 1720, lib. v. p. 369. It is ſaid, doubtleſs correctly, to derive its name from Anglo-Saxon *Hus* and *thing*, i. e., the houſe of pleas or cauſes. Stow ſpeaks of this court as "the ancienteſt and the higheſt Court of Juſtice of the famous City of *London*."

P. 88. *Acroteria.* "Small pedeſtals placed on the middle, and two ends of pediments to ſupport ſtatues."—*Gwilt.*

P. 94-5. *Vauxhall Gardens.* The manor and manor-houſe of Vauxhall, previouſly known as Copped, or Copt Hall, to which theſe grounds were originally attached, belonged to Jane Vaux, widow of John Vaux, citizen and vintner of London (in no way related, I believe, to the Fawkes's of Yorkſhire), in the reign of James I. But in a deed of Edward II.'s time (1319) the place is called *Faukeſ-hall*, which makes, perhaps, a ſlight difficulty in deciding whether the manor really owed its denomination either to the Fawkes or Vaux families. When our Touriſt and his friend paid a viſit to them in 1752, they had been opened as a public place of recreation about twenty years, although it appears that they had, as early as 1681, ceaſed to be a private demeſne, and were then known as the *Spring Gardens*, under which title the *Spectator* refers to them in 1711. Ranelagh does not ſeem to have long ſurvived the riſe of Vauxhall.

The moſt copious hiſtorical account of Vauxhall is to be found in Mr. Tanſwell's intereſting *Hiſtory of Lambeth*, 1858, p. 176-7. In Johnſon's *Lottery Song-Book* are collected the ſongs which uſed to be principally in favour at this famous place of entertainment.

P. 99. *Spitalfields.* The MS. reads *Spittle Fields*, which perfectly coincides with the old way of ſpeaking of the place. Theſe fields formerly belonged to the Hoſpital, (in old Engliſh, *Spyttel*) and Priory of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield. There is an early poem by Robert Copland, the literary printer, entitled, *The Hye Way to the Spyttel Hous* (*i.e.*, St. Bar-

tholomew's). It was publiſhed in 1532, and may be found inſerted in *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*, iv.

"In the afternoone we walked to the Old Artillery Ground, near to the Spitalfields, where I never was before, but now, by Captain Deane's invitation, did go to ſee his new gun tryed; this being the place where the officers of the ordnance do try all their great guns."—Pepys' *Diary*, April 20, 1669.

P. 100. *Ranelagh.* The author of *A Tour through the whole Iſland of Great Britain*, firſt publiſhed in 1724, and re-edited with additions in 1761, (a few years after the date of the *Journey*), ſays of the late ſeat of the Earl of Ranelagh, then recently converted into a pleaſure garden:—"The manſion is now turned into a breakfaſting houſe, and dedicated to that luxury which overſpreads the nation. A rotonda, as I may call it, is erected in the gardens, to propagate ſound inſtead of ſenſe, and to feaſt the eyes of belles and beaux, who croud thither to become ſpectacles to one another, for the benefit of the proprietors of the undertaking. . . . *Marybone Gardens*, *Sadler's Wells*, and a variety of ſuch ſort of houſes of entertainment about *Iſlington*, hardly to be numbered, and all boaſting of their bands of *Muſic*, beſides what I have taken notice of in other places, are emanations, as I may call them, from the two grand ſeminaries of luxury, *Ranelagh* and *Vaux Hall Gardens*."

Mrs. Delany, in a letter to Mrs. Dewes, April 26, 1744, ſays, "Yeſterday, my brother gallantly attended Mrs. Donnellan, Miſs Daſhwood, and myſelf to breakfaſt at Ranelagh; the day was clear but cold; there was a great deal of company."—*Autobiography and Correſpondence of Mrs. Delany*, 1ſt ſeries, ii. 299. See alſo Mr. Cunningham's edition of Walpole's *Letters*, i. 158, and the ſame gentleman's *Handbook of London*, 1849.

In Gunning's *Reminiſcences of Cambridge*, i. 207-8, there is a curious account of a notorious pickpocket, named Bar-

rington, who uſed to infeſt Ranelagh, and to whom the ladies always, rightly or wrongly, ſet down their frequent and ſerious loſſes of valuable trinkets.

P. 101. *Chelſea Bun Houſe.* See Cunningham's *Handbook of London, Paſt and Preſent*, 1849. This houſe, which ſtood at the bottom of Jews' Row, was taken down in 1839.

P. 104. *As I met 'em ſomewhere tranſlated by an eminent hand.* The "eminent hand" was evidently the common ſource to which both Chamberlain in his *Angliæ Notitia*, and Strype, in his edition of Stow's Survey, 1720, went for this verſion of the Latin. Stow gives only one paragraph, omitted by Chamberlain, and apparently refers us to the *Notitia* for the reſt.

P. 108. *London Bridge.* The houſes which the writer deſcribes as having ſeen on the bridge, were removed four or five years afterwards. In Brayley's *Londiniana*, ii. 256, is an account of the appearance of London Bridge in 1755. In a view of London in 1657, which forms the frontiſpiece to the ſame volume, the river and bridge occur, and a good idea may be gained of the aſpect of the old ſtructure, which did not change its character or form very materially till the demolition of the buildings at the date above-mentioned.

P. 110. *A particular ſurvey of the Lions*, &c. Of this intended publication there is no *exact* trace; it was probably never printed, and has periſhed, or at leaſt diſappeared from view, but at any time may turn up as unexpectedly as the MS., which records its exiſtence. It is to be feared, that its literary importance would not be very conſiderable; but it might aſſiſt in identifying *Valerius*, and poſſibly through him, the author of the *Journey*. I ought to add, that in 1753, appeared a tract entitled, *A Hiſtorical deſcription of the Tower of London and its Curioſities*, 8vo. price 6*d*. Can this have been the *Treatiſe* for which Valerius made notes the year before?

I have met with no fewer than three editions of this ſmall volume; the firſt deſcribed in the Britiſh Muſeum Catalogue

as of (1750), but without the title-page; a ſecond edition in 1755, and a third in 1774. There is unluckily no clue to the authorſhip, unleſs we regard as one the ſpeciality which the writer makes of the Tower Menagerie, which formed, as we know from the *Journey*, the leading attraction in the eyes of *Valerius*. The Regalia are alſo deſcribed at conſiderable length, as they are in the ſmall volume now printed.

From an advertiſement on the laſt page of the edition of 1774, it appears that the deſcription was tranſlated into French, prior to that year (*depuis peu de temps*), and publiſhed at 1*s*.

At the ſale of Mr. George Smith's books, in 1867, a copy of this ſixpenny tract (edition not ſpecified) produced 3*l*. 11*s*. See *Notes and Queries* for January 2, 1869. It appears to have wanted the title.

P. 111. *A liſt of his Majeſty's regalia.* A more particular account of the regalia is to be found in *An Hiſtorical Deſcription of the Tower*, &c., 1753, ed. 1755, p. 63.

P. 113. *Invincible Armada—different kinds of fetters*, &c. Deloney, a popular ballad-writer of the period, when the Armada muſt have been the topic of all topics, undertook to deſcribe in one of the doggrel compoſitions which are the ſpeciality of the craft "the ſtraunge and cruell whippes which the Spanyards had prepared to Whippe and torment Engliſh men and women, which were found and taken at the ouerthrow of certaine of the Spaniſhe Shippes in July laſt paſt, 1588." Theſe whips do not appear to have found their way to the Tower.

P. 113. *Ampulla.* This is ſtrictly nothing more than a bottle with a narrow neck, and was in uſe among the Romans as an ordinary veſſel for holding liquids. The few perſons whoſe eyes the preſent volume is likely to meet ſcarcely require to be told that in Rome and Greece, and afterwards in modern Europe, drinking-cups and flagons were commonly executed in the forms of animals (dogs, bears, birds, etc.) See Fairholt's *Miſcellanea Graphica*, 1857, plates vi. xi. xiv.

P. 113. *Curtana.* The Curtana, or Curteyn, was the name of the ſword of Edward the Confeſſor, and is the firſt ſword carried before the kings of England at their coronation; and it is ſaid the point of it is broken as an emblem of mercy. —Tomline's *Law Dict.*, *voce* CURTEYN.

P. 115. *Lord Kinſale.* The family ſtill poſſeſſes this right, but it is virtually nominal, and, it is believed, has never been exerciſed. The barony of Kinſale, Ireland, is ſaid to have been the firſt Iriſh peerage conferred on an Engliſhman, and Lord Kinſale is the premier baron of Ireland. As a barony by tenure, the title dates back to the Norman Conqueſt.

P. 115. *John of Gaunt, the French general.* So the MS. reads. The coat of armour, &c., to which our touriſt here refers, belonged apparently to John de Courcy, firſt Earl of Ulſter, of that family, who in the reign of King John was raiſed to this dignity for his ſervices in the reduction of Ulſter. The writer appears to have fallen into utter confuſion when he ſpeaks of John of Gaunt, &c., who lived nearly two centuries later, and was aſſuredly never "the French general" on any occaſion whatever. The exploit which gained for the Lords Kinſale the privilege referred to was of a totally different character from that repreſented in the text. See Sharpe's Peerage, art. KINSALE.

P. 118. *Cuper's Gardens.* Or more correctly Cuper's Garden. This was ſituated at Lambeth, near what is now known as the Waterloo Bridge Road, on the river-ſide, and formerly belonged to the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk and Earls of Arundel. Boydell Cuper, who had been gardener to Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, collector of the marbles which are ſtill known as the Arundelian, and are by his bequeſt preſerved at Oxford, obtained on the demolition of Arundel Houſe, in the Strand, ſome of the imperfect ſtatuary, and removed it to this place, which he converted into grounds for public recreation. In 1717 his ſon, John Cuper, ſold the ancient fragments, but the garden continued for many years

longer to be a reſort for pleaſure-ſeekers. The ſite is now occupied by narrow ſtreets, but was at one time covered by Beaufoy's great wine manufactory. See Brayley and Britton's *Hiſt. of Surrey*, iii. 334. Kennington, Lambeth, Camberwell, and other outlying localities bordering on the metropolis, have always been celebrated for their tea-gardens, which have not invariably borne the beſt character. The fulleſt particulars of Cuper's Garden, tracing back its hiſtory to a very remote period, may be found in Mr. Tanſwell's *Hiſtory of Lambeth*, 1858, p. 180. Cuper's Gardens were very much the ſame as Cremorne Gardens in our time; the amuſements conſiſted of dancing, ſinging, muſic, fireworks, &c., and at the outſet, I believe, a leading attraction was a Mr. Jones, who performed with aſtoniſhing ſkill (as it was thought) on the Welſh harp.

P. 119. *Weſtminſter Bridge.* This was the ugly ſtone ſtructure lately demoliſhed to make room for the ſplendid bridge now completed. The *old* bridge (as we ſhould call it) had itſelf ſuperſeded a timber one, of which the erection commenced, after a good deal of conſultation, in 1737. The works were under the ſuperintendence of a commiſſion, the members of which, for ſome very exquiſite reaſon doubtleſs, deliberately gave wood the preference to ſtone. See a humorous ſatire on the wooden bridge at Weſtminſter and its authors in Dodſley's Collection of Poems, edit. 1782, iii. 7.

P. 119. *Awful.* In the ſenſe of awe-inſpiring.

P. 121. *One Bell in the Strand.* I do not know whether this was a hoſtelry of any conſequence; but, at all events, I do not find it enumerated among the places of note in this way in a *Vade Mecum for Malt Worms* (1720).

P. 122. *The new church.* St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. See Stow's *Survey of London*, ed. 1720, book vi. pp. 69, 73. This new church had been conſecrated in 1726.

P. 126. *Our coach went on as faſt as the pavements would admit.* An extraordinary picture of the ſtate of the highways at this period is ſupplied in a work which was printed in

1768, *A Six Weeks' Tour through the Southern Counties of England and Wales*, 8vo. This narrative embraces a deſcription of ſome of the ſuburban roads out of London; and thoſe within the area of the metropolis were, even within the memory of thoſe ſtill living, not a whit ſuperior. Thoſe who were acquainted with Mancheſter before the introduction of recent improvements, or with Rouen or Antwerp, or many other continental towns, as they ſtill remain, can form a tolerably fair idea of the condition of the London thoroughfares prior to the preſent century, and indeed ſome way into the latter. Swift, in his *Journal*, gives a pitiful account of his travelling experiences in London and the outſkirts.

Gunning, deſcribing the ſtate of the ſtreets in Cambridge in 1794, ſays—"The wretched ſtate of the ſtreets had long been a diſgrace to the univerſity and town of Cambridge. The gutters were in the middle of the ſtreets, in ſeveral of which it was impoſſible for two carriages to paſs each other" (*Reminiſcences*, 1854, i. 319). Yet Charles II., in the firſt year of his reign, iſſued a proclamation for the improvement of the ſtreets in London and Weſtminſter.

The travelling-carriages of this date, beſides a place behind for the footman, were provided with accommodation of ſome kind for two ſervants, whoſe ſpecial buſineſs it was to help, when required, in extricating the vehicle or the horſes, or both, from ruts, &c. An equipage of this deſcription, built in 1741 in Long Acre, recently came under my notice; it was a wedding-coach, and though undoubtedly a curious relic, ſtruck the eye as ſingularly unwieldy. Labour was then comparatively cheap; this carriage coſt 95*l.*, equal, perhaps, to about 160*l.* of our money; and ſuch another could not be conſtructed at the preſent time under 300*l.*

P. 135. *Marlborough Downs.* "I am now come into the road to Marlborough. On the downs, about two or three miles from the town, are abundance of ſtones lying ſcattered about the plain, ſome whereof are very large. . . . They are called by

the country-people the *Grey Wethers*, and it muſt be confeſſed that they look not unlike ſheep ſtraggling upon the downs on a tranſient and diſtant view as travellers paſs. Theſe *Grey Wethers*, on a more curious inſpection, are found to be a ſort of white marble, and lie upon the ſurface of the ground in infinite numbers, and of all dimenſions."—*A Tour through Great Britain*, &c., edit. 1761, ii. 49-50.

P. 139. *Bath.* A good deſcription of this town, as it appeared in the firſt half of the laſt century, may be found in *A Tour through Great Britain*, &c., edit. 1761, ii. 285, *et ſeq.* There is alſo a tolerably copious account of it in a contemporary and very excellent little work called *England's Gazetteer*, 1751, 3 vols. 12mo.

P. 155. *Calling A E, and ſaying EE for E.* The pronunciation of A for E, as *Phadrus* for *Phædrus*, is ſtill an Iriſh idioſyncraſy; but as regards the latter part of the propoſition, it is curious enough that Lye, who was afterwards Archdeacon of Totneſs, recommends, in his very rare *Spelling-Book*, printed about 1690, the ſounding of E as if it were reduplicated, in words like *England*, &c. I am not aware that the opinion is one which has received ſupport among philologiſts, but our Iriſh fellow-countrymen certainly reduce the principle to practice, without being conſcious, perhaps, that it has received ſanction in print.[1]

[1] A New Spelling Book, or Reading and Spelling Engliſh made eaſie, wherein all the Words of Our Engliſh Bible are ſet down in Alphabetical Order, and divided into diſtinct Syllables, together with the Grounds of the Engliſh Tongue, laid in Pictures, Words, and Verſe, wherein are Couched many Moral Precepts. By the Help whereof (with God's Bleſſing) Little Children and others of Ordinary Capacities, may, in few months be enabled exactly to read and ſpell the whole Bible. The Fourth Edition. By Thomas Lye, Philanglus. London, Printed for Thomas Parkhurſt, at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapſide, near Mercers Chapel, 16[90]. Small 8vo., with woodcuts.

INDEX.

The MS. which has been employed, already contained an Index; but the latter was of ſo unſatisfactory a character, that it was thought better to prepare a freſh one.

3v

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