A TOUR TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND, IN 1788. BY THE REV. S. SHAW, M. A. FELLOW OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.*

THAT the human mind is happiest, when its powers are in a progressive state of improvement, will not, I believe, be denied. Employment concordant with its high nature and exalted wishes, is absolutely necessary, to enable it to enjoy that blissful state, of which it is capable even in this world. It is (to compare great things with small) like a well formed instrument whose tones and vibrations depend upon due tension and care, but whose harmony is enervated and destroyed by improper relaxation. He, therefore, who can exercise his intellectual faculties in a manner worthy of them, promotes materially his own happiness at least, and if he can add any thing, either instructive or entertaining to the knowledge of others, deserveth no mean praise of the public.

It was with this conviction, that last summer, when the town began to grow dull and empty, and all nature was in its most beautiful state, we determined to undertake a tour over some part of England. To mark the varying face of countries; to behold the different states of edifices; to view the strong, the beautiful, and the stupendous buildings, which ages, so unlike our own, either awed by fear, or inspired by religion, have erected; to tread upon the ground, where heroes and sages have been nurtured, or have resided; to behold with penitent regret, the decay of ancient families; to trace and to observe the rise and fall of cities, are intellectual exertions, that surely may delight the most cultivated minds.

It was very long before our ancestors became acquainted with the face of their own country. The monks to whom literature was confined, immured within their own gloomy walls, knew nothing of the geography of their country; and of those parts of knowledge, with which they were acquainted, they felt the importance too much in swaying the bulk of mankind, to disseminate them beyond the limits of their dark monasteries. This immoderate darkness being dispelled, and the great invention of printing being discovered, the bright rays of genius soon spread themselves over the world, illuminated every science and circulated every noble improvement of the mind.

The first who undertook to make himself acquainted with the subject we are now engaged in, and to display it to others, was Leland, who led by his own enthusiastic genius for our antiquities, traversed in search of knowledge, under the patronage of Henry VIII. every part of the kingdom; traced rivers, visited and described towns, seats, and churches; and rescued from impending destruction, as many of the innumerable historical papers and records, that were dispersed carelessly every where, (by the dissolution of religious houses), as the diligence of one man could, by extracting and transcribing, effect. His accuracy and his lively fancy have preferred, in his itinerary and his other works, many pleasing pictures of the state of buildings, &c. of those times, and many delightful memorials of families, that but for him had been buried in the womb of time. I know not a more entertaining as well as useful work, than his itinerary. But alas! this great man's designs were greater than all his efforts were able to execute. He left his fancies before he died; he was buried amidst the devastations, his great labours were intended to preserve.

Camden was the next bright genius that rose to forward that great work his predecessor had begun, "to restore antiquity to Britain, and Britain to antiquity." His innate abilities, and propensities to pursuits of this kind, while he was at the university, soon made him master of every latent particle that might be useful to himself, and to the

* London 1789, 8vo.

world.
world. Ten years were devoted to his researches for his Britannia, which he first published soon after the age of thirty; and which is such a lasting memorial of his services, as will not perish but with the English language.

The imitators of these two luminaries of topography, have been too numerous to come within the compass of this prefatory discussion. I will only observe that the endeavours of other nations, in illustrating matters of antiquity and geography would fall very short in comparison with our own. Where shall we find, beyond the limits of our own kingdom, a Plott, a Gibbon, or a Gough? The latter of whom is now happily employed, amidst his other able performances, in preparing a new edition of the Britannia, soon to be given to the world.

To walk humbly in the paths of such great men, and to gather flowers which they have hastily or inadvertently let fall, with those, which have sprung up beneath the nurturing hand of later times, can surely be called no mean or uninteresting employment.

Tours of this kind, though but moderately written, if taken through a considerable tract of country, must contain sufficient matter of instruction and amusement, to exercise the powers of the mind, by the most pleasing excursions, and add something to that employment, which makes time glide smoothly, if not rapidly, down the vale that leads to eternity.

It is a melancholy reflection, and a bad compliment to the taste of the age, to suppose that subjects of this kind should be neglected, or cast aside as unworthy traffic, while the hackneyed novel, whose greater insipidity is its only distinction, from the production of the preceding day; or the insidious tale of ribaldry and calumny, whose only support is its baseness and effrontery, arrest the attention of the multitude, and find encouragement and reward.

To accommodate those readers, whose taste cannot relish the unadorned narration of history, the following pages are occasionally interspersed with digressions of fancy, and descriptions of the mute, but plain facts and common occurrences are faithfully and simply minutely as they were observed.

If novelty has any charms in the composition of a Tour, the course this has taken may without vanity or self-importance, claim some degree of merit. Numerous have been the descriptions of the North of England and Scotland, while the Western beauties of this Isle lie almost unnoticed, at least in any regular and extensive route. And though they cannot boast the same sublime features of lake and rock, yet they display an infinite variety of other objects, with no small share of the romantic and beautiful.

The visitor is here delighted, though perhaps he may not be so much surprised, while he obtains an accurate and distinct knowledge of the fertility of his country and the opulence and resources of its people.

These were the reasons that determined us in August, 1788, to fix upon a Tour through the West of England. The summer had been dry and backward, but the rains had at length fallen, and produced an abundance, and a verdure on the face of the country, that added to our hopes of pleasure. We were some days in deliberation about the exact course we should pursue, during which time we took the opportunity of visiting several places in the environs of London. But before we proceed it may not be improper to make a few observations and reflections, on this great centre of the kingdom, from whence all our tracks diverge, like the rays which are darted from the prime orb of the planetary system, to give life and light to the most distant and inferior parts.
If cathedrals and churches are the objects of our researches, where shall we find them more numerous and magnificent? nor can there be a moment’s doubt of the superiority of every other public edifice. Do we want to examine the nature of hospitals and other charitable institutions? No city in the universe can shew the like number of private and public charities. Are we delighted with the busy scenes of trade and traffic? where shall we find them on a larger scale than on the banks of Thames!—No eye can well view a greater quantity of shipping, than this noble river exhibits; and in the wonderful architecture of bridges it stands unrivalled. Many of these principal features it is true we view every day in the common intercourse with London, and are contented with the cursory manner in which we see them; we have also various books to refer to, for particular accounts; but the former ought not to be the prevailing argument of general ignorance, nor the latter sufficient to satisfy, without personal inspection, the mind of the curious.

It would be foreign to my present purpose to enter into the minutiae of this vast city. But a few further remarks upon its progresse flate may not be improper. If we compare its present appearance with that in Queen Elizabeth’s time, the difference is almost incredible. By calting my eye over a map of London in 1558, annexed to the first volume of Queen Elizabeth’s progresse, I obtained the following account.

The greater part from Temple-bar was quite in the country, except a few houses and gardens of the nobility on the banks of the Thames. Covent-garden was literally a garden, with only a row of houses along the Strand to Charing-cross. Holborn and St. Giles’s were far in the country, and only exhibited a few scattered houses and walls.

In the same manner we may trace all the west end of the town, but with less prospect of ever being raised to that magnificence and excellence we now see it. The rapidity with which this vicinity has been built, is sufficiently described in that anecdote of Lord Burlington, thus told by Mr. Walpole in his anecdotes of painting,* “that Lord Burlington being asked why he built his house in Piccadilly so far out of town? replied, because he was determined to have no building beyond him.” Little more than half a century has since enclosed Burlington house with new streets, that it is now in the heart of that part of London.

The city on the east and north sides was formerly much circumscribed to what it is at present. The tower flood quite separate like a well guarded place with fos and walls, in the country. White-chapel had but few buildings. Spital-fields exhibited nothing but trees and hedge rows. Bishop-gate street was more considerable. London bridge was then the only passage of that kind over the Thames. What noble fabrics have since been raised, the admiring passenger beholds with astonishment.

The villages that every way surround London partake greatly of its influence, and the yearly increase of buildings of every description is most wonderful. The gaudy villas and ginger-bread mansions of the citizens, to which they fly to enjoy the sweets of each weekly labour, and a few fresh hours of a more wholesome air, than what is impregnated with their mercantile effluvia; these retreats of comfort are too numerous to have a place in this present account. But we will not pass over all the more magnificent fabrics, &c. which present themselves in many charming situations, during several of our morning excursions. Indeed the environs of London might be made a tour of some time, and afford infinite variety and information to a thinking observer. We travel to admire and give accounts of other buildings, manufactures, and public places, without being able to describe the wonderful variety in and around this metropolis. But this is the common

error of mankind, and the rock on which most travellers split: we seek for distant objects of admiration, while perhaps the most pleasing ones, that daily lie before us, remain unnoticed; we visit foreign countries for improvement while we are ignorant of our own.

To enjoy a pleasant and tranquil ride, we first took the Edgware road towards the north, which presents us with a prospect of eight miles of fertile pasture, well fringed with wood and uninterrupted by superfluous buildings until we approach this small market town. Near this is Canons, the object of our excursio, which stands, I believe, in the parish or hamlet of Stanmore parva, as Whitchurch chapel certainly does, which is a chapel of to Stanmore magna. Canons was formerly the seat of the Lakes, a family no doubt of some continuance and respectability here, as they had allied themselves to the honourable family of Gerrard, of Harrow on the Hill, who had matched with the most noble and illustrious race of Seymour. The Hon. James Brydges, by marriage with Mary, only surviving daughter of Sir Thomas Lake, of this place in 1697, obtained possession of it, and afterwards succeeding to the Barony of Chandos, and being raised to the title of Duke, he built here one of the most magnificent palaces in the kingdom, and furnished it at an immense expense in the most superb manner. "The inside, (we are told,) was of exquisite workmanship. The stucco and gilt were done by the famous Pargotti. The great hall was painted by Bellucci; the pillars were of marble; the stair-case was extremely fine; and the steps were also of marble, every step being of one whole piece, about 22 feet in length. The avenue was spacious and majestic; and as it gave you the view of two fronts, joined, as it were, in one, the distance not admitting you to see the angle, which was in the centre; so you were induced to think the front of the house almost twice as large as it was," &c.

The chapel before-mentioned called Whitchurch (which is still remaining as a church to the neighbouring hamlet) is a "singularity both in its building and the beauty of its ornaments. The Duke at one time maintained there a full choir, and had the worship performed with the best music after the manner of the chapel royal." It cannot indeed be denied that this nobleman was superb and magnificent in his manner of living even to a fault, but it proceeded from the overflowings of a generous and munificent heart, he was the patron of literature, and the arts. He purchased, and in this place preferred Sir James Ware's valuable collection of MSS, which belonged to the Earl of Clarendon, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Calumny says, that much of the fortune he expended in this magnificent mode of living, he had gotten by his place of paymaster of the forces during the reign of Queen Anne. It is probable there may be some foundation for this. For certain it is that his father succeeded collaterally to the ancient barony of his family, without the estate that had formerly been annexed to it, at the time that he and the immediate ancestors of his branch, were living as country gentlemen (with only the title of Baronet) in their sequestered castle upon the banks of the Wye, in Herefordshire. His paternal inheritance therefore, could hardly supply him with much of the immense sums that he squandered.

It is with indignation that I mention, that Pope, notwithstanding the Duke's general munificence and encouragement to literature, nay more, notwithstanding his particular hospitality, patronage, and even a present of 1000l. to him, could mean nobody else than the Duke in his description of Timon, and no other place than this in that of Timon's Villa—the reproach which this unwarrantable attack brought upon Pope, made him try every means to evade it; but in vain; the picture was too clear to be mistaken; after various and fruitless dissimulations, he at length fought by an excoriatory letter, to alluage the anger of the Duke: who handsomely forgave what he could not forget,
in an answer written with great magnanimity to this effect, "That to have ridiculed his
taste or his buildings had been an indifferent action in another man, but that in Pope,
after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been least
easily excused."

I shall here take the liberty of transcribing the passage, though long, not only because
it has a peculiar relation to this place, but because we must all (if we can forget for a mo-
moment the ingratitude of Pope) much admire it, as one of the most highly finished, and
best passages in his works:*

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand, of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there,
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught,
As brings all Brobdingnag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down;
Who but must laugh, the matter when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze?
Lo, what huge heaps of littlenesses around!
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground;
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the kennnels of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene;
No artful wildnesses to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye, inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sits thro' myrtle bower's;
There gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwater'd see the drooping tea-horse morn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dutiful urn.
My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen;
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First thro' the length of your hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study door he'll blest your eyes.
His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, these Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book,
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer;
Light quirls of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly flare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre;
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.

* Fourth of his Moral Epistles, verse 99.—It was first published I believe as a separate po
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To rest, the cushion and soft chair invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a Hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From foup to sweet wine, and God bless the king.
In plenty flattering, tantaliz'd in state,
And complacently help'd to all I hate.
Treated, cared for, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever past so ill.
Yet hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The labourer bears; what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies
Another age shall see the golden ear
Inbrowne the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has planned,
And laughing Ceres reaflame the land.

Pope's ill-natured prophecy was alas! too soon fulfilled. The Duke died* August 9th 1744, and "this large and costly palace by a fate as transient as its owner's" was levelled with the ground by public auction 1747, "and as if" (says Mr. Walpole,) "in mockery of sublunary grandeur, the site and materials were purchased by Hallet the cabinet-maker."

I have heard that by the sale of the materials of the house, he not only repaid himself the purchase-money of the whole estate, but built the present villa. But this ill-fated place has since been subject to yet greater degradation. † It has been sold to O'Kelly, the famous champion of the turf, and since his death, is still occupied by his family—Part of the grand avenue is yet remaining and the ground around it has now some traces of a fine park. The chapel at Whitchurch still continues the burial place of the Chandos family.

More northward and nearer London, are seen two beautiful hills, Hampstead and Highgate, which for situation, air and extent are justly admired. From Hampstead Heath the circular view is beautiful and extensive, commanding much of the country towards Northampton, and far into the county of Ely in eastward. Over the wide extend-

* His widow died at Shaw Hall by Newbury, in Berks, (since the seat of Sir Joseph Andrews.) His son, Henry Duke of Chandos, resided at Biddenden, in Hants, where he died 1771—and his son James, the present Duke, has his principal seat at Avilion, in Hants.
† Mr. Hallet, the grandson, who sold Cannons, has realized in 1787, a large estate in Berkshire. He has bought the Dunchell and manor (of which, being old, he means to retain only part as a sporting box) at Wittenham; an estate that had been for more than two centuries in that ancient and respectable family. He has also bought the manor and estate at Farrington, of Mr. Pye, the Member for Berkshire, whose family also has possessed that, for more than 200 years. Thus ancient families become extinct or fall to decay. And trade and the fluctuation of human affairs have at one moment thrown into the hands of one man, a property which supported two families in respectability at the head of their country for a long and important period of our history.

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ing city, the eye is carried with a pleasing sight of Black-heath; Shooter's-hill, &c. into Kent. South-east, the opposite beauties of Sussex-hills, and the richly crowded Richmond are very striking; and to the west, the majestic castle of Windfor rifes uninterrupted.

The greatest adjacent beauties of this delightful village are Caen Wood, the noble seat of Earl Mansfield, and Fitzroy Farm, the elegant villa of Lord Southampton. The former, besides containing several excellent apartments, which do credit to the taste of Mr. Adam, the architect, and his noble employer, has round it the advantages of nature heightened by every improvement of art and judgment. The sloping lawns, and verdant swells surrounded by waving groups of rich foliage, captivate every beholder. A sweeter spot could not be well contrived, for the retirement and indulgence of that body, and that mind, fatigued with the drudgery and employments of the law. And how much muft its vicinity to the seat of his judicial exertions have increased its value! Our approach to the back front was by a narrow road at the bottom of Highgate-hill, which brought us amidst inclosures as sequestered as possible, to the gate of the grounds in the bottom; here are two or three unaffected pieces of water, which add greatly to the ruralness of the scene, and from hence we enjoyed a full view of the house, embosomed in woods, and fancied ourselves as much hid in country retirement, as if we had been far distant from the metropolis.

We next made an excursion through the east part of Middlesex to see Wanstead-house, situated on the edge of Essex and Epping forests.

Ifeldon, commonly called Islington, through which we now passed, was formerly esteemed so pleasantly feated, that in 1581 Queen Eliz. on an evening rode out that way to take the air;* where, near the town, she was in vironed with a number of beggars, which gave the Queen much disturbance. Whereupon Mr. Stone, one of her footmen, came in all haste to the Lord Mayor, and afterwards to Fleetwood the recorder, and told them of it. The same night the recorder sent out warrants into those quarters, and into Westminster, and the Duchy, and in the morning he went abroad himself, and took that day seventy-four rogues, whereof some were blind, and yet great usurers, and very rich. They were sent to Bridewell and punished.†

This road is one continued scene of streets and villages, that surround the populous town of Hackney, where opulence is largely displayed in many elegant villas, which every where bespangle the neighbourhood, till their luster becomes eclipsed by our approach to this magnificent seat and lordship called Wanstead-house, and park, which deserves particular notice, both as to its ancient and present state. It belonged by grant from Edward VI. 1549, to Robert Lord Rich, then Lord Chancellor, from which post he retired, 5. Edward VI. and died 1566.

Queen Elizabeth visited this place in one of her progresses, 14th July, 1561. It was in those days the estate of Robert Earl of Leicester, that Queen's favourite, who built very much upon it. After his death it came to the crown, and King James 1st, gave it to Sir Henry Mildmay, son of Sir Walter Mildmay, when he married the daughter of Sir Leonard Holiday, Knight, Alderman of London, who settled it upon his lady; but Sir Henry acting as one of the judges against King Charles 1st, forfeited all his estate by that notorious act of treason; upon which this seat and manor was granted away from his heirs, and sold to Sir Josiah Child, a merchant of London, who built the present

* Of an old building in this town which is still called Queen Elizabeth's lodge, a representation is given, with two views of Cannonbury-house in the same neighbourhood, in Queen Elizabeth's progresses, vol. 2, p. 200.
noble fabric, and was grandfather to the late Lord Tilney, whose nephew, Sir James Long, is now in possession of it.

Having entered the iron gates into the park, which seems a small inclosure of the great forest, the road winds circularly on each side a very large basin of water, in a shade of beautiful elms; this perhaps may be thought too formal for modern taste, but the mind is too much engaged in contemplating the grandeur of this noble palace in front, to be displeased with any trifling defects. As you draw near, its beauties become more distinct, and the title of architecture more striking; the whole is of Portland stone, and is esteemed, with justice, one of the most beautiful and magnificent private houses in Europe.

The entrance to this principal front, is by a fine flight of steps on each side, and grand portico of eight Corinthian pillars, supporting a rich pediment, in which are the Tilney arms finely sculptured. There are twenty windows on a floor, which convey an idea of great length, but the whole seems so truly proportioned, well elevated, and light, that it is impossible to view it without admiration; Mr. Colin Campbell was the architect, who, by the execution of this noble structure, has given hints to succeeding artists, but has never been rivalled by any imitations.

We now went to examine the interior decorations, which are said to poffess all the elegance and splendor of their time, and thought ourselves very fortunate to gain admittance, as Saturday is the only part of the week on which it is shewn. The hall is very magnificent, its dimensions 55 feet by 43 and 40. The walls are ornamented by three fine historical paintings; Coriolanus and his mother; Porphena; and Pompey taking leave of his family; all by Caffali. The ceiling is richly gilt and painted by Kent. To give further grandeur to this room, there are two large statues from the ruins of Herculaneum; one a very valuable representation of Livia, the wife of king Agrippa, the drapery of which is greatly admired; the other is Domitian.

On each side of this grand entrance are several small suites of rooms adorned with good pictures, and some historical tapestry; the principal, are St. Francis and a holy family, by Guido; a Virgin Mary, and Herod’s daughter holding the head of St. John, by Titian (supposed); a very beautiful small painting of the Virgin, our Saviour, and St. John, by Raphael. Two admirable fruit pieces, &c. and an excellent Cupid, by Corregio. The pencil of Kent has also adorned several of these ceilings. But the gallery or ball-room, which occupies one end of the house, is superlatively magnificent, its dimensions are 75 by 27, and proportionably high. The furniture, &c. is richly gilt and enbofted; the tapestry, story of Telemachus, imitable; over the chimney is an admirable painting of Portia, the wife of Brutus, by Schalken, who has given the finest effect of light from a lamp, I ever saw. The habitable apartments on the back front are the best and largest; the principal of which are the anti-chamber, 40 feet by 27, hung with excellent tapestry; the saloon, 30 feet square, richly gilt and enbofted; and the best dining-room 40 feet by 27, with historical paintings by Caffali. The views from some of these apartments are very extensive and beautiful; and where splendor and flow are such principal objects, one seldom meets with so splendid a combination of magnificence and convenience. The gardens and pleasure grounds are very extensive and beautiful, delightfully shaded, and adorned with water; near which the late Lord formed a most curious grotto, the mere workmanship of which, exclusive of the very valuable materials, cost 2000L. At the entrance is a splendid artificial anti-room, which leads to the principal object of our enquiries, large enough to entertain a company of 25, and judiciously adorned with every variety of shells, fossils, petrifications, &c.
only to attract the notice of visitors in general, but the admiration of naturalists and virtuosi.

To the south-east of London across the Thames, we find an agreeable ride in the vicinity of Blackheath. Greenwich-park and hospital are greatly to be admired: the one for its beautiful extensive views, which have invited to a residence several crowned heads; the other for its costly edifice and laudable institution.

Greenwich, commonly distinguished by the name of East Greenwich, is situated on the margin of the Thames, and was called in Saxon, Grenawie, signifying the Green-town or dwelling. The royal hospital stands partly on the ground where once stood the royal palace, in which Mary and Elizabeth, the two queens, were born; and here King Edward the VI. died. This palace was built by Humphry, duke of Gloucester, brother to King Henry V., and by a grant from his nephew, Henry VI., he was empowered to erect a castle and inclose a park. The tower of this castle, which was placed on the highest part of the park, was finished by Henry VIII., but is now quite destroyed; an observatory was erected on this spot by King Charles II. for the use of an astronomer royal, and from one of those celebrated characters, Flamsteed, it took its present name of Flamstead-house. King Charles II. also began the present superb hospital, and finished one wing for 36,000l. King William III. built the other wing; Queen Anne and King George I. continued the work, and King George II. finished this noble design.

The following anecdote, as queen Elizabeth was setting off in her progress into Essex, 1579, is recorded by Stow, and is a striking instance of her courage. The 17th of July, the queen’s majesty being on the river Thames, between her highness’s manor of Greenwich and Deptford, in her private barge, accompanied with the French ambassador, the earl of Lincoln, &c., with whom she entered into discourse about weighty affairs; it chanced that one Thomas Appletree and some others, being in a boat rowing up and down the same part of the river, he had a caliver or harque-buzo, with which he had discharged bullets, three or four times at random very rashly, and by great misfortune shot one of the water-men, labouring with his oar, (within six feet of her highness) clean through both his arms; the blow was so great and grievous, that it moved him from his seat, and forced him to cry out piteously, laying he was slain through the body. The man bleeding abundantly, the queen’s majesty showed such noble courage as is most wonderful to be heard and spoken of; she never bathed therewith, but bid him be of good cheer, and said, he should want nothing that might be for his ease, &c., &c. For which fact, the said Thomas being apprehended and condemned to death, was, on the 21st of July, brought to the water-side, where was a gibbet set up, directly placed between Deptford and Greenwich; and when the hangman had put a rope about his neck, he was by the queen’s most gracious pardon delivered from execution.

Not far from hence, the late Sir Gregory Page, baronet, (whose father was a brewer at Greenwich,) built a most costly and superb mansion, one of the largest private seats in England, which at his death, 1775, was bequeathed, with a large estate, to his nephew Sir Gregory Turner, of Amrotheden, in Oxfordshire, who has refitted but little here; and finding, I imagine, to noble a place in the vicinity of town, rather an incumbrance than a convenience, all the furniture and interior decorations, but the bare stone walls, were sold by public auction, and nothing but the shell still remains. Thus are the noblest fabricks of men destroyed by the caprice or necessities of their posterity. Could they but unfold the dark volume of events, what mortification must they feel to think...
think that their labours are so soon demolished, their costly palaces laid low, and their glories buried in oblivion.

Near this is a charming situation much frequented, where the archers used to perform their exercises upon particular occasions, and frequently in the presence of soveraigns: whence it took its name of Shooter's-hill.

We now proceeded on our tour, August 26th, through the remaining part of Middlesex, more familiarly known by the name of the Uxbridge road. On our left, for some time we have a view of Hyde-park and Kensington-gardens; the former, remarkable for its noble sheet of water, the Serpentine river, and other pleasing charms; the latter, for their beautiful walks, and ornaments designed by Queen Mary, and improved and greatly enlarged by Queen Anne and Caroline. The palace was originally an old mansion of the earl of Nottingham, bought and enlarged by King William, but of late years little honoured with a royal residence. Farther on, we view the back of Hollandhouse, built by Sir Walter Cope, master of the court of wards, in the reign of James I., whose daughter and heir, Isabel, by the interest of the court, carried it in marriage to Henry Rich, earl of Holland. It at present belongs to Henry Fox, who takes his title of baron from thence. It is beautifully situated on an eminence; the ground, which is of a fine verdure, falls in gentle declivities; and the trees are grouped with a pleasing effect.

The next remarkable object is the noble structure of Gunterbury-house, which was built by Inigo Jones, and was the seat of Sir John Maynard Knight, one of the commissioners of the great seal in the reign of William III. It afterwards belonged to Mr. Furnese, and was bought by the late Princeps Amelia of his executors, and since her death sold by public auction. It is situated between Acton and the great western road, with the principal front to the latter. Though the external part shows some of the bold and simple graces of that great master, yet the apartments are by no means adequate to this idea. The hall and saloon are the most magnificent rooms; the latter, a double cube of 25 feet, and superbly furnished. The rest are very inferior; not sufficiently large, nor well adapted for a place of state, nor convenient enough for private comforts. From the portico, which is grand and elevated, but too large, engrossing most of the front, the prospect is beautiful, and the adjacent grounds, are well adorned and modernised.

Betwixt this and the neatly formed village of Ealing, is another noble house belonging to the duke of Argyll, but the situation is too flat; and the whole too much concealed to attract much notice.

About two miles farther we deviated a small distance to the left, to see the magnificent structure of Oterley-houfe, built in a park by Sir Thomas Gresham. Though Sir Thomas had purchased very large estates in several counties of England, yet he thought a country seat near London, to which he might retire from business, and the hurry of the city, as often as he pleased, would be very convenient. With this view he bought this place, and here he built a very large and splendid seat, at which he sumptuously entertained Queen Elizabeth, about 1577. Her majesty found fault with the court of this house, as too great, claiming that it would appear more handsome if divided with a wall in the middle; upon which Sir Thomas, in the night time, sends for workmen to London, (money commands all things) who to speedily and silently apply their business, that the next morning discovered the court double, which was only single the night before. It is questionable whether the queen next day was more envious of the conformity to her fancy, or more pleased with the surprise and sudden performance thereof; whilst her courtiers diported themselves with their several expressions; some avowing
avowing it was no wonder he could so soon "change a building," who could "build a change;" others (reflecting upon some known differences in this knight's family) affirmed that a house is easier divided than united.* This feat is thus described by Norden: "Ofterley, or Oysterley, the house now of the lady Gresham's; a fine and flately building of brick, erected by Sir Thomas Gresham, knæc. citizen and merchant-adventurer of London, and finished about 1577. It standeth in a parke by him also impaled, well wooded, and garnished with manie faire ponds, which afforded not only fishe and fowle, as swanes and other water fowle, but also great use for miller, as paper-milles, oyle-milles, and corne-milles, all which are now decayed (a corne-mille excepted.) In the same parke was a very faire heronrie, for the increase and preservation whereof, sundry allurements were devised and set up, fallen to ruine." "Sir Thomas was so good a manager, that he knew how to make the best use of his pleasures, and even to render them profitable, as appears by the mills erected by him in this park. But no sooner was he gone, than this fine feat began to fall to decay, which has passed through several hands, since his time, and is now in the possession of Sir Francis Child, alderman of London, and member of Middlesex." Thus far have we its former state, from Ward's Life of Gresham, p. 17.

Let us now view its present condition in the possession of Mrs. Child, widow of Mr. Child, an eminent banker in London, descended from Sir Francis. The park is near five miles round, well watered and planted, but too much upon a flat; deer are pretty numerous, and on one side is a most elegant menagerie, with a choice and large collection of birds. The house stands nearly in the centre, is built in the form of an half H, with an immense portico in front, through which you enter, by steps, to the court leading to the hall. This room is the grand entrance, it measures 63 feet long, and is otherwise proportionable; the apartments are mostly large and convenient, and made elegant by the taste of Mr. Adam, the architect, and Zucchi, the painter, who was first employed here on his arrival into England; he has since distributed the graces of his pencil in many parts of the kingdom, particularly in the noble house of Mr. Ladeceles, at Harewood, in Yorkshire. The collection of paintings here are the admiration of most visitors, and contain some of the finest strokes of many excellent masters. On the ceiling of the stair-case, is the apotheosis of William, prince of Orange, who was enthroned at Delft, by Ballages Gerrard, 1584; painted by Rubens. The breakfast-room, good common fize, undecorated, except by some tolerable pictures. The library is very handsome, 33 feet by 25. Dining-room is 36 by 24; here the excursions of Zucchi, &c. are beautifully conspicuous. The gallery is one of the noblest private rooms I ever saw. Its dimensions, 136 feet by 27, and elegantly furnished, but more particularly with those enchanting subjects of contemplation, which usually adorn such noble walls; amongst which I had time to remark, with the assistance of a catalogue, two full-sized pieces, at the extremities of the room, of Charles I. on horseback, with the duke de Pernon holding his helmet, by Vandyke; the other, Villiers, duke of Buckingham, by Rubens. A charming landscape of gipsies dressing their dinner, by Salvator Rosa; morning and evening, which display all that rich and soft colouring of their admirable painter, Claud Lorrain; also two others of the same fize, with the Angel and Tobit; Apollo and the Sybil, by S. Rosa; two more fine landscapes, by Salvaux Poulsen; Lord Strafford, by Vandyke; Cain killing Abel, by Late; Jonas and the Whale, S. Rosa; Coplantone's arch, with figures and cattle, by Viviano and

* Fuller's Worthies, Middlesex, 177.
† This was the feat of the famous Parliament-General, Sir William Waller.
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Bombaccio; the lights and shades on the building are very clear and beautiful. The drawing-room answers to the dining-parlour in size; here are two pieces, Jacob and Rachael, and Samuel anointing David, by Titian; Vandyke’s head, by himself, thought to be an original. Beyond this are three square rooms, called the French, English, and Italian; the first distinguished by most exquisite tapestry, of the richest French manufacture, interpersed with several of Mr. Child’s favourite birds; the second by a magnificent state-bed and furniture; the last by curious Italian paper. The views from the several windows are picturesque, and from Mrs. Child’s elegant dressing-room, the prospect towards Hampstead is very fine.

From hence to Uxbridge the country is very flat and unpleasant, nothing but the distant view of Harrow on the hill to attract the eye, which is an agreeable object for many miles; tho’ however who are fond of the business of agriculture, may shake off the general dulness by an attention to the nature and improvement of the soil, which is peculiarly rich. Hepton parish, adjoining to Ofterley, is described by Norden, (p. 15) as “a most fertile place of wheate, yet not so much to be commended for the quantity as the quality; for the wheat is most pure, accompted the purest in many shires; and therefore Queen Elizabeth hath the most part of her provision from that place for manchet for her highness’s diet, as is reported.”

In the neighbourhood of Hays, are found two kinds of soil: one very heavy, and the other light turnip land. The former they use chiefly for wheat and beans; but sow them in a course peculiar to themselves: they fallow for wheat, and after that few beans; whereas in land strong enough to yield those crops, beans should be the fallow, by means of a thorough good cleaning, and wheat succeed them; which is the practice in the richest parts of Essex. Very few oats or barley are sown in these heavy tracts; in the lighter ones their method is, 1. turnips; 2. barley, or, 3. clover; 4. wheat; than which none can be better.

Between Hillingdon and Uxbridge, on the right is a white house, pleasingly situated, and well adorned with wood, the ground falling in gentle declivities around it. It lately belonged to Mrs. Talbot, aunt, I believe, of Lord Talbot, but is now inhabited by the marchioness of Rockingham.

Farther on the right, before we came to Uxbridge, we left Harefield, once famous for the residence of the counts of Derby, before whom Milton’s Arcades was then presented. Norden, as cited by Mr. Warton, thus describes it in his Speculum Britanniae (about 1592.) “There Sir Edmund Anderson, kn. lord chief justice of the Common Pleas, hath a faire house, standing on the edge of the hill. The river Colne passing near the same, tho’ the pleasant meadowes and sweet pastures, yealding both delight and profit.” I viewed this house (adds Mr. Warton) a few years ago, when it was for the most part remaining in its original state. Milton, when he wrote Arcades, was still living with his father at Horton, near Colnbroke, in the same neighbourhood;

Uxbridge is a small market town. In Leland’s time it consisted of one long street, built of timber. The church is only a chapel of ease to Hillingdon, a proof it is not very ancient. In Camden’s time it was full of inns; those which it has at present are very indifferent, particularly, when we consider its propinquity to London. It gives the title of earl, to lord Paget, whose ancestors had a seat, called Drayton, in this

• Young’s Six Weeks Tour, p. 91, 52.
• In his Edition of Milton’s Juvenile Poems, p. 96.
• This lady Derby afterward, married lord chancellor Gecoton, for whose son, John earl of Bridgeswater, Milton wrote his Comus.
neighbourhood. We stopt to dine at the principal inn, the Crown, and afterwards entered the county of Bucks, pursuing the Oxford road about three miles.

Far on our left hand lay Stoke Pogis, which anciently belonged to the family of Pogis, whose heiress in Edward III's time married lord Molines, he in the 8th of that king's reign, obtained a licence to make a castle of his manor-house here. From him it descended to the lords Hungerford, and from them to the Hatlings's, earls of Huntingdon. Edward Hatlings, created a knight by Queen Mary, lord Loughborough, was buried in the chapel here of his own creation, and many others of the Molines's, Hungerfords, and Hatlings's, were buried in the church. This manor seems afterwards to have belonged to lord Chancellor. The mother of Mr. Gray, the poet, had a small house in this parish, and here she computed the years of many days of the earlier part of his life. And the mansion before mentioned was the scene of that beautiful poem of his, called the Long Strat, which opens with the following excellent description of this, and all other seats of that age.

In Britain's isle no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands,
The Hunting, sons, and Hallows there,
Employed the works of Fairy hands.

To raise the building still so high,
Each panel with pannels adorns the tow,
Each window that enlivens the light,
And vases that adorn the tow.

Full of Within the house,
When he, my lord, was at home,
My brave Lord kneel'd for want of shoes,
The feet and made did dwell before him.

His bushy beard, and nose-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat and chain doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen.
The Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

Lady Cobham then resided here. I cannot help here observing what sacred ground we were now upon. Milton resided long in this neighbourhood before mentioned. Waller lived at Beaconsfield, as we shall presently have occasion to notice. Pope long dwelt no great distance from here at Binfield in Windsor Forest, and Stoke-Pogis was much frequented by his sublime, and the pathetic Gray. I must here break off in the words of some of their authors,

"I leaned on the venerable wall, I roved,
On the oak's strong branch along the grove,
And through the shade and sunbeam trust the glades.
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We now left the Oxford road, and took another through an agreeable valley and excellent road, on our way to Amersham. About five miles beyond Uxbridge, at a lilliance on our left, we passed Bulstrode-Park, the paternal seat of the duke of Port-

* Hatton preferred by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person, and fine dancing.
† Pope's Wind. o0 Forest, vers. 265.
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land, the park is extensive, well planted, and varied with perpetual swells and slopes, though in the shift of a fine country. This had formerly been the seat of a family of its own name, who had been of much consideration in this county, since the reign of Edward I. of which the heiress was mother of Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke; one of Cromwell's lords, a man well known, who after the restoration retiring to Chiltonpark, in Wilts, died there in great retirement, and died at that place July 28, 1675. This seat afterwards belonged to the infamous lord chancellor Jeffreys, by who's attainer at the revolution it fell to the crown, and thence came by grant to William, the first earl of Portland, who came over from Holland with William III. and died here 1700. Thence passing on through the same agreeable valley we left Beaconfield still further on the left, made immortal by the birth and residence of Waller the poet, whose family now continue there in opulence, and by the present habitation of the celebrated Edmund Burke, at Gregories, another house once belonging to the Wallers.

On our right we left Cheneys, formerly the seat of a family of that name, of very long continuance in this county, but afterwards the principal seat of the Russels, earls of Bedford, when they first had footing in these parts, at the time they were raised to the peerage, and an immense estate, of church-lands, in that harvest of fortunes, the dissolution of monasteries. It still belongs to the family (who seem never to have been squanderers) though Woburn Abbey, in Bedfordshire, i. e. now their chief seat.

Amersham is an ancient market-town, which sent members to parliament, as early as the reign of Edward I. Leland, in Henry VII. 's time, calls it pretty, and says, it then consisted of a street well built with timber and had a market on friday. It had belonged to Stafford, duke of Buckingham, and on his attainer fell to the king, and in this writer's time was granted to Lord Russel;' the place cannot now boast either of buildings or of populousnefs. We sall at the Green, the best house the place affords, but of indifferent accommodations. The next morning we continued up the same delightful valley, and passed Shardeloes, in this parish, the seat of Mr. Drake. This seat in 1531, belonged to Henry Brudenell, esq. ancestor to the earls of Cardigan, and duke of Montague, &c. This, and the manor of Raams, in this parish, they continued to possess for several generations, and were buried in a chapel appropriate to these manors, of Amersham church; particularly as Leland mentions, Edmund Brudenell, father of Sir Robert, chief justice of the Common Pleas, 1520, and Drew Brudenell, his elder brother. Sir Robert being a younger brother settled at Dean, in Northamptonshire, the present seat of his descendant lord Brudenell. The Drakes have been settled at Shardeloes for about 150 years at least. The old seat was a noble one, and remarkable for its fine gardens. The present Mr. Drake has rebuilt it in a manner much admired, but it does not seem to make a great figure from the road. The park and grounds are beautiful; the gentle swells of rich verdure crowned with groups of charming foliage, and the lawn falling gradually to the water's side, form the most picturesque assemblage one can well conceive. The channel of this water, which is well formed by nature for the purpose, only wants properly cleansing, to make the scene quite complete. The borough of Amersham belongs to Mr. Drake, who, and his eldest son, are the present members; the patronage of the rectory also belongs to him, which is very valuable. I had almost forgot to mention, that the parsonage house appears advantageously on the hill above the town, the present incumbent doctor John

* Sir William Drake, of Shardeloes, was created a baronet July 17, 1647. The present family are collateral to him. Arms, Arg. a Wyvern Gules, same as those of Ash, Co. Devon.
church, where an handsome monument and inscription is erected to his memory. Near Chiton, is Wotton, the seat of the Grenvilles (now of Stowe) at least from the time of Henry I.

Close on our left from Ailesbury, we passed Quarendon, the ancient residence of the Lees, afterwards Earls of Lichfield, who took their second title from hence. They had a park here, with fine orchards in Leland’s time. As an instance of the fertility of this vale, it is affirmed, that not long since, the pasture of Beryfield, part of the estate of Lord Robert Lee, in the manor of Quarendon, let for 8 ec. a year; and that the lordship of Cresswell, consisting only of 100 acres, is let for the same. We proceeded forward through a dreary country and bad roads, leaving on our right, Wing, formerly a religious house, and then granted to the Dormers, one of those families who rose by the dissolution of religious houses, though they have almost ever since continued papists. It came as Eythrop did, to Sir William Stanhope, who pulled down the seat here, which was built by Inigo Jones. Hence we arrived at Winflow, which King Offa gave to the monastery of St. Alban’s, in a council held at Verulam, 794.

From this place we passed on towards Buckingham, leaving on our left, Middle Clayton, an house which the present Earl Verney (of an ancient family in this county), built at an immense expense, there being a profusion of costly carvings in it. Further on is Addington, once the seat of the Bullys: and somehow on our right lay Whaddon Hall, the habitation, in early times of the Giffords, hereditary keepers of Whaddon chafe; from whom it passed to the Pigots, and they sold it to the Lords Grey of Wilton, who lived before at Blechley, near adjoining. The last Lord Grey forfeited it in the reign of James I. being one of Sir Walter Raleigh’s supposed accomplices; it was then granted to the favourite Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, of whose son Dr. Willis bought it, and from him it descended to Browne Willis, the antiquarian. We now proceeded through the same unpleasant country to Buckingham. This small county town is situated partly low and partly on the side of an hill, and almost surrounded by the river Ouse; but the church, which is a fine stone building, stands on a considerable eminence, so as to form an object from Stowe gardens. About ten years ago the old church fell in, and this modern fabric was erected for 7000l. on the spot where originally stood the castle; for we read, that King Edward the Elder, about 918, fortified this town with a rampart and turrets on both sides the river, against the incursions of the Danes; and on a great mount was built a strong castle, formerly in the possession of Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham, but long since destroyed. Yet this place seems to have been inconspicuous at the conquest, as in the reign of Edward the Confessor, according to Dooms-day book, it paid but for one hide, and had 16 burgesses. A fire in 1725, destroyed great part of the town; but this misfortune was not the cause of another phoenix rising from its ashes; the streets and buildings are still irregular and bad. A handsome town hall has indeed been finished about four years. The manufacture of lace is yet flourishing, as well as at Ailesbury, &c. but Newport is the principal seat of this art; which I imagined would have been much injured by the patent frame work, at Nottingham; still the notable and industrious find a good subsistence by it in these parts.

From the Cobham Arms, where we had been well entertained, we proceeded to visit Stowe, the noble ornament of this place, and county, mostly indebted to the taste and spirit of the great Lord Cobham, and afterwards to the late Earl Temple his nephew. Stowe was formerly part of the possessions of Ofeney Abbey, and belonged to the bishop of that place, when Henry VIII., on the dissolution, erected the abbey into a cathedral.
but that capricious monarch soon changing his mind, removed the foundation to Christchurch; and Stowe followed the fortune of the abbey, till Queen Elizabeth, having taken the estates into her hands, on a vacancy of the fee of Oxford, granted this manor and estate in 1590, to John Temple, Esquire*, a gentleman of a very ancient family, seated at Temple-hall, in Leicestershire. A park of about 200 acres, was inclosed by his descendant, Sir Peter Temple; whose son, Sir Richard, after the restoration, rebuilt the manor house, and settled 50 a year on the vicarage; which, in the hands of the abbots, had been very poorly endowed. This gentleman's son was created Baron Cobham, 1714, by George I. and in 178, Viscount Cobham, with a collateral remainder to his second father Heffer, wife of Richard Grenville, Esq. of Wotton, in this county. She, upon the death of Lord Cobham, S. P. 1759, succeeded to these titles, and was created Countess Temple a month after her brother's death. Hence this family of Grenville, which had been of ancient standing at Wotton, succeeded to this mansion, estate and title. But this seems to have been hard upon Lord Cobham's eldest sister Mary, who was cut off from her hopes at least, if not her right, for having married, without consent his lordship's chaplain, Dr. Weft, whose birth could be no disgrace to such an alliance, as he was a descendant of the noble family of Delawar. Nor was the issue of this match less conspicuous by personal powers and accomplishments than by birth. Every body has heard of the able and the amiable poet, Gilbert Weft, of whom Dr. Johnson says, "that a stroke of the paddle, in 1785, brought to the grave one of the few poets, to whom the grave might be without its terrors."† Lord Cobham was the person who laid out the lawns, who planted the groves, and erected the buildings. He seems to have cared for the house, which his father built, and to have added the corridors, and the wings, so as to form the North Front, which is now) the old front. The grounds were then laid out with that regularity, which was, at that time, wonderfully admired. The buildings were most of them seen together; and as art was the characteristic of the gardens of those times, Stowe was then the delight of the age. Hence a prejudice has gone abroad, that it is formal and old fashioned; but this is ill founded. Stowe has altered with the times. And these grounds have undergone the reforming hand of Brown, the great genius of modern gardening, who was first brought up in the service of this family. Under his nurturing care the woods have grown (and are every day growing) to conceal and soften the buildings. And as to architecture, Wyatt, the genius of the present days, has added, at the expense of the late Earl Temple, a new front to the south east, with a superb suite of apartments, in a style of beauty and magnificence, that can scarcely be equalled in the kingdom.

Our approach to the large Corinthian arch, situated on an eminence about half a mile from the house, gave us a full view of the garden front, or new façade finished by Wyatt. We could here only admire this majestic pile, and its verdant surrounding beauties without being able to inspect them minutely. The garden gates were now opened to us, and we walked the whole extent, near 400 acres, amidst groves and temples, and meandering streams, that seemed like the visionary enchantments created by the fancy of poets. "Though some of the buildings (says Walpole) particularly those

* The Peckes say that Peter Temple, the father of this John, was the first who settled at Stowe, and this is inferred upon the picture of Peter Temple, as printed in the Guide; perhaps, he might leave it from the Crown. The account in the text is taken from Willis's History of the Hundred of Buckingham, the best authority. Upon the death of Viscount Cobham S. P. the title of Harcourt went to a distant collateral branch, who now enjoy it.

† Admiral Weft was another son, who married a daughter of Admiral Balchen. His widow and one of his sons, a captain in the navy, and the widow and illev of another son, are now living in London.
of Vanbrugh and Gibbs, are far from beautiful; yet the rich landscapes occasioned by the multiplicity of temples and obelisks, and the various pictures that present themselves as we shift our situation, occasion surprize and pleasure, sometimes recalling Albano’s landscapes to our mind, and oftener to our fancy the idolatrous, and luxurious vales of Daphne and Tempe. It is just to add, that the improvements made by Lord Temple have profited of the present perfect style of architecture and gardening. The temple of Concord and Victory prefiguring over so noble a valley, the great arch designed by Mr. T. Pitt, and a smaller in honour of Princess Amelia, disclosing a wonderfully beautiful perspective over the Elysian fields to the Palladian bridge, and up to the castle on the hill, are monuments of taste, and scenes, that I much question if Tempe or Daphne exhibited.

Having viewed the principal objects and external beauties of this delightful place, in a round of between three and four hundred acres, we now approached the new front, and proceeded to inspect its internal grandeur and decorations. A flight of 31 steps, designed in a masterly manner, leads up to the grand portico of six Corinthian pillars, the pediment is plain and handsome, and the whole of the centre building of exquisite workmanship, wrought with various medallions and effigies. The pavilions too are no less conspicuous in beauty and ornament. In the recesses of the Loggia, we observed two very fine antiquities, a Cybele and a Juno in white marble, the drapery exceedingly beautiful. We now entered the saloon, a most elegant oval, lighted by a central dome. Its dimensions are 60 by 43, and 56. The ceiling is divided into a multiplicity of highly decorated compartments. The cornice is of the Doric order; above is a magnificent alto-relievo, designed and executed by Signior Valdrè, an artist brought here by the Marquis. The cornice is supported by 16 columns in Scuola, representing Sicilian jasper, by Signior Bartoli, the luttre of which appears at present superior to real marble. The pavement is of fine Maffa Carrara marble, cut in four feet squares. This noble room is intended to be illuminated with sixteen magnificent crystal lights, &c. which when quite complete will be most superb. The hall designed and painted by Kent, is in the old part, and the grand entrance of the north-west front. Its dimensions are 36 by 22 and 26. The ceiling is adorned with a curious allegorical painting, in allusion to King William’s gift of a regiment to Lord Cobham, at his entrance into the army. The other principal ornaments round the walls are eight antique marble busts. On each side the Hall are old apartments of dressing and bed rooms, full of pictures, but not now shewn. These apartments lead to the circular Corridores, each of 27 Ionic columns, &c. We next visited the chapel, which is small and inadequate to so noble a place. The cedar wainscoted, and a copy of the Holy Lamb, by Rubens, are the only things worth mentioning. Adjacent to this we saw the intended library, a room of considerable size, 45 by 25 and 20, at present little more than a shed, but when finished, it no doubt will be worthy notice; from hence we were conducted to the Marchioness’s dressing room, 32 by 26 and 19, neatly furnished with white damask, besides a considerable collection of paintings by various masters, some of which are undoubted originals, particularly the portraits of the Protector-Duke of Somerset, and Lord Admiral Thomas Seymour, his brother, said to be the only one extant. We find several of her Ladyship’s own ad-

* I had carefully transcribed most of the inscriptions that adorn these numerous buildings, with an intention to infer them, particularly those over the bulls on the Temple of British Worthies, as being well written and worth preserving; but I concluded since that they are sufficiently known from the Guides which have been published, and I also found more original matter afterwards crowding upon my pen, than one volume could easily contain.
mirable performances; that of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the Tragic muse supported by pity and horror, is very striking; the original, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, I saw in the royal exhibition, and think this a most excellent copy. On the frame is the following inscription from Shakespeare's Henry V.

Oh! for a muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention.

The Grenville room, 32 by 26 and 19, green damask, hung with a numerous collection of portraits of the Temple and Grenville families. Peter Temple, Anno 1560, John Temple, his son, founder of Stowe, Sir Thomas Temple, Bart. Hefer Sandys of Latimer, in Bucks, his wife, who from four sons, and nine daughters, lived to see 700 descendants*. After a long series, several of which are by Cornelius van den, we come to Sir Richard, father of lord Cobham; lord Viscount Cobham, by Vanloo; Mary, sister to lord Cobham, wife to Dr. Weft, and afterwards of Sir James Langham; the portraits of Richard Grenville and his wife Hefer, the latter, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; Richard, Earl Temple; right honourable George Grenville, second son, who was father to the Marquis of Buckingham; the honourable Thomas Grenville, captain of the Defense, 64 guns, who was killed in defence of his country, May 3d, 1747.

The billiard room, 29 and 26, and 19, hung with fine tapestry from drawings of Teniers. Here are a few portraits; the principal one of the Marquis de Vieuville, ambassador to Charles I. by Vandyke. A table of Giallo Antique. Chimney piece of Sciacola, made at Rome. Adjacent to this is an excellent dining room, 42 by 25, and 19. The paintings, not numerous, are Christ rising from the tomb, by Tintoretto; a very fine piece of Sampson in the prison at Gaza, but this not certain, some call it an Italian story, by Rembrandt; four conversation pieces, by Francesco Cippo; a view of the Tiber above Rome, unknown; a curious marble chest found on the road to Tivoli, and brought from Rome by the Marquis. Next, a drawing room, 31 by 25 and 19, beautiful tapestry of Dutch designs, from Teniers. Over the chimney, a curious head of St. Peter in mosaic, finished so deceitfully, that the best judges can scarce tell how it is wrought; some believe it paint, others, tapestry, &c. The music room, very magnificent, 50 by 32 and 22. At each end are Sciacola pillars; a profusion of gilt, and other ornaments executed by Signor Valdré, with infinite taste and genius. The general idea of his pencil on the walls, is taken from the Loggia of Raphael at Rome. The ceiling represents, in beautiful colours, the dance of the Hours, the Seasons, and Aurora round the Sun, which forms the centre; Night retiring in her gloomy mantle under a cloud. The chimney piece is Roman; the tables of fine Verde Antique. The effect of the whole is uncommonly striking and superb. We now pass through the saloon to the state apartments. The drawing room of the same dimensions as the last described. Furniture orange damask. Among the principal paintings are; Hagar and Ishmael, by Pietro de Cortona; the Prodigal Son, by Guercino; Moses burying the Egyptian, by Poussin; two landscapes, by the same; the burial of Christ, by Baffan; a fine landscape, by Teniers; a knight of the Bath, by Vandyke; Holy Family, by Rubens; and an admirable picture of Venus, by Titian; which was brought from the collection of Gavin Hamilton, at Rome. The Italian chimney-piece, glades, and other furniture and ornaments, are rich and beautiful. The state gallery, 70 by 25 and 22, displays an equal share of magnificence and splendor; chimney pieces of

* Fuller's Worthies.

Sienna
Sienna marble; two fine marble tables of Nero Antique, the ceiling much gilt and painted; and the walls hung with curious tapestry, representing the Triumphs of Ceres, Bacchus, Venus, Mars, and Diana. Here are also four emblematical paintings in Clare-obscure. The chairs, window-curtains, &c. are of blue silk damask. The state dressing room contains a good portrait of the late field Marshal, Viscount Cobham, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; two fine pictures of a Burgo-maiter and his wife, Van Bort; and a head unknown, by C. Janlen. The state bed room, is 50 by 35 and 17, hung with crimson damask, and richly gilt and carved. The closets are highly ornamented and contain, amongst other pictures, a St. Francis, by Corregio; offering of the Magi, by Paul Veronese; a candle light piece, by Schalken; and a valuable picture of La Belle Ferroniere, mistres to Francis I. of France, by Leonardo da Vinci.

From hence we proceeded through Middleton Stoney in our way to Woodstock. The country hereabouts is very uninteresting, and the roads intolerably bad. About four miles from Middleton, we saw on our left a handsome built house, incircled in fine groves, the seat of Mr. Farmer, and called Termon. From this small place where we dined, the evening grew dark and the objects around became obscured, however, we had time to observe about four miles beyond Middleton, the seat and park of Lord Jerfey, and three miles farther, on our left Kirtlington-house, situated in an extensive park, the seat of Sir Henry Watkin Dalwood, Bart. From hence we found the road very intricate, and after many difficulties, gladly arrived at the Bear Inn, Woodstock. This small town has a neat church, newly finished with an elegant stone tower; the houses are mostly of the same materials, and inns excellent. The inhabitants are much employed in the glove and felt business, the latter of which is here brought to the highest perfection, by a brilliancy of polish peculiar to this place, which owes its original to an ingenious watch-maker, who first established it here about seventy years ago. Woodstock park seems to have been a royal seat, ever since the days of King Alfred, who is said to have resided Boethius de Constatine Philosophie here. King Etheldred held an assembly of the states, and enacted several laws here. Henry I. was fond of this palace, to which he made additions, and enclosed the park, said to have been the first in England with a stone wall. But Doomsday book proves parks to have existed at the time of its compilation. It is probable therefore this was the first time, such a mode of enclosure was used. Henry II. had his chief residence here, and built his mistres, the fair Rosamond, an house in the park, and to secure her from the jealousy of his Queen, encompassed it with a labyrinth so intricate, that none might find her, except such as had received the clue from her. Yet even in Camden's time there were no remains of the labyrinth. At this palace Edmund, second son of Edward I. (afterwards Earl of Kent), and Thomas 3d son of Edward III. (created Duke of Gloucester) were both born, and both were thence surnamed of Woodstock. Here the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen, was some time kept a prisoner, and not in the best apartments. She was brought from the tower hither under the conduct of Sir Henry Bedingfield. As the passed, the people rejoiced and the bells rang; but this so displeased her keeper, that he put the ringers in the stocks. This raised such suspicions in the Princes, that she said to her

Yet this retreat is said not to have availed her. The Queen discovered it and used her to confess, she did not long survive it. She had a fine tomb at Godlow, a village near Oxford, before the dissolution of that Nunnery, with this inscription.

Mis jacet in tumba rofa mundi, non rofa munda,
Non redeolet, sed olet, qure redolere soleat—

friends,
friends, "As a sheep to the slaughter, so am I led." She was kept under a guard of soldiers night and day; and a fire happening between the floor of her chamber, and the ceiling of the room be'w, (fulfected purpoeley) she had infallibly perished, had not somebody pulled up the boards and quenched the flames. Here one day looking pensively through her prifon-window, she observed a maid in the park milking a cow, and merrily singing over her pail, whereupon she exclaimed, "that liberty and fearlessness were more valuable than all the greatnes in the world, and wished that she were rather that milk-maid than a Prince." From henceforth this palace continued in the crown, and Fuller in his Worthies (published since the restoration) calls it a fair building. However it was then in its wane, and by a print of it in Queen Elizabeth's progress, from a drawing in the beginning of this century, it appears there were at that time but inconsiderable remains. Afterwards Queen Anne, with the concurrence of Parliament, granted all the interest of the crown in the honor and manor of Woodstock, and hundred of Wotton to John, Duke of Marlborough and his heir, as a reward of his eminent and unparalleled services in gaining, by his courage and conduct, divers victories over the French and Bavarian army at Shellenberge, and other places; but more especially at Blenheim, by which the Frontiers of Holland were secured, and England and the Empire rescued from immediate ruin.

The new palace of Blenheim, which is not only the boast and ornament of this place, but the whole kingdom at large, is a vast and magnificent pile, raised at the public expenditure of 700,000l. You enter the park through a spacious Corinthian arch, at about 100 yards from which is the most beautiful view of the whole; the heaviness of the buildings is here greatly diminished by a side view, and the immense expanse of water, Rialto Bridge, its deeply swelling banks, park, &c. are seen in all possible variety of order, as the genius of the immortal Brown could best dictate. Vanbrugh was the architect, whose buildings are in general ponderously heavy, and by some esteemed monuments of the vilest taste. However this may be critically just, we cannot but observe this princely fabric with sublime veneration. The front is about 348 feet in extent, and highly ornamented. The common entrance at the east gate, over which is a reserveror of 500 hogheads of water to supply the house, led us into the first quadrangle of offices, from whence we proceeded into the area, and through the superb portico to the hall; this most magnificent room is 67 feet high, 60 long, and of a proportionable breadth. The ceiling is painted by Sir James Thornhill, and represents victory crowning the great Duke, and pointing to the battle of Blenheim. Saloon is 60 high, by about 30 and 40; here is a great display of magnificence, the lower part lined with marble, the walls depicted by La Guerre, representing different nations in their various habits. The ceiling he has adorned with another emblematic compliment to the noble Duke. Right of the saloon, is the state drawing room, excellent size, and hung with tapestry, representing some of the Duke's battles. Principal paintings; the adoration of the Shepherds, and the offering of the Magi, by Luca Giordano; a Madona and child, and holy family, by Nic. Poultin; also a masterly picture, by Rubens, of Molegier and Atlanta; a portrait of the Duchess, by Romney. Another drawing room, with more fine tapestry of the Duke's march to, and siege of, Bocatoch. Three old paintings by Guido, &c. and a portrait of the present Duke, by Romney. State bed-chamber; over the door, two pieces of still-life, by Malteze; a portrait of Edward 6th., by Holbein; but the most capital, is Seneca bleeding to death, by Luca Giordano; this much less, and the figures not so numerous, or fine as that at Burleigh. After passing this interior suite of apartments, we were next suddenly surprized with the most magnificent library, 133 feet by 32 and 40; this was originally a gallery for paintings, and still contains many good por-

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traits, mostly of the family; the marble workmanship is highly finished, and the stuccoed ceiling of the richest designs. At one end is a superb statue of Queen Anne, by Rybrack. The late Duke furnished it with Lord Sunderland, his father's noble collection of books, which consists of 24,000 volumes, allowed to be the best private collection in England. From these windows you have a charming prospect of the winding swells to the water, and of the groves on the opposite hill. Hence we were conducted to the chapel in one of the wings, which is very handsome, spacious, and lofty. The monument to the memory of the old Duke and Duchess, is a most superb piece of sculpture, by Rybrack; they are represented with their two sons who died young, as supported by Fame and History. The altar piece is our Saviour taken from the cross, by Jordaeus of Antwerp. Returning to the falcon, we next entered the dining-room, of moderate dimensions; the principal paintings are a capital landscape, by Claud Lorrain; Lot and his two daughters, Venus and Adonis, both presents from the Emperor, by Rubens; a capital piece of cattle and figures, by Caæligione; portrait of Queen Anne, whilst Prince of Denmark, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; a group of the Duke and Duchesses, and children, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Winter drawing room; Goblins tapestry representing the Cardinal Virtues. An excellent portrait of Mary, Duchess of Richmond, by Vandyke; Lord Strafford and his secretary, by the same; this is similar to one I have seen at Wentworth house in Yorkshire, but infinitely inferior, it cannot surely be disputed which is the original. Mr. Walpole esteems that the chef d'œuvre of Vandyke; and says, "I can forgive him any insipid portraits of perhaps insipid people, when he shewed himself capable of conceiving and transmitting the idea of the greatest man of the age."

Two of King Charles's beauties, Mrs. Killigrew and Morton, by ditto. Blue dressing room: this contains a considerable collection of good paintings. The principal in the upper row, Isaac blessing Jacob, and the woman taken in adultery, by Rembrandt; Catherine de Medicis, by Rubens; Time clipping Cupid's wings, by Vandyke; our Saviour and St. John, by Carlo Dolce; an Affectiomer and his family, by Dobson; portrait of William, Marquis of Blandford, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Under row: our Saviour and the Virgin in the clouds, and an holy family, by Hannibal and Ludovico Carracci; a Dutch family, by Ostade; two landscapes, by Gaspard Poulin; two more by Vander Neer and Woovermans; Dorothy Countess of Sunderland, by Vandyke. Summer drawing room, or grand cabinet, richly decorated with pictures. Here are reposed the greatest efforts of the pencil of Rubens. The Roman charity; the offering of the Magi; the flight into Egypt; Andromeda chained to the rock; Lot's departure out of Sodom; the portrait of Paracelus, and his own head &c. &c.; a fine Magdalen, by Carlo Dolce; a holy family, by Ludovico Carracci; our Saviour blessing the children, esteemed capital, by Vandyke; Pope Gregory, and a female Martyr holding a palm branch, by Titian; Raphael's mistress, Dorothea, by himself.

Thus gratified with inspecting this internal magnificence, we departed without being able to see much of the external beauties of the park and pleasure grounds; which in fine weather afford infinite pleasure, but a torrent of flowers deprived us of this further enjoyment. The former is 11 miles round, and contains 2,500 acres, with 2,000 head of deer; the water of 250 acres, and its fine swelling banks were dispoled by the great

* "The Duchiess of Marlborough gave any price for his pictures; they are the first ornaments of Blenheim, but have suffered by neglect, there are sixteen pieces by this master, the best are his own portrait, with his wife and child, the offering of the Magi, and the Roman charity."†

† Walpole’s Anecdotes of Painters, vol. 2d. p. 144.
Mr. Browne. The span of the arch of the Rialto bridge is 101 feet, but this extensive appearance is much obscured by the fullness of the water. On the vast obelisk, which is 130 feet high, the grant of the crown, and services of the Duke, are fully displayed by a long inscription written by Dr. Hare, who had been his Grace’s chaplain, and was afterwards Bishop of Chichester.

Woodstock is among the places which contend for the honor of the birth of Chaucer. Of his residence here, in a square stone house, near the park gate, there is no doubt. This great genius, the father of English poetry, was born (most probably of honorable parents, though this is not certain) in 1328, 2. of Edward III. He was educated both at Cambridge and Oxford, and then studied the law in the middle temple, whence he went to court, and became the King’s Page, and was taken under the patronage of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, whose interest he never after forsook. Indeed a cloister afterwards took place; he married about 1360 Philippa, sister of Catherine Swinford, first the mistress and afterwards the wife of his patron; and the ancestors from whom Henry VII. derived his title to the crown. During the greater part of his life he enjoyed many rich and honorable employments, and his income is said to have been at one time 1000l. per annum. A large estate in those days. He resided much, particularly while the court was here, at this spot. When disembarked from public business his time was entirely spent in studying and walking. The park here was the scene of his most favorite wanderings, and many of the rural descriptions in his poems are taken from hence.* In the poem called the Cuckowes and Nightingale, the description of the morning walk is exactly what may be traced from his house, through part of the park, and down by the brook into the vale under Blenheim house, as certainly as we may assert that Maples instead of Phyllreas were the ornaments round the bower, which place he likewise describes in his dream, as a white cattle standing upon an hill, the scene in that poem being laid in Woodstock park. Thus has the country herculean become consecrated in his poems, and to all who feel the genuine force of poetry, a claffick ground. About two years before him, died his kind patron the Duke of Lancaster, and this so deeply affected him, that he could no longer bear this place, the scene of his former happiness, but retired to Dunnington castle § by Newbury, in Berkshire; in the solitude of which sweet retreat he indulged his contemplations, till October 25, 1460; when, at the age of 72, he departed quietly to his grave. Sir Thomas Chaucer, Knt. his son and heir, was Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry IV. and in many other honourable offices, and left a daughter, and heir Alice, who carried the castle of Dunnington, Ewelme Palace (by boast) in this county, and other large estates to William de la Pole, Earl, and afterwards Duke of Suffolk, whose son, by mixing with the blood royal, was the real author of the destruction of the family in the person of the grandson, beheaded by Henry VIII. 1513. The estates were forfeited to the Crown. Ewelme became a palace to our Kings. Most of the rest were granted to Charles Brandon, created Duke of Suffolk.

* See Chaucer’s Life in the Biographia, and other books.
† Ver. 51. 85.
§ Dunnington Castle lies half a mile to the right of Spindland. * In the park was an old oak, called Chaucer’s oak, under which he is said to have composed many of his poems. Here afterwards the valiant Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, (the favorite of Henry VIII., who married that haughty monarch’s youngest sister,) much resided. In the rebellion it was a garrison for Charles I., under the valiant Sir John Boys. The King lay here one night. At present there is remaining only a battered gateway with two towers, and some small part of the scattered walls, choked with brambles, and overrun with ivy.
In the evening we proceeded to Oxford, that sacred seat of the Muses; the antiquity and particulars of which I shall not here pretend to describe; the two Universities are places so well known, and so full of matter for contemplation and description, that nothing less than a separate work can give an account adequate to their respective merits. I shall therefore pass this place over in silent veneration, and only insert a few common observations on recent improvements in that noble city, and its neighbouring beauties. Besides the wonderful improvements that have been made, within a few years, by widening the streets, paving, &c. the new county goal does great credit to the spirit of the place, and when finished will be one of the strongest and best in the kingdom. Its situation is adjacent to the old castle, and encompassed by a maffy stone wall, which we enter at a large tower and gate-way, over which is to be the platform for executions. In the centre of this spacious area, stands the governor's house, whence he can overlook the whole of the buildings under his care. The principal one for felons is divided into 60 cells, eight feet by seven, as strong as iron and stone can make them. The two lesser bridewells contain 50 each, and are almost finished. The old castle is to remain as it was, so that the whole group which is of that style of architecture, will have a noble appearance. There is also a city prison now building upon the same plan.

As Nuneham, the seat of the earl of Harcourt, is a place so generally famed, we could not omit visiting it. This estate formerly belonged to the Courtnays of Devonshire, and is called to this day Nuneham Courtenay. After passing through several hands, it was sold in Oliver Cromwell's time, to John Robinson, of London, merchant, (ancestor to Sir George Robinson, bart.) from whose family it came by an heiress to David Earl of Wemys; of whom it was purchased in 1710, by Simon, first lord Harcourt, lord high chancellor of England. He was son and heir of Sir Philip Harcourt, Knt. (member for Oxfordshire, 1681) seated at Stanton Harcourt in this county, (a mansion now sold, but still the burial place of the family) where his ancestors had resided ever since they married the heiress of Richard de Camville, in the reign of Richard I. who brought them this seat. They have been very famous here; one of them a knight of the garter; have married nobly; and have never been beneath the degree of knighthood. The present house at Nuneham was built by the late earl. It is situated about six miles from Oxford, and half a mile from the Henley road, on the side of a rich hill, and encompassed with an extensive park well wooded, the softly flowing Isis meandering at a proper distance in the meadows below. A sweeter situation could scarce be found for such a piece of architecture, nor a spot so much endowed by nature, or as well hid out by Brown; "here are scenes worthy of the bold pencil of Rubens, or to be subjects for the tranquil sunshines of Claud Lorrain."† The common approach gives an idea of nothing more than a small plain gentleman's seat, and the inspection of the first apartments confirms this impression, but we were afterwards pleasingly deceived. The furniture is mostly elegant, and the rooms adorned with many capital paintings. Pasing through the hall, which is strongly arched as a security against fire, in which are some antique statues, we ascended the circular geometrical stair-case, and entered a small room called the saloon, in which are several good paintings, Susanna and the Elders, by Hannibal Carracci; the Nativity, by Pietro da Pietri; several portraits, by Van Dyke; two Beggar Boys, by Murillo. Anti-chamber, small, but ornamented with tolerable pictures. From hence, by a narrow circular

* The mother of lord chancellor Harcourt was Anne, daughter of Sir William Waller (the parliament general) of Osterley park, before deceased.
† Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters, vol. 2d. p. 145.
passage to the library, which is adorned in a pleasing style with heads of the poets, &c. Rowe and Pope, by Kneller; Philips, by Ryley; Prior, by old Dahl; Shakespeare, Rouxel, Beaumont, Addison, Malon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Horace Walpole, Sir Isaac Newton, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Siddons, &c. Dining-room, very handsome; its dimensions 33 by 24 and 18. Here are some excellent paintings; the principal, Ulysses and Nausicaa, by Salvator Rosa; a large landscape with figures and cattle, very beautiful, by Cuyp; four ruins of Rome, by Parolo Panini; dead game and dogs, by Snyders; two fruit pieces, by Michael Angelo Campidoglio; landscapes by G. Poulin and Ruydaal, Octagon drawing room, 39 by 24 and 18, and superbly furnished and gilt, &c. with no inconsiderable share of pictures; two Madonas, by Guido and Barocci, both esteemed beautiful; Christ crowned with thorns, by Veronese; St. John preaching in the wilderness, by Albano; Moses sweetening the waters of Meribah, highly coloured, by Nicolas Poulin; landscape by Gaspar Poulin, &c. Great drawing-room, 49 by 24 and 18, St. Margaret, whole length, and highly preferred, by Titian; from the collection of Charles I. Four noble landscapes, the subject hunting the boar, Italian Banditti, Diana and nymphs, and other figures, (some of them by Teniers,) by Van Artois; two other beautiful ones, by Gaspar Poulin, and figures by Nicolo; a charming Cuyp; a moon-light on the water, very perfect, by Vander Neer; a landscape by Claud Lorrain; a beautiful landscape, a cart overturning in a rocky country, by moonlight, by Rubens; this is well known by Bolswert's prints; An entertainment on the Texel with Engiish and Dutch yachts, an admired Vandervelede, lesser landscapes, by Wootten, &c. Another circular passage led us to the state bed-room, hung with velvet, and many valuable old family portraits; also the King and Queen, by Gainborough. Two dressing rooms full of various paintings. Amongst the rest, a portrait of Giles Bruges, third lord Chandos (who died 1594); the dress remarkable, apparently Spanish, the cloak of black velvet, with silver ornaments.

We now walked to view the external beauties of the place, which must excite peculiar admiration in the mind of every beholder; the park is about six miles round, and the pleasure grounds, including the garden, contain near 62 acres. Ascending the hill towards the church, you have an exquisite view to Abingdon, and other parts of Berkshire. The grand sweep of woods, and the river Isis are charming features in this scene. Beyond the chapel, the prospect breaks still more enchantingly through a villa to the north, up the Isis to the stately towers of Oxford 'as bosomed high in tufted trees.' Such was our view from the windows of the house, but here the fore ground gives great grandeur and boldness. In front of this avenue stands the peculiarly formed church of one stone, in imitation of a Roman temple; this was erected by a late lord, founder of the house, 1764. In front are six large pillars supporting a plain pediment, and from the top rise a lofty dome. The inside is extremely neat; over the parish door are names of those who have gained the annual prize of merit, from an institution made by his lordship seven years ago. This is determined by the votes of the parishes in favour of the most sober and honest candidate. A very laudable institution, and worthy of universal imitation. Over the altar is a painting of the good Sampson, by Malon, the poet. In the garden is an excellent conservatory, open in summer.

* "The noblest and largest landscape of Rubens, is in the royal collection. It exhibits an almost bird's eye view of an extensive country, with such mallely cleared and intelligence, as to contain in itself alone a school for painters of landscape."†

† Walpole's Anecdotes, vol. 2d. p. 143 and 6.
and covered in the winter season. On the margin of the walks are placed various buildings and bulks, inscribed with verses from many of our favourite poets, but too numerous to be inferred in this description. I shall only observe, in the words of Milton,

——“Here universal Pan,
“Knit with the Graces, and the hours in dance,
“Leads on the eternal spring.”

Infinitely delighted with this excursion, we returned by the village of Nuncham, which consists of about twenty neat houses, at equal distances on the road; these are divided into two separate dwellings, so that forty families may here, by this liberal assistance of his lordship, enjoy the comfort of industry under a wholesome roof, who otherwise might have been doomed to linger out their days in the filthy hut of poverty. As we approached the University, its towers and richly shaded groves again won our admiration and astonishment. From this road the effect of the whole is indisputably the most striking, and may challenge the universe to show its equal.

See! Oxford lifts her head sublime,
Majestic in the most of time;
Nor wants there Gracia’s better part,
’Mid the proud piles of ancient art;
Nor decent Doric to displace
New charms ’mid old magnificence;
And here and there soft Corinthian weaves
Her dainty coronet of leaves;
While as with rival pride, her towers invade the sky.”*

August 31. After a night of much rain; we crossed the river into Berkshire, to visit the adjacent market town of Abingdon. The intermediate hills are very beautiful and afford several pleasing views. Those noble sons of the forest, the widely spreading oaks, form an agreeable shade of considerable length; at the further extremity, as we began to descend into the flat again, we saw, at a small distance on our left, Radley, a considerable modern edifice, belonging to Sir James Stonehouse. Leland mentions, there was a park there belonging to Abingdon Abbey, which was destroyed because the scholars of Oxford much resorted there to hunt. The same liberty of sporting is still taken by the University, to the great annoyance of the owner of this place. Beyond, across the vale, lord Harcourt’s sweet place called to mind those charming scenes of the preceding day. We now approached the principal object of our excursion, and received a most terrible impression at the entrance from this road; a narrow lane, unworthy the name of a street, made too almost impassable by the confines of dirt and water. The market-place, however, improved our idea of the town, though it has little more to boast than a spacious market-house, over which is a good hall for public business. This is certainly a building that may claim pre-eminence over those of most towns of like size and confluence, nay, lo superior is it to the general structure of the place, that it seems as though brought there by mistake. If we search into the annals of antiquity, we shall find this town of much greater confluence than at present, deriving its name and chief glory from its abbey, founded by one Hein or Fanus, a noble Saxon, nephew to Ethelred king of the West Saxons, about 675. According to Leland, the abbey was first begun at Bagley wood, those noble shades we described

* Warton’s Ode
about two miles from hence; but the foundations and the works (says he) there pro-
pered not; whereupon it was translated to Seukesham and there finished chiefly at the
colls of King Ciffa, who was himself afterwards buried there. And from this abbey
being built it changed its name to Abingdon. In old times (continues Leland) many
of the villages about Abingdon had but chapels of eafe, and this abbey was their mother
church, where they buried. Amongst the rest the famous Geoffery of Monmouth
had his monument here. This abbey, which was one of the finest and richest in Eng-
land, had not flourished long, ere it was demolished by the violent fury of the Danes.
Yet it soon after recovered itself through the liberality of King Edgar, and afterwards
by the industry of the Norman abbots it grew to such magnificence, as to stand in com-
petition with any in Britain. “It was in ancient times called Sheoverham, a famous
city, goodly to behold, full of riches, encompassed with very fruitful fields, green
meadows, spacious pastures, and flocks of cattle abounding with milk. Here the king
kept his court; here the people retired, while consultations were depending about
the greatest and most weighty affairs of the kingdom.” Two synods are supposed to
have been held here, one in 742, and the other in 822. Leland says the rents of
this abbey were almost 2,000l. a year. Though this town had its dependance for a
long time on the abbey, yet since 1416, when King Henry V. built bridges over the
Ouse (as appears by a diffuse in a window of St. Helen’s church there) and turned the
high road hither, for a shorter cut; it became much frequented, having a mayor and
corporation, &c. and much enriched itself by making great quantities of malt; as it
still does, sending the chief in barges to London by the river. It gives title of earl to
the right honourable Willoughby Bertie, which was first conferred upon his ancestor
James lord Norris of Rycote, 1632, 34th of Charles II.

September 1st, as before, cloudy and unsettled, but made soft and pleasant by in-
tervening sunshine. Being delayed beyond our expectation, at a time too when the
University could afford little or no society, and the whole town looked dull in the midst
of a long recession from business and gaiety; thus circumstance we were glad to find any
object worthy attention, that might afford us an hour’s useful entertainment. To this
intent we directed our course along the Gloucester road to Einfam; the meadows
we passed through are exceedingly pleasant and extensive, where we crossed six or seven
excellent stone bridges, thrown over the rivulets, which refresh with their cool streams
the growing herbage; and from the summit of the vast hill beyond we had a fine
prospect over the four adjoining counties. The backfront of Blenheim, and the flatty
obelisk in the park, are great additions to this scenery; but they appear less to their
own advantage from this point of view. A little on our right we saw Wirham, an old
monaflick-looking edifice, belonging to lord Abingdon; and as we approach the village
of Einfam, this earl has erected a fair stone bridge of six arches, in the place of a
ferry, also a large square house, intended for an inn, but never yet inhabited: the
former pays a very profitable toll, but the latter is likely to continue an incumbrance to
its owner. Einfam (according to Camden) was formerly a royal vill, which Cuth-
wulph, the Sax, first took from the conquered Britains. Ethelmar, a nobleman,
adorned it with a monastery, which King Ethelred confirmed in 1005, and assigned
the privilege of liberty, with the sign of the Holy Cross.” After the dissolution this
religious house was turned into a private seat, which belonged to the earls of Derby.
From Henry, third earl, it came to his third son, Sir Edward, who was buried here
1609, S. P. and was succeeded in his estate by his nephew, Sir Edward Stanley, k. b.
one of whose co-heirs was the famous Venetia, the wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, of whose
beauty and other accomplishments, so much has been said.

September
September 3d. Favoured with every charm that the season would allow, we left awhile those reverend scenes, grown irksome and unedifying by repetition, to take another short survey of the country, and to enjoy the refreshing influence of southern breezes. By Heddington hill, which takes its name from a small village beyond, we directed our course; to this agreeable summit is formed a commodious gravel walk for the benefit of Oxford; from hence we crossed the fields to that village, but the roads were almost impassable for a carriage, and the place afforded nothing to satisfy our trouble, except the sight of a few well-built new houses, belonging to some of the inhabitants of Oxford; the air here is recommended for its salubrity, which makes it frequently the residence of invalids, &c. Inclining again towards the London road, we ascended the vast brow of Shotover, which commands an almost boundless view of the adjacent counties; the eye is here in the centre of an immense circle, but the objects are not numerous enough to engage any long attention, though there is a considerable variety of country to look over. Queen Elizabeth, in her progresses, 1566, visited Oxford, and was magnificently entertained by the University for seven days. "The day after she took her leave, and was conducted by the heads as far as Shotover-hill, where the Earl of Leicester gave her notice, that they had accompanied her to the limits of their jurisdiction. From hence calling her eyes upon Oxford, with all possible marks of tenderness and affection, she bade them farewell. The Queen's countenance, and the Earl of Leicester's care, had such an affect upon the diligence of this learned body, that, within a few years after, it produced more shining instances of real worth, than had ever been sent abroad at the same time in any age whatsoever." The harvest around seemed pretty forward, and the crops plentiful and well-looking, but we observed more unfinished and standing here, than in the parts of Bucks we lately passed; the settled serenity of the sky was now most propitious, and no doubt a few fuch days will set the farmer's heart at ease, and crown the year with plenty.

September 4th, more charming than the preceding, we left Oxford and purposed the direct road to Worcester, through Woodstock, &c. taking Dickeley, the seat of Lord Lifchield's, now Lord Dillon's, in our way. Its situation is a little on the left of Kidnington turnpike, about 12 miles from Oxford, but the nearest and best way is by Blenheim park. Dickeley is an hamlet, in the parish of Spilledbury, of which the principal manor belonged to William Beauchamp, Lord Abbergavenny, 12th Henry IV. afterwards it was owned by George Duke of Clarence, during whose son's minority, the stewardship was granted to William, lord Norris. In the reign of queen Elizabeth, an estate in this parish (probably the manor) belonged to Thomas Bridges, Esq. of Kynham, in Somerfethshire, and of Bruern Abbey, in this county. Whether Dickeley is a manor, and if so who were the ancient owners, I am not informed. But about the reign of James I. the Lees, whose principal seat was at Quarendon in Bucks, before-mentioned, were in possession of a mansion here, and by degrees the old residence was deserted, and this became their chief habitation. Sir Henry Lee was created a Baronet, 1611: his son, Sir Henry, lived at Dickeley, and dying about 1641, his widow Ann, (daughter of Sir John St. John of Lydiard Tregoze, bart.) married Henry Wilkes, Viscount Athlone, of Ireland, the famous loyalist, created by Charles I. Earl of Rochester, who resided here, (in right of his wife, as her jointure-house, no doubt)
and in 1659 was buried in the vault belonging to the Lees in Spillett's Church. At this seat was born his son the famous John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, on April 10th, 1647. He was both the ornament and disgrace of the court of Charles II. "He lived worthless and uselessly, and blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness; till at the age of one and thirty, he had exhausted the fund of life, and reduced himself to a state of weakness and decay." At length he was so worn out, that he expired without a struggle, July 26th, 1680, æt. 34. I think the site of a lodge somewhere in Woodstock park, where he is said to have breathed his last, has been formerly pointed out to me. Sir Henry Lee, Bart. son of the countess of Rochester, by her former husband, was father of Anne, the first wife of Thomas, Marquis of Wharton. Sir Francis Lee, his younger brother, was father of the first earl of Lichfield. The present mansion was rebuilt by the elder brother of the late earl, and is esteemed the best of Gibbs's architecture. The old mansion I believe stood in a different situation, lower in the park. The approach to the principal entrance, the hall, is nothing grand or magnificent; but the inside of this room is very noble. Its dimensions, as near as I could guess, without an accurate measure, are a cube of 36 feet, and coved at top. The ceiling and walls are painted by Kent, and decorated with various sculptures. Also a portrait of the founder of the house. To the right we enter a small breakfast parlour, with a few paintings. The two most worth notice are Rubens and family, on horseback amongst wild beasts, the figures by Rubens, and beasts by Snyders; a large hunting-piece, the principal figure, the late lord and chancellor of Oxford, by Wootton. Dining room, about 36 by 21, richly ornamented with portraits; Charles I. and son, very admirable, by Vandyke; Henry VIII. by Hans Holbein; Prince Arthur, by C. Janf. Sir Henry Lee in Elizabeth's time, the first of the family; and four brothers, by Cornelius Janf.; lord and lady Lichfield in coronation robes, by Richardson, and Vanderbart; duke of Monmouth and his mother, by sir Peter Lely; sir Charles Rich, brother to earl Warwick, killed 1627, on the Isle of Rhée, by Janf. Late Lord's bed-room, crimson damask furniture, and very old tapestry, &c. Small dressing room adjacent, Madonna and child, by Mineard, a Frenchman; a fine piece not hung up, of the nativity, lately sent here by lord Dillon, the light shining from the glory and reflected from the surrounding figures, seemed particularly strong and beautiful. Small tapestry drawing room, 27, by 22, portraits of the countess Lindsay, and Rochester, sitters, by P. Lely; Duchess of Cleveland by sir P. Lely; sir F. Henry Lee, first earl of Lichfield, by Vandyke. Saloon, 36 by 29, displays no ornaments worth notice, except a bust of Dr. Sharp, and an antique marble statue of Hygeia. The perfum employed in the stucco work, painting, &c. was Roberts of Oxford. Green tapestry room, the chancellor of Oxford, nephew to the late lord Lichfield; sir Walter Raleigh, by Moore; archbishop Warham, by Holbein; duchesses of Portsmouth, by Lely; Jacob's dream, by Rembrandt; a sleeping Venus and Painter, by Titian; a small virgin and child, by Raphael; four small landscapes with cattle and figures, by Polinbary; a landscape over the chimney, by Wootton. Great gilt drawing room, about 37 by 26: furniture, crimson damask, gilding and other ornaments, by Roberts; Charles H.;

* Johnson's Lives of the Poets.
† Lord Rochester's mother seems to have been of a family productive of eccentric characters. I was going to instance it in the famous Philip Duke of Wharton, as the bride of this marriage of her grandchild, but he was the son of a second match. However the Countess's brother, Sir Walter St. John, Bart. was grandfather of the most extraordinary Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.
‡ However this is much doubted.
chiefs of Cleveland: countefs of Lindsay, by sir P. Lely; lord and lady Litchfield; lady Charlotte Fitzroy, mother to the late lord Litchfield, and duke of Grafton, her brother by Kneller; a landscape, by Wootton. Adjacent closet containing portraits, &c. James I. singularly dressed, sir Thomas Pope, by Vandyke, &c.: Just Steward, and group receiving their hire, by Vandermandt. Velvet bed room; a very curious table of ebony, inlaid with bras, and made in Louis XIVth's time; a white marble chimney piece, the carving very light and admirable. Small dressing room: a beautiful painting of the duchess of Orleans, Charles II'd daughter, by Lely; St. Catharine going to be tortured on the rack, by Vanmander; a curious travelling chef of Charles II. brought here by means of the late lord Litchfield's mother, who was daughter to that prince. Hence we were conducted through a circular railed passage to the chapel, neat and plain. Over the altar, a painting of Christ taken from the cross, by Poussin. Great tapestry drawing room, about 30 by 25, represents Vulcan opposing Encas on one wall, and Neptune, &c. on the other. Over the chimney piece a group of the duke and duchess of York and children, by Lely. From this southern aspect, the views are extensive and pleasing. In the stair-case stands a model in wood, of Ratcliffe's library at Oxford. We now took leave of this noble repository of valuable portraits, whose apartments are otherwise decorated with a simple elegance rather than ostentatious splendor, nor could we help sympathizing with the melancholy that seemed to hover round this deserted place, that a new smile of fortune had thus deprived it of its present owner*. We dined at Enstone, a small adjacent village, on the turnpike road; and four miles further, slept at Chapel-house, a most excellent inn, built about 30 years ago, with stables and other accommodations of the first style. The surrounding fields are flat and open, but Mr. Kirby, the landlord's shrubberies and other plantations, are a pleasing ornament and protection. Near this stands Heathrop, the seat of Lord Shrewsbury, distinctly seen from the Oxford road. This has always been esteemed worthy the inspection of the traveller, both for its external and internal grandeur, and will soon be still more so, when his Lordship has completed those alterations and improvements, which now deprive us of the pleasure of seeing them. Mr. Walpole speaks with contempt of its architecture, and says it was built by Mr. Archer, the groom-porter, "all whose specimens of wretched table may be seen in the Vitruvius Britannicus; but the chef d'oeuvre of his absurdity was the church of St. John, with four belfrys, in Westminster."

September 5th. We pursued our course through Chipping-Norton, a place of note in the time of the Saxons, as its name signifies; in the reign of Edward I. it sent members to parliament one session; and twice in Edward III's reign, but never since I believe. William Fitz-Alan of Clun, was lord of this manor, then called Norton, 6 of k. John, and obtained a charter for an annual fair here. How long this town and manor continued in this family, (afterwards earls of Arundel) we have no particular account; but we find in the reign of Henry VI. it was the estate of the earls of Oxford, of whom John, earl of Oxford, adhering to the Lancastrian party, was, after the victory of Edward IV. in Barnet Field, taken prisoner, and his estate forfeited to the Crown. Leland says, the Croftes were the ancient lords of this town, since that the Rodneys, and then the Comptons who bought it. Its present appearance is very good, being situated on the side of a pleasant hill, and built mostly of stone, with which this country abounds.

* He succeeded to a large estate in Ireland, on the death of his father, in autumn, 1787. About
About four miles to the right of Chipping-Norton, at the extremity of the county adjoining Warwickshire, is a curious monument of antiquity, called Rolle-rich-stones, a heap of large rough stones set up in a ring, like Stone Henge, in Wiltshire, but smaller; various have been the opinions concerning this place, but we may rightly conclude with Camden, that as the Danes and Saxons had battles hereabouts, it was raised in memory of some victory.

By a steep and winding road through pleasant pastures, from Chipping-Norton, we passed the small village of Salford, beautifully surrounded with wood, where is a good stone house, with suitable offices, belonging to Mr. Newton, whose property is very considerable about this place. A little to the left we saw another white mansion, the seat of Mr. Penystone, at Cornwall. The united improvements of these two places are an ornament to this part of the country, and a transient gratification to the traveller. More to the left in the adjacent parish of Dailsford, Governor Haflings, who is a native of that place, has lately repurchased an estate which his ancestors had possessed for several generations, and is now making habitable a mansion, which was begun about 60 years ago, but never finished. A little further in the same direction is Oddington, the seat of Sir John Read; where also is a well of calcareous water, famous for curing a local flux diseased amongst cattle, called the Otmoor evil, from its being caught by their grazing upon that moor. Ascending now the great hill before us, we enter a small part of Worcestershire, and have an extensive prospect over the several counties, which meet in the plain below. On the right hill we saw a neatly wooded house belonging to Mr. Sands; and on the left is Chateilton, an old castle-like place, the seat of Mr. Jones. Not far from which is a fortification or barrow, cast up by the Danes about 1016, when King Edmund, surnamed Ironside, met Canute, the Dane, hereabouts, and defeated him after a long and bloody battle. In the valley we passed by the village of Little Compton, and saw an ancient house of Lady Fane, who is aunt to the Baronet of Oddington, before-mentioned, and at whose death he is likely to receive an ample increase to his fortune. At the horizontal boundary we could now clearly distinguish the fine old tower of Stow-on-the-Wolds, situate on a bleak eminence, apparently barren and uncultivated, and if common report be credited, they have but one element, viz. air; there being neither wood, common field, nor water, belonging to the town. The four shire-stone was the next object we approached, which is a large square figure by the road side, six miles from Chipping-Norton, and eighty from London. On its several sides are engraved the names of the counties for which it was erected, viz. Worcester, Gloucester, Warwick, and Oxford. Camden and Plott believe this to be the spot where the above-mentioned battle was fought; but the author of the additions to Camden, disapproves of this conjecture, because the old seerstane, or Shire-stone, where the battle was fought, is proved by him to be in Wiltshire.

Being now in Gloucestershire, we passed a village called Morton-in-the-Marsh, and approached Burton-on-the-Hill. To the right we had a pleasing view of a handsome house of Mr. Freman, situated on the side of the hill, richly embossed in foliage and otherwise ornamented. This gentleman, we were told, possesses immense property, both in land and money, but most of the latter; his only son died last spring in London, and left a young daughter, who, it is said, will be a very rich heiress. Having gained the vall's summit, on whose declivity Burton is securely placed, the prospect enhanced greatly on our backs, but forward, a dreary waste for many miles. The famous Roman Fosseway comes out of Warwickshire, by Lemington, Stow on-the-Wold, and this place; which by the tracks of houses frequently discovered, must have been once...
once of note; here also the marks of a large camp are to be seen. A few miles further on our left from the turnpike stands a neat box belonging to Lord Coventry, called Spring-hill; and this property been on the opposite side, facing the beautiful vale of Evesham, which commences here, the whole would have worn a different aspect. In this delicious vale we see the small town of Blockley, near which Sir John Ruffout has a neat mansion with large property this way. We now came to a small house of entertainment, the Fish, on Broadway-hill, where we spent an hour in glorious contemplation, from the room built like a summer-house, for this purpose; Sir John Ruffout’s here became very distinct; Sir John Cotterel, knt. has lately erected, on the side of this hill, a castle-looking-place, fronting the vale; Ragley, Lord Beauchamp’s, we could likewise distinguish below; these, besides the several towns of Broadway, Evesham, Bengworth, &c. together with the distant mountains, Malvern in particular, inspired to give us sufficient anticipation of our future delights. We descended now, by a well formed serpentine road, cut through this vast declivity, to the neat town below. The views were every way pleasing; the fields well cultivated and roads good. We could from hence distinguish Tuddington-park, the seat of the ancient family of Lord Tracey. We dined at Bengworth, a small part of the borough of Evesham, separated from it by the river Avon, in its course to the Severn, at Tewkesbury. A bridge of six large arches communicates between these two places. The river is navigable for coals, &c. from Worcester and Bridgnorth; but no other trade or traffic seems to enliven this town. The extensive vale that surrounds it, and takes its name from thence, is, for its fruitful nests, justly styled the granary of those parts.

The monkish writers derive the name of Eveshohn, or Evesham from Eoves, swine-herd to Egwin bishop of Worcester. Near the bridge stood the ancient castle of Bengworth, as it were in the suburbs, which William d’Audville, an abbot of this place, recovering from William Beauchamp, the hereditary sheriff of this county, utterly demolished, and caused the ground to be consecrated for a church yard, where a church was afterwards built. Leland describes Evesham, as large and well-built with timber; and to have a fair market place, with divers pretty streets. We cannot now pass proportionate encomiums upon it; it has not altered sufficiently with the times. But the principal glory of this place, was an abbey for Benedictine monks, founded by Kenred, king of the Mercians; and Egwin, bishop of Worcester, about 700. It contained of 67 monks, besides an abbot, and other inferior officers, having 22 towns and manors left for their support. At the dissolution, the annual revenues, according to Dugdale, amounted to 1185. 12s. 9d. What fort of fabricks the abbey church and monastery were, cannot now be discovered, because they were utterly demolished at the dissolution, except the beautiful square tower built by abbot Lichfield, who it is said, broke his heart, when he saw the havoc, which was made of the church and other buildings. Nor would the tower have escaped the same fate, had not he and the townsmen purchased it for their own use. This lofty relic of antiquity is wrought with the finest composites of Gothic architecture, is about 100 feet high, and stands upon a base of 22 feet square; the call and welf fronts are similar, decorated with chaffs and simple ornaments. Under, is a fine elliptic arch, which was the principal entrance to the abbey. The great bell which formerly belonged to it, was recast along with some others given by the town, to make eight good ones for this tower.

In the annals of history, this town was very famous for the overthrow of the barons, and of Simon Mountfort, earl of Leicester, our English Cataline; whose extreme perfidy to Henry III. most strongly evinced the truth of that saying “favours are esteemed obligations no longer than they can be requited.” For when the king had, with a
liberal hand heap'd all possible favours upon him, and given him his own sister to wife, he shewed no other returns than the most violent hatred, raising up dangerous wars, and miserably laying waste many parts of England, under pretence of redressing grievances and asserting its liberties, leaving no method unpractised, whereby he might depose the king, and change the government from a monarchy to an oligarchy. But after he had flourished a while in his enterprise, he with many others of his party, fell in this place, being subdued in a pitched battle by the valour of prince Edward. Upon this happy event a welcome peace, which had been before banished, again returned. This town is an ancient borough, and enjoys many privileges both by prescription and divers charters; but at present is greatly divided, and almost in a drooping state. In the year 1697, Sir John Sommers had the barony of this place added to his title; who being a person of extraordinary endowments, and early taken notice of for his great abilities in the law, was chosen to plead the cause of the imprisoned Bishops in the reign of James II; and at the revolution, he was made successively solicitor-general, attorney-general, lord-keeper, and lord chancellor of England, being also universally esteemed to be the ablest statesman of this age.

On the right of Evesham lie the three Littletons, from the nearest of which, called South Littleton, the famous family of the Littletons undoubtedly took their name; for they had possessions here and elsewhere in the vale of Evesham, in the reign of Henry III; and at that time, and often since, were considerable benefactors to the abbey, last described. About 19th of Henry III, they married the heiress of Frankley, in this neighbourhood, and from hence made that their principal seat till it was cruelly burnt down and plundered in the rebellion, against Charles I. The heiress of this family, in the reign of Henry IV, marrying Thomas Wollstone, Esq. had issued by him the famous Judge, who took his mother's name, and was author of the well-known book of Tenures. A series of men of eminence from his time have rendered the family not unworthy their great descendant, the good, and the illustrious George Lord Littleton, one of the great ornaments of this and the last reign. Hagley, the present seat of the family, which lies on the opposite borders of the county, next Staffordshire, was bought for an hunting seat in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and rebuilt by the noble peer just mentioned.

From hence we continued along the south side of the river; which we crossed about six miles below, at Pershore; having met with no remarkable object, except Elmley castle, situated on the broad summit of Breton hills, which, though considerably lees, rises towards Malvern with a kind of emulation. This castle once belonged to Ursus or Urso d'Abbot, by whose daughter and heir Emeline it defenced, together with Upton, Bentley, and divers other lordships in this country, to Walter de Beauchamp, who made the castle his seat, which continued so to his descendants for many ages. In the 17th year of the reign of King John, Walter Beauchamp, great grandson of the above-mentioned Walter, was in possession of this castle, but falling off from his allegiance to the barons, his lands were seized; yet he afterwards obtained the restitution of this castle and the squirealty. This noble family also possessed the city of Worcester, and its castle for many years, being afterwards earls of Warwick till their male failing, their great estates, by marriage of Anne, the heiress, with Richard Neville, passed into that family, who thereby became earls of Warwick.

Pershore, so called from the pear-trees, which flourished in the foil here, was formerly a town of some consequence, and had a Benedictine monastery founded (according to William of Malmsbury) by Egelward, duke of Dorset, a man of a generous spirit, and wholly devoted to acts of pitty. "But alas! (says that excellent historian)
what vast losses hath it since sustained! part the ambition of great men hath seized, and part is forgotten and loft, and a very considerable part of its possessions, the Kings, Edward and William, bestowed on Westminister Abbey." At the dissolution its revenues were valued at 643l. 4s. 5d. pr annum. (Dugdale.) The town is neatly built with one principal street. The parish church is a large stone structure of Gothic, and would have been handy, had not the heavy roof of the tower destroyed the effect. Our drive the remainder of this evening was uncommonly pleasant; the roads excellent; the harvest chiefly gathered, except those ruddy crops which now began to hang gracefully round our heads, dispelling their odours through the atmosphere, while our eyes were fondly gazing on the sun's departing rays, which tinged the lofty hills of Malvern with their glowing purple.

Autumn paints
Autumn hills with grapes, whilst English plains
Bloom with pomegranate harvests, breathing sweets.
Oh! let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlock its embosom'd odours, walk among
The well rang'd files of trees, whose full-ag'd stores
Diffuse ambrosial streams.

Thus the whole face of nature put on an aspect of beauteous serenity, and we arrived at the noble capital, as twilight threw her dulky mantle over the day, and ushered in the night. The following morning we arose early to inspect the beauties and magnificence of this excellent city, pre-eminent over most in this kingdom. But first it may not be improper to premise something of its antiquity, which has been allowed remote by all historians; the derivation of its name seems to have been Saxon, signifying a warrior's place of retirement; it was a city probably built by the Romans, (said to have been founded by Constantius Chlorus) when, to prevent the incursions of the Britons on the opposite side of the river, they planted cities, as fortresses on the east bank. Its situation is delightful, on this side of the Severn, commanding distant and charming views towards the south-welt. It was originally "fenced with lofty Roman walls," as we learn from an old parchment roll. Leland says "that there were six gates within the walls; Bridge-gate on the Severn, having a goodly square tower over it; a postern-gate by St. Clement's church, near the north side of the bridge; the Foregate, a fair piece of work standing to the north; Sudbury-gate standing safe in the way to London; St. Martin's-gate; and Trinity-gate, which was a postern. The castle, (continues he) which stood on the south side of the cathedral church almost on the Severn, fell to ruin soon after the conquest, and half the ground of it was given to augment the clofe of the priory." He likewise adds, there were divers fair streets well built with timber; but the fairest and most celebrated is from the bishop's palace-gate to the Fore-gate towards the north. There are eight parish churches in the town, of which St. Helen is counted most ancient; it was a prebend, before King Edgar's time, to the cathedral. And I have heard, (says he) that all the churches in Worcester, before King Edgar placed monks in the cathedral, were but chapels to it. But what the original form and buildings of this city were, cannot now be ascertained, so frequently has it suffered from destructive fires. In the year 1041, King Hardicanute, in order to revenge himself upon the inhabitants, for having killed some of his huscarles, or tax-gatherers, massacred most of the citizens, set the town on fire, and spoiled much of the country round. Nevertheless we find in the Conqueror's survey (drawn up

Thomson.
about 40 years after) that in the time of Edward the Confessor, it had many burgesses, and was rated at 15 hides of land. In the reign of William Rufus, 1088, Roger de Montgomery, earl of Shrewsbury, with a large body of Welsh, assaulted the city, over-run the suburbs, and set them on fire; but the citizens, by a valiant resistance, and afterwards by an advantageous sally out upon their enemies, flew and took above 5000, and so freed themselves from the siege. In the year 1113, it was almost wholly destroyed by a casual fire, the castle and cathedral being also much damaged. In the civil wars between King Stephen and the Empress Matilda, when the city and castle belonged to William Beauchamp, of Elmley, before-mentioned, it was burnt entirely to the ground. Nor were the misfortunes of this city here concluded, for in 1175, 21st of Henry II. the new tower belonging to the church fell down; in 1202, the city was again involved in conflagration, and in 1216, after having submitted to the dauphin of France, it was taken by the earl of Chester. The kings in those days used to keep their Christmases in some one of their great cities. King Henry I. in 1130, kept his Christmas here, as did also Henry II. 1158, with great royalty, who fast in the church at divine service with the crown upon his head, as the kings in those days always used to do at solemn feasts; but he afterwards placed it upon the altar, in sign of his humility, which seemed real, because he never after regarded to wear his crown. King John also kept his Christmas here, 1214, when divers of the nobility came with their petitions about the changing of laws, which afterwards caused the civil war, and the taking of the city as above. Whether we consider most its various sufferings by accidental and wilful fires, which have been so numerous and dreadful or its oppressions and calamities in the civil wars, we look with astonishment at its present flourishing condition, the feat of opulence and much trade; nor is it less happy in its numbers of independent families, besides those respectable and dignified characters, usually found in the precincts of a cathedral. The streets are in general remarkably good, particularly High-street and Fore-gate, which latter is of a regularity in pavement and building, superior to most I have seen out of London. We now visited the cathedral, (made an episcopal see by Ethelred, king of the Mercians,) which bishop Wulfstan principally erected in 1084; this suffered more than once by fire; June 14th, 1113, when the city and castle were in flames, it felt the same calamity; one monk and 20 inhabitants are said to have perished. April 17th, 1202, this church was again involved in conflagration, together with the greater part of the city. In 1218, it was raised and consecrated anew, and in the presence of Henry III. &c. dedicated to the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, and Oswald and Wulfstan. It has since, at various times, received considerable additions, but its present appearance is not very large or striking on the outside, and the tower is not sufficiently high for its breadth and the other parts. The inside from east to west is 394 feet, breadth about 120. It is in excellent repair; but there is nothing much to admire in its architecture, after the several others so superior. The painted glass is entirely destroyed, which takes greatly from its grandeur; the choir is handsome, and the organ capital. At the upper end of the choir is a noble monument of King John, whose body was conveyed hither from Newark by the Earl of Pembroke. His effigy lies on the tomb crowned. In his right hand is a sceptre, in his left a sword, whose point is received in the mouth of a lion couchant at his feet. He died October 19th, 1215, in the 51st year of his age, and 18th of his reign. We were next shown Arthur's chapel, covering the monument of that prince, elder brother of Henry VIII., which is the most curious stone workmanship in this cathedral, variously decorated with images, arms of England, and other royal badges. The fretted arched roof is curious and beautiful. Since this inspection we are informed Mr. V. Green has made a curious
a curious discovery under a heavy coat of plaiifer, to hide them from the Oliverian rage; there are a series of Arthur's progenitors, the partisans in the contentions of York and Lancaster, the symbols of whose union are well exemplified in the external decorations. Mr. Green conjectures he has distinguished Henry VII. and Edward IV. with their queens. The stone pulpit in the choir opposite, is well worth notice, being a most elegantly carved Gothic octagon; in the back is distinctly seen a representation of Jerusalem carved in the same durable materials. Besides a variety of ancient and modern tombs, and monuments, in the north transept near the clock is a superb marble piece of sculpture, erected to the memory of Dr. John Hough, bishop of this diocese, and head of Magdalen college, Oxford. He is represented in a recumbent posture; his right elbow resting on some books; his hands joined and raised in those acts of devotion, which his countenance so highly expresses. The drapery is inimitably fine. To the left stands the figure of Religion with her book in one hand, whilst with the other she is lifting up the flowing edge of his garment, to display underneath another representation in miniature, where he is standing before that tribunal, the High Commission Court, which ejected him from his college government. Three tools of tyranny are seated on the bench, and a secretary is minutings their proceedings, whilst this venerable prelate, at the head of the Fellows, is making his defensive arragement. Roubilliac has the honour of this matterly piece of sculpture, which is the admiration of all beholders and the finest in these, or perhaps any other parts of England. That in Westminster Abbey of bishop Nightingale, by the same hand, so univerally admired, perhaps may be greater in some points, though I can scarce think it altogether superior. This however I shall leave for better judges to determine.

The chapter-house adjacent is a large decagon, supported by a central pillar, 45 feet high, and 55 in diameter. Many curious missal MSS. and valuable books are here reposed; on the walls are a few old portraits of bishops, &c. There are many other excellent public buildings in this city, and many laudable charities, but too numerous for a place in these pages. Here are considerable manufactures of gloves, carpets &c. but the principal and most worthy notice is, the porcelain china, which we visited. Those who have ever seen the process of the Staffordshire ware, or other similar works, need not be informed how this is made; the substance used for these articles is a sacret composition moulded and formed into various designs like common clay: blue and white are the characteristic colours of this manufactory, which are laid on either by a plate or pencil; the blue, when first put on, appears a deadish brown, or some other dubious tint; but after the operation of the fire, is changed to a permanent and perfect blue.

This being market-day, we had an opportunity of seeing the principal commodities for sale, and their public repositories and rooms of traffic, particularly the Guildhall and Hop-house; the former is esteemed with truth a most elegant and commodious building, presenting a light and well-adorned front to the high-street, the inside of which is one admirable room, 100 feet by 25 and 21. Its sides are occupied by two spacious courts of justice, in which are held the assizes and sessions for the county and city. At each end of the long room are three whole length portraits of Charles I. Queen Anne, earl of Plymouth, Sir John Packington, &c. This was the second day of the new hop-market, which we saw abundantly supplied, and of good quality; though the produce of the season was no more than what is called half crop; yet the price was now reduced in less than a fortnight, from sixteen pounds to seven per hundred; an astonishing variation, owing to the late scarcity of old hops, for which the inhabitants had then given the extravagant price of three shillings and sixpence per pound.
pound. It was expected that the fair, which was to commence in less than a fortnight, would more permanently fix this dubious value.

We now took leave of this glorious capital, and crossed the Severn, for Hereford, over a new and elegant bridge, of five magnificent arches, built under the inspection of Mr. John Gwinn, architect. The first stone was laid by the Earl of Coventry, and the whole finished in 1780. The toll houses are elegant domes, similar to Black Friars, on each side is a spacious and handsone quay where much traffic from Bristol and the coal mines is carried on. The road is honest and disagreeable, but our attention was diverted for several miles with the abundance of variegated fruit, hanging gracefully on each side the road; this season is very extraordinary, and to pluck a roly bloom, from amidst such temptation, is deemed neither fine nor robbery. In our way we paused on our left Powick, where was formerly the seat of another branch of the Beauchamps, denominated of that place. From one of the heiresses who married Lord Willoughby of Broke, about the time of Henry VIII., is descended the present Greville, Earl of Warwick, who from thence quarters the arms, &c. of the ancient earls; from another heiress who married a Ligon, is descended, as I take for granted, the present representative for this county, whose seat is at Madresfield in this neighbourhood, near which we soon afterwards paused.

We now arrived at Malvern, a small hamlet at the feet of those immense hills, that had been our principal object for many miles. Ordering dinner at this charming inn, we procured an intelligent guide to conduct us to the highest summit; the day being favorable and pleasant, I scarce remember a more enchanting excursion, without a possibility of fatigue from so gradual an ascent on nature's carpet, and in little more than half an hour we gained this summit of perfection. When we lay perfection, we mean in a limited sense; there are certainly two sorts of perfection, relative and absolute. If the parts of a scene be beautiful, we are content to ascribe to it the honor of the first; but of the other, the ingredients must not only be beautiful, but of every possible variety. In different countries, or different parts of the same country, many sorts of the former may always be found, but the latter I fear is seldom, if ever, to be met with in all the vast round of sublunary researches. We mount the high tops of a Skiddaw, or Ben Lomond, and are lost in wonder and admiration of those immense heaps of rocks that tower around us; they are undoubtedly formed for astonishment and delight, and are the source of sublimest ideas; but let not these alone engross our whole attention, or alienate our affections entirely from other objects; let us cast our eye a while on this extensive scenery around us and compare the difference: on one side, a chain of the richest cultivation possible, interpered with innumerable mansions, lawns, woods, and the other golden plantations of the country; peopled with cheerful and thriving

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* This noble river, called by the Britons Haven, the Romans, Sabrina, and the English, Severn, rises out of a high mountain in Montgomeryshire, called Plynmoun; after having received the waters of seven small streams it enters Shropshire, and being joined by several brooks, at length reaches Welshpool; being in the space of 20 miles, become from a slender river stream, a very deep and copious river, and is navigable from whence to its mouth. From Welshpool it proceeds by the splendid and populous town of Shrewsbury, then runs south east to Bridgnorth; and from thence, declining still more to the south, enters Worcestershire, and proceeds to Bewdley. Swelled with concurring streams, it traverses this county entirely, and having watered, amongst others, Worcester and Upton, it piles forward to Gloucestershire, and rolls to Tewksbury, from whence, having visited the city and capital of that county, it travels forward, and meeting still with fresh descensions of waters, grows to such a size as to be called the Severn sea, pouring its tide, after a progress of more than 130 miles, into the Bristol Channel.

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* Campbell's Survey.
towns, and enlivened by the busy streams of the Severn and the Avon. These are the principal features in the vale of Evesham; on the opposite side are various winding valleys, mingled with hop-groves, gardens, seats and swelling hills of verdant wood, all sweetly softened by the mellow light of autumn, and encircled by a majestic range of mountains; the Wreking, and Clay-hills in Shropshire, seen over Ludlow; the Black-mountains in Brecknockshire; the Skiming hills in Monmouthshire; Abergavenny, and Ledbury mount; Gloucesterhshire hills over the city and Cheltenham, the Leeky hills towards Birmingham, &c. In short, nothing is here wanting to constitute the beautiful, but here is a deficiency in those two grand composites of the north, rock and lakes, to constitute the sublime. With these additions we should then find them an absolute perfection.

If we contemplate these scenes too, with the eye of an historian, what a train of ideas will they afford! instead of groves of shining fruits, we may fancy moving armies of glittering spears and helmets; instead of your silver gliding streams, we may imagine rivers of blood; such were these plains when haughty Cromwell, and his 30,000 men marched over them, and appeared on Red-hill against Charles II. with only 1200 in August, 1651. No more now the din of war is heard; Tewkbury*. Upton, Powick, and thou fair city, Worcester, your lofty towers no more are seen to shake, your buildings fall in dreadful conflagration, nor streets pour down the fanguine flood. All now arise in conscious harmony to gild these scenes, now sunk in peace and crowned with plenty. Maintain long this lovely reign ye ions of fame! and ye who reap the fruits of industry, store in your plenteous and golden crops, and quaff your homely nectar, in joyful tranquillity.

Descending now this noble velvet mountain, the former scene diminishing in soft gradation before our sight, through the perspective confines of these hills, afforded new and infinite delight, till we again arrived at our inn. After dinner we visited the internal display of that great Gothic feature the church; which is perhaps as great a curiosity of its kind as any to be met with. Part of it was a religious cell for hermits before the conquest, the greater part with the tower, was built in the 18th year of the conqueror, by one Aldwin an hermit. The outward appearance is very striking, the architecture, though large, is light and pleasing, and cannot fail to impress the traveller on his approach, with an idea of its antiquity and worth; they shewed us a copy of an antique manuscript at the Inn, giving a full account of its origin, the history of painted glass, &c. which is in high preservation, and of beautiful colours and designs; but as Dr. Nash has given a minute account of every thing in his history of the county, the omission of it here is of no consequence. The antiquarian in contemplating its different styles of building, the Gothic and the Saxon, the glass, the various monuments and coats of arms, &c. may find employment for many hours. One very curious tomb we saw of a Saxon Knight, with his battle-axe and other accoutrements, supposed to be the only one of this kind in England.

We now pursued our course to Ledbury, on a smooth winding road by the wells, at Little Malvern, famous for their salutary qualities, and the pureness of the air. About

* Famous too for the bloody overthrow of the Lancastrians in 1741. Whence J. Leland thus writes, translated;

Whose Avon's friendly streams with Severn join,
Virgin Tewksbury's walls, renown'd for trophies, shine,
And keep the sad remains, with pious care,
Of noble souls, the honor of the war.
six miles west of Ledbury, near the conflux of the Lugg and Wye, lies Marcle-hill, which in 1575, after shaking and roaring for three days, to the great horror and astonishment of the neighbourhood, began to move about six o’clock on Sunday evening, and continued moving till two next morning, it then stood still, having carried along with it the trees that grew upon it, and the sheep folds and flocks. In the place from whence it removed, it left a gap of 400 feet wide, and 320 long. The spot whereon this hill stood contained about 20 acres.

Ledbury is a mean ill-built town, situate in a rich vale, south of these hills; the meadows and pastureage around it appear very fertile; on an average they let for three pounds an acre. After repose here one night, we proceeded to Hereford; the day was mild and clear, which gave the vale and hills around a most enchanting glow; hop grounds and ruddy orchards spread their gaudy bloom around us; and that no space may be lost, the vacant spots of the ground, which is planted with trees, are covered with grain. The following description by an admired bard is a very lively picture of this country.

“Lo, on auxiliary poles, the hops
Ascending spiral, rang’d in meet array!
Lo, how the arable with barley grain
Stands thick, o’ershadow’d to the thirsty hind
Transporting project! these, as modern use
Ordains, infused, an auburn drink compose,
Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here to the sight,
Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,
Oft interlace’d, occur, and both imbibe
Fitting conjugal juice; so rich the soil,
So much does fruituous moisture o’er abound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
To heav’n aspire, affording prospect sweet
To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
Defending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verd’rous pasture; nor the yellow fields
Gaily interchang’d, with rich variety
Pleasing, as when an emerald green, enchas’d
In flam’ry gold, from the bright mists acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next add the Sylvan shades, and silent groves,
(Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel, whence the flurdy oak,
A prince’s refuge once, th’ eternal guard
Of England’s throne, by sweating peastants fell’d
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with fav’r reign sway,
Awes the divided world to peace and love.”

About three miles distant we passed a large house, called Verfen, Mr. Horne’s, which, from its construction and appearance, gave us the idea of the comforts of an opulent farmer. Two miles onward we observed an ancient white mansion, surrounded with a moat, called Manfen, the late Mr. Jones’s, now Mr. Derby’s, who married his widow. The country was now confined, but rich and pleasant; Mr. Hopeton’s old house, now only appropriated to a farm, was our next object, under a fine range of hills on our left, and called the World’s-end; a name ill applied amidst such a profusion of cultivation. The hops were now more abundant and flourishing, and other crops in great plenty.

† Philips’s Cyde, book 1st. page 117.
Passed the village of Tarrington, with a neat old church and parsonage. The next and principal object, was the honourable Edward Foley's beautiful place at Stoke Edith. This was the seat of the late lord Foley, and his ancestors, while they continued a younger branch; but when he succeeded to the manion and estate of the elder line, at Whitley, in Worcestershire, he of course made that his principal residence, and left this to his second son, the present possessor. The house is large, and wears an ancient aspect, but the principal front is turned from the road, its surrounding shrubs break the ill effect of too great an intimacy with passengers; a bridge communicates with the park over the road, which we passed under. The views from every point are pleasing and picturesque, and from the next ascent the house and parish spire, very high and beautiful, formed a delightful group with the variegated ground adjacent, and finally terminated by the Malvern-hills. Farther on our left stands Longworth, an agreeable seat of Mr. Waldwin, member for Hereford. Where his ancestors have been seated, at least ever since the reign of Henry IV. from which time they have been continually heritors, and in other high offices in the county. A little way behind Longworth, lies Lugwardyne, once the estate and seat of the Chandos's and Brydges's, from whom it was sold to the Warneford's, and came in marriage from them to the Harley's, I believe. Winding again to the right we had a final and most graceful prospect of Stoke-Edith, softened by the mellow shades of landscapes, viewed at a distance. The pencil of the artist might here be variously employed to advantage; and though the surface of the road cannot be esteemed of the best, and most agreeable texture, yet the admirer of nature and superior cultivation, may in this morning's ride, be amply rewarded. Descending towards the city, the distant views are grand and charming, particularly the rich scenery of Foley, and Hampton-court, Lord Malden's, to the right, and the fine vale in front, terminated by the hills in Monmouthshire and Brecknock. We now crossed the river Lugg into an extensive meadow from whence we viewed Sutton-court to the left, a bad old house of white materials, almost sunk in the bosom of an hill; this is remarkable for having been the residence of the Hereford family ever since the 7th of Henry III. the late possessor, Sir James Hereford, died about three years since very old, having amassed from a small estate considerable wealth, which he left to Mr. Caldecot, his nephew, who has now changed his name to Hereford. I understand he intends soon to grace this respectable spot with a more considerable mansion. On a nearer approach to the city, a dullness seemed to pervade the whole, and the heaviness of the Cathedral was quite oppressive to the sight; but for this we could account, for on a closer examination it had lost its spire, which had been lately taken down, from an apprehension of danger, since the great fall of the western end of the building, which happened two years ago, and lies in ruins; this was infinitely the finest part, and when in perfect state, its tower was esteemed very beautiful architecture; the print which remains of it, certainly gives this idea. The whole internal length was 393 feet; transept 140; the height of the middle steeple, 241; west tower 125. Mr. Wyatt has made an estimate, and the walk is just begun to be railed upon the former plan, with a handsome window, but without the tower. It was originally built by bishop Reinelm, in the reign of Henry I. and enlarged by succeeding bishops. In its present ruinous state, we could find but little to attract our notice. Nor does the city merit any particular encomiums; the buildings are mostly mean and insignificant, and the streets narrow and bad. Here are now only four parish churches, two having been destroyed in the late civil wars. It is governed by a Mayor, six Aldermen, Recorder, &c. Its markets are well supplied; and here is a considerable manufacture of gloves. The antiquity of it cannot be doubted; evident marks of this are easily discovered. Camden says it is situated amongst meadows
meadows extremely pleasant, and corn fields very fruitful. It is supposed to have sprung up, when the Saxon heptarchy was in its glory; founded (as some write) by Edward the elder; no mention being made of it more ancient. The Britains, before the name of Hereford was known, called the place, Trefawith, from beech trees, which still grow abundantly about here. It owes its greatest increase to religion, and the horrible murder of Ethelbert King of the East-Angles; who, whilst he courted the daughter of Offa, king of the Mercians, was villainously way-laid and murdered by Quindreda, Offa's wife, who longed more for the kingdom of the East-Angles, than to see her daughter honorably married. He was upon this action, enrolled amongst the catalogue of martyrs, and had a church here built, and dedicated to him by Mildred, a petty prince of this country; which being soon after adorned with a bishop's see grew very rich, first by the liberality of the Mercians, and afterwards of the west Saxon king. This city suffered no great calamity till 1055, when Grifin, prince of South Wales, and Algar, an Englishman, rebelling against Edward the Confessor, and having routed Earl Ralph, sacked the city, destroyed the cathedral, and carried away Leofgar the bishop. Hence it is that Malmesbury writes thus: "Hereford is no great city, and yet by the high and formidable ruins of its steep and broken bulwarks, it shews that it has been considerable:" and as it appears by Domesday book, "there were in all but 103 men, within and without the walls." The Normans afterwards very much improved and enlarged it. William Fitz Oliborn, a kinsman of the conqueror, and first earl of Hereford, walled it round, and fortified it with a strong castle, on the site where the old cathedral stood. Leland says, "that this castle, by the ruins, appeared to be one of the fairest, largest, and strongest in England. The walls were high and firm, and full of great towers; and where the river was not a sufficient defence for it, there it was strongly ditched. It had two wards, and each of them surrounded with water; the dungeon was high, and exceedingly well fortified, having, in the outward wall or ward, 26 towers of a semi-circular figure, and one great tower in the inner ward. Some think that Heraldis began this castle, after he had conquered the rebellion of the Welsh, in Edward the confessor's time. Others think, that the Lacies and the Bohuns, earls of Hereford, were the great builders of it.

This city being situated in a frontier country, was continually liable to the inroads of rapacious warriors, plunderers, and rebels. When the barons broke out in rebellion against Henry III. they commenced their hoolies at this place, under the command of Simon Mountfort, earl of Leicester; who, as we before remarked, fell a victim to his perfidy and ambition, in that remarkable battle at Evesham, by which the great power of the barons was diminished, and that of the commons enlarged. Here also, when the barons took up arms against Edward II. Hugh Spencer, earl of Gloucester, and several others, the favourites of that prince were hanged. Near this place was likewise fought a bloody battle between Henry VI. and the earl of March, (afterwards Edward IV.) when the latter conquered; and having taken several of the Welsh nobility, amongst which was Owen Tudor, and others, prisoners, ordered them to be cruelly executed in this city. In the civil wars between Charles I., and the Parliament, this place was strong and well fortified and made several brave defences against the Scots, and the Oliverians. Scarce a trace of the castle is now remaining; on its site are admirable walks, called the castle green, formed and kept in neat order by the corporation; the river Wye runs underneath, which together with its antique bridge adds greatly to the pleasing prospect from hence. If we look round its neighbouring hills and mountains, we shall find strong marks of the visits of the Romans, and other encampments; particularly on the summits of Creden-hill, and Dindermoor, the one towards

Bradwardine,
Bradwardine, the other near the road to Rofs; on the former are many appearances of there having been a Roman station. It is certain Lord Leven here fixed his army during the siege of Hereford, in the civil wars. The latter displays stronger marks of those ancient encampments, being visibly square, which I believe is a pretty certain characteristic of the Romans; besides the corroborating evidence of an adjacent hill now bearing the name of Oifler, no doubt a corruption of Oftorius Scapula who commanded in those parts. In the suburbs stand the ruins of a monastic-looking pile, supposed to have been a religious house, which was given by William III, to lord Coningsby, who afterwards made it a town residence; this going to decay by future neglect, lord Coningsby, to perpetuate his name by a laudable institution, built and founded an hospital adjoining, for the care and maintenance of 16 poor, which we minutely inspected; their habitations are small, but warm and comfortable; the old gardens afford each a very handsome allotment. One of these aged people attended us, who was 88, and well remembered his Lord's ancient fabric in a more flourishing and habitable state. In the same ground we saw a curious relic of antiquity, gothically built and pretty perfect, which together with some boughs of elder hanging carelessly round its walls, was exceedingly picturesque. It is an octagon with windows arched, and steps quite round, but only one internal approach; through the top runs a thin stone pillar several feet high, on which I suppose was a cross, as it is thought to have belonged to the monastery, as an object of worship.

September 9th. A delightful morning, which we appropriated to an excursion northward, principally to see Mr. Price's noble grounds, &c. at Foxley, and to enjoy that enchanting scene in its vicinity, from an hill called Lady-Lift. The Bradwardine road was our course for some time, we then deviated to the right; a little more than a mile from this city, on some waste land by the road side, we saw a large old pillar of stone much wrought, with steps round the base similar to those we often see in small towns; no authentic account is given of it, but by tradition it is believed to have been erected in time of a plague, when the country people were afraid to approach the city, for the purpose of holding market, and is at this day called White-cross. We now passed through a village, and entered Foxley grounds; the well-clothed hills of wood on each side are very noble. The house is not in union with this external magnificence, a square brick built place, heavy and ungraceful; though there is no appearance of French, the inside no doubt is good and comfortable, and I was told contains some paintings worth notice; this we omitted, but had leave to drive through the beautiful gardens, &c. which soon led us on a most glorious terrace between the two vales; thus we continued through a bowery shade, which was most acceptable, as it protected us from the fervent beams of the sun, till we arrived at the sweet object of our wishes; a place that most amply repaid our steep ascent.

Oh nature how supremely Queen of hills
Enchanting Lady-Lift! thy beauteous form,
Art ne'er with her infam'd veil hath veild.
No foreign plumage deckt thy full-crown'd head,
No artificial flowers, the sickly growth
Of the trim garden, wither on thy breast,
But the fresh violet, and the harebell blue,
And simple daisy, feel its cherishing warmth,
And there delight to blow. Thy rich attire
Is woven in nature's loom; the spreading arms
Of the bold children of the forest deck
Its waving fronds; the lordly, dark-green oak.
THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

The high aspiring ash, the glossy beech,
And yellow chestnut, spangled with its fruits,
In pleasing harmony combine their shades,
Which gilded by the sun, a lovelier gold
Display, than ever yet, with all the toil
Of art and riches; deck'd an Eastern Queen.
Nor often can the power of roaring winds,
And boisterous storms, derange the ornaments
Of nature's hand, but while the weakest breeze
Puffs the vain robes of art in scorn away,
They, as in mockery of the raging blast,
But bend their boughs, or lift their heads on high.
Oh! how then can the pomp of Empresses
With Lady-Lift compare! Oh mark her power!
Lo, with what placid majesty she sits
And sways her wide and populous domain,
The heavens her canopy, the earth her throne!
She wants no vassals, Ethiopic slaves,
To scatter balms and odours on her garb,
Or softly fan her from the noon tide heat,
The perfumes wafted on the fragrant wings
Of gentle zephyrs, issuing from the South,
Are sublimities by nature more delicious,
Than all that art or fancy can create.
Lo, with what sweet and unaffected charms,
Her subjects smile under her peaceful sceptre!
Beneath her feet hills gradually arise,
In softest verdure clad; the golden vale
Winds distant by, and streams meandering flow,
Yielding to all their fruits and plentiful stores,
In proudst triumph of the quiet reign.
The traveller here, in quest of nature's charms
Meets joyful welcome; not a srown austere
Chills his approach or flips his curious eye,
But all his wild researches are endear'd
By every smile of sweet complacency.
How eagerly around the thrives to saw,
The thousand beauties of her native land!
The ripen'd orchards hung with ruddy orbs,
That deck each rural scene, the first displays;
Then wood-fringed lawns, fair seats and villages;
Next proudly points to towers and battlements,
That long have grace'd her much loved ancient Sea,
The great metropolis of this fair realm;
Lastly to yonder rugged range of hills,*
Which seem like maffy bulwarks rais'd on high
To guard her loyal peace-encircled home,
From the rude progress of destructive foes.

Having thus gazed with rapture and admiration, we breathed our tribute of acknowledgment, and returned as we came, until a path led us into the valley on our right, and from thence across through an obscure village, Little Manori, to Bradwardine, situative on the opposite side of the Wye; over which is a good bridge, and near to it are the imperfect traces of a castle, once strong and stately, which gave both origin and name to the famous Thomas Bradwardine, archbishop of Canterbury, in Edward IIIrd's time, who, for his great learning, and proficiency in the most abstruse arts and sciences, was called Doctor Profundus. This family had removed into Suffolk, about three genera-

* The Black-mountains which divide this county from Wales.
tions before that great descendant was born. The object of this wide and tedious deviation, was to visit that sweet scene, we had viewed at a distance, called the Golden Vale, or by the Britons, Dyfrun-Aur; remarkable for its pleasant fertility of yellow flowers, with which it is covered, particularly in the spring. The evening was too far advanced when we had finished our homely repast, to allow us this further pleasure, so we brooked the disappointment like philosophers, and directed our nearest course to Hereford. In this vicinity we had a view of Mr. Byrche's neat mansion at Ganlon, and of Moccas-cour, the seat of Sir George Amyand (Cornwall) bart. a banker in London, who obtained it by marrying the heiress of the late Velters Cornwall, member in several Parliaments for this county, whose ancestors had been seated here a long time, they being a branch (I presume) of the barons of Burford in Shropshire, mentioned by Camden, who were descended illegitimately from Richard earl of Cornwall, 2d son of King John; and the family now bear the arms of that earl, viz. Arg. a Lyon Rampant Gules, crowned Or, within a bordure falso, bezante.* The late Mr. Cornwall drew much of the stone from the ruins of Bradwardine castle for the rebuilding this seat. The present possessor took the name of this family sometime since, and is now representative for the county. A few miles in our way, under a large hill picturesquely clothed, we saw a white house belonging to Major Cotteril, son to the knight, Sir John, mentioned at Broadway. Onward, on our right we passed another new house, Mr. Parry's of the Ware, fronting the memorable and lofty station, Creden-hill, upon which, as we before-mentioned, is a very great camp, and mighty works, the graff being inwards as well as outwards; and the whole contains by estimation about 40 acres. About a mile from this, and nearer the river, lies Kenchester, supposed by Camden and others, to have been the Ariconium of Antoninus, having been destroyed, as is reported, by an earthquake; this supposition arises from some old walls, called Kenchester-walls, about which are often found stones of inlaid checker-work, British-bricks, Roman coins, &c. And about 1669, was found in a wood, a great vault with tables of plainer in it. The vault itself was paved with stones; and thereabouts were dug up many pieces of Roman coins, with large bones, leaden pipes, several urns containing ashes, and other vessels, the use of which was unknown. Also in 1670, was discovered a bath here; the brick pipes which heated it, remaining entire. On the opposite bank of the river stands Eaton Bishops, so called from its manor belonging to the Bishop of Hereford. Here is another large camp, containing between 30 and 40 acres, but the works of it are single, except a little on the west side. We saw here a pleasant mansion of Mrs. Philips, mother to the late member for Hereford, whole polite attention, and agreeable information, during our stay here, merits our sincerest acknowledgments.

The day following we visited the Duke of Norfolk's fine old place at Holme, about five miles south of this city. The road is by the Wye, exceedingly pleasant, the meadows fertile, and the woody hills luxuriant round them; we passed an handsome seat of Mr. Bodenham, at Rotherwas, fronting a rich wood, and Dindermore hill. Holme Lacy is an ancient seat of the Scudamores, which they inherited about the reign of Edward III. by marriage with the heiress of Ewias, as is said by Camden and others, but more probably Lacy, to whom this estate certainly belonged and from whom it acquired its additional name. Among those indeed, who hearing of the acquisitions of the Normans in England, came afterwards over expecting to share in the general distribution, and finding England too little to satisfy their greedy appetites, obtained leave

* Of this family was the late Speaker of the House of Commons, though party virulence has called him a man of low birth.
of William Rufus, to invade Wales, was Hugh de Laci, who sailed into Wales, and
won the territory of Ewias in Monmouthshire, upon which he fixed his castle, which to
this day retains the addition of his name. From a branch of this family, no doubt,
whether by the name of Ewias or Laci, was derived the title of the Scudamores to this
place. Sir John Scudamore was created viscount of Sligo in Ireland, July 2d 1628, the
heir of whose descendant James, married first in 1729, Henry Duke of Beaufort,
from whom she was divorced, and marrying again colonel Charles Fitzroy, (nature son
of the first duke of Grafton) was mother of Francis, her heir, married in 1771, to
Charles, the present duke of Norfolk, to whom she brought this, and other large
citizens in this neighbourhood for life. The approach is through the park to the west
front, which is a plain dark stone structure, with very proportionable wings. The hall
is very old and magnificent, 48 by 27, and very lofty. The wainscot is painted; from
the ceiling hang two ponderous gilt bronzes; the paintings are very good, particularly
one of Charles I., a person holding his horse, only half visible, and a page holding up his
garments; the principal figure is very beautiful, the fillet tint of his coat remarkably
fine; his hand rests very gracefully on his side, and the elbow seems to burst from the
canvas; the forehead of the horse is very matterly. This is esteemed one of Vandyke's
best performances; there are only two of this kind in the kingdom. Sir James
Scudamore, father to John the first lord in armour, by the same I believe; viscount
Scudamore, a great friend of Charles I.; admiral Vantrump; sir John Packington;
a fine portrait of a lady; Louis XIII, and his queen, 1639, French. Small dining room
on the right; over the chimney, a curious old flower piece, within some beautiful carved
work, by the famous Gibbons; the shell-fish, birds, fruit, &c. are inimitably finished.
"There is no instance (says Walpole) of a man before Gibbons, who gave to wood
the loofe and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of
the elements, with a free disorder natural to each species." On the left of the hall are
two small drawing-rooms. In one I observed some beautiful needle-worked chairs, &c.
also a considerable display of portraits, but we had no catalogue, nor person whereby
to obtain certain information. I could frequently distinguish the pencil of Vandyke,
Cornelius Johnson, and Holbein. The stair-case is very lofty, and hung with old pictures;
this leads up to a large suite of unfinished rooms. The whole of this admirable place
is complete in its style; built, I imagine, about the reign of King William III., by one
of the Scudamores, immediate ancestor of the Dukes; Colonel Fitzroy, her father,
had the management during her minority, and did infinite injury to the place, by cutting
down 15000l. worth of timber. The gardens to the south front are all in King
William's style of fortifications, surrounded with yew hedges, cut in variety of forms,
according to the taste of that time. Some indeed, have been suffered to out grow their
original shape, and are really beautiful. As there are so few relics of these forts of
antiquities now remaining, it is pity not to have the power of such an inspection some
times; this is certainly a very fat object for that purpose, and will, in all probability,
long continue so. The Duke frequently enjoys it, with a society of a few friends; nor
has he an idea of letting it undergo any tranmutation. Its external beauties are most
bewitching, from a situation replete with caelestis variety; the view from the west end
of the garden, or from the lawn, is sweetly picturesque, beyond expression. A small
tower, with another spire church to the right, and Mr. Lechmere's old white house to
the left, all placed in a lovely amphitheatre, formed by swelling hills and hanging
woods, as the truest objects of landscape. This scene is again charmingly varied, as we
ascend the hill into the park, opposite the south front of the house, which takes in
many other agreeable objects, and more of the meandering river. Still further on, the
distant prospect expands nobly, while the huge oaks, those venerable sons of the forest, spread their umbrageous arms around our heads, and seem to lament their former numerous family, fell'd by the destructive hand of an unlawful manner. From the summit of this delightful park we command several vall hills in Gloucestershire; black mountains in Monmouthshire, and Brecknock; those over Hereford, and Bradwardine, together with Robin Hood’s Butts; also, Clay Hills in Shropshire, &c. Infinitely gratified with this excursion we returned with our good friend to dine at Hereford.

Much more is yet to be seen in these parts, which we could not conveniently compass, lying too opposite to our future route. Lord Maldon’s noble seat at Hampton-court, towards Leominister, is particularly worth notice. Leland says, “this place was sumptuously erected by one Sir Lenthall, knt. that thus rose by service. He was yeoman of the robes to King Henry IV. and being a gallant fellowe, either a daughter* or neere kinwoman of the kinges fell in love with him, and in continuance was wedded unto him. Whereupon after he fell into estimation, and had given to him 1000l. landes by the ycares for maintenance of him and his wife, and their heirs, among which landes he had Ludlowe for one part. This Lenthall was victorious at the battle of Agincourt, and tooke many prisoners there, by which prey he beganne the new building of Hampton-court, and brought from an hill a spring of water, and made a little poole within the toppe of this house. This Lenthall had a sonne by his wife; but he after a few years dyed. Then left he of to build any more at Hampton, and soone after his wife dyed. Then after he married the daughter of the Lord Grey of Codonke.” Hampton-court afterwards belonged to the Cornwalls, barons of Burford; and in the reign of Henry VIII. it belonged to the Coningsby’s, a family of great note in these parts, of which was Sir Thomas Coningsby, who was sheriff of the county, 40th of Queen Elizabeth, and founded an hospital in Hereford; from which was descended Thomas, who was created a baron of Ireland by King William III. and afterwards a baron and earl of this realm, by the title of Lord Coningsby, of Coningsby in Lincolnshire. Margaret, the eldest of his two daughters, was also created a baroness and Viscountess of Hampton-court, from whom by his mother is descended the present possessor. This was till lately in its perfect original state in form of a castle; its situation, as we could distinctly discern, and judge from its vicinity, is in a most beautiful vale on the river Lugg, surrounded with the richest woods; the gardens and pleasure grounds are delightful. His lordship has rather mutilated some of its antique appearance to enjoy modern comforts, as he frequently resides here: within are excellent portraits of the family, &c. by Holbein, Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely, &c. with King Henry IV. Queen Elizabeth, &c. Another object highly worth the attention of a traveller, is the curious place of Richard Payne Knight, esq. at Downton, near Ludlow, (for which place he is member) but within the northern limits of this county. This gentleman having seen most of the best edifices, both ancient and modern, and being endowed with a natural fondness for the architecture of castles, &c. was determined to raise, from divers hints he had collected from the various styles of building, something to resemble the habitations of ancient barons, more peculiar than could possibly be found elsewhere. In this I understand he has succeeded so as to be the admiration of all visitors. No less a sum than 60,000l. has been expended for this purpose.

We left Hereford, and pursued our tour to Rofs; the first hill called Aconbury, is very steep, and commands a most extensive valley surrounded with boldest scenery.

* This lady was Margaret coheir of Richard Fitzalan, fourth earl of Arundel of that family.
The black mountains so often mentioned, St. Michael's mount, and Sugarloaf, are very prominent features. In the vale on our right stands a large mansion of Sir Richard Symmons, bart. called the Meend. Beyond this road affords nothing interesting for several miles: pafs through the small village, Landenabo, and a little to the left see Harewood. Sir Hungerford Hoskins's old seat, which has been long the residence of the family, and greatly improved by the present owner.

This is no doubt the spot, or near it, where in the reign of Edgar, Ethelwold, that king's minister, had a cattle (said to be in Harewood-forest,) which is the scene of Mafon's dramatic poem of Elfrida. The story of it is briefly this, Edgar greatly enamoured of the famed beauty of Elfrida, daughter of Oarg, earl of Devonshire, sends Ethelwold to offer her his crown in marriage. Whereupon Ethelwold falls violently in love with her himself, and marries her secretly; persuading the king upon his return, that there was nothing extraordinary in her beauty. Edgar at length being informed of the truth, seizes her, falls desperately in love, and determines to make her his own; the event of which is quite perverted by the poet, for instead of that sacred attachment to Ethelwold, which the drama exhibits, the historical fact shows that her beauty was too much tainted with vanity, not to be moved by the addresses of the king. Upon which he orders the unsuspecting husband to go to Northumberland on pretended business. But the unfortunate earl never performed his journey. He was found dead in a wood, where he was thought at first to be murdered by robbers, but the eyes of the people were soon opened, when they saw that the king, instead of making due search after the murderers, married the widow. Some say, that Edgar flew Ethelwold with his own hand at a hunting match. Malanbury says, he took Ethelwold into a wood (Harewood-forest) upon pretence of hunting, and killed him there with his lance. The natural son of this nobleman happening to come in at this accident, and viewing the dead body of his father, the king sternly asked him, “how he liked the game?” The youth replied calmly, that whatsoever pleased the king, ought not to be displeasing to him. This courtly answer, on so moving an occasion, surprized the king, and gave him a strong affection for the young man ever after. This story leaves room to suspect, the monkish historians have passed over in silence several of Edgar's actions, when they endeavoured, by their excessive commendations, to make him pass for a saint.

Hence the road is intolerably rough, but might easily be mended by breaking their hard materials smaller. We next saw Peterlowe, a neat retirement, whose small spire and church are exceedingly picturesque. A little further we inspected the ruins of Wilton Castle, on the river Wye, opposite Rofs, from which the spire and bridge are very fine objects, together with the wood-crowned hills called the Chafe. Wilton Castle was the chief seat of the barony of the Greys of this place, by the marriage of Reginald Grey, Justice of Cheltenham, with Maud, the heiress of Henry de Longchamp, Baron of Wilton, in the reign of Edward I. From hence a long train of illustrious peers successively enjoyed this place down to William Lord Grey of Wilton. Though earlier than this they much frequented their seats at Blechley and Whaddon Hall in Bucks before-mentioned; and in the time of this William, the Castle of Wilton was much fallen to decay. This brave nobleman, in the reign of Queen Mary, defended Calais against the French with wonderful valour, till at length his soldiers mutinying in despair, he was obliged to yield it up, and became himself a prisoner, in which state he continued, till he redeemed himself for 24,000 crowns; a sum, which almost ruined his estate. He was afterwards general of the forces sent into Scotland. Having lived to all the great purposes of life, but self-interest, he died
1562, no less to the public sorrow of England, which he secured, than to the common joy of Scotland, which he awed. His son Arthur lord Grey, a soldier as famous as his father, endeavoured to advance his lessened estate by his valour, and first was wounded at the siege of Leith, 1562, and afterwards was sent over lord deputy of Ireland, and there finally suppressed the rebellion of Desmond. But there is another cause, why his memory will live, long after his feats of arms are forgotten. He was the early patron of Spenser, the poet, who went over to Ireland with him as his secretary, upon which he had a grant from Queen Elizabeth of 3000 acres of land in the county of Cork. His house was in Kilcullen; and here he finished his Fairy Queen; the river Mulla, which he has more than once introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds. The world can never be grateful enough to the man, under whose patronage so exquisite a poem was written. The gratitude of the poet will live for ever. Lord Grey died 1593†. His son William the last lord a puritan, but a very hopeful young man, was attainted as an accomplice in Sir Walter Raleigh’s supposèd plot, and died in prison much pitied§. At what time this family parted with Wilton Castle is not exactly known; but it is probable it was parted with by lord William, the grandfather, among the patrimony he was obliged to alienate for raising his ransom, since it belonged to John, first lord Chandos, who married his sister; and from him it became the seat of his second son Charles, who resided here, as well as his posterity, down to James the magnificent duke, of whom an account has been given under Cannons. Phillips, in his poem, called Cyder, makes the following honourable mention of this family, originally natives of the county:

"Where shall we find
Men more undaunted† for their country’s weal
More prodigal of life? In ancient days
The Roman legions, and great Caesar found
Our fathers no mean foes, and Cressy plains
And Agincourt, deep-ting’d with blood, confest
What the Silures vigour unwithstood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges wide wafting hand, first gartered knight,¶
Puilant author of great Chandos’ flem,
High Chandos, that transmits paternal worth,

* "Most noble lord, the pillar of my life,
And patron of my muse’s pupillage,
Through whose large bounty poured on me rife,
In the first leason of my feeble age,
I now do live, bound yours by vassalage,” &c.

Sonnet to lord Grey prefixed to the Fairy Queen.

† Henry Fitzalan Earl of Arundel, when steward at King Edward’s coronation, or confidant at Queen Mary’s, was the first that rid in a coach in England; this lord Grey was the first that brought a coach to Ireland.

‡ The title of Baron de Wilton has lately been revived in the person of sir Thomas Egerton, bart. descended from the fitter and coheiress of this William; but not entitled to the ancient honour, both because of the attainder, and the obedience.

§ Weldon’s Court of James I. p. 30.
|| Than those of Herefordshire.
¶ This is an historical inaccuracy. Sir John Chandos, one of the first knights of the garter, was uncle to Alice the wife of Sir Thomas Bridges, ancestor of the Bridges’s.

Prudence
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
'T his noble offspring*. O thrice happy seat!
That blest with hoary vigour, view'd thyself
Prelim blooming in thy generous son; whose lips
Swelling with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wise and sage, and attention win
In deepest councils: Ariconium pleas'd;
Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes;
Him, on the Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
Him hardy Britons blest; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The general's conduct, than his care avails.*

The remaining ruins of the castle are very inconsiderable; there being nothing but a low square wall, enclosing a garden, with the appearance of a turret in one angle. This with Aconbury, Dewfall, and most of the other Chandos estates in this county, were sold some years back to Guy's hospital. In Peterstowe church, in which parish this stands, are no handsome monuments, but two or three flat stones to the memory of this family. We now crossed the bridge of six large arches, and came along the side of an high caueway to the town. This admirable convenience for passengers in time of floods, owes its origin to the celebrated man of Ros, (Mr. Kyrle) whose liberal and charitable services to this town, are monuments too durable soon to be erased. The lines of Pope most applicable to the spot we are now upon, are the following:

"Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applauses refund.
Who hung with woods thy mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the water flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns oft,
or in proud falls magnificently loft,
But clear and artless pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain;
Whose caueway parts the vale with shady rows,
Whose seats the weary traveller repose:
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
* The man of Ros,* each lifting babe replies."*

We now ascended this high town, and viewed the charming scenes from its churchyard; dined at the king's arms, the house in which that famous character lived and died; his portrait is still shown here, which, though but a tawb in colouring, is valued for its extreme likeness.

About two miles from hence is Bolllitree, the birth-place and residence of William Merrick, author of the Camelion, the Monkies, and other lively poems in Dodsley's collection. The following poetical description by him of this place, never before published, was given me by a near relation of his, with many other of his manuscripts.

Near where proud Penyard's woods arise,
Whence Cambria's hills salute our eyes,
On a fair spot enclosed with wood,
That long the rage of time has flood,
Stands Bolllitree. In days of yore,
Foe Lancaller the sceptre bore,
Well known to fame.—

* James lord C. father of the first duke. What follows is a pleasing contrast to the ill-natured of, by Pope, of the duke under the name of Timon, before-mentioned.
Old Gaunt, 'tis said had seen the place,
And Hereford's renowned grace,
There deign'd to spend a social hour,
Whilst virtue charm'd him more than pow'r.
When hapless Richard's wretched reign
Cauld Briton's sons to seek the plain,
It's matter* low'd of Hereford,
Join'd with him, and drew the sword,
And whilst our Henrys bore the sway,
At Bollitree how blis'd the day!
When fam'd Eliza rul'd the land,
And gallant Essex held command,
A branch† from this old spot deriv'd,
In Spain right hardy deeds achiev'd;
There Calais (unhappy) felt a blow,
That laid her lofty turrets low.
And when by too severe a fate,
Brave Essex felt the ax's weight,
Sire to his much lov'd lord he stood,
And seal'd his friendship with his blood.
But late from hence, high honour bore,
Evn to remotest India's shore,
In evil hour a daring swain*
In beauty's bloom he pref'd the plain.
Ah! hapless youth of soul sincere,
Receive the heart-blowing tear;
Since fate thy vital thread has torn,
Eternal laurels grace thy urn!
Sacred to you, deferring dead,
This ancient fabric rears its head.
Arches with ivy overgrown,
And walls of moss-bemantled stone,
Again restor'd in awful state,
Your honour'd memory await.
Accept the humble tribute paid,
And peaceful sleep each hallow'd shade.

Scenery of such inimitable beauty as that viewed down the river Wye, which is unquestionably unique, necessarily requires a minute detail and analysis of its constituent parts; the steepness of its banks; its mazy course; the ground, woods, and rocks, and every other native and artificial ornament. These are most accurately and admirably defined by the celebrated compiler of natural and artificial landscape, Mr. Gilpin, in his excursion down this river in 1770§, for which purpose he has employed his second section; and I think with much greater success than the subsequent description. This indeed, as he previously observes, might be attributed to his having seen them under the circumstances of a continued rain. Leaving my reader therefore to furnish himself with the necessary outlines from that able delineator, I shall proceed to give the result of these combinations under the auspicious beams we now viewed them.

For this purpose we procured a boat for a guinea and a half, to take us to Monmouth,

* Thomas Meyrick.
† Sir Gwillim Merrick, knighted at Caless, for his valour.
‡ Lieutenant Samuel Ho, king, of Col. Draper's regiment, slain at the siege of Fort St. George, (Nephew to the late William Meyrick, of Bollitree )
§ This little work is become so scarce, that was not able previously to procure a copy; the hints and occasional directions of such a companion were highly desirable, and would have been of infinite assistance, but I was forced to be content in an after collection.
in which we embarked about three o'clock, and leaving Wilton castle* on our right, passed the noble bridge westward in continual serpentine nearly four miles, without any very striking feature to attract our notice. We were amused with some fishermen in their curious little boats, angling for trout and grealing; these delicate vehicles are made of wicker, or basket work, and covered on the outside with prepared canvases, which they paddle down the stream, and carry on their backs home again, like turtles in their shells. Mr. Gilpin mentions this curious vehicle, called a coricle, probably from the ancient boat which was formed of leather, and gives the following curious story of an adventurous fellow, "who for a wager, once navigated a coricle as far as Lundy isle, at the mouth of the British channel. A full fortnight or more he spent in this dangerous voyage; and it was happy for him that it was a fortnight of serene weather. Many a current and many an eddy; many a flowing tide, and many an ebbing one, afforded him occasion to exert all his skill and dexterity. Sometimes his little bark was carried leeward, and sometimes as far windward; but still he recovered his course, persevered in his undertaking; and at length happily achieved it. When he returned to the New-Weir, report says, the account of his expedition was received like a voyage round the world." We now came opposite Mr. Gilpin's second landscape, Goodrich castle, a most romantic relic of moss-grown towers, which more than answered every idea of his pencil, or description; the vast hill, called copper-wood apparently on the right, though really far beyond, adds greatly to the boldness of this prospect. William Earl Marshall had a grant of this castle 5th of King John. In the reign of Edward III. this was the chief seat of Gilbert lord Talbot, great grandfather of John, the first earl of Shrewsbury, to whom, and his posterity, it continued the principal residence, till Gilbert, 7th Earl, left three daughters his coheirs, of whom Elizabeth carried this castle to her husband, Henry Grey, earl of Kent, who died S. P. 1639, yet this place seems to have gone to his collateral relations, earls of Kent, down to the late duke. Down the next reach on our left, a beautiful livery of green clothed the surrounding steep; this is the general complexion of the adjacent country, for every ten or twelve years, the woods are cropped quite close to the ground, principally to supply the forges and furnaces with charcoal, &c. and as they sprout again this delightful verdure appears scarce distinguishable, at some distance, from the most luxuriant crops. As in other spots their vigour is increased, or come to full growth, different tints and shades are seen, which constitute the wonderful variety so peculiar to these scenes. The hill beyond, on our right, is covered with lime kilns; we saw a small hut by the water side carelessly heaped together, which, according to established custom, the indigent natives rak in the night; this, if they can accomplish it so as to cover in, and boil a pot within the space of twelve hours unmoistened, becomes their own, and they are allowed to inclose a sufficient quantity of land round it, and to rebuild a more suitable cottage; thus in a few years by this laudable custom and indulgence, the whole face of the country wears a general aspect of cultivation, and the most barren spots become adorned with woods, gardens and orchards. This in miniature resembles the great world at large in its original state of nature, with this restriction, that their king is already established; they may wage wars and have trivial hostilities about infringements of property, and other jealousies or animosities, but no violent danger can ensue; the Lord of the manor has the supreme power, to keep them in awe, and rectify these commotions in their state. We next passed some iron works on our left; called

* Mr. Gilpin, by a deception in this winding river, has described this ruin as on the opposite bank.

Bishop's-
Bishop's-wood-furnace, belonging to a company at Ross and Bristol; the scene here greatly improves, and the stream flows through a winding avenue of richer cloathing. In the reach below this, is Ledbroke colliery, a very plentiful mine and of good quality; which supplies Ross, and various places at 13d. per ton. After so much grandeur and tranquillity, this busy contrast upon the banks of the wharf produced a new and lively effect. A little lower on the right, stands Courtfield, an ancient pile, with an artificial ruin above, belonging to Mr. Vaughan. A few fine deer were bounding on the ridgy banks; the parish church in miniature, just below, is truly picturesque; it is called Welch Bicknor to distinguish it from another village of the same name about two miles below, on the opposite side of the river, in Gloucestershire, which now only divides the two counties, but was formerly the boundary between the Welch and English; according to this verse of Necham:

"Inde vagos Vaga Cambrenses, hinc respiciet Anglos."
"Hence Wye the English views, and thence the Welch."

In this church is a chalice of great antiquity, being from its date made in 1176, and although finished in a very rough manner, it has some resemblance to those used in the present age. It is supposed that it was made by some of those Arabians living in the Norman territories near the borders of Spain, who embraced the Christian religion, and was by them brought to Brittany or Normandy, and from thence to England. At English Bicknor, a triangular buffy mount hangs like a noble rampart to the water at the next reach. The verdant rocks now spread their tufted heads in variated order, and at the half way point, the abrupt cliffs, called Coldwell, opened an amphitheatre of romantic beauties, beyond the power of words or canvases to express; the creeping ever-greens upon the protuberances of each mouldering rock, and the profusion of other hanging foliage, present a variety of vivid tints inimitably soft and fine. No tapestry of art, not even of the rich Gobelins* can possibly excel this admirable production of the loom of nature; we only wanted pen to paint the colours stronger. The mafly heaps beneath thrown from their native rocks by the devastation of time, are very curious, and some of them little inferior to the famous Bowdar-stone in Borrowdale; one in particular, infinitely more deserves the similitude "of a ship lying on its keel,"immered too in the bosom of these lucid streams. We now came to the second ferry called Hudfon's-reepe, at Whitechurch, which, to give an idea of the Beauteous course of this river, is seven miles distant from the upper one, at Goodriche, by water, and only one by land. The parish church here is another picturesque object on the verge of the water, so near as sometimes to be surrounded by the flood; the vast hills beyond are remarkably bold, and form a sublime termination to this reach. The thinly scattered cottages, as we approached the new Weir, are richly recluse; no gripes of poverty, no perplexing cares seem to disturb these quiet haunts; a more primaveral scene cannot well be conceived to exist. Palling through a lock we saw the busy Cyclops working on the opposite shore, and as the evening was far advanced and rather overcast, this scene became more awful and sublime.

The moon's seat is on her silver car,
The veil of night hung heavy o'er the world,
And o'er the solemn scene such stillness reign'd,
As 'twere a pausing of nature: on the banks

* A house in Paris, in the suburbs of St. Marceau, so called from Giles Gobelins, an excellent dyer, who found out the secret of dying scarlet, in the reign of Francis I. This is the place where they make the finest tapestry in Europe.
No murmuring billow breaks, but all is hush'd;
Save here and anon the thundering stroke
That breaks the fiery masts. While upwards rise
The smoky volumes sparkling thru' the air.
But hark! the full assembled owls begin
To thrice their orgies mid't the rocks and woods.
Penulous I sit and hear the frightful din
Responsive echoing thru' the fallen skies,
"Tell, hush'd by music of the dashing war,
My mutin'd soul again finds sweet repose."

We now landed at the first convenient place, and walked on the turnpike road near two miles to Monmouth where we slept, and in the morning took a cursory view of this ancient capital, of this formerly a Welch, but now an English county. It is situated at the conflux of the Wye and Monnow, whence it derives its name, it displays many marks of antiquity, and has been much more flourishing than at present. The general white complexion of the houses gives it a neat and animated look; but the only buildings worth notice are the church and town-hall, both very handsome, and the latter may vie with most places of much greater consequence. The Britains called it Mynwy; on the north side, where it is not guarded by the river, it was originally encompassed with a strong wall and turrets. In the midst of the town are the ruins of the castle, which flourished at the conquest. At that time William the son of Baderon had the custody of those four carucates of land, within the castle, which were the king's demesne. Withenock, his son, farnamed de Monmouth, built a church within the castle, and gave it to the monks of St. Florence, at Salmure in France. His son Baderon, in the reign of Henry II. granted to the monks at Monmouth, in exchange for Hordenock, three forges, situate upon the river Wye, free from any toll, pannage, forelegen, or any other custom for the iron made therein. By this it appears, how anciently the iron works before described were carried on in these parts. His grandson John, baron of Monmouth, who had the custody of the castle of Striguil, 15th of Henry III. gave about that time to the monks of St. Florence at Salmure, in pure alms, the hospital of St. John at Monmouth. This nobleman having no issue male, in consideration of certain lands, which Prince Edward granted him for his life, gave to the said prince, and his heirs for ever, his castle and honor of Monmouth, and all other his lands and tenements, which grant was confirmed by the king 13th September, 40th Henry III. and in the 41st of that king he died. From this time it continued in the crown, and enjoyed many privileges; but derived its greatest glory from giving birth to Henry V. (from hence, farnamed of Monmouth) the great conqueror of France, and second ornament of the Lancastrian family, who, by direct force of arms, subdued that kingdom, and reduced Charles VI. to the greatest extremity. This was also the birthplace of the famous historian Geoffrey of Monmouth, mentioned before as buried at Atningdon.

In order to vary these scenes as much as possible, we dismissed our boat at Monmouth, and went by land to Tintern-abbey; as the upper part of the river foords most variety in a boat, this plan was undoubtedly the best. As we proceeded on the road to Chepstow, and pasted Troy-house, a fine old seat of the Duke of Beaufort, now only inhabited by a steward and farmer, the autumnal glow of nature, attendant on nocturnal flowers, gave us the highest idea of the town's charming situation and scenery,
protected on all sides by hills of the sweetest verdure, even to their utmost summits, the streams of Vaga murmuring at their feet.*

As we ascended the hill before us, each progressive step afforded an infinite variety of waving mountains, valleys and woods, intersected with white cots, seats, &c. &c. and backed by the majestic heads of Sugar-loaf, and Brecknockshire black mountains. Having gained this lofty summit, we deviated a little to the right of the road, to observe the dillent ruins of Ragland castle, once a most powerful and glorious place. Thomas ap Gwilllem ap Jenkin, (ancestor of the Herberths) obtained it by marrying Maud, daughter and heir of Sir John Morley, kni. lord of this castle and other large possessions, in the time of Richard II. from hence it came to the earls of Pembroke, and from them to the earls of Worcester, in the same manner as Tintern and Chepstow. William, first marquis of Worcester, maintained this castle with a garrison of 800 men from 1642, to August 19th, 1646, without receiving any contribution from the country, and then yielded it to Sir Thomas Fairfax upon very honourable terms. This was among the least places in England that held out against the rebels. Then it was that (according to Giplin’s expression) “Cromwell laid his iron hand upon it, and shattered it into ruins; to which it owes its present picturesque form.” All the timber in these parks that lay near the house, was cut down and sold, which (though there was no coppice wood) amounted by the account of the committee themselves to 37,000 cords of wood. The lead of the castle was sold for 6,000l. and a great part of the timber to the citizens of Bristol, to rebuild the houses on the bridge there, that had been lately burnt. The lofts to the family, during the troubles, was computed at 100,000l. an estate to the value of 20,000l. per annum being sequestered, besides what they fold in those necessitous times.†

The aspect from hence became dreary and unpleasing, and the fervency of the noontide sun was now almost as intense as Midsummer, without a shade to guard us from its powers. We now left the great road at the village of Turlington, and passed through hollow and uncouth tracks, seldom attempted by any carriages but those of the natives; after a few specimens of pleasing recluse scenery, we enter a profound dell for several miles; a gurgling brook winding through the unbraveous cavity which supplies a number of large iron works above the village of Abbey-Tintern: Mr. Tanner is the often inable manager; the duke of Beaufort the great proprietor. We inspected the principal furnace, and saw the ore, which is mostly brought from that vast source, at Furnels in Lancashire, dissolvd by the blast of immense bellows, worked upon the modern construction of cylinder pumps. They have a method of separating the best qualities from the drof, by a water wheel and hammers, from which they collect considerable quantities of pure metal, and the powder falls to the glass-house for its use. Lower down are various forges, for the purpose of striking this mutilated ore, into every requisite size and form of the broadest bars to the finest wires.

Iron, the most useful, and through the wise distribution of Providence, the most common of all metals, is plentifully found in all parts of the British dominions. It is found in Cornwall, Cumberland, Derbyshire, Devon, Durham, Gloucestershire,

* Mr. Gray’s observation on this sweet place is thus found in a letter, dated May 24th, 1771, giving an account of his preceding summer’s tour, in which the river Wye was the principal feature. “Monmouth, (says he) which is a town I never heard mentioned, lies on the same river, in a vale, that is the delight of my eye, and the very seat of pleasure.”
† From the time this castle was rendered uninhabitable, the family have fixed their chief residence at Badminton, in Gloucestershire.
Hants, Kent, Lancashire, Monmouthshire, Shropshire, Somersetshire, Staffordshire, Suffolk, Warwickshire, Wiltshire, Yorkshire, and in a great many other parts of North-Britain, Ireland, and in North America. The Romans probably were the first who wrought our mines, their medals having been found amongst the heaps of flags and cinders. The ore hath various appearances; some is called brith ore, as being composed of threads growing on a red kind of earth, or hanging from the tops of caves, or old works; some in stones of a reddish, blue, or grey colour, sometimes in a fort of stiff unctuous clay, and sometimes in a black sand.* The veins or loads, like those of tin, are of very different dimensions, and their contents of very different natures, which rather than their size determine its value. Some ore is roasted before it can be smelted. This last operation is performed in a large open furnace, the fuel and ore being mixed, and the fire kept to the greatest heat by immense bellows, moved by a large water wheel. It is from this and other improvements, that our mines yield much more than formerly; when they scarce made in their foot-bluffs or bloomeries, 100 weight in a day, leaving as much or more metal in their flags; whereas they now make several tons of iron in the same space, and leave a mere cinder. When the metal is melted, it is let out of the receivers into a bed of sand, which hath one large, and several small divisions, in which it cools. The iron in the large division is called a long, and in the smaller, pigs. Pig iron, the metal thus fit for some uses, such as pots, kettles, bombs, and other coarse works, is not malleable. In order to give it that necessary quality, it is carried to the forges, and there heated and hammered in various directions, till the heterogeneous matter, or vitrious impurities being expelled, it is thoroughly incorporated and welded together. From this forge, which is called the finery, it is taken to another called the chafrey, where it is also heated and hammered into large bars. After this it is divided at the flitting mills, and then is filed bar iron. In this state it is complete as a commodity, and fit for sale; the uses of which are too many, and too well known to admit or require an explanation.† There are but few sorts of iron which, though useful in other respects, are fit for being converted into steel. The red iron ore from Furnels in Lancashire, produces an iron, which is as tough as Spanish iron, it makes very fine wires; but when converted into bars, it is not esteemed so good as that which is got in the forest of Dean and other places. The melting or casting of steel was introduced at Sheffield, about 40 or 50 years ago, by one Waller from London, and was afterwards much practised by one Huntsman, from whom steel so prepared, acquired the name of "Huntsman's cast steel." It was at first sold for 14d. but may now be had for 10d. a pound; it costs 3d. a pound in being melted, and for drawing ingots of it into bars of the size of razors, they pay only 6d. a 100. Before this art was introduced at Sheffield, all the cast steel used in the kingdom was brought from Germany.‡ Steel is made from iron by cementation, which by the skill and industry of the artificers is raised to a very high value in all the finer manufactories, particularly at Woodstock, as we there described. The reason why we have so much iron imported, is because the inhabitants of those countries abounding in wood, can make it cheaper. For iron being smelted in an open fire with charcoal, the oil of which is supposed to make it tough, few parts of this kingdom can afford the expense. In Colebroke dale, in Shropshire, pit coal has been used with success, which if generally introduced with the same success, would be very advantageous to the nation.


† Warton's Chemistry.

‡ Campbell's Survey.
We now approached the venerable object of our devotion, Tintern Abbey, hid in a
most sequestered spot by the river Wye. Before these populous manufactures were
here thought of, how palling excellent must this situation have been for monastic life
and discipline. However, these iron works have been very anciently in use in different
parts of the banks of the Wye, as has appeared under Monmouth. The ruins of Furn
ness must yield to Tintern, both in point of picturesque beauty, preservation, and cu
riosity; we might gaze with fresh delight and admiration for hours on this perfect ske
leton of Gothic architecture. The internal dimensions from east to west are 77 yards,
from north to south 53. The east, west, north, and south windows, and centre arches,
are of an equal height 67 feet, the west window itself is 60. The following is the ac
count given of its origin. This abbey, dedicated to God and the Virgin Mary, was
founded about the year 1131, by Walter Fitz-Richard de Clare, lord of Carew and
Monmouthshire. Richard de Clare, surnamed Strongbow (nephew to the founder)
gave divers lands and privileges to the abbot and monks hereof, who were of the Clif
terian order, obliging them to pray for their souls and those of his and his wife's an
ceitors. Roger de Bigot, earl of Norfolk, added to these benefactions. It has been
famous for the tombs and monuments of several great persons, principally of the afore
said Walter de Clare; Gilbert, earl of Pembroke, brother to the founder; Walter,
earl of Pembroke, and marshal of England, and his brother Aneel, last earl of that
family; William Herbert, earl of Pembroke, who being in the disputes between the
houses of York and Lancaster, was taken prisoner in Bouvry fight, and being be
headed, is buried here. Besides the effigy of Gilbert de Clare, which is in good pre
servation, and some others, the key stones of many arches are seen in a perfect state of
fine sculpture. The duke of Beaufort takes great delight in having the whole of this
magnificent relic preserved, which before was in a state of moulderig obscurity. At
its suppression the revenues were rated at 1021. 1s. 4d. per annum. The following
lines from Nason's English Garden, book first, are a fine poetic picture, applicable to
the scenes we have been describing. "In thy fair domain," says the author, addressing
the genius of his country,

"Many a glade is found,
The haunt of woods; go! only " where if art
Ere daire to tread, 'twas with undaunted foot;
Priz|thee, as if the place were holy ground.
And there are scenes, where, tho' the wildness trode,
Led by the work of a man, fell tyranny,
And nature's usurpation, we now trace
Her footstool with delight; and pleased were
What once we should have lied. But to time,
Not her, the prate is due; his gradual touch
Ere made not into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it stood with all its battlements,
Was only terrible; a many a race
Monarchic, which, when deck'd with all its spires,
Served but to feed from pampered Abbot's pride,
And awe the unletter'd vulgar. Generous youth
Whose thou art, that hiltin to my lay,
And fed't thy soul affest to what I sing,
Happy art thou, if thou canst call thine own,
Such scenes as these, where nature, and where time
Hath work'd congenial; where a leantened bight
Of antique rocks clung thy side long hills;
While rolling thro' their branches, rifted cliffs
Daft their white heads, and glitter thro' the gloom;
More happy still, if the inferior rock
Bear on its brow the leaf'd fragment huge
TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

Of some old Norman fortress; happier far,
Ah, then most happy, if thy vale below,
Waste, with the crystal coolness of its rills,
Some mould'ring abbey's ivy-velvet walls.

After a difficult access, through a narrow rough lane, to the summit of the hill which leads to Chepstow, the contrast was more wonderful; from the narrow confines of the wilder dell, and the secluded haunts of monastic solitude, to the vast expanse that here ruler upon our view; towns, villages, seats and woody lawns, with the noble Severn rolling to the ocean, and those islands called the Holmes, are the objects of this sublime scenery.

Between this and Chepstow lane. Persfield, famous for the much admired walks of the ingenious Mr. Morris, which we now visited. This place originally belonged to the Rous's, and was bought by Mr. Morris, and beautified most connotant to the natural endowments of rock and water. He enjoyed it till within these three years, most hospitably inviting all company to partake of its inimitable delights. The grounds are now not in such perfection, nor so extensive; the whole length of them is about five miles, but since the present possessor, Mr. Smith, has had the place, one half are grown wild and not at present displayed. It is, however begun to open them again, and is greatly altering the whole; whether his new models will be more valued than the originals, time and taste must determine; many of the beautiful serpontines, I fear, from what we now observe, will be thrown into straight lines. The whole was an advantageous purchase for 26,500, and this gentleman intends soon to erect a new and excellent manse.

The first view we had after we entered this scenery of enchantment, was a pleasing sight of Chepstow castle, cf. &c. Also landcaught cliffs and the broad Severn beyond. The next opening, we beheld a wonderful dip of 500 feet perpendicular into the Wye, whose waters were not so agreeable and lucid as above, where the briny waves of ocean had not adulterated them. We next came to a sweet point, called the Pleasant View, truly descriptive of its name. Next from a bench, land-caught woods and rocks were most majestic and fine, the river winding nobly underneath; opposite the cave are bow railings with a seat, which we compare the works of nature with those of art, may be called a front box of one of the completest theatres in the universe; the whole appears from hence a perfect circular theatre, marked out by the surrounding wood-fringed cliffs. Here wants no painted canvas to express its scenery, nature’s sweet landscape is quite enough and instead of an artificial fks, depicted over our heads, the blue vault of heaven hangs sublime and fullv. Returning from this we ascended on a path above the cave which leads to a similar box to the one described, that is called the Lovers Leap. Having taken a final view of the scenery from this tremendous precipice, we were conducted to the corner of an adjacent field, where stands the Temple, commanding a most glorious prospect in an opposite direction; the conflux of Wye and Severn, the Brillol channel opening into the main sea, the smoke of that great city on the opposite shores, interpersed with snow-white houses, &c. while the reflection of the setting sun gilded their windows, that shone like real fires; these together with other distant prospects of stupendous hills on the Welch coast, the abrupt rocks, immense woods, and all the softer beauties of improvement, conspire to render Persfield a scene that fills the breast with delight and admiration above all others.

Chepstow is a Saxon name, and signifies a market or place of trading; in Britis it is called Kaflwent, or Castell-Gwent. It is a place of no great antiquity, and many affirm that it had its origin not many ages past, from the ancient city Venta, which flourished about...
about four miles from hence in the time of Antoninus, who calls it Venta Silurum. Which name (says Camden) neither arms, nor time has been able to consume; for at this day it is called Kaerwent, or the city Venta. But the city itself is so much destroyed, that it only appears to have once been, from the ruinous walls, chequered pavements, and Roman coins.

About two miles below is the famous passage over the Severn, at Beachley to Auff, on the opposite shore. Auff was formerly called Auff-Clive, from its situation upon an high craggy cliff. At this place happened once as strong an instance of wisdom triumphing over folly, as the annals of history can produce. Walter Mapes who wrote 300 years before Camden, thus describes it; “Edward the elder, lying at Auff-Clive, and Leolin Prince of Wales at Bathscle, or Beachley, when the latter would neither come down to a conference, nor cross the Severn, Edward pasled over to Leolin; who seeing the king, and knowing who he was, threw his royal robes upon the ground (which he had prepared to fit in judgment with) and leaped into the water breast high, and embracing the boat saith, “Moff wife king, your humility has conquered my pride, and your wisdom triumphed over my folly; mount upon that neck which I have foolishly exalted against you, so shall you enter into that country, which your goodness hath at this day made your own,” and so taking him upon his shoulders, he made him fit upon his robes, and joining hands did homage to him.” Chepstow is a neat little port, for most of the places on this river, where their commerce seems to centre; the tide is very high and impetuous, rising, I suppose, greatly beyond any other in the kingdom, commonly about 40 feet at the bridge, which though built of timber, looks noble, being 70 feet from the surface of the water; in January 1738, we are told the water rofe considerably above this height, which did very great damages to this and the neighbouring country. Half the bridge is in Glocesterfshire, so that it is supported at the expense of both counties. The town is situated on a sweet declivity facing the wide expanse of Severn. We retired to rest, the room was backward, and the window unguarded by a curtain looked that way.

At earliest twilight of the morn I woke,
And from my pillow saw the “God of day
Stand tiptoe on the eastern mountain tops,”
While in the air dim mists and vapours hung,
Cloathing the distant hills and winding vales.
Upon the gentle radiance of his face
My ravished eyes with ease and pleasure dwelt.
But soon his cheeks display’d a brighter glow;
His kindling beams by gradual ascent
Gain’d double vigour. Now the airy troops
Perceiv’d the glitt’ning rays, like pointed spears
Darting from heav’n to earth, and instant fled.
No longer could one view, with eye direct,
The dazzling glories of his mighty sphere.
The radiant day seem’d conscious of its God;
All nature smile’d; the rosy tribe of fruits,
Bending their parent trees to kiss the ground,
Imbib’d the genial warmth; pleas’d Vaga pour’d
His sea-green streams deep murmuring beneath
The hanging bowers and glittering rocks; while wide
The rougher Severn stretch’d his arm betrew’d
With foaming falls, to the capacious ocean.
Thus lost in admiration’s magic charms,
I gladly caught that fleeting precious time,
‘‘The cool, the fragrant, and the peaceful hour,
’Jo meditation due and sacred song,”

Which
After breakfast we visited the ruins of this magnificent castle, boldly placed upon a huge rock washed by the Wye; the whole looks of lasting solidity and is made beautifully picturesque by the numberless evergreens, &c. that hang about its walls. It was rebuilt about 580 years since by Gilbert Earl of Pembroke. This Gilbert, surnamed Strongbow, second son of Gilbert de Clare, having solicited Henry I. to bestow on him lands in Wales, had committed to him the van of the army, when that king threatened to destroy all North Wales and Powisland, and possessing the whole dominion of Striguil* (now Chepstow) was made earl of Pembroke by Stephen, 1138. His son earl Richard left a daughter, his heiress, who carried these estates, with the earldom, to William Marshal, whose five sons enjoyed this honor successively, and all died without issue.† Of the two last, the former died at Gooderich Castle 1246; the latter at Striguil Castle, soon after. The sister and coheir married Hugh Bigod, earl of Norfolk.

Sir William Herbert, knight, a faithful adherent of Edward IV. having reduced divers castles, forts and towns in Wales, of Henry duke of Exeter, Jasper earl of Pembroke, and James earl of Wiltshire, to obedience, had a grant of their estates, amongst which was much that belonged to the ancient earls of Pembroke, in consequence of which he was created earl by that title.‡ He died possesséd of the castle of Chepstow and other large possessions hereabout. All these, with the barony of Herbert, of Chepstow, Ragland, and Gower, the daughter and heir of his son, carried to Charles Somerset, a (natural son of Henry Beaufort, third duke of Somerset) created afterwards earl of Worcester, from whom they have descended to the present duke. But this has been many years under a lease of lives, and the elderly person who shews it is the last; she was born here where she still resides in comfortable apartments, and makes a good subsistence by the fruits of the garden, peaches, &c. which are plentiful on these warm walls when other places fail. In one of the towers we saw the room where Harry Martin, one of the twelve judges who sat to condemn Charles I. was afterwards confined for 27 years, and then died there. From the leads above, we had an extensive and fine view. In another place we saw the traces of a large chapel.

We now took the Gloucester road, over that lofty bridge aforesaid, whose planks, which our horses hoofs refounded, are contrived to escape the violence of floods by floating in a limited space; but this rarely happens at so immense an height as 70 feet. From the hill beyond, we command a delightful view of the town and castle. Continuing through several small villages, the wide Severn rolling on our right, we came to Lydney Park, a good old seat of one of the Bathurst family, situate on the edge of the forest of Dean.

Though this extensive tract of Gloucestershire lies too much out of our course to attempt an explicit account, yet we will not entirely pass it by unnoticed. This forest.

* The ruins of Striguil Castle are now remaining a few miles from Chepstow.
† All buried at Tintern, as before mentioned.
‡ See an account of his death at Tintern. The present earls of Pembroke are descended from his natural son.
either obtained its name from Dean a market town, lowly situated within its limits, (which word is of Saxon origin, signifying a dale or woody valley, whence probably comes the word den in English,) or else from Arden, by rejecting the first syllable, which the Gauls and Britains formerly used for a wood. It was formerly so thick with trees, and so dark and terrible in its shades and by-ways, that it rendered the inhabitants barbarous, and emboldened them to commit many outrages. The soil is various, but mostly favourable to the growth of the oak, which was once so considerable, that it is said to have been part of the instructions of the Spanish Armada to destroy it, but of late years the numerous iron furnaces herabouts have destroyed it greatly. The whole forest of more than 2,350 acres, which is extraprochial, is divided into six walks, or parts, known by their respective lodges; (viz.) King's Lodge, York Lodge, Worcester Lodge, Danby Lodge, Herbert Lodge, and Latimer Lodge. St. Briavels Castle, which was once very strong and large but is now in ruins, gives name to one of the hundreds, and serves chiefly as a prison for offenders against the laws of the forest. The privileges are very extensive; the free miners claim a right of digging iron ore, and coal; also to cut timber necessary to carry on their works. A gold mine was discovered in the year 1700, at a village called Taynton, on the northern borders of the forest, of which a lease was granted to some refiners, who extracted some gold from the ore, but did not continue the work, the quantity of gold being so small as not to answer the expense of separation.

A little beyond we passed the village of Lydney, and another iron furnace belonging to the same person as those at Tintern. A long spout supported by pillars across the road, conveys water from the opposite hill to move the great wheel of their works. The next ascent on this road commands a most delightful view over this handsome spire, down the liquid expanse of Severn many miles. From hence the roads became steep and rough to a great degree; nothing but some pleasant prospects towards the water could make them bearable. Herefordshire is in bad repute, and not without reason, for its roads, but compared with this, they are really good. We arrived at Newnham to dinner, an ancient small town pleasingly situated near the river; our inn, the Bear, stands close to the passage to Newport, and all the great roads to Bath, Bristol, &c. From hence we enjoyed a pleasing view of the opposite hills, Birdlip, Robin Hood, and those at Ruxmore, in the cloathing country.

In the evening, which was very fine, we pursued our course through Welfordbury, so large a parish in Camden's time, as to be reputed above 20 miles in compass; here we saw a fine stone mansion, with formal old gardens, and pieces of water, belonging to Mr. Colchestler, heir of Sir Duncanbe Colchestler, who married the daughter of Sir John Maynard, knight, owner of Guntersbury. The road being now level and excellent, we arrived at Gloucester without much further observation. This city was built by the Romans, and made a station to curb the Silures, the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons. It derives its name from Caer Gloaw, which signifies a fair city, a name certainly not now improper, as its four principal streets meeting in the centre are both spacious and well built. Its situation is in one of the richest vales known, a continuation of the noble Evesham.

William of Malmebury thus describes it in his book De Pontificibus. "The vale of Gloucester is so called from its chief city; the soil yields plenty of corn and fruit (in some places, by the natural richness of the ground in others, by the diligence of the country-man;) enough to excite the idlest person to take pains when it repays his labour with the increas of an hundred-fold. Here you may behold high-ways and public roads full of fruit trees, not planted, but growing naturally. The earth bears fruit
of its own accord, much exceeding others both in taste and beauty, many sorts of which continue fresh the year round, and serve the owner till he is supplied by a new increase. No county in England has so many or so good vineyards as this; either for fertility, or the sweetness of the grape. The vine has in it no unpleasant tartness or eagerness; and is little inferior to the French in sweetness. The villages are very thick, the churches handsome, and the towns populous and many." In a similar strain he continues his praise of the noble river the Severn, "than which there is not any in the land that has a broader channel, swifter stream, or greater plenty of fish," \\&c. These vineyards have nothing left but the places named for them; viz. one on a hill by Overbridge near Gloucester, and another near Tewkesbury. Cæaulin, king of the West Saxons, first took this city by force of arms from the Britons in 576; but the Mercians afterwards wrested it out of his hands, under whom it flourished a long time in great repute. This city was once strongly secured with walls, and on the south part William the Conqueror erected a castle of square stone; and sixteen houses were demolished, as dometday book mentions, to make room for this edifice, which is now totally destroyed. It was made a free borough by king John, who granted it a charter of incorporation, greatly enlarged its jurisdiction, and bestowed many other privileges, which it still enjoys. But in this reign it suffered by the barons' wars; the famous Mountfort earl of Leicester having besieged it, took possession of it in four days; but Prince Edward advancing with a strong army, drove the earl back again; and would have punished theburgesses, but was diffused through the intercession of the bishop of Worcester, who gave security for their paying a fine of 1000 marks. During the civil wars in the reign of Charles I. the gentlemen here continued loyal, but the farmers, tradesmen, and others of a meaner sort were generally against him, and maintained this place under the command of colonel Mafty, whose services and defensive conduct were those of a gallant officer. There are several excellent ancient churches and public buildings well endowed, but the most worth notice is the cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter, which is esteemed one of the best pieces of architecture in England; it stands upon the site of the ancient monastery, founded by Olric, governour of Glocester-shire, upon ground granted by King Ethelred, 681. About 821, Bernulp, King of Mercia, rebuilt it in another form, and substituted an order of Secular Preachers, who married, and continued 200 years; Canute, for ill-living, at the instigation of Wolltan, bishop of Worcester, removed these and established Benedictine monks, 1022. It was in the next age destroyed by the Danes, but was about 1060 entirely rebuilt by Aldred bishop of Worcester, afterwards archbishop of York, who crowned William the Conqueror. It was in a very low condition, when Serlo, chaplain to King William, was made abbot, having but two or three monks, and eight scholars. He was so zealous to raise and improve it that about 1100, he had it new finished, and obtained thirteen manors for its use, besides the lands mortgaged to the archbishop of York. In 1102, it was with the city destroyed by fire, and twice again it suffered the like calamity; 1214, 1223. But these damages were soon repaired by the devout munificence of that age, which occasioned the act of mortmain to be passed 1279, 7th Edward I.* The present magnificent structure was begun by John Thokey, seventeenth abbot, about 1318. Abbot Horton built the north aisle in 1351. Abbot Trocifer built the large cloister about 1381. Abbot Seabrook began the stately tower, 1450, and appointed Robert Tully, a monk of this church to finish it. Richard Hanley began the lady's chapel, 1457. The whole length from east to west is 420, from north to south, 244 feet. The

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* The revenues at the dissolution amounted, according to Dugdale, to £96l. 5s. 6d. per annum.
Lady's chapel is 90 by 27 and 66. The tower from the bottom to the top is 280 feet; from the battlements 198. The whole seems to please the eye with most agreeable proportions, and the tower and pinnacles are wrought so rich and light, that it is impossible to behold them without the greatest admiration. The pillars and arches in the body are of that ponderous Saxon construction, which is quite oppressive at first sight; but as you approach the screens, the beautiful perspective of the choir, with a kind of transparent view of the Lady's chapel behind the altar, affords a charming relief. The cloisters which contain four equal aisles, 147 by 13 and 16, are most perfect Gothic beauties. There is a whispering gallery from one side of the choir to the other, built in an octagonal form of 84 feet. The whisper is heard pretty distinct from one side to the other, but it hardly deferves notice after that noble one in St. Paul's. Near this we saw a curious old painting, of the day of judgment, supposed to have been an altar piece. The principal monuments are; in the choir, bishop Aldred, the great founder, who died September 17th 1065. In the aisle of the north side of the choir King Edward II., who was murdered at Berkeley castle 1327. King Offric of Northumberland, who died about the year 600. Robert Curteis, Duke of Normandy, and elder son to William the Conqueror; he was valiant in the holy wars, and made a Knight Templar, was also confined 26 years in Cardiff castle for rebelling against his brother the king. In the south side of the choir, lies abbot Seabrook, who died 1457, &c. Amongst the modern ones in the church is a beautiful design to the memory of Mrs. Morley, who died at sea in child bed; two angels are conducting her with her infant in arms, as she rises from the waves, expressive of this inscription;

"The Sea shall give up their dead."

It is well executed in white marble, by Flaxman. The most recent and excellent improvement here, is the new county gaol situate on the west side of the town, near the Severn and quay. It is a most extensive and superb building divided into upwards of 120 cells, besides gaoler's house, &c.; the outward wall incloses a space of 1250 feet. It has been begun about two years under the direction of Mr. Blackburn, whose similar performances we lately saw at Oxford, and will soon now be finished. This is I believe the largest in England, but the plan at Oxford, in form of a castle fortified, and all of stone, is most suitable and strong.

From hence we made an excursion north-east about ten miles, to Cheltenham. A vast range of hills, on the north-west, continues from the borders of Warwickshire and Worcestershire towards Bath, dividing the vale and the forest part of the county from the Cotswold; besides this great chain, we were amused with the distant hills of May, and Malvern rising nobly on our left; also close on our right, the pleasant hill of Church-down, whose parish tower stands peculiarly elevated. Cheltenham is situated in a sandy vale, on the north side of rocky hills, whose soft white texture partly dissolving in acids, looks, opposite the town, quite bare. According to dombaday-book, when Edward the Confessor held this manor, there were eight hides and an half. In the time of King Edward it paid 9l. 5s. and 320 loaves for the king's dogs. In the reign of William the conqueror it paid 20l. 20 cows and 20 hogs, and 16s. in lieu of bread. Without giving any further history of this place, we will proceed to describe briefly its present flourishing state and fashionable spa; which valuable spring owes its discovery to Mr. Mafon, the then proprietor of the land, who bought it of Mr. Higgs in 1716; Capt. Henry Skillicorne, father of the present owner, became proprietor in right of his wife, daughter of Mr. Mafon, and in 1738 not only secured it from all improper matter, but built
built a dome over it with pumps on each side. He then laid out the walks, &c. and from that time it seems to have been frequented as a public place. It is said to be impregnated upon the same principle as Scarborough medicated waters; but perhaps may be found more generally efficacious. Its admirable qualities, besides the general testimony of daily experience, are well authenticated by the experiments of doctors Short, Lucas, Ruffel, and Smith. The town consists of one principal street near a mile in length, near the centre of which stands an handsome old church with a beautiful spire; the walks in the church-yard are shady and pleasant, leading to those about the well, &c. the greatest of which is about twenty feet wide, and makes an agreeable walk. On the east side of the Pump-square, is an excellent long room, 66 feet by 23, built 1775, by Mr. Skillen or the ground owner, and Mr. Miller the renter of the Spa. In this are public breakfasts, &c. during the season from May to October. From hence the vista of the large walk terminated by the spire is pleasing to the eye: and at the termination of this walk continued above the wells, they are erecting another new building, as an object, though very inferior, to answer it. Every exertion seems used to render the various lodgings, &c. adequate to the great increase of company, particularly since the late visit of the royal family. Besides a vast number of private lodgings, here are an excellent hotel built in 1785, and several good inns. We are also informed that a piece of ground has been lately purchased for the purpose of building an hotel upon a most extensive plan. The company in 1780 amounted only to 374, from which time it has gradually increased, and in 1786 consisted of 1140, and last year of 1320. The two public rooms, for the entertainment of the company, under the direction of a master of the ceremonies, (Mr. Moreau,) are Mr. Rooke’s, 60 feet by 30, and Mr. Miller’s, 68 by 26, which take the amusements of dancing, cards, &c. alternate. Here is also a neat theatre-royal built by Mr. Watson and much frequented; the performers have been very choice this season, particularly that inimitable favourite of Thalia, Mrs. Jordan, who gave such high satisfaction to the audience that a medal is to be presented to her as an acknowledgment. From Cheltenham we proceeded onward to visit Sudely castle; the roads were very deep and indifferent, but the wonderful variety of views repaid us. In our way we passed by the curious house of the De la Bures at Southam; it is an object very well worth notice, being a low building in the stile of the age of Henry IV. but by the incurious eye it would be passed as a very obscure and undistinguished mansion. Soon after, having ascended very high hills, we got upon the Wolds, which are entirely champaign. The duke now began to come on, and I confess such an extent of plain as we could, notwithstanding, discern before us, was not at this time very pleasing; however we arrived at the small inn (inn it is hardly to be called) at Winchcombe, and there necessity obliged us to rest for the night. However we had not patience to stay till the morning before we visited Sudely castle, but falling forth about a mile, through corn fields, to take a transient view of its venerable walls by twilight. It was just the time to visit a place, of which the imagination had been previously full; we returned with our ardour to inspect it increased, and went again the next morning. This ancient lordship belonged at the conquest to Harold, son of Ralph, who was earl of Hereford in the time of Edward the Confessor, and married that king’s sister, but forfeited the earldom under the Conqueror. Harold however was suffered to retain this among other estates, and from hence assumed the name of Sudely. But the male line of this noble family became extinct 41st of Ed-

* However the Traceys are said, upon good authority, (though Dugdale does not mention it) to be, by the male line, of this family. Todington, the present seat of lord Tracy, and his ancestors for 500 years, was a manor of Harold de Sudely at the conquest, and the younger son of his son John, who married a Tracy, took his mother’s name, and settled at Todington.
ward III. and then the sister and cohoir carried it in marriage to William Boteler, a younger son of William lord Boteler, of Wemme in Shropshire. His son Thomas lord Sudely had issue John and Ralph, who successively enjoyed the honour. "Ralph Boteler lord Sudely," says Leland, "made this castle a Fundamentis, and when it was made, it had the price of all the buildings of those days. He was a famous man of warre in king Henry V. and Henry VIth's days, and was an admiral, (as I have heard) at sea; whereupon it was supposal and spoken that it was partly builded ex spoliis Gallorum, and some speake of a tower in it called Potmarc's towre, that it should be made of a ranosome of his. One thing there was to be noticed in this castle, that part of the windowes was glazed with berall. There had been a manor place at Sudely, before the building of the castle, and the plotte is yet seene in Sudely Parke, where it stood." This Ralph lord Sudely was a great partizan of Henry VI. and by him made lord treasurer of England. Upon the accession therefore of Edward IV. he was attached and brought to London, and when he was on his way, looking back from an hill to the castle, he said, "Sudeley castle, thou art the traytor, not I." After this, he sold the castle, (not voluntarily, no doubt) to the king. He left no issue, but descendents from his sisters. Upon the accession of Henry VII. Jasper of Hatfield, duke of Bedford, that king's uncle, had a grant of it, and dying S. P. it reverted to the crown. "But now, it goeth to ruin," says Leland, "more pitie." Soon after, however, its splendour was revived; it was granted 1st of Edward VI. to Thomas Seymour, (younger brother to the duke,) who was about the same time created lord Seymour of Sudely, and lord high admiral of England. He was an ambitious turbulent man, and having married Catherine Parr, widow of Henry VIII. the jealousies of the duke of Someret's most proud and unamiable wife caused divisions between the brothers, which fomented by the arts of those who plotted the downfall of the whole family, ended in the los of his head, and soon after of his brother's. While he lived, however, he kept up great pomp in this place. The queen his wife died in childbed here, September 5th, 1548, and was buried with great funeral magnificence in the chapel of the castle. I was informed that some curious people took up the body some time since, and found it in perfect preservation. After this the admiral aspired to the bed of the Princess Elizabeth, and it has been hinted that previous designs of this kind hasted the death of the queen his wife. He was beheaded March 20th, 1549. Soon after this castle was granted to William Parr, marquis of Northampton, brother to Queen Catherine, beforementioned; and he being attainted 1st of May, 1553, it was granted to Sir John Bruges of Coberley, in this county, kn. who on April 8th, 1554, was created by letters patent Baron Chandos of Sudely-castle. From that time, this family resided here in great pomp and splendor down to George, the sixth baron. Giles, third lord Chandos, entertained Queen Elizabeth here in one of her progresses, 1592.† Grey lord Chandos, his nephew, was called King of Cotefswould, from his interest in these parts, and his splendid manner of living. He died 19th of James I. George his son abovenamead, was one of the most eminent loyalists, on the part of Charles I. To stop the beginning of this horrid war, this nobleman hastened down into the country, to arm his tenants and servants, and garrison this castle.

* Leland mentions the figures of these Botelers, in the glass windows of Winchcombe church.
† Coberley was inherited by marriage with the Berkley's, (to whom it belonged at the conquest) in the time of Henry IV. It has long been alienated from the family.
‡ Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, vol. ii. 1591, p. 3. This is the lord Chandos, whose portrait we saw at Lord Harcourt's, at Nuneham, beforementioned. There are portraits of his two daughters at Woburn, the duke of Bedford's.
feated, says Loyd, commodiously on the meetings of the vales and woulds, to defend and command the country, especially my lord's three darlings, the woods, the cloathing, and the iron works; thence he waited on the king at Shrewbury, with 1000 men, and 5000 in plate. His castle meanwhile under Captain Bridges, and some 60 soldiers, being besieged by Maffie with 300 musqueteers, &c. after a long siege, several assaults and batteries, when they were almost smothered by the smoke of hay and barns burned about the house, yielded January 1642.† The rebels, breaking the articles sworn to, "plunder," (says Mercurius Rusticus,)† "not only the castle and Winchcombe, a neighbouring village, to the utter undoing the poor inhabitants, but in defence of the protestant religion, and vindication of the honour of God, they defile his house. There is in the castle a goodly fair church, here they dig up the graves and disturb the ashes of the dead; they break down the ancient monuments of the Chandos's, and instead thereof leave a prodigious monument of their sacrilegious profaneness: for each part of the church they find a peculiar way to profane it: the lower part of it they make their stable; the chancel their slaughter-house. Unto the pulpit (which of all other places in probability might have escaped their impiety) they fasten pegs to hang the carcasses of the slaughtered sheep; the communion-table, according to their own language they make their dreefer or chopping board to cut out their meat; into the vault, wherein lay the bodies of the Chandoses, an ancient and honourable family, they cast the guts and garbage, mingling the loathsome intrals of beasts with those bones and ashes which did there rest in hope of a joyful resurrection. The nave and body of the church was all covered with the dung and blood of beasts: and which was, (if it be possible) a degree beyond these profanations, in contempt of God and his holy temple, they defile each part and corner both of church and chancel with their excrements; and going away left nothing behind them in the church (besides walls and seats) but a stinking memory, that part of the parliament army, raised for defence of religion, had been there." The lord Chandos meanwhile distinguished himself at the battle of Newbery, 1643, (where his horse was killed under him) the king saying, "let Chandos alone, his errors are safe."‡ Soon after he recovered Sudeley-castle, but in 1644, when Sir William Waller pursued the king from Oxford to Worcester, it endured a second siege. Lord Clarendon says,§ "the general persuaded rather than forced the garrison to surrender. The lord of that castle was a young man of spirit and courage; and had for two years served the king very bravely in the head of a regiment of horse, which himself had raised at his own charge, but had lately, out of pure weariness of the fatique, and having spent most of his money, and without any diminution of his affection, left the king under pretence of travel; but making London his way, he gave himself up to the pleasures of that place; which he enjoyed, without considering the issue of the war, or shewing any inclination to the parliament." It was under the government of Sir William Morton, a lawyer, (after the restoration, a judge) who had given signal instances of courage, but at this time the castle (in consequence of a faction within) was delivered up without much resistance. Lord Chandos did not survive the restoration. He lies buried in a small chapel annexed to the church. Somebody lately descended into the vault, and finding his skull, took away a lock of his hair. He left this castle, and the estates around (away from his brother to whom the honour went,) to his wife, by whom he had daughters, but who with a gratitude that ought to be remembered, left it to her second husband Mr. Pitt, and

* Loyd's Sufferings of the Loyalists, p. 36
† P. 673, 68.
‡ Loyd's Loyalists, p. 367.
her children by him, in consequence of which it was alienated from the family who had a right to it, for ever, and Lord Rivers, Mr. Pitt's descendant, now enjoys it with an estate belonging to it of about 4000l. a year. It is now only inhabited by the steward. The park is gone. Of the two quadrangles, the inner one was built of stone, and had the hall in it, of which part of the tracery of the beautiful large gothic window, much shattered, remains; and seems to have had four towers at the corners; the outer quadrangle, where is the large gateway, was built principally of wood, and seems to have contained the habitable parts. Part of this alone is now fit for habitation. The shell of the church unroofed, unpaved, and bare within side to the walls, yet exists. In the little chapel annexed, divine service is performed monthly. From hence not having time to inspect the town of Winchcombe, or the neighbourhood further, we hastily returned to Gloucester.

The day following we made another excursion into that division of the county, called the Cotswould, south east of that immense range of hills, which divide the vale. It takes its name, according to Camden, from the hills and sheep-cotes; for mountains in old times, by Englishmen, were termed Wolds. We continued for some miles along this delightful vale of fertile meadows and pastures, &c. Robin-hood's hill, and Becon, were the first noble objects on our left; May-hill and the forest of Dean, boldly terminating the prospect to the right. As we approach Dursley, through the village of Stonehouse, Lord Ducie's woods hang gloriously before us. Here we enter amongst the cloth manufactories numerous and excellent in this country. I shall say little about its antiquity and various progress in different reigns: we find wool first manufactured in England in 1185, 31ft. of Henry II. but no quantity made till 1331, when John Kempe introduced this art from Brabant and settled at York; afterwards many families of cloth-workers came from the Netherlands, by King Edward's invitation. The city of Gloucester some centuries ago was famous for this manufacture; as also various other towns in this county; but it has of late years been mostly seated amongst those delightful valleys, whose brooks and rivers, are found so conducive to the goodness of this cloth, particularly in the dying branch. Hampton, Stroud, Stonehouse, Paintnicky, Stanley, Uley, Dursley, and Ruxmore, are places of most note. The latter of which (belonging to Mr. Cooper,) soon after crossing the new canal, from Severn to Thames, we minutely inspected: his Majesty had lately honoured it with his presence; at which time every possible branch of operations was displayed on an adjacent green, to the delight and satisfaction of the royal spectators and the attendant multitude. We saw every thing in its natural flat and place; first the milling, which by a long process of beating, by hammers, worked with a water wheel, thickens the cloth after it is woven; next the wool is raised on its surface by the repeated use of cards made of teafals, (a thistle plant produced in the weft;) after this it is sheared in a very pleasing manner by large instruments, whose motion is so confined as not to endanger cutting the cloth; thus they work till it becomes remarkably fine. The other processes are too simple and common to mention. Upon the whole I think this business cannot be deemed so entertaining by many degrees to the eye of a stranger, as that of the cotton, suflian, &c. in Derbyshire and Lancashire. These crowded hills and vales seem to have formed by nature a romantic and picturesque scenery, but this

- Teasels, Teazils, or Fullers' thistles, grow wild in this and many other countries, and are sown and brought into regular cultivation, on account of their utility to cloth-workers &c. in raising the nap on their respective goods, by the means of certain hard sharp and crooked points which grow out of their numerous heads, and are admirably suited to that purpose. Campbells's Survey, vol. 2. page 105.

originality
originality is greatly destroyed, like that of Matlock, by an abundance of modern buildings, and ornaments.

We now ascended a steep hill to the left, ornamented with the modern stone edifice and residence of Sir George Paul. Having gained the vast summit beyond, by a new serpentine road, we found ourselves upon an extensive champaign. The sudden change of climate was almost incredible, but by experience, which verified the following assertion, I had previously met with, "such is the striking difference between the air of the Cotswold and that of the vale; that of the former it has commonly been observed, that eight months in the year are winter, and the other four too cold for summer; whereas in the vale, eight months are summer, and the remaining four too warm for an English winter." We dined at a single house, opposite to Minching Hampton, where formerly was a nunnery belonging to the Minching nuns at Caen in Normandy, and afterwards to Sion in Middlesex, in whose possession it remained till the dissolution of monasteries. Our landlord told us this was the highest spot in the county.

From hence the road is flat and unpleasant, and instead of the verdant bloom of hedge rows, the eye is constantly disgraced with the unsightly objects of loose stones heaped in trait lines and angles. We now approached the great tunnel, which forms part of the communication between the Severn and the Thames; on each side this road it extends rather more than a mile; one end penetrates the hill at the village of Saperton, the other comes out in Heywood; we turned on our left to visit the former, and saw the shafts busy in several places, at the distance of about 230 yards from each other; by this means they wind up the materials from the cavity and expedit the work. The earth is principally a hard blue marle, and in some places quite a rock which they blow up with gunpowder; the depth of these pits are upon an average eighty yards from the surface. The first contractor receives 7l. per yard from the company, and the labourers rent at the rate of about 5l. per yard, finding candles, gunpowder, &c. the workers are in eight gangs, having two or three reliefs, and continue eight hours at a time, day and night. We saw the Saperton mouth, which exhibits a brick arch, ornamented with a stone parapet in front; its dimensions are 13 feet by 15, and the brick work about 16 inches thick, which continues the whole length two miles and a half. The whole hill is now perforated, and the remainder of the arch will be finished in another year. This tunnel is considerably longer than that at Hare-castle in Staffordshire, but from the different nature of the hills not near so grand and curious; the latter abounding in coal, and therefore perforated with various collateral cavities, for the convenience of obtaining that valuable article. The Stroud canal enters the Severn at Framilode, and is eight miles in extent; it communicates with the Isis canal which is 31 miles long, and empties itself into that river at Lechlade.

From hence in our way to Cirencester, we left the road very soon and were permitted to pass through the noble woods of Oakley belonging to Earl Bathurst, whose seat is adjacent to that ancient town. They are peculiarly large and beautiful; together with the park and home pleasure grounds, encompassing a space of no less than fifteen miles; near the centre is a grand circular point from which, like to many radii, issue ten spacious villas or roads; the largest near 500 feet wide and sweetly terminated by a view of Cirencester tower; the others direct to some country church, or plesant distant object, all producing a most admirable and uncommon effect. Besides these, there are innumerable other roads and walks intersecting the woods in various directions; on the left of the large vista leading to the town, is Alfred's hall, an excellent imitation of antiquity, "bolom'd high in tufted trees," and surrounded with beautiful
beautiful lawns, a bowling green, and many delightful grassy walks. The truffle is said to be found here very plentifully. As the sun was closeting up his glories for the day, we retired to an excellent inn, (King’s-head,) at Cirencester.

This has been a famous city of antiquity called by Prolemy, Corinium; by the Britons Caer-Ceri; the English Saxons, Cirencester, and by contraction at this day Ciceter, situate on the river Churn, seventeen miles from Glocester on the old London road. The multiplicity of coins, chequered pavements, inscriptions, &c. dug up here at various times, shew it to have been a place of consequence; the remains of strong walls and a castle indicate marks of its being once well fortified. The Britons defended it many years against the Saxons, who at last obliged them to submit, together with the cities of Glocester and Bath, at the battle of Durham five miles from the latter anno 577, in which three British kings were slain. Various were the events of war and sieges here in almost every succeeding reign, till 1410, i.e. Henry IV. when the duke of Surrey and earl of Salisbury, duke of Exeter, and earl of Glocester, took up arms in favour of King Richard II. (grandson of Edward III. from whom sprang the houses of York and Lancaster;) and were lodged at two inns, when the mayor or head officer being apprized of their lodging, collected about four hundred of the inhabitants, and broke in upon the duke of Surrey and earl of Salisbury, who being much wounded, were immediately beheaded; the other two escaped, but were soon after taken and suffered the same fate. Thus originated those unhappy feuds, on the accession of the house of Lancaster. This was also one of those places that surrendered to the army of Charles I. but the royalists did not continue long in possession of it; and when the plan for the glorious revolution was laid, we find the duke of Beaufort opposing the lord Lovelace, who was going with a band of men to join the Prince of Orange, then landed in the west of England. A dispute ensued between the contending parties, wherein some lost their lives, and the lord Lovelace was taken prisoner, and committed to Glocester castle; but soon after released by the abdication of the king, and the new government taking place. It is now a good market town and borough, with two weekly markets; the quantity of wool sold here at one time was almost incredible, owing to the surrounding Cotswold so famous for sheep, which made it the greatest mart for the supply of the clothiers in this county and Wilts; but this is much declined since the dealers in this article travel from place to place and buy it of the farmers. It would be an injustice to omit mentioning the present stately church, whose lofty and handsome tower is a great ornament to this place; but the body is too much crowded with old buildings to be properly seen, the windows of which are beautifully decorated with historial painted glass. Here was a collegiate church before the conquest, and Rumbald, who was chancellor of England in the reign of Edward the confessor, had been dean of it; but when celibacy amongst the clergy was establisht by law, Henry I. built a magnificent abbey in its stead, 1117. It continued to flourish and receive large donations for succeeding times. It was one of the mitred abbeys, and in the reign of Henry V. 1416, the abbot obtained the high privilege of a seat in parliament amongst the barons. At the dissolution its annual revenues amounted to 10571. 7s. 1d. The whole of this ancient structure has been long destroyed, except two gates which still serve to give some idea of its former grandeur. The site of this abbey was in the crown, till it was granted to Richard Maffers, physician to Queen Elizabeth, whose descendant, Thomas Maffers, member for the county, hath here an handsome house and pleasure grounds. His brother is also member for the county, hath here an handsome house and pleasure grounds. His brother is also member for the town, which place their ancestors have long represented. The choice of
elections in the inhabitants, was renewing. The duke of Portland takes his ride of honour.

We now had an agreeable drive through the winding, veiled, rich, and diversified grounds, which beautifully, lawfully, and agreeably presented. On the highest terrace to the lake, amidst the lofty, splendid, and villas of the neat park, particularly a noble, lofty column, on the top of which was placed the statue of Queen Anne, so large as life, from hence we have a charming view of the house, with the towers of the church, seen directly in the centre behind, at first we were induced to believe they were the same elegant structure. We now passed by an handsome avenue, dedicated to the immortal Pope, where he used often to retire to indulge the creative fancies of his genius, when on a visit to his noble friend and patron. Opposite to this we were again amazed with Oakley wood, in miniature, a lawn from whose cause seven more villas are mentioned, to various pleasing objects, particularly that statue, column just mentioned. Here we took a grateful leave and strolled through the meadows and fields, about a mile to the village of Stratton, where we entered the great Gloucester road. The clouds, which threatened to pour their copious showers, upon the bleak downs of Cotswold, that we travelled many miles amidst those unheated, cold fields, till we gladly arrived on that intemperate verge of nature, where waters, the sound of the woods, to gladdily mingle, and to feet, above the water of the Severn. Here the lovely and delicious view of Gloucester again broke sweetly into our sight, and its fair city, to whose arms we were now eagerly returning, smiled even in this misty eclipse of clouds and rain.

A familiarity of weather began the day following, but in the afternoon we took the opportunity of a favourable interval, and pursued our course 15 miles to Newport, on the Bristol road, where we slept that evening, and the next morning visited Berkeley, close by, one of the largest parishes in this county, surrounded by rich meadows, and supposed to take its name from its site, forming a beech and beech in the whole vale, is particularly one of the thickest, called Gloscester, so is this hundred, for the oxen and sheep, called Dumble, Berkeley, where a large parish church with a many windows, surrounded, having separate at the opposite side of the churchyard, forms that ruin the decay of the original stone, the new one could not be, built on these piers. Addressing this to the ancient and prominent castle of the present Berkeley. The whole of this noble edifice is more to be admired for its antique, time, beauty; its situation, being so low, and surrounded by a, deepening, bringing, flowing up the little Avon from the Severn, just below. Roger de Berkeley was possessed of this landship at the conquest; and this being his chief seat, in imitation of the Normans, assumed his name from hence. His other lordships in this county were Coleshay, Dodinton, and Siton, as appears by doomsday book. From hence Mr. Rutter concludes that the present family have been here from the conquest, and that a new, very soon will appear. This Roger made several pious gifts to religious houses. His nephew and successor, William, founded an abbey of the Cistercian order at Kinleighwood; which was confirmed by Roger, son of William. This Roger, adhering to Maucler the emperor, underwent a

* These are Dugdale's words, [Hist. I. 449.] by which it seems he was an Englishman. But whether these states were then granted him, or he was very favored to retain them, does not by this appear.
very hard fate, through the perfidiousness and cruelty of Walter, brother to Milo, earl of Hereford, his seeming friend, being treacherously seiz'd on, stripp'd naked, expos'd to scorn, put into fetters, and thrice drawn up by a rope about his neck, on a gallows, at his own castle gates with threats, that if he would not deliver up that his castle to the earl, he should suffer a miserabler death: and when he was by this barbarous uflage, almost dead, carried to prison there to suffer further tortures. If there is no mistake in the name of the party, on whose behalf Roger suffered this, his son Roger adhered to the side which us'd him so ill, for he was a violent partizan of King Stephen; and in those contests, the castle and honor of Berkeley were taken from him and granted by Henry duke of Normandy (after Henry II.) to Robert Fitzharding, an adherent of his, whose father Harding is said to have been a younger son of a king of Denmark, and accompanied the Conqueror to England. Berkeley obtained Durfely again, of which he had been also devested, and did not ceafe to vex Fitzharding for Berkeley also. Complaint therefore being made to Duke Henry, he compromised the matter, by an agreement that Fitzharding's son should marry Berkeley's daughter, and Berkeley's son Fitzharding's daughter; so that poor Berkeley never recovered his castle; of which Fitzharding had a confirmation on the accession of Henry II.* Then it was that according to Smith's manuscripts, he built for Fitzharding the castle, which is now standing, in pursuance of a previous promise. He adds, that it was built upon the site of a ruined nunnerie, demolished by the artful practice of Godwin, earl of Kent, in the time of Edward the Confessor, which stratagem is related at length by Camden. Yet it is certain that there was a castle here from the conquest to this time; is it not therefore more probable, that if it was re-built at this time, it was out of the ruins of the former castle, which former one had been built out of the ruins of the nunnerie? At first it contained no more than the inmost of the three gates, and the buildings within the same; for the two outmost gates, and all the buildings belonging to them, except the keep, were the additions of Lord Maurice, eldest son of the lord Robert, in the latter end of King Henry II.; and of Lord Thomas, the second of that name, in Edward II., and of Lord Thomas, the third of that name, in 18th of Edward III. And as for the great kitchen, (great indeed) standing without, but adjoining to the keep of the castle, it was the work

* Thus cruelly ended the title of the genuine and original Berkeleys to this place, and their nobility with it, was transferred to the usurpers. Yet they by no means became extinct till long after; they retained Durfely, Dodinton, and Coberley. In the time of Richard II. says Camden, the heirs of Durfely was married to Cantelow. Afterwards both Durfely and Dodinton came to the Wykes, as some say by descent, but Leland's words are these. "Dodinton, where in the church Wykes dwellythe and haste well restored his house with faire buildings. This marner place and land longdʒ unto Barkie. It was purchased, and now remanynthe to Wykes." In another place he says, "part of Drifely" (Durfely) "Caffell was brought to make the new house of Dodinton. A Quare of Tophe stone by Drifely I ge, whatso much of the caffelle was buildid. The olde place of Dodinton within the mole by the new." Itin. vol. vi. fol. 76. vol. vii. part 2. fol. 72. a. The branch which were settled at Coberley continued there a long while. Roger De Berkeley to cruelly devested of Berkeley, afterwards in 17th Henry II., testified his knights fees to be 200 and an half De Vetere Feoffamento; besides two knights fees of his own demesne in Coberley; &c. which I think implies his mention was then there. His eldest son Roger married accordingly to the agreement the daughter of Fitzharding; and about 3rd of John certified that there belonged six knights fees and an half to his honor of Durfely. Coberley continued the feast of one branch of his descendants; and Gough mentions the figures of several crose-legged knights of them in the church of this parish. At length Sir Thomas Berkeley, son and heir of Sir Giles, son and heir of Sir Thomas, married the sister and coheir of Sir John Chandos, K. G. the famous warrior in the time of Edward III., and his daughter and coheir carried Coberley to her husband Sir Thomas Bruggge, of Bruggge-Solers, in Hertfordshire, and his descendants resided here till the time of John, the first Lord Chandos, who had a grant of Sudely castle. Thus ended the original Berkeleys, whose arms were different from the present, viz. Arg. a fesse between three martlets sable.
of King Henry VII. at his first entrance into possession thereof, about the 5th of his reign, soon after the death of William Marquis Berkeley, who had conveyed the fame amongst others, to that king. Besides these there were two beautiful chapels or oratories endowed with divers privileges from the bishops of Rome. Thus had this noble castle continued with one alteration only, of short duration, the baronial residence of this family, during the lapse of more than six centuries. Here the second Edward ended an inglorious reign, having been given up with this castle to the Mortimers, by Thomas lord Berkeley, who was afterwards honorably acquitted by his peers of being accessory to his death. In Shakespeare we find Berkeley thus recorded, during the commotions which distracted the government in the last years of the reign of Richard II.

Northumberland: "How far is it to Berkeley? and what air
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?
Percy. There stands the castle by your tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard!
And in it are the lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;
None title of name or noble estimate!"

In the contentions of York and Lancaster this castle had no share; but it suffered greatly from the disputed title to its possession between the heir male and Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, the heir general. "In 1488, the earl of Warwick lay before the castle with an armed force fully determined to destroy it, but was diverted from his purpose by the intercession of the bishop of Worcester, and the neighbouring gentry." After lord Warwick's decease, his heirs preferred their claims in a suit that continued near a century and half. Wearied with the tedious processes of law, frequent recours was had to the decision of the sword, and at length the dispute was finally determined by combat on Nibly green, when the claim of William, 6th lord Berkeley, was confirmed by the death of Thomas lord Little, whom he defeated in the field. This William was afterwards created a marquis, and himself cruelly left away the castle from his brother, who was heir; and it was not recovered till the time of his brother's grand son, on the death of Edward VI. When the castle ceased to be a place of defence, numerous parts were added. The hall, built in the reign of Edward III., is a lofty room, 48 feet by 35, with four windows to the north, of Norman architecture. This is truly adequate to the idea, of ancient barons; around hung several warlike instruments, and here they told us his lordship kept up an annual relick of English hospitality, that of scaffing his tenants, &c. The small chapel contains nothing worthy of notice. Dying room 48 by 27, over the chimney, a fine old painting—paying tribute to Caesar; James I., very excellent; John 1st lord Berkeley of Stratton, youngest son of sir Maurice, by Vandyke; and many others. Drawing-room 42 by 24, very old tapestry, and furniture of the same. Besides a numerous set of portraits of the family, were Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary I., Jane Shore, &c. The other apartments are very small, hung with variety of family pictures, miniatures, &c. amongst which are some of sir Godfrey Kneller, Vandyke, and sir P. Lely. George baron Berkeley, 1616, by C. Jansen; the Queen of Bohemia, by the same. In a curious cabinet room, excavated from the wall, are these valuable miniatures; Maurice lord Berkeley, 1518; Katharine his wife, having the same date; Thomas lord Berkeley, his brother, 1521; Thomas lord Berkeley, 1524; Henry lord Berkeley, 1554; lady Jane his second wife, daughter of sir Miles Stan-
hope; Thomas Berkeley who died before his father Lord Henry, and was succeeded by his grandson George Lord Berkeley 1616, whose portrait, by Janieen, before mentioned, completes the series for 100 years. Amongst the furniture we saw two very curious state-beds, one of which was brought from Thornbury castle, and bore the date of 1530. Alto the bed in which Admiral Drake failed round the world. Opposite lord Berkeley’s dressing-room is a neat garden formed in a circular space on the top of the castle; in the centre is a cold bath, covered like a tent; we walked round and had a charming view of the Severn and hills beyond. Lastly we were shewn the dismal room in which Edward II. was most cruelly butchered.

"Mark the year and mark the night,  
When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkeley’s roofs that ring,  
Shrieks of an agonizing king."

The model of his head taken in plaster lay in a box. After being deprived of his kingdom by the artifice of his wife, this murder was effected by the subtle contrivance of Adam bishop of Hereford, who sent these enigmatical words to his keepers without any points:

Edwardus occidere non tertiis honum est  
To seek to shed King Edward’s blood  
Refuse to fear I think it good.

So that by this double construction they might be encouraged to commit this horrid deed, and he plausible vindicated from giving any directions to it. “In surveying this proud monument of feudal splendor and magnificence, the very genius of chivalry seems to present himself, amidst the venerable remains, with a sternness and majesty of air and feature, which shew what he once has been, and a mixture of disdain for the degenerate posterity that robbed him of his honours. Amidst such a scene the manly exercises of knighthood recur to the imagination in their full pomp and solemnity; while every patriot feeling beats at the remembrance of the generous virtues which were nurtured in those schools of fortitude, honour, courtesy, and wit, the mansions of our ancient nobility.”

From hence we drove to Thornbury, a well looking old town, with a most excellent church and tower, built in the form of a cathedral, the pinnacles of which are exceedingly beautiful. Adjacent to this are the noble remains of a castle belonging to the second son of the late Mr. Howard, of Sheffield. It was begun upon a most extensive plan, by the duke of Buckingham, in Henry VIIIth’s time. Leland, treating of it in his Itinerary, says, “Edward, late duke of Buckingham, likynge the foyle aboute, and the site of the house, pulled downe a great part of the old house, and sette up magnificently in good square stone the south side of it, and accomplisshed the west part also with a right comely gate-houfe to the first foyle: and so it standeth yet, with a rofe forced for a time. This inscription on the front of the gate-houfe: this gate was began in the yeare of our Lorde God 1511, the 2d yeare of the reigne of Kynge Henry the VIII. by me Edward, duke of Buckingham, earl of Hereford, Safforde, and Northampton.” He likewise made a fine park near the castle; for which purpose he inclosed a considerable tract of rich corn land. (Atkins says, he had licence from Henry VII.

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* Gray’s Bard.  
† Bigland’s Gloucestershire, page 156, to which I am indebted for other particulars.
to impark 1000 acres.) This, according to Leland, drew on him the curtes of the neighbourhood. He also proposed to have brought up to the castle a small branch of the Severn, which flowed into the park. He did not, however, live either to perform this, or to finish his buildings, being beheaded 1522; and his estates then escheating to the crown. In the outer court are barracks for 100 men. The part which was finished shews great marks of beauty and magnificence; on a curious wrought chimney piece is a date 1514. The whole circumference of the walls measures 12 acres. In one corner, where is a bench, you have the finest echo possible; with a shrill note and clear air you may distinctly count a repetition of 16 or 18 times, and with a laughing voice the mockery is wonderful. I never remember to have received more satisfaction from any antique relick of this kind than this present place afforded. In the evening after a delightful ride we arrived at the Bush tavern, Brilol.

This noble city, situate in an uneven vale partly in Somerletshire and Gloucestershire, between the river Avon and Frome, was called by the Britons Caer Oder nant Badon, or the city Oder in Badon valley: in the catalogue of ancient cities it is called Caer Brito, and in Saxon Brightstowe, a beautiful or famous place. At what time and by whom this city was built seems uncertain: our antiquaries think it of a late date, there being no mention of it in history during the Danifh wars. Camden is of opinion that it rose in the declension of the Saxo government, since it is not noticed before 1063, when Harold (according to Florence of Worcester) set sail from hence to invade Wales. In the beginning of the Normans, this city with Berton an adjacent farm, “paid to the King (as appears from domesday-book) 110 marks of silver; and the burgesses also returned, that bishop G. had 33 marks, and one mark of gold.” Geoffrey bishop of Conflance raising a rebellion against William Rufus, chose this city for the seat of war, and fortified it with an inner wall. In the reign of Henry I, during the wars between the empress Maud and king Stephen, here was a castle built by her party to strengthen this place against that king, who being taken prisoner in battle was ordered to be sent here, by the empress, to be loaded with chains, and fed with a very slender diet. This place had no great concern in arms till the civil wars, when it suffered greatly. In 1643 it was besieged by the king’s army, which being numerous and fresh, soon made their way into it, though strongly garrisoned by the parliament with 2,500 foot, and a regiment of horse, the castle well manned, and stored with provisions. This reduction of Bristol, though effected at the expence of much gallant blood, gained the King all this shire and Wales. Thus the city remained in the King’s possession during the following year, but was soon after retaken, by Waller, with a large army besieging it against prince Rupert and lord Hopton, which lossf so much angered the king, (for his heart was set upon saving Bristol) that he sent a letter to that prince from Ragland castle, to deprive him of his commission, and order him to provide for himself beyond seaf, for he would truft to him no longer. Next to London, it may now be esteemed one of the largest and most wealthy cities in Great Britain; its convenient situation for trade, having two such navigable rivers running through it, deep enough at high tide for ships of the greatest burden, gives it superior advantage. The merchants trade very largely to Guinea and the West Indies, besides carrying on the Dutch, Norway, and Russian commerce, and import great quantities of fruits, wine, sugar, oils, &c. The quay now completed is spacious and handfome, and fo replete with every kind of vesfels, that the multiplicity of masts appear like trees in a forest. Over the Frome is a large curious draw-bridge with two stone arches; over the Avon is a very beautiful and spacious bridge, rebuilt near twenty years; consisting of three wide and lofty arches with a fine balustrade seven feet high, and raised footways guarded by chain-work and well lighted with
with lamps; at the further end are two dome-like edifices for the purpose of collecting tolls. The avenues leading to it, which were before narrow streets, very dangerous and impassable, are an improvement and satisfaction to the passenger, better felt than described. The churches, 18 in number, with various public edifices, charitable institutions, &c. are too abundant to have a minute description here; the violent rains which now fell were also very unfavourable for our purpose, but some of the principal objects, which we stole an opportunity of inspecting, shall not be omitted. The cathedral, situate in College-green, founded in the reign of King Stephen, 1140, by Robert Fitzharding, mentioned at Berkeley, is too inconsiderable to engross much time or notice. St. Mary Redcliffe, without the walls, is peculiarly worth attention, and we may unite with Cundon, in calling it the finest parish church in England. It is a most magnificent Gothic structure of a cathedral form, 191 feet from east to west, and 117 from north to south; the pillars and vaulted roof wrought in most beautiful stone workmanship; the organ is esteemed very excellent, and over the altar are three large paintings, representing the Burial, Resurrection, and Ascension by Hogarth. This charming edifice was originally founded by Simon de Burton: in the year 1292, part of it was destroyed, and rebuilt by William Canning, the richest merchant in this city, who, to avoid marrying King Edward IVth's mistress, took the order of prelate, and forfeited 300 marks for his peace, to be paid in 2470 tons of shipping; he died 1474, and has two monuments, one in his mausoleum, the other in his clerical habit, in the south end of this church. Near this flanks an immense tripod of brass, with an eagle upon it of the same, said to be made from the filings of pins, and given by James Warthen, Pinnaker. On a pillar is also a monumental inscription to the memory of Sir William Penn, knight, Vice Admiral, and father to William Penn the Quaker, over which hung the trophies of war. We now ascended about forty steps in the tower, to see the rchue of old chests from whence poor Chatterton is said to have taken the manuscripts of Rowley's Poems; no atom of the kind now remaining, our curiosity was satisfied and we descended. The generality of the streets are such as we find in most large towns of opulence and traffic; its centre, like most cities, is too narrow and crowded, but its external parts more spacious and elegant; the very great increase of buildings of late years is surprising, and since the act of parliament prohibiting all kinds of houses except stone and brick, an universal improvement has ensued. Here are several good parades, squares, &c. the principal we saw is Queen-square, spacious and handsome; the Custom-house is a fine building with a piazza of Ionic pillars before it; in the middle is an excellent equestrian statue of William III, executed with a great deal of spirit; but here is an omission in the furniture, though not so palpable as that at Charing-crofts, where the artist has forgot the necessary fattening to the saddle; this only wants the throat-band to the bridle.

Amongst the public buildings the Exchange in Corn-street claims most attention, being a complete piece of modern architecture 100 feet in front and 148 deep; between the columns and pillasters are various festoon ornaments, representing Great Britain and the four quarters of the world, their chief products and manufactures; the quadrangular piazzas within are Corinthian; dimensions 90 feet by 80. This capital structure of entire free stone was erected and opened in 1743, by the late Mr. Wood, of Bath, and may vie with that famous one in Corn-hill, though on a different construction, replete with flounces, which owes its origin to the great Sir Thomas Gresham. On the toley, or walk in front, are several of the old brass pillar tablets, used by the merchants to truly bury their goods before the building of this Exchange. Adjacent to this is another handsome and commodious stone edifice, the Post-office. Guild-hall,
and Merchant-taylors' in Broad-street; Coopers' hall, in King-street, with four noble Corinthian columns, and a lofty pediment in front, also Merchants' hall, and the Assembly-room in Princess-street, whose ball-room is 90 feet long, has a magnificent front with double pillars of the Corinthian order, and a handsome pediment. In King-street is also an excellent Theatre, open only in the summer by the King's company from Bath, &c.

A general characteristic of the inhabitants in this populous city is hardly to be obtained by the most intimate acquaintance; we who are such new visitors cannot presume then to this knowledge. A mixture of all countries, professions and sects, compose the greater part, so that their dialect and manners are not strongly marked by any provincial peculiarities.

During a short interval of fair weather we made a pleasant excursion to the Hot-wells, situate about a mile and a half from the city near those tremendous rocks, which seem rent afunder by some extraordinary violence of nature. There is very little interruption of buildings the whole way; for the accommodation of company which attend in the season, the buildings contiguous are commodious and elegant; an excellent pump-room and lodgings, a small crescent with shops, &c. before which are some agreeable parades, the river Avon winding very near; beyond are two handsome long rooms, for assemblies, public breakfasts, &c. This warm spring was first noticed about the beginning of the 18th century, and at that time was covered with the sea at every high tide; its waters notwithstanding preserved their heat and virtues. At first it was a popular medicine for sore eyes, but the common people soon extended it to scrofulous and scrophulous diseases with equal success, and in process of time began to drink the waters, which they found equally salutary and pleasant; qualities perhaps nowhere so thoroughly united. Doctor Vernon published their fame to the world, and when they came to be examined by the learned, their virtues were acknowledged, their effects particularly explained, and highly commended. The efficacious qualities of these waters, in all consumptive cafes, owing to their being impregnated upon the belt chemical principles by lime-florne quarries, through which they flow with a soft alkaline quality, are too well known to need further comment or quotation. At the delightful village of Clifton, on the vast hill above, so favourable in situation for invalids are numerous and elegant lodgings, where, refreshed by the moist pure and vivifying breezes they may, by the aid of these restoring springs and gentle exercise, chase away grim death. Besides the lodgings at Clifton there are many gentlemen's seats, and at the late Mr. Goldney's, now his widow's, is a valuable and curious grotto, esteemed one of the best in England, but it is unnecessary to go with a recommendation from some of the owner's friends to gain admittance, for want of which we were disappointed. We now strolled awhile upon St. Vincent's rocks to enjoy the various charming prospects, &c. and see the tide-fowl in river roll through the stupendous cliffs beneath, whilst the objects on and about its waves appeared in perfect miniature. We saw the dazzling light of men working out lime stone from amidst the perpendicular sides, every moment in imminent danger, as if it were their last; the manner in which they climb down seems almost impossible. And the most fatal accidents do continually happen. Not far from hence are the Bridgewater furnaces, hard and transparent almost as rent diamonds. We now returned to our tavern the Buff, at Brifton, which in justice to its merits deserves the praise of all who know it. The present owner, Mr. Weeke, certainly conducts this business with a spirit and attention beyond comparison; and for the benefit of all merchants and others, here are always to be found cold provisions and circimnaries on a plan much more reasonable and liberal than any other place in the kingdom. Amongst the
many public entertainments that are held at this house, we were witnesses to one very splendid and worth notice. It was an annual meeting of the West-India Captains, consisting of about 200 subscribers, who pay two guineas each per annum, to this excellent fund for the relief of their widows, orphans, or distressed families, similar to what is established by the clergy in most parts of the kingdom. From hence we proceeded to Bath through Keinham, so called from Keina, a devout British virgin, whom the credulous of former ages believed changed serpents into stones, because great numbers of these fossils were found in the adjacent rocks. Here was formerly an abbey founded by William, earl of Gloucester about 1170, and granted by Edward VIth to Thomas Brydges, 1553; on the site whereof was an handsome seat of the duke of Chandos*, till within ten or twelve years, which the mother of his present wife finding fault with he destroyed; the value of the materials only repaying what he had just then expended in repairs.

Bath now becoming our residence for a few days, our whole thoughts and attention were employed in ceatefuls admiration of its incomparable beauties. The antiquity of this charming city is unquestionable, and its fame unrivalled ever since the discovery of its inestimable waters. How, or at what exact period I do not presume to determine; King Bladud and the story of the pigs may or may not be true; but as chance is commonly found to have been the parent of most of our greatest discoveries, it has that strongly in its favour. Ptolemy calls them θέρμα, hot waters. The Britons called this place Yr Ennaint Twymin, which bears the same interpretation; also Caer Badon, i.e. the city of Bath. These waters have raised various conjectures how they derive their heat. Whether from passing through mineral beds, or from some subterraneous fire in the bowels of the earth, or, (as seems more probable from the experiments in chymistry,) whether their origin is dependent on the fermentation of two different sources, from the opposite hills Claverton and Lansdown, meeting in some caverns in this vale, which produce that hot, soft, milky liquid, so beneficial to mankind; whatever may be the cause, it is sufficient that their salubrious qualities have had the test of ages, and without some preternatural change, are not likely to fail.

The following abstract of a letter upon this subject, written in Latin, by Dr. Meara of Bristol, to Dr. Pujian of London, I met with in Childrey's Rarities, and think it too curious to be omitted.

Bath, August the 2d, 1659.

"W. and H. Sir,

"What I should have done long since, &c. The sacrifice I bring to your altar, will not, I conceive, be ungrateful. It is the strange accidental discovery of a noble mistery touching the caufe of the heat of the Baths here; the search into which hath long exercised the most famous physicians; the manner of it was thus. The right honourable the lord Fairfax, who continues still at the Bath with his lady, riding abroad not far from this city two days ago, to take the air, by chance found a kind of chalk as white as snow, working here and there out of the ground in little heaps, like earth cast up by moles. A piece of this he brought home, and shewed me. It is a crumbling matter; and almost of itself turns to a small light dust; its taste is manifestly acid, with astringency; but by little and little, biting, and caufing extreme hot strangulation in the mouth, so that I am persuaded it hath much calcanthus in it, and is not altogether

Descended from the elder brother of Thomas Bridges. The descendant of the said Thomas, (George, eldest of Avington, in Hants, being the last of his branch of the family,) devised it to his very at court, the present duke, with his other estates, by will, 1751.

without
THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

without arsenick. I put it into cold water, and presently it fell a boiling and bubbling apace, just as if it had been quick lime; and by degrees the water grew so very hot, that it would quickly have boiled an egg. Now seeing that this chalk is found near the Bath, I conceive it not unlikely that it is this that heats the Bath water: I know very well that authors generally attribute the heat of baths to sulphur or bitumen. Nevertheless, though it cannot be denied that there is a great quantity of bitumen and sulphur found in these springs, and the cures of scabiness, ulcers, trembling, the palsy, and the like diseases, doth evince that the Baths are plentifully impregnated with them; yet I doubt whether either of them hath any fermentative power in them to heat water, seeing both of them want acidity, the efficient cause of fermentation; the contrary of which will follow upon the crumbling and incoherent consistence of this chalk. The place where this fossil was found, is an earth porous like a sponge, so that it plainly appears to be (as it were) the flos or excrecence of fermenting mineral, working up out of the earth with those spirits, that cause the fermentation. But what to determine, and say positively in this dark riddle, I know not; and therefore humbly submit it to your judgment, &c.” The subject is too voluminous and well known to dwell upon; here then we shall only mention the names of the baths, which are the King’s, the Queen’s, and the Hot and Croft’s Bath; the former being the largest and most frequented deserves further notice. In the centre is a large reservoir to restrain the rapid motion of the main source and disperse the waters and heat more equally over the bathing area, also to conduct it through pipes to the pump-room for drinking. The whole has of late years been greatly improved and still continues. The pump-room is an handsome oblong building, where most of the morning you meet much company refreshing nature with a cordial glass, and in the height of the season is so crowded as to demand a larger edifice. From the window we saw the foaming element, and its handsome receiles for the bathers: also the statue of King Bladud, erected in the year 1699, with the following subscription in copper.

Having given a short sketch of this great source, let us now proceed to some of its most noble effects; the original city, situate round the centre of this rich circular vale on the borders of the Avon, and encompassed with most beautiful and fertile hills, is too far eclipsed by the variety of admirable streets and squares in the new town, to detain us long; but before we proceed it may not be improper to take notice of the cathedral or abbey, and the noble edifice, guildhall. The former is a noble plain edifice, founded by King Ofric 676, which underwent various changes and reparations till Oliver King, a bishop, began the present structure 1495, occasioned by a dream, according to the authority of Sir John Harrington, as follows. “The bishop having been at Bath imagined as he one night lay meditating in bed, that he saw the Holy Trinity, with angels ascending and descending by a ladder, near to which was a fair olive-tree supporting a crown.”
He also thought he heard a voice which said “let an olive establish the crown, and let a king restore the church.” This made such a strong impression upon the good prelate, that without delay he ordered the work to be forwarded, but did not live to complete it. On the west front we now plainly see a representation of his vision, under the title, de sursum est, “it is from on high.” The inside is plain and lofty, from east to west 210 feet, transept 126, but boasts no show of ancient or splendid monuments. Over the altar is an handpainted painting of the Wise Men’s offering, given by general Wade, a city member, 1725. The present guildhall, in High-street, is a very elegant modern structure, built by Mr. Thomas Baldwin, architect, about the year 1756. The front exhibits a rustic basement supporting an Ionic superstructure of four columns, and a rich pediment with city arms and other decorations, at each end is a long wing of about 50 feet. The principal story contains a ball room of 80 feet by 40, suitably finished in modern taste. Leaving this part of the city we pass northward to Milford-street very spacious, well paved, and handfome; on the left of which are Queen-street and Wood-street, leading to Queen-square, Parade, &c. These were the first and great improvements of the famous Mr. Wood, to whom this place is much indebted for many of its principal features. From hence up Gay-street leads to that beautiful pile of buildings called the Circus, planned by the same admirable architect about the year 1754, the houses of which are uniformly built round the periphery of a large circle, (only interfeeted by three streets at equal distances from each other,) and are enriched with all the proper embellishments of the three orders, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. The next and most superior range is the Royal Crescent, comprehending a very large elliptic span of upwards of 60 Ionic columns, on a rustic basement, and supporting a beautiful cornice; there is only one window on a floor between each pillar, so that being thus alternate there seems too great a profusion of them; each end displays a very noble house of five windows on a floor, with as many columns alternate and double at the corners, like the centre-house. The verdant ground falls sweetly down towards the river, and the rising country beyond presents as beautiful an amphitheatre as can be viewed. The picturesque eye of Mr. Gilpin could not be supposed to find much amusement among such objects; yet he mentions the Circus as thrown into perspective, from a corner of one of the streets that run into it, and if it be happily enlightened is seen with advantage. The Crescent, he says, is built in a simper, and greater style of architecture. He further adds, that he has “heard an ingenious friend, colonel Mitford, who is well versed in the theory of the picturesque, speak of a very beautiful and grand effect of light and shade, which he had sometimes observed from an afternoon sun, in a bright winter’s day, on this structure. No such effect could happen in summer; as the sun in the same meridian, would be then too high. The elliptical form of the building was the magical source of this exhibition. A grand mass of light, falling on one side of the Crescent, melted imperceptibly into a grand a body of shade on the other; and the effect rote from the opposition and graduation of these extremes. It was still encreated by the pillars, and other members of architecture, which beautifully varied and broke both the light and the shade; and gave a wonderful richness to each. The whole, he said, seemed like an effort of nature to set off art; and the eye roved about in astonishment to see a mere mass of regularity become the ground of so enchanting a display of harmony and picturesque effect.” The truth of this one may very readily and with pleasure subscribe to, but the same cause which thus gives charms both to the spectator and inhabitant in this season of the year, must be the source of the greatest uneasiness, particularly to the latter, in the summer; and living in one of these centre-houses must be little better than imbibing the heat and glare in the focus of a concave mirror. A very good
row of houses are almost finished from the extremity of this Crescent leading up towards Lansdown, where near the summit of the hill is also erecting another new Crescent, parallel with the other, called Lansdown-place, with a large chapel, &c. just below. The materials thrown out of this foundation are some of them very curious and afford much speculation for the naturalist and virtuoso; various fossils and sea-like petrefactions are found here. Betwixt this and the royal Crescent, a most admirable plan is projected for immediate execution, which is to consist of another Circus, several handsome streets, parades, groves, &c. and when finished will render this one of the completest spots in Europe. In short these elegances daily seem to spring up here by enchantment; for on the opposite side, called Beacon hill, we see a third Crescent in great forwardness, the principal story of which displays much Corinthian splendor, one of these columns appearing between each window. A plan is also drawn by Mr. Baldwin for immediately erecting a new set of these kind of buildings in Bathwick meadows, belonging to Mr. Pulletency, on the other side his beautiful bridge. Thefe, together with the above mentioned, are calculated to be no less than 1600 houses. What an unparalleled spectacle will this city be when the present plan is finished. There are numerous other streets and buildings finished within a few years, spacious, and beautiful, which being situated by the side of the hill are remarkably dry and airy. The new assembly rooms, at the east end of the Circus, next demand our notice, and for size and elegance stand unrivalled. They were built by subscription, and cost 20,000l. The above mentioned architect Mr. Wood laid the first stone 1762, and they were opened in 1771. The ballroom is 105 feet by 42 and 42, and most superbly finished. On one side are various ornaments of statues and vases alternate; and on the other, instead of curtains, the windows are filled with similar representations in paint; these were to me quite novel, and by the splendid light of the several elegant chandeliers calculated to have a most charming effect. Innumerable seats are placed in most commodious order, one above another, leaving the middle of the room quite open to the dancers, who are inclosed with ropes like a race ground, so that the coup d'oeil is inimitable. Opposite to this is a very handsome tea-room, &c. 60 feet by 42. In the centre of the building is an elegant octagon card room, forty-eight feet diameter; in which are two fine portraits of the late Master of the ceremonies, Captain Wade, painted by Gainsborough, and the present Mr. Tyfyon, painted by Mr. James, a gentleman artist, which is only just put up. Beyond this is another plain neat card room, 70 feet by 27 and 42. Every outward convenience is in the highest style possible, and the whole together are esteemed the finest suite in Europe. The Octagon Chapel in Milford-street, opened 1767, is a very commodious and elegant structure, finished after a plan of Mr. Lightho'nder, architect. The altar piece exhibits a piece of painting by Mr. Hoare, representing the pool of Bethesda. Without affecting the plan of a complete guide, any further minutiae or descriptions of the many other chapels and public buildings would be tedious and foreign to our purpose. We will conclude, therefore, with mentioning that most excellent General Hospital, opened in 1742, which reflects the highest credit on its most laudable and liberal institution, viz. to extend the benefits of Bath waters to those whose indigent circumstances will not allow them the use of these salutary springs. In this asylum all the sick poor of Great Britain and Ireland (those of this town only excepted, on the ground that they might be accommodated at a trifling expense at home) may find every proper assistance given to their disorders, by the help of a physician and other attendants, to administer this water, and order every other necessary medicine, diet, &c. gratis. So that they can with no reason say, “Though an angel hath troubled the waters, alas, Sirs, we have no friend to help us in.” Various are the gentlemen’s seats, &c. within a day’s excursion.
SHAW’S TOUR TO

excurtion of this city, so that the admirer of such noble scenes, can seldom want amusement during a few weeks residence; besides the easier access up the surrounding hills than formerly, renders the common exercise of riding more agreeable on the downs of Claverton and Lansdown; whence the invalid, while he is breathing a more pure and healthful air, may enjoy the energetic delights of near or distant prospects; particularly on the latter, which is remarkable for a curious stone monument, erected by George Lord Lansdown, (from whence it takes its name) in memory of a battle fought here between the king and parliament forces, 1643, in which his grandfather Sir Beville Granville, an excellent person of great activity, interest, and reputation, was slain.

Left Bath September 24th, ascended the vast hill on the West-road, and during an interval of fair weather, had a sweet view over the whole city. From the summit we deviated about a mile, to inspect the free-stone quarries on Comb-Down, adjoining Prior Park, the beautiful seat of the late worthy Mr. Allen, justly celebrated by Mr. Pope, and afterwards of Bishop Warburton, in right of his wife, who re-marrying the Rev. Stafford Smith, he now enjoys it during his life, after which it goes to an Irish nobleman, Lord Montalt. It has a very elegant front, consisting of a body, two pavilions, and two wings of offices, all united by arcades, in a gentle curve of almost 1000 feet; the order of architecture is Corinthian, on a rustic basement, crowned with a fine balustrade; it has 15 windows on a floor, and the approach to the Corinthian hall exhibits one of the largest and most correct porticos in the kingdom. The external beauties of the grounds, formed into winding walks, gardens, terrace, &c. are esteemed highly finished, and command, reciprocally, the most delightful prospect to Bath. It is much to be lamented, that the traveller cannot be indulged with a more minute inspection of this delightful place, which since the death of the late possessor, (truly styled from his amiable and liberal qualities the genius of Bath) is seldom or ever shewn. We now entered the adjacent cavern of near 300 yards long, which, from the vast quantity that had been got out for many years to supply the city with its beautiful free-stone, we saw wrought out into various spacious and lofty rooms, and regularly supported by able pillars, left for that purpose, that add a pleasing idea of safety to the observing eye. The whole appears neat and agreeable, not much unlike the vaulted apartments in the rustic of a nobleman’s mansion. The gentle weepings of the rock in some parts form perpetreactions, which, together with a few spars interperfed, reflect the lights of the candles very brilliantly. The former mode of conveying the large blocks directly down the hill to Bath, by machines running on grooves or frames of wood, such as we see in the collieries about Newcastle, is now no more; they carry them in common waggons, to the great detriment of the roads, and inconvenience of travellers. We now proceed as expeditiously as this hilly country would permit. A few small gentlemen’s seats situated in rich and pleasant vales, with the village of Redstone, were all the objects to amuse till we got to Old Down, a good single house of entertainment, in a bleak situation. After dinner we crossed the extensive range of Mendip hills; Leland calls them Minery hills, as abounding with lead mines, and in old records they are named Muneduppe, from the many knowls and steep ascents that are visible. The ridges of these hills run in a confused manner, but mostly from east to west, and are of a very unequal height; the soil is barren, and the air cold and foggy. The surface is mostly covered with heath and fern, and affords little or no food but for sheep. This part we now traversed has a better appearance, being considerably thrown into large inclosures, with stone walls excellently formed, and covered with turf, out of which mostly grows a quick hedge. In these mines any Englishman may freely work, except the has forfeited his right by flealing the ore, or working tools of other miners. For
it is a custom here to leave both their ore and tools all night upon the open hills, or in some slight hut close by: and whoever is found guilty of stealing is condemned to a peculiar punishment, called burning of the hill, which is thus performed: the criminal is shut up in one of these huts surrounded with dry furze, fern or such like combustible matter, which being set fire to in different places, he is left to make his escape as well as he can by bursting this prison with hands and feet, and rushing through the fire; but he is ever after excluded from working on these hills. The lead found here is said to be of a harder quality than that of other countries, and is mostly used for making bullets and shot. On the western side of these hills is found plenty of lapis calaminaris, or cadmia fossiliis or calamine, when calcined and cemented with copper, makes brafs. It is also found in Derbyshire, Gloucestershire, Nottinghamshire, and Wales. Other countries too may afford as great abundance, but from the best experiments, ours is found to be of a much superior quality than any that comes from abroad*. Before the reign of Queen Elizabeth, this mineral was held in very little estimation in Great Britain: and even so late as the latter part of the last century, it was commonly carried away as ballast by the ships which traded to foreign parts, especially to Holland. But its use being now well ascertained in this kingdom, and its superior to other nations, there is no fear of losing the advantages of this valuable article. Dr. Watson says that where of late years great quantities have been dug on Bonfyce Moor, near Matlock, Derbyshire, a bed of iron-flone, about four feet in thickness, lies over the calamine, and the calamine is much mixed, not only with iron-flone, but with cawk. lead ore, and lime-flone. But this does not bear so good a price as that which is gotten about Mendip; the former being sold for about 40s. and the latter for 65s. or 70s. a ton before dressing; when thoroughly dried the Derbyshire calamine may be bought for about six guineas, and the other for 8l. a ton. The strata, or veins of calamine found here, run between the rocks, generally wider than lead ore; the colour of it as it comes from the mine is of a greenish-grey, or yellow cafle, and sometimes contains lead. After having procured a sufficient quantity and sufficiently cleaned its impurities, they commit it to the calcining oven, built much in the same form as that used by bakers, but larger; on one side is a hearth, divided from the oven itself by a partition open at the top, by which means the flame passes over the calamine and calcines it. The fire is common-pit coal, which is thrown upon the earth and lighted with charcoal. When sufficiently calcined they beat it to powder and make it fit for sale. In making brafs the proof of the richness of calamine arises from the quantity taken up by the copper which at the greatest degree is about one third. The method of making brafs with calamine, Dr. Watson thus describes. Copper in tin plates, or which is better, copper reduced (by being poured, when melted, into water) into grains of the size of large shot is mixed with calamine and charcoal, both in powder, and exposed in a melting-pot, for several hours, to a fire not quite strong enough to melt the copper, but sufficient for uniting the metallic earth of the calamine to the phlogiston of the coal; this union forms a metallic substance which penetrates the copper contiguous to it, changing its colour from red to yellow, and augmenting its weight in a great proportion. At most of our English brafs works they use 45 pound of copper to 60 of calamine for making ingot brafs, and they seldom obtain less than 60 or more than 70 pound of brafs. When they make brafs for the purpose of pans or kettles, and the drawing of wire, they use calamine of the finest sort, and in a greater proportion, generally 56 pound of calamine to 34 of copper. The varieties in the colour, malleability, and ductility of brafs, proceed

*Phil. Transact. 196. p. 672.
from the quantity of the calomel imbibed by the copper. Though we have always had this commodity, yet brass has not been made long before the commencement of the present century. Dr. Watson is of opinion that the beginning of the brass manufactory in England may be properly referred to the policy of Queen Elizabeth, who invited into the kingdom various perfsons from Germany, who were well skilled in metallurgy and mining. About the year 1650, one Demetrius, a German, set up a brass work in Surry, at the expense of 6000l. and above 8000 men are said to have been employed in the brass manufactory established in Nottinghamshire and near London. Though this art afterwards went to decay, yet about the beginning of the present century it revived, and is now established amongst us in a very great extent, so that we annually export large quantities of manufactured brass to most parts of the world. But the value of calamine has been much raised by the ingenious D. Isaac Lawton, who discovered it to be the true mine of zinc, but died before he made any advantage of his discovery*. Dr. Price and others are of the same opinion about the discovery of zinc; but Dr. Watson places him second in this discovery, and says that Henckel was the first person in Europe who procured zinc from calamine†. Zinc in colour is not unlike lead; is hard and sonorous and malleable in a small degree; it does not melt so easily as either tin or lead, but more easily than silver or copper. The filings of zinc are of great use in fire-works, owing to its singular combustion. The aeronauts are also much indebted to this metallic substance for the inflammable air it yields by solution in the acids of vitriol and of sea salt. Zinc and copper when melted together in different proportions constitute what are called pinchbeck, &c. of different yellow colours. Besides these there are many other metallic mixtures which copper enters as the principal ingredient; the most remarkable are gun-metal, bell-metal, pot-metal, and speculum-metal. What is commonly called brass cannon does not contain the least of that metal in its composition, but consists of copper and tin. At Woolwich, the only foundry for this sort of cannon in England, they seldom use more than twelve or less than ten parts of tin to every 100 of copper, according to its purity, and the finest copper requires the most tin. This metallic mixture is sold before casting, for 75l. a ton, and government pays for casting it 60l. a ton. The statuary metal of the ancients, Pliny says, was composed in the following manner, "They first melted a quantity of copper; into which they put a third of its weight of old copper, which had been long in use; to every 100 weight of this mixture, they added 12 lb. of a mixture composed of equal parts of lead and tin." Bell-metal also consists of tin and copper, but their proportions are variously used. Less of tin is generally used for making church-bells than clock-bells, and a little zinc is added for those of repeating watches, and other small bells. It is very remarkable that the bulk of the mixture of copper and tin is a quarter less than the sum of the bulks of the two component parts, while their weights remain the same: take two balls of copper and two of pure tin, of the same form and quantity, then melt the former into one, to which add the tin ones, and pour out the mixture melted into their former moulds, and there will scarce come forth three balls, the weight of the four being reserved. Pot-metal is made of copper and lead, the lead being one fourth or one fifth the weight of the copper. Speculums or glass mirrors are made of copper and tin; and it is found by experiment that 14 ounces and a half of grain‡ tin, and 2 lb.

* Campbell's Survey of Brit. vol. 2d, p. 15.
‡ "Grafin tin (of which we shall speak more fully in Cornwall) is worth 10 or 12 shillings per 100 more than mine tin, because it is melted from a pure mineral by a charcoal fire; whereas mine tin is usually corrupted with mudick and other minerals, and is always melted with a bituminous fire, which communicates a harsh, sulphurous, injurious quality to the metal."—Pryce Min. Cornw. p. 137.
of copper make the best composition: and to avoid its being porous the tin should be added to the melted copper and this mass afterwards be remelted". Pliny says, that the best specula were anciently made at Brundicum of copper and tin.

We now very soon approached the ancient city of Wells, situate at the foot of Mendip hills, in a stony soil and full of springs, whence it has its name. Leland says, "the chiefest spring is called Andres Welles, and rifeth on a meadow plot not far above the east end of the cathedral church." He also speaketh of the town as large and built mostly of stone, particularly the market place and conduit, the work of Thomas Beckett, some time bishop of Bath. But the buildings most famous are the cathedral and Bishop's palace surrounded with a fosse, which was a castle belonging to sir John Gates about the time of Edward VI. The west front of the cathedral has ever been admired for its complete Gothic display of imagery, superior to any other of the kind, and contains almost as much work as the inner part of this or any other church, yet there is a vast heaviness in the towers for want of pinnacles. It was built on the site of the original one (founded by King Ina) by Robert de Lewis and Jofeline de Welles. It was made a see in the time of Edward the Elder. William the Conqueror gave the city of Bath to God, St. Peter, and John bishop of Wells to augment his episcopal seat; upon which he removed his see to Bath, being the superior place. This soon raised a controversy between the two cities about the seat and election of their bishop; but in the reign of King Stephen it was put a stop to by Robert, bishop of Wells, who ordained that in future the titles should be united; and the bishop be chosen by an equal number of canons of each church. The infide from ealt to west is about 300 feet; transept 122, which answers to the west front, and 70 high, ornamented in a singular manner with inverted arches. The choir is handsome, and the throne ornamented with a rich perspective of a Spanish church. The painted glass on the ealt window is in good preservation. The chapter-house is a very beautiful octagon, turned upon a rich Gothic pillar in the centre. The monuments are not numerous, a few of the monks from Glastenbury abbey, one in particular of friar Milton; from whence also was brought a very curious German clock, with the sun, moon, &c. moving in their order, over which is the representation of a tournament by the same machinery; a figure of a man strikes the hours and quarters with his hands and feet; these are placed in the north great transept. No directory or small account of this cathedral, tombs, &c. has yet been published, but one is now in hand by the person who attends.

In the morning early, accompanied by heavy showers, we went about three miles of bad and intricate road to see the famous cavern, called Okey-hole, under Mendip hills, one of the greatest natural curiosities in this island. Our approach to it was by a paper-mill, on the stream which flows from this cavity. Mr. Tudway, member of parliament for Wells, is the proprietor, and let us to a person on the spot for 1cl. per annum. Of this as many idle stories (says Camden) have been related by the inhabitants hereabouts, as the Italians have of their Sibyl's cave in the Apennine mountains. But laying aside these silly tales about the old witch; let us consider and examine what it really appears, some great convulsion of nature. The person who attends, led us in through a small orifice about six feet high, compounded of lime and pier-flone, mixed with spar: after a few yards the cave began to expand, and the lofty roof, hung with spar, thone like diamonds by the light of our candles; we passed two vast lumps of petrifaction, formed by the dripping of the rock on the floor.

*Phil. Transactions 1777, p. 296. For a more minute account of these subjects, see Watton's Chem. vol. iv. E. May 1 and 2.*
which resembled a pillar of salt, and a lion couchant: we now descended about 14 steps, called Hell-ladder, the only appearance of art through the whole, hewn down the slippery rock for the convenience of visitors; at the bottom we saw what is fancied this old witch’s footstep, and her porter’s tomb; the usual abode of petrification. We now entered what is called the kitchen, about 150 yards from the first mouth; this is formed very spacious and circular, with a curious vaulted roof, near fifty-feet high; on one side flows the river, in some places deep, and contains large trout and eels. This is supposed to run from some boggy lands in the hills above. On the opposite side of this vast apartment, which is near seventy yards over, is what they call a brewhouse, and in a basin of water is a mass of petrification, resembling much the froth on wort: close adjoining is the boiler and furnace, and near them sits the old hag herself, as watching her domestic concerns. In another part lies an exact picture of some animal’s kidney, which they call a bullock’s; above this hangs great part of a hare, made ready for the spit, the back being a very strong resemblance; in another part is what they name a fitch of bacon. All these, with thousand others, are immortal petrifications from the weepings of the rocks; a single drop congealing on the floor, thus becomes in time like globes of vast circumference. To the left of this is another apartment called the hall, which though not so spacious is very lofty; from the ground to the centre of the roof, gradually coved, is about 100 feet. Next we enter the parlour, which is an oval of about 60 feet by 40, but very low in comparison with the others; on one side is a small hole through which a dog is said to have patted betwixt this and Cheddar Cliffs, with the loss of his hair only, as he explored this wonderful passage of five miles in quest of some vermin. We now arrived at the extremity, 300 yards from our entrance, the river here preventing any further passage; though our guide has at low water gone many yards further, and has been able to throw stones beyond, till finally impeded by the depth of the river. Returning we admired the various stalactites, petrifications, and spars, in their various gradations; our eyes being longer accustomed to this imperfect light we could now distinguish better,

———“And see where it is hung
With forms so various, that no power of art,
The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene!
Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic misarrangement) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairy land. The chrysalid drops
That trickle down the branches, faul congeal’d
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adored before.
Here grotto within grotto———
———There imbo’d and fretted wild
The growing wonder takes a thousand shape
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before.
Thus nature works as if to mock at art,
And in defiance of her rival pow’rs,
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats
As she with all her rules can never reach.”

Whatever has been the origin of this wonderful place, it is extremely worth the traveller’s notice, as much known as Calkeaton in Derbyshire, and set off with

* Cowper’s Task, book 5th, page 186.
proper illuminations, a boat, music, &c. no doubt would be greatly resorted to. About five miles north west of this, near the small town of Cheddar, remarkable for rich and large cheese, are large cliffs of the same name, and a stupendous cataract, quite through the body of the adjacent mountain, as if split asunder by some violent convulsion of nature, which exhibits an awful appearance to strangers. Near the entrance is a remarkable spring of water, rising in a perpendicular direction from the rocky basis of the hill; and so large and rapid is its stream, that it turns a mill within a few yards of its source, and afterwards falls into the river Ax. Near to this is another curious cavern, the entrance of which is by an ascent of about 15 fathoms, among the rocks. Neither this nor Okey-hole, have any communication with the mines of Mendip; though it is well known, that in general among lead mines, there are caverns, which are various both as to their nature and situation.

Highly gratified by this short excursion, we returned to breakfast at Wells, and then pursued our course to Glastonbury along a pleasant flat, with a few abrupt hills rising around, and passed over East Sedgemoor, a green marsh of vast extent. We now ascended the hill and came upon Glastonbury, situate on the other side, with the vast Torr hanging almost over it; upon the narrow summit of which the abbot of this ancient place erected a church of good stone; the tower still remains, and is an excellent landmark for sailors. This chapel, which was dedicated to St. Michael, was overthrown by an earthquake, 1275. Glastonbury derives its origin (says Camden) from Joseph of Arimathea, the same who buried Christ’s body; who is said to have come over here, and had this ground granted by king Arviragus, whereupon he established an holy community, and with his companions is said to have been buried here; from hence it was called, “the first ground of God, and of the Saints in England; the burying place of the Saints, the Mother of the Saints, &c.” After this ancient fabric was worn out by time, King Ina, 691, built a stately church, dedicated to Christ, St. Peter, and St. Paul. Afterwards Dunstan, a man of great wit, instituted a new order of Benedictine monks, who, by the bounty of good and pious princes, got so much wealth, as even exceeded that of kings. After they had reigned in this affluence above 600 years, they were driven out by Henry VIII., and the monastery demolished. The lands and revenues when the king took possession of them, according to Speed, were valued at 3508l. 13s. 4d. Dugdale, 3331l. 7s. 4d. But upon a subsequent survey by Mr. Pollard and Mr. Moyle, they were found to amount to 4c85l. 6s. 8d. The site was granted, 1st Edward VI., to Edward duke of Somerset; and 1st of Queen Elizabeth to Sir Peter Carew. As we passed down the street we saw the Abbots Inn, (now the George) a curious relic of antiquity, for the use of pilgrims, having the arms of the Saxon kings over the gate. We visited the abbey ruins, which shew great marks of their former magnificence; nothing remains entire but the kitchen, a very judicious piece of architecture, an octagon, whose roof terminates in a point; four of the opposite sides contain large fire-places and chimneys. Mr. Grose’s view of these ruins, taken 1756, is very accurate and beautiful.

It is a matter of some astonishment that the inhabitants should be so blind to their own interest as to pull down for their own private use what would have made some remembrance for the loss of these former revenues spent among them, by bringing to the town a great concourse of people to admire its mouldering fabric. Nor is the great owner, lord Essex, less culpable for suffering it. In the adjacent orchard we were delighted to see the vast abundance of apples in full perfection, and to partake of their peculiar flavour. Here stands too the decayed trunk of the famous Hawthorn,
so well known by the name of the Glaffenbury thorn, and its peculiar property of blowing at Christmas: several of its children are growing in full perfection about this place to hand down its glories to posterity; the fabulous report of its always shewing this fine bloom on old Christmas day in particular I found laughed at by the people here themselves; but all agree in its blowing about that time and most of the winter, which may be proved by a feeding or graft in any part of the world. This tree is certainly very curious in this country; but it is very common in the Levant and Asia Minor. It differs, says Mr. Miller, from our common hawthorn by putting out its leaves very early in the spring, and flowering twice a year.

Ascending the hill beyond, we rode on a fine terrace, commanding a sweet view of the whole town, its two excellent churches, and lofty tower to the right; beyond, the verdant plains of Sedgemore, and on this side two others equally large, which all unite below in one channel westward to the estuary of Uzella, while to the northeast the lofty bounds of Mendip tower amid the sky. Hence we pass through the village of Street, and see on our right Sharpham park, the seat of judge Gould, a native of Wells, as was the late baron Burland.

Dine at Piper’s inn, a good single house; in the garden we got, from a very fine tree, twelve years old, a branch of Glaffenbury thorn, full of bloom and fruit, September 25th, which is now deemed a great rarity, for the colder the weather the more flourishing this extraordinary tree appears. In the evening we enjoyed a most glorious drive for several miles on the sweetest terrace and finest road imaginable; on our left, the verdant vale of King’s Sedgemore, where the forces of James II defeated the duke of Monmouth, encompassed with noble hills, and on our right an extensive marsh, called Brent Marsh, with Brent Knowl, backed by the great range of Mendip; in front, the Bridgwater channel, evidently retreated, by the gradual change of ages, from these former estuaries. In this part of the sea are plainly visible the Holmes, and the country about Glamorganshire beyond.

Though the general aspect of this extensive county is equally marked with the bountiful hand of Providence, and the affluence of the husbandman, yet there are very prodigious tracts of land, which, though not absolutely useless, yet there is no question but by proper management might be rendered infinitely more valuable. Sedgemore, the fine plain we now behold, is one of the most considerable, and easy to be cultivated, being greatly enriched by a sea mud, which naturally produces the sweetest verdure imaginable. About ten years ago a petition was laid before the parliament for inclosing it, which was then opposed and thrown out of the house; being at that time surveyed, it was found to contain 22,000 acres, with not more than 18 inches difference in the whole level. The greatest right of common belonged to lord Bolingbroke and lord Ilchester. The former I was told sold his right of 400 acres for the inadequate sum of 50l.; what a fortune must such a speculative bargain prove upon an immediate inclosure, which is now likely to take place. The latter has a very considerable right, as lord of the manor of Somerton. There are many other spacious tracts which fall under the same description of being reputed a discredit to so fine a country, (viz.) Brent Marsh, Weadmore, Gedneymore, Cannington-fens, &c. which if thoroughly drained, might become as fertile and pleasing as the rest of the country. Though there are the strongest proofs of the sea once being in full possession of these moors, not only from their form and appearance, but also the names of several villages, Western-fen, Middle-fen, &c. yet their existence may be traced as high, at least with equal certainty, as any thing in history. It was in them the

*See forward for this description, at Lyme, in Dorsetshire.*
Cambridge took shelter from the Romans, who have left indubitable proofs of their becoming masters of this country; "as in the hundreds of Cannington and Cannings in Wincanton, which is sometimes called Cangton; and Kiangham, as much as to say the mansion of the Cang." The Britons in these parts made their last efforts against the Saxons; and the body of King Arthur was buried at Glastonbury, which Camden thus mentions as abridged from the account of Giraldus Cambrensis; "when Henry II, king of England, had learned from the songs of the British bards that Arthur, the most noble hero of the Britains, whose valor had so discomfited the Saxon forces, was buried at Glastonbury between two pyramids, he ordered search to be made for the body; and they had scarce dug seven foot deep, when they light upon a crossed-stone, or a stone in the back part whereof was fastened a rude leaden crofs, of good breadth. This being drawn out, appeared to have an inscription upon it; and under it almost nine foot deep, they found a coffin made of hollowed oak, wherein were deposited the bones of the famous Arthur." To these places of refuge, the Saxons in their turn also fled, when the fury of the pagan Danes had converted the greatest part of the kingdom into a desert; and at the confluence of the Thorne and Parret, is a river island, formerly called Athelingey, or the Island of Nobles, now Athelney, famous in history for being the spot where King Alfred found an asylum from those barbarians; which place, at that time, was made inaccessible by standing pools and inundations. Camden's favourite author, Malmebury, says, "It had formerly been a bridge between two towers, which were built by King Alfred; also a very large set of alders, full of goats and deer; but the firm ground not above two acres broad. Upon this he built a monastery, the whole structure whereof is supported by four posts fastened in the ground, with four arched chancels round it." Here the prince and his followers, those few Saxon lords who had the courage and loyalty to adhere to their sovereign in his distresses, had nothing to subsist upon during their concealment, except a few fish, which they caught and dressed in the best manner they could; only sometimes, we are told, the king went to the cottage of a poor peasant, who treated him with great kindness; for which Alfred afterwards gave him a proper education, and bestowed on him the bishopric of Winchester. Here too he is said to have planned that excellent constitution, that system of mild obedience, or rather of rational liberty, which as the first of blessings, was derived to us from one of the wisest and best of men. A remarkable curiosity was found some years since, (says Dr. Gibson) near Athelney, belonging formerly to King Alfred, and left by him, (in all probability) when he ascended to this place, after he was defeated by the Danes. This excellent edition of Camden §, has given three drawings of it, a front, back, and side view. That King Alfred caused it to be made, is plain from these words, inscribed round the margin in Saxon characters, "Alfred commanded me to be made." And it is the opinion of a very learned person, Dr. Hickes ||, that the occasion of it was the vision of St. Cuthbert, which William of Malmebury speaks of, appearing to him and his mother the same night, after he had been beaten by the Danes, and retired into Athelney, and affuring him that he should be a great king. In memory whereof we may well suppose that the image upon it is St. Cuthbert, (to whose merit he was wont to ascribe his future successess over the Danes;) and not

* Camden, Gibson's edit. vol. i. page 83.
† For a drawing of the crofs and inscription, see Camden, Gibson's edit. vol. i. page 80. See also Warton's beautiful poem, called "the Grave of King Arthur." 
‡ Chron. Sax. page 85, and Sir John Spelman's Life of King Alfred the Great, page 165.
§ In his second edition, vol. i. page 73.
|| In the Philosophical Transactions, No. 260.
only so, but being plainly made, on purpose to hang on a string, it is very probable that he constantly wore it, in honor to this his tutelar saint.

However useless these lands are in their present state, they were not so formerly, but were thus refort to in times of trouble, as a kind of natural fortifications. Afterwards, when such retreats were not necessary, in order to reclaim these wild moors and marshes, we find many convents or religious houses erected among them, viz. Michelney, or Muchelney, another river-illand formed by the conflux of Ivel and Parret; this, according to most writers, was built by King Athelstan, and remained to the general dissolution. In Burton’s catalogue the revenues are valued at 498l. 16s. 3d. That also, which we have just described, in Athelney, founded by King Alfred for Benedictine monks; but the most flourishing and conspicuous in these parts, which answers to the purpose we are speaking, was Glaftonbury, minutely described above. As instances of extensive and spirited works raised and maintained for public utility, by the members of this religious body, the following are sufficiently striking. One abbot ran a cauffway of stone and gravel eight miles over the moras, extending from Somerton to Bridgwater, which is still called Graylock’s Pool. Another abbot, at immense expense, erected that lofty fabrick, called the Torr, on the vast hill above Glaftonbury, which plainly shews to what end it was built, being a most useful-sea-mark. A third abbot raised the great sluice, by which a large district about Brentmarsh, &c. is preserved from the rude havock of the waters, by means of a large bank and valve. After the dissolution of these monasteries, many efforts were made for the preservation and further improvements of these lands. In the reign of James I. a scheme was formed for draining the moors, but was never put into execution; and yet several of those ingenious writers just quoted, clearly shew it is not impracticable. On the contrary, another candid and judicious author has shewn how easily and at what a small expense it may be done. That it may speedily be undertaken, must be the ardent wish of every admirer of his country and its welfare.

Descending into the flat soom brings us to the ancient town and port of Bridgwater, situate on the river Parret, a populous and busy place, so named by some from its bridge and water, but more likely from Burgh-Walter, so styled in ancient charters, and probably belonged to Walter de Doway a soldier under William the Conqueror. This town was regularly fortified in the civil wars, and sustained several sieges. The tide at the bridge, which is necessarily strong, rises with great impetuosity, sometimes five fathoms, to the damage and destruction of unguarded vessels. This sudden rage is called the boar, and is frequent in the rivers of this channel, particularly the Severn. It is a corporate town, sending two members to parliament. Henry VIIIth created Henry lord Daubeney, earl of Bridgewater, who dying without issue male, this title was extinct till James Ift conferred it upon John Egerton, son of the great chancellor; hence it was handed down in the same line and raised to the present title of duke. This town had the honour too of giving birth to the famous admiral Blake, who, under the commonwealth, so much exalted the glory of the English maritime power. In the church is a fine altar-piece of our Saviour taken from the cross, painted by Guido, and a present, which cost 700l. from the late Mr. Powlet, uncle to the present earl, of Hinton St. George, in this county.

September 26. We now deviated from the great road four miles to Enmore Castle, the noble seat of lord Egmont, built by the father of the present owner. The family of

Dr. Stukeley’s Itia. Curios.; p. 137, &c. Campbell’s Survey.

Land, vol. ii. fol. 42; and Sir William Dugdale’s History of Embanking and Draining, p. 104, &c.

Mallets.
Mallets had a seat here formerly, of whom Thomas Mallet was sheriff of this county in the 18th of Queen Elizabeth. John Mallet was the last heir male of this family, and left one daughter Elizabeth, who marrying to John Wilmot, the last lord Rochester, (mentioned before as born at Dickeley) carried this great estate into that family. She had only three daughters, among whom, for want of an heir male, the estates of both families were divided. This castle is the true representation of those ancient habitations, which, amid the rivalship, animosities, and dangers of feudal times, were the impregnable protection of every potent baron before the invention of gunpowder and the use of artillery. It is surrounded by a deep fosse, which we cross over by a drawbridge, into the court, a handfome and spacious quadrangle, leading to the hall, a well adapted room, surrounded with a large gallery; the walls adorned with family busts and coats of arms; painted chairs of the fame, &c. We ascended into the upper apartments by a curious geometric staircase; these consist of a good breakfast-room; an armoury, large, and handfomely hung with most of the proper implements of war. Dining-room, about 48 by 27, lofty and well furnished. Over the chimney is a painting of Charles the First on a white horse, with a page attendant; King William and Queen Mary in coronation robes. An unintelligent guide and want of a catalogue, must apologize for our deficiency in the names of matters, &c. Library, an excellent appropriated room of about 56 feet by 30. Pafs a suite of bed apartments in which we saw many paintings; an old one very striking, of Christ taken from the crosses, with Mary, &c. hanging very expressively over the body. Over the gate-way is a pleasant plain room, which the family are very fond of, commanding a charming prospect of the country north-west, with the lofty object of Brent Knowl rising out of the flat, and the distant hills beyond. Drawing-room, a moderate size, hung with fine tapestry. Saloon very superb, about 56 by 27 and 36, to the bow-window; tapestry of battles, Darius' queen taken captive, &c. Anti-room, over the chimney an excellent old painting of three foxes growling over their prey: and two beautiful birds-eye views of St. Germains and Fontainbleau. Long Gallery, about 70 feet by 27, lofty and coved ceiling. The walls hung with numerous family portraits, some very ancient; particularly one on board, of Margaret Beauchamp, duchess of Somerset, living in the 5th of Edward IV. grandmother to Henry VIth, and great grandmother to Alice St. John, wife of Henry Parker, lord Morley, Hangham and Rhie, ancestor to Catherine Parker, countess of Egmont; Elizabeth Calthorpe, daughter of Sir Philip, by Amata Boleyn, sister to Queen Anne, and aunt to Elizabeth. Alice, daughter of John Sherman, Com. Somerset, and wife to Richard Percival, esq. 1599. Many others at different periods too tedious to transcribe.

From hence we crossed into the Taunton road, passing a pleasant park and seat belonging to lady Tynte; which is remarkable for a fine aviary, and beautiful pleasure grounds. The small farms and cottages are in this neighbourhood surrounded with plentiful orchards. The golden pippen gathered as we drove along, moistened our palates with delicious flavour. We came now into the Taunton road, at the village of North Petherton, ornamented with a fine Gothic tower, so frequent in the west. A few miles further, on our right, stands a pleasant square house at Wowert, rebuilt by Mr. Sandford, having been destroyed by fire about four years ago. Just beyond is a large stone edifice, the seat of Mr. Brickdale, situate near the parish church, which, together with the parsonage, appears too crowded. For want of timely information we omitted visiting the seat of colonel Bampfylde, only two miles to the right of Taunton, which would have been the nearest way from Enmore castle and lady Tynte's. This ingenious gentleman has adorned his gardens with a richness of scenery peculiar to
to themselves, having also an uncommonly fine water-fall. His house displays a good collection of paintings, many of which are by his own admired pencil.

Taunton is a large wealthy town, situated on the river Tone (whence named,) and surrounded with rich tract of land, vulgarly called Taunton Dean; beautified with green meadows and delightful orchards, &c. the land upon an average, 40s. per acre. The town has a remarkably spacious and neat market-place, with excellent modern buildings for that purpose. Here are two parish churches, one a very beautiful ancient Gothic tower, to which Sir Benjamin Hammet, member of parliament, was now opening, and building a good street to be called Hammet. The manufacture here is chiefly woollen, and not so flourishing as formerly. Camden calls it "one of the eyes of this county." Here Ina, King of the West Saxons, erected a castle which Defurbiga, his wife levelled with the ground, after she had driven Edricrith, king of the East Saxons, out of it, who had got possession, and made it a kind of curb to a conquered country. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, according to domesday-book, "it gilded for 54 hides, had 63 burgheers, and was held by the bishop of Winchester, whose pleadings were here kept thrice a year. These customs belong to Taunton; burgelrife, robbers, breach of the peace, hannahfare, pence of the hundred, and St. Peter's pence, to hold thrice a year the bishop's pleadings without admonition, to go into the army with the bishop's men." History of later date can likewise shew it was one of the most considerable places in the county, and that it had also its share of havock and diffre in most civil disturbances. In the reign of Henry VII. its castle was twice taken by the rebels, under Perkin Warbeck. It remained a place of great strength till the civil wars in the last century, when the parliament got possession of it, but was afterwards driven out by the marquis of Hertford. They royalists did not long enjoy this victory; for it was soon after taken by colonel Blake. This was also one of the most forward places in opposing the measures of Charles Ist, which brought on it the filial revenge of Charles II. who, at the restoration, demolished the castle, and took away their charter of incorporation. In this situation it remained 17 years, under the mere government of portrieves and constables, but at length bishop Mews obtained a new charter from the offended king, and it is now governed by a mayor, recorder, two aldermen, 24 capital burgesses, &c. After so respectable a body being found to constitute this corporation, it appears very singular and almost contradictory, that the members of parliament should be chosen by electors of so strange a qualificacion as the following, viz. all pot-wabblers, or those who dress their own victuals, are entitled to vote, for which purpose they take care to have a fire lighted in the street some time before the election, where they dress their victuals publicly, that their votes may not be called in question. There was formerly, without the east gate of the town, a priory for black cannons, founded by William Giffard, bishop of Winchelsea, in the reign of Henry I. which, at the dissolution of religious houses, was valued at 28l. 8s. 10d. per annum. In 1685, when the duke of Monmouth landed in the west of England, he established his headquarters here, and was proclaimed king, &c.

In the evening we proceeded to Wellington, near which we passed a deer park, well wooded, &c. in which stands the seat of sir Thomas Gurston. Wellington is a small market town, which, though employed in manufactures, wears the aspect of much poverty, and is only remarkable for having been the residence and burial-place of lord chief justice Popham, in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I.

* See forward the particulars described in the account of Lyme in Dorsetshire.
Early next morning the sun's bright beams gave a more-ferene aspect to the sky, and we journeyed on the next stage to Columpton, situate on the river Colum; the general tenor of the country was rich, hilly, and extensive. About half way near the bleak hill of Maiden-down, we pass the division of the two counties and enter Devon north-east. Its name signifies what it really is, a heap of vallies and hills. The soil is various, the hills in these parts naturally barren, and the lower grounds fruitful, but the whole much improved by manure. The air is mild and healthful in the latter, but very sharp on the former, which we now felt; and arrived at Columpton well prepared to enjoy a comfortable breakfast. This is a larger and better market town than the last, and displays more of the woollen manufacture; King Alfred bequeathed it to his youngest son Ethelward, with other lands in this county, Somersetshire, and Hants.

From hence to Exeter we passed much hilly ground and through a very picturesque village of moss-clad houses, called Bradninch. Next saw on our right, Sir Thomas Ackland's at Columb-John, a very neat white mansion, beautifully situated under a wood-crowned knoll, surrounred with a park of deer, and a fine vale in front, graced with the pleasing objects of a lofty village tower, and distant hills. From the summit of Stock-hill, two miles from Exeter, you have a glorious circular prospect, the ground gradually falling every way from this centre into a deep and beautiful vale, enriched with various feats, villages, and the fair city; the vast circumference rising again to a noble range of verdant mountains, heaped and intermixed in most variegated order; while on their distant tops the sea-mark towers distinguish its frontier country, and the river Ex opening towards the south winds broadly to the channel. The common traffic and business of this county is mostly done by horses with panniers and crooks; the former are well known every where, but the latter are peculiar to the west, and are simply constructed, with four bent heavy sticks in the shape of panniers, but the ends awkwardly projecting above the rider's head; with these they carry large loads of hay or garden vegetables. The country people ride in a prodigious large boot of wood and leather bung instead of stirrup to the horse's side, and half open, which they call gambades. Query whether Bunbury did not from hence take the idea of his burlesque horsemanship of Geoffrey Gambado?

The city of Exeter and capital of this county is situated on a gradual descent on the east side of the river Ex, whence it derives its name, according to an old verse of Alexander Neckham, once prior of St. Nicholas.

Esonia fama celeberrimus Icicis nomine
Prorbuit.

The Ex, a river of great fame.
To Exeter has given name.

It was called by the Britons Pen Caer and Caer-Ic, (i.e.) a city on the river Ic; the Ica of Ptolemy; the Ifca-Danmoniorum in the Itinerary of Antonine; by the Saxons, Exan-cester, and now abbreviated to Exeter.

Before we begin to describe this city in its present state, it may not be improper to take some notice of its antiquity, and also the various changes it has undergone at different periods. When Ic a first fell under the Roman jurisdiction is not clearly ascertained. Camden thinks it was not built so early, as to have been conquered by Vespasian, which Geoffrey of Monmouth affirms. Yet in the time of the Antonines it was probably of considerable note; for Antoninus continues his Itinerary to this city, and
no further. Upon the Saxons invading Britain, such as refused to submit fled either beyond the Severn, or to the ancient Danmonii, Devonshire and Cornwall; where they formed a kingdom, which was not subdued till about 400 years after. During the reign of Alfred, the Britons in this county were so overcome as to join in afflicting that hero, when he drove the Danes from Exeter; but in 875 they returned with great violence, plundered and set fire to the city. This however was a trivial calamity to what it suffered in 1033, (being betrayed by one Hugh, a Norman, the governour:) when it was laid level from the east to the west gate, and the whole inhabitants massacred in the most cruel manner, by Sueno, the Dane, and his horrid barbarians. It had scarce time to recruit when William the Conqueror took possession of it, after a close siege and obstinate resistance. At that time (according to the survey) “the king had in this city 300 houses: it paid 15 pounds a year, 48 houses were destroyed after the king came into England.” After this it withstood three violent sieges, first by Hugh Courtenay, earl of Devon, in the civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster. Again, Perkin Warbeck, declaring himself to be Richard duke of York, second son of King Edward IVth, violently attacked this city, but the people believing him to be an impostor, defended themselves with great bravery, till Edward Courtenay raised an army and relieved them. For this valiant opposition, Henry VIIth, with an unusual effort of his nature, paid the citizens a visit, bestowed on them great commendations, and left them his sword he then wore, to be carried before the mayor on public occasions, and also gave them a cap of maintenance. He lodged at the treasurer’s house in the Clove, and stayed there several days. A third siege happened in 1549, when the seditious Cornish rose in opposition to the new religion in the reign of Edward VI. But the inhabitants, though almost reduced to famine, continued loyal, till Lord Russel arrived with an army and obtained such a victory over the rebels, that the 6th of August was afterwards annually observed as a day of thanksgiving, and the king rewarded them with the rich manor of Ex-Island.

On the highest part of the hill on which this city is built, and on the north-east extremity, stands the remains of Rougemont castle, so called from the redness of the soil. Grafton, in his chronicle, says, it was the work of Julius Caesar; afterwards the seat of several Saxon Kings, and since of the dukes of Cornwall. Within the castle wails a chapel was built, by the lady Elizabeth de Forribus, countess of Devon, who endowed it with lands, called the Prebends of Hays and Catton, for the payment of certain weekly services therein to be performed. This town and castle held out some time against the Conqueror; but a part of the walls falling down, it was surrendered at discretion. William contended himself with only altering the gates of the castle, as a mark of its being subdued; at the same time he either rebuilt or much repaired the whole edifice, and bestowed it on Baldwin de Briono, husband of Albreda, his niece, whose descendants by the female line enjoyed it, together with the office of the sheriff of Devon, which seems to have been annexed to it, till the 14th of Henry III. anno 1230; when that prince resuming into his own hands sundry castles and forts in this realm, disfrapposed Robert de Courtney, in whose family it had been for three descents. In the reign of Henry IV. John Holland, duke of Exeter, had a fine mansion within the castle, of which no traces are remaining, Anno 1413, the city being visited by King Richard III. he was, during his stay, nobly entertained by the corporation. On seeing the castle, he commended it highly, both for strength and beauty of its situation; but hearing it was named Rougemont, which from the similarity of the sound, mistaking for Richmond, he suddenly grew sad; saying, that the end of his days approached; a prophecy having declared he should not long survive the fight of Richmond. In the
year 1588, at the lent assizes held here, an infectious distemper, brought by some Portuguese prisoners of war, confined in the castle, destroyed Sir John Chichester, the judge; eight justices; eleven out of the twelve, impannelled jurors; with divers other persons assembled on this occasion. In 1655, John Penruddock and Hugh Grove, both Wiltshire gentlemen, having joined in an unsuccessful attempt, in favour of Charles II., were here beheaded; when many of inferior rank were hanged at Havitree gallows. The ruin represented in Mr. Grose's view 1768, which is the entrance into the castle yard, was part of the exterior walls or out-works; these enclosed a considerable space, in shape somewhat like a rhombus, with its angles rounded off; they were defended by four towers, two on the west, and two on the east side. Its terrace and walls afford a delightful prospect of the city and surrounding country.

The streets and buildings in general wear the venerable aspect of antiquity. The principal street and thoroughfare is very long and spacious, and to the west very much improved by an elegant bridge of three large arches over the river, and numerous small ones continued up the street to bring it to a level, which has been finished about ten or twelve years, and cost near 20,000l. In the east part stands the cathedral originally a monastery, founded by King Athelstan for Benedictine monks, and made an episcopal see by Edward the Confessor, the building was carried on by Leofric, and various have been the after additions for almost 400 years, and yet the uniformity is so congruous as to appear like the workmanship of one architect. But we cannot speak of the external appearance in any light but as heavy and unpleasant, particularly when viewed within the precincts; a very different idea is given within, in every respect magnificent and pleasing. The whole length including the library beyond the altar is about 390 feet, breadth 70, and transept 135. The whole was lately new repaired and varnished with most suitable combination of colours, very unlike that taudry mixture which so much defiles the dignity of Wells. The body of this church is used for public preaching, and early prayers, and filled with pews, a throne for the bishop, &c. in a manner I never saw before. The west window is adorned with modern painted glasses, representing seven of the apostles, St. Paul, Luke, Matthew, Peter, Mark, John and Andrew, with the arms of thole nobility and gentry of the diocese, at whose joint expense it was executed with much taste and ingenuity, by Mr. Picket of York. The screen displays much fancy and magnificence of antiquity, representing from the creation to the ascension in curious colours. Over this is a superb organ, esteemed very fine, the largest pipe being fifteen inches diameter, two more than that of the celebrated one at Ulm. The choir is particularly light and beautiful, the east window contains good old painting; the altar piece finely devised and ornamented with a perspective view of the inside of the church painted in the reign of James I. and the throne of most curious workmanship; the carvings of the canopy are 60 feet high. We could meet with no directory or description of the tombs, &c. nor has any pocket companion of this sort yet been published, so that our account must be very short and imperfect; Humphrey Bohun, earl of Hereford, Hugh Courtney, earl of Devon, and his lady, Lord Chichester, bishops Stafford, Stapleton, Brownington, Lacy, &c. Sir Thomas Speke, Sir Richard Stapleton, Sir Peter Carew having 17 coats of arms all impaled on the tomb, dated 1575, several other Carew, and Knights Templars, lying crois-legged in armour; and a fine monument in the lady's chapel, to the memory of the famous judge Dodderidge, obit. 1628, æt. 73.

"Learning adieu, for Dodderidge is gone
To fix his earthly to the heavenly throne."
Another principal building, situate at a small distance east of the city is the Devon and Exeter hospital, for the benefit of the decayed, sick, and indigent, one of the most laudable charities ever encouraged, which reflects great credit on its first founder, Dr. Alured Clark, dean of this church, 1740; and though supported by a very bountiful subscription, yet I was told that the numbers of poor manufacturers with which it is crowded, render it necessary to raise an immediate supply by further contribution. This woollen business, though not so flourishing as formerly, employs an abundance of hands, and is chiefly wrought in the surrounding villages, and brought here to be dyed, &c. which we saw in passing over the bridge amongst the suburbs, consisting of dye-houses and drying frames, spread in crowds on the banks of the river.

From hence we ascended the immense hill of Halldown, near seven miles in length and three broad; about half-way up we have a pleasing view of Halldown house, the elegant seat of Sir Robert Palke, bart. built after the manner of Buckingham house, and well surrounded with plantations. Though in itself a barren flinty common, this vast summit displays one of the noblest prospects in this kingdom. To the south a most glorious expanse of sea, with the river Ex winding from the city into it, begirt with numerous villages, seats, &c. the other three points affording at the same time some of the boldest and most beautiful inland scenes imaginable. The evening closed in too fast to give us all its charms in perfection, such as the adjacent new tower-like summer-house might yield upon a favourite day. We now descended with haste to our place of rest, the small old market town of Chudleigh, which gives name to a very ancient family, and title of baron to the Cliffords, Sir Thomas, lord high treasurer of England, being created by Charles II., whose seat, called Ugbrook, is close adjacent.

Early next morning the wind blowing mild, but misty, from the south-west, and threatening rain, we proceeded to Ashburton: about half a mile on this road hang the rude heads of a large black marble rock, which commands a wild view of the hills, woods, and vales beneath; this curious stratum, found in large bodies in this part of the country, we saw here converted by fire into very useful lime for dressing and improving the land, a great part of which is arable and pasture, as well as abounds in cyder fruits, this year so uncommonly plentiful. In these marble quarries they get large blocks, and send them to Plymouth, London, &c. which for hardness and variety of veins are little inferior to foreign productions. Passing over some rugged moors we saw on our left the seat of Mr. Templar. Ashburton is a neat market-town of one principal street, built chiefly of the white slate found in these parts. It has a large handsome church, built cathedral-wise, with a tower 90 feet high, and a leaden spire. Claims also the privileges of a very ancient borough by prescription, under the government of a portrieve, chosen annually at the lord's-court. The choice of the two members is by the voice of all house inhabitants, who are returned by that officer. It is likewise one of the four stannary towns for the county, and gives title to a new-made law lord (Dunning) now deceased, an original inhabitant, if not a native. After breakfast we left this place for Plymouth, the long struggle between the sun and clouds, at length ended in violent rain, which continued the remainder of the day; in the midst of which we arrived at Ivy bridge, but without being able to see the beauties of this romantic situation. We dined at a most excellent inn, and afterwards proceeded without much observation till we approached the vicinity of Plymouth, in which are several good seats, particularly one at Saltmarsh, belonging to Lord Borrington*, whose situation and hang-

* Lord Borrington died here Tuesday, April 28, 1788. He was made a Peer 1784.
ing woods by the side of this arm of the sea might be deemed worthy much attention, was there not so great a rival (Mount Edgecumbe) just opposite.

Plymouth is situated between two very large inlets, made by the union of the Plym and Tamar with the channel, which form a most noble bay, or found, for ships of the greatest burden. The inlet of this sea, which extends many miles up the country north, to the river Tamar, is called Hamouze, and parts Devon from Cornwall. The other which receives the Plym, is called Catwater, an harbour capable of containing any number of vessels, which is appropriated chiefly for trade, to Virginia, the Sugar Islands, and the Streights. In the reign of Edward III., we find this place considerable; afterwards it much decayed, and dwindled into a small fishing town; about two centuries ago the convenience of the haven gave rise to its increase, and now we see it a most flourishing and able port, protected by a strong fort, built by Charles II. consisting of five regular bastions, &c. The docks for building and repairing war ships, begun by King William III. in 1691, are now brought to the highest perfection, which we shall describe anon in the order we saw them. Our first business was to view the streets and buildings of the old town, which engrossed but little of our time, being vile and almost dangerously narrow; it has however two handsome churches, St. Andrew, and Charles-church, so called from its being dedicated to the memory of Charles I. This being a borough town under the government of a mayor, &c. the streets about the town hall we saw now crowded with people about to choose a new one, as is usual at this season of the year.

We went next to visit Mount Edgecumbe, the delightful seat of the noble lord of the same name, situate on the opposite side of the Hamouze. The way from hence is through Stonehoufe, a populous place, to the dock; here we were attacked by a violent storm, which threatened awhile to prevent our promised pleasure; this ceasing, we soon arrived at Dock, which surprized us with a very large display of spacious streets, intersecting each other at right angles, very different from the place we had just left; as the inhabitants here are chiefly mechanics, &c. belonging to the docks, the houses are mostly built, either of plaster, or slate stone, abundantly got hereabouts, and will not bear a minute inspection, but have a good effect at a distance. Leaving our carriage we walked to the piazza, and crossed without any difficulty about three quarters of a mile to the other side of the water, which thus divides the two counties. A ring at the bell just beyond procures a necessary attendant, who shews and explains the whole of this terrestrial paradise. A gradual ascent up the lawn leads to the house, an ancient Gothic structure with three fronts; the east looking full upon the Sound.

The internal improvements, that were now making, prohibited our inspection; take therefore Carew's account (published 1605,) which is lively and accurate; "Upon this south shore, somewhat within the island, standeth Mount Edgecumbe, a house built and named by sir Richard Edgecumbe, father to the now possessor: and if comparisons were as lawful in the making, as they prove odious in the matching, I would presume to rank it for health, pleasure, and commodities, with any subject's house of his degree in England. It is seated against the north, on the declining of a hill, in the midst of a deer park, necro a narrow entrance, through which the salt water breaketh up into the country, to shape the greatest part of the haven. The house is builded square, with a round turret at each end, garretted at the top, and the hall rising in the midst above the rest, which yieldeth a stately found, as you enter the same. In summer, the open casements admit a refreshing coolness; in winter, the two closed doors exclude all offensive coldness: the parlour and dining chamber give you a large and diversified prospect of land and sea; to which under-ly St. Nicholas Island, Plymmouth fort, and the
the townes of Plymouth, Stonehouse, Milbrooke, and Saltash. It is supplied with a
never-fayling spring of water, and the dwelling stored with wood, timber, fruit, deere,
and conies. The ground abundantly anfwereth a house-keeper's necessitie, for pasture
arable and meadow, and is replenished with a kind of stone, serving both for building,
lyme, and marble. On the sea-cliffs growth great plenty of the beft ore-wood, to
fatisfie the owner's want and accommodate his neighbours. A little below the house,
in the sumner evenings, fayne boats come and draw with their nets for fift, whither
the gentry of the house walking downe, take the pleafure of the flight, and fometymes at
all adventures buy the profit of the draughts. Both fides of the forementioned narrow
entrance, together with the passage between (much haunted as the high way to Ply-
mouth,) the whole town of Stonehouse, and a great circuite of the land adjoining ap-
portant to Mr. Edgcumbe's inheritance: these fides are fenced with block-houfes, and
that next to Mount Edgcumb was wont to be planted with ordinance, which at com-
ing and parting, with their base voices greeted fuch guests as visited the house, neither
hath the opportunity of the harbour wanted occasions to bring them, or the owners a
franke mind to invite them. For profe we whereof, the earft remembered Sir Richard,
(a gentleman, in whom mildnefs and ftoynefs, difidence and wisdom, deliberatenefs of
undertaking, and fimculence of effecting, made a more commendable than blazing mix-
ture of virtue,) during Queen Mary's reign, entertained at one time, for fome good
fpace, the admirals of the English, Spanifh, and Netherland fleets, with many noble-men
besides."

We now proceeded along what was the green terrace, but has been lately gravelled,
and had a fine view of the harbour, the old town of Saltrove. On the oppofite hill, Mr.
Harrifon's feat, Stonehouse, Dock, and Plymouth, &c. in the found, Nicholas Ifland,
fatal fometymes to unwary fhips. Atq December twelve months, three, heavy laden
with iron, split upon the rocks and were loft. The bold termination on the eastern
fliore, is called Withey Hedge. From hence we continue through bowers of various
foliage, oaks, chefnuts, lime, plantains, variegated fycamores green and white, &c. to
an alcove oppofite the gate into the dear park, which affords a fimilar fweet view. The
first object after entering the park, is a moif house; from this we next come to an
open bench looking full upon the merchants' harbour of Catwater. Lord Borringdon's
pleafant place at Salttram has a charming effeét here, boreomed in its own woods and
backed by Devon hills. South caft in the found, at a fmall distance from the fliore,
rifes a high cragg called Mews-made; to this little ifland about fourteen years ago
a man was transported for seven years, where he quietely remained his due time without
setting foot on other land. Leaving this habitation to his daughter he went to Loo
Ifland, about 30 miles further in Cornwall. She still remains here, a widow with three
children, her husband being lately drowned. We now were hid awhile in fweet foliage
till we came upon the large terrace beyond the park. Here the watry expanfe burst full
upon the view, and from the vafiart we pafs under, with a glafs I could plainly fee
Ledyfrone light-houfe, four leagues from hence, and three from any land. The inge-
nious Mr. Witsfankley first undertook this arduous piece of architecture, and by repeated
visits made it fland the attack of many a bitter storm, but at laft too confident of the
flability of human affairs he had his wish of being in it, "when a form fhould happen,"
that fatal hurricane, Nov. 27, 1703, which baffling all attempts of distant aid, plunged
the whole fabric, and its unfortunatle founder and all that were with him into the wa-
tery grave. A few days after, the Winchefta, a homeward-bound merchant-ship

* Carey's Survey of Cornwall, fol. 100. from
from Virginia, ignorant of what had happened, run foul of the rock, and suffered the same fate. Another was afterwards erected by the corporation of Trinity-houfe, in pursuance of an act of parliament pafl in 5th of Queen Anne, which was destroyed by fire in Dec. 1755; the two men who had the care of it were favored by means of a boat sent by admiral West from Plymouth; the present useful work was rebuilt under the direction of Mr. John Smeaton, F. R. S. and allowed to be the completest in Europe.

The intervening mixture of sunnyine and short storms was very favourable for this delicious excursion. From hence we descend through serpentine bowers of bays, myrtles, arbutus, laurel inus, &c. to lady Damer's garden; (so called,) at the end of which is a large stone alcove with a complimentary inscription. Ascending again by similar zig-zags to the terrace, the opening here presents a fine view of Corvon Bay and the two little ports, Kingston and Corfon, the haunts of smugglers; the former stands in Devon, the latter in Cornwall, only separated by a small creek. Here was the scene of much confusion in the late war, when the French fleet was daily seen to float about this bay, meditating destruction to the docks at Plymouth.

The following extract on the subject from a letter in the Gentleman's Magazine, for August 1779, reflects great credit on the noble lord for his conduct, and public spirit on the occasion. "Every body is sorry for the devastation produced in the beautiful woods of Mount Edgecumbe. It is an entire falshood that his Lordship objects to their being cut down, for on a proper representation of the circumstances by lord Shuldham and others here, that it was very probable that these groves might be made use of as a place of concealment for the enemy, in attack upon the dock-yards, all that his Lordship laid on the occasion was this, "If it be absolutely necessary for the preservation of the dock-yards that Mount Edgecumbe be destroyed, you have my ready consent, even to the last shrub. Nothing with me can have any weight against a circumstance of that moment. No private interest can have the smallest influence when set in balance with an object of the magnitude you mention; but I would beg leave to remark, gentlemen, that without your fears are very well founded, I am entirely averse to the destruction of these groves. If you are convinced, on serious deliberation, that danger may arise from them, down with them; if you are not quite so certain, for heaven's sake let them stand." The Generals persevered in their opinions, and they were immediately cut down with the entire concurrence of the owner. If this was really the case, how rapidly must have been their growth, so soon to appear in the present flourishing condition. Our guide gave us a genuine piece of intelligence, which he had lately received from two officers, who were in the French service at the time, and shewed him the two places thought of for landing their men, one on this side Kingston, the other on the hill beyond; but their designs were inefficient, and happily prevented. Winding beautifully round we came next to a Gothic alcove, built from the materials of an old chapel, the inside of which gives a picturesque view of nothing but the sea, the fore-ground an hollow verdant slope to the margin of the water. In our walk from hence we saw very fine cork-trees, live-oaks, &c. the variety of heath and other blossoms hanging around gave all the luxuriant tints of a real garden.

We now entered the deer park again, and crossed where our defensive regiments were encamped. On the summit of the hill stands a lofty parish church, belonging to Corvon, Kingston, and Milbrook; from the tower are placed various signals, and the circular prospect is here immense. Descending now the common walk to the house, we came to the white alcove on the dry walks, (so called,) which fronts full north, and gives a beautiful perspective up the harbour, St. John's Lake, St. German's and Milbrook, with an intermixture of Devon and Cornwall. Pasting towards the front grounds again, we saw
many very noble trees, oaks of near twenty different sorts, fine flourishing chestnuts, and cedars of Lebanon. In a part called the wilderness, is placed a flat stone two feet square, with so much nicety as to catch a glimpse of seven different towers; viz. Anton, Dock-yard, the new chapel at Dock, Stoke, Plymouth, old and new churches, and Plymstock. Near the water stands a neat Doric alcove, with the following inscription from Thomson.

On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, gaunt of masts
Shot up their spires: the bellringing fleet between
Possess'd the breezy bay; the rocky hut
Steer'd sluggish time to splendour, stark along
Row'd regular, to harmony, around
The boat, light shimmering stretch'd its airy wings.
While deep the various voice of fervent toil,
From ba. to bank, encres'ad'; whence rible with oak
To bear the British thunder black a whod
The roaring vessels rush'd into the main.

A little beyond is a battery of 22 guns, for the purpose of salutes, &c. Lastly we saw the barrack, an excellent building, 100 feet by 30, where the fruit ripens in almost equal perfection with that abroad.

We now took leave of these enchanting scenes, and made a comfortable repast at the village house, called Cremll, which pays the rent of 400l. per annum to Lord Edgecumbe, besides the expense of men and boats, &c. We afterwards returned across, to inspect the nature and extent of the docks, which are inexplicably fascinating and magnificent. To obtain a sight of them is difficult, requiring a form of your names and abodes, with the addition of some resident person of Plymouth, to be sent to the governor or commissioner. Such caution is necessarily used, that any remarks with pen or pencil are forbid; therefore a full and accurate description must not here be expected. Besides the several dry and wet docks herefore established, they are still adding to the numbers. One in particular, of the first-rate dimensions, cut out of the solid rock, and beautifully lined, and faced with Portland stone, may challenge the universal to shew its equal. A moat extensive wet dock for smalls is now finishing; the immense range of building for stores, and warehous for fails, rigging, &c. and dwellings for the commissioner, clerks, and all other necessary officers, are well worth the notice of strangers. Within themselves are the immense forges for making anchors, and all other iron work, belonging to ships of the largest size. The whole contains a space of 70 acres. Amongst the numerous men of war which now lay in harbour, were the Royal Cerberus, of 100 guns, and several others newly launched; also was refitting the , taken from the Spaniards in the last war, and when finished to be honoured with the name of Gibraltar. We now retired to our inn at Plymouth. This place had the honour of giving birth to that great explorer of the seas, sir Francis Drake.

Having visited the most striking features of this place, our next object was to extend about 40 miles into Cornwall, where we might obtain a sufficient knowledge of its valuable mines. This county, like Spain, a peninsula, surrounded on all sides by the sea except the east, stretches westward the furthest of all Britain, and is inhabited by the remains of those, whom the calamities of cruel war, and tyrannical oppressions forced into these western parts of the island, Wales and Cornwall, which are naturally fortified with hills and acclivities. In the British language it is called Kernnaw, because it diminishes like a horn and runs cut into so many familiar promontories. The Saxon conqueror, who called foreigners and every thing strange, Wealth, named the inhabi-
this place Cornwall, whence in Latin Cornwallic, and at present Cornwall. This county though very extensive, is not either by the subduing of the land, or the encroachment of the sea, of its original magnitude. For by tradition we learn, that there was formerly a tract of land, called the Isolites, extending towards the Scilly Islands, now entirely covered by the sea.

Some however think, that the whole island of Britain, the east and breadth of our island, is much, if not most, of the advantage of this country, which it enjoys from the salubrity of its climate, and the health and robustness of the inhabitants, for the subject to fever terms, which are commonly created by calms, and the piers and gales arising from the volcanoes, are wafted by the general salubrity of the situation, much from them.

The air is constantly invigorating, the general healthy and rough, with the sea, the air, the sea, the weather, the sea, the sea, the sea.

Henry III.

Henry III.

The common salt which has been of the world the manure, that it was looked upon as a manure, the manure, the manure.

Laskard from the best and the most noble, to St. Auffie and Truro, where the mines, the mines, the mines, the mines, the mines, the mines, the mines, the mines, the mines.

Campbell's History of Britain, vol. i. p. 341, 342.

In his Third Essay, vol. second.

Philosophical Transactions, No. 113.
they draw mostly on heavy carts with six bullocks, coaxing them along by an unpleasant monotony of language; a custom that seems to be more efficacious than the violent perfusion of blows and whips.

Our object was now to obtain on any terms a passage to Loo, without losing sight of this noble sea. Saddle horses would render the difficulty of this route a pleasure, but with any carriage it is deemed impracticable. Batten Cliffs, or Cleeves according to the western dialect, are the great terror; which however with the utmost care and caution we attempted. From the summit of these cliffs the view is gloriously fine, and we might have enjoyed it and returned only a few miles round. But as strange adventures and deviations from the common paths of men, are the very spirit and delight of travelling, our ambition was to proceed. Though there was no dread of any injury to our persons while on foot, yet the horse and carriage were in real danger. The descent is near a mile, by a narrow zig-zag just sufficient to admit the wheels; and the least mishap at any of these turns must inevitably have plunged both into the abyss below. We happily accomplished our design with safety, and a few huts we soon after passed, poured forth their little tribes to gaze at us with astonishment. Our vehicle was to them a rarity—show of the first kind, as those of the sea, which they had always before their eyes, would be to the most remote inlander.

The alternate bays and promontories now afforded us much enjoyment after our fatigue, and the next mile to the bay of White-gand, was quite a luxury. The road from hence was so narrow, besides other difficulties to encounter, that we deviated a little to the right, which soon brought us to East Loo, a small ill-built town on the river Loo, separated only by this water from another still smaller, called after the same manner, West Loo. They are both corporate boroughs, sending two members to parliament under the influence of Mr. Buller, uncle or brother to the Judge, but formerly belonging to the Courtney family. The scene here is truly picturesque, the river winding betwixt two immense woody hills, not unlike some parts of the Wye. This river rises near St. Clare, and running about twelve miles falls into the sea. Opposite the mouth of this river stands the small island of the same name, belonging to Sir Henry Trelewhey, whose seat is not far from hence; this at a trifling acknowledgment is inhabited by the old man, mentioned at Mew's-rock, Plymouth, whose name is Finn, and here by his own industrious cultivation of wheat and other grain, he reaps a comfortable subsistence. At the proper season of the year, various sea-fowl resort to these rocks for the purpose of incubation, at which time, says Carew, "you shall see your head shadowed with a cloud of old ones, through their diversified cries, witnessing their displeasure of your disturbance of their young." After dinner we crossed the bridge of 13 arches; and passed through West Loo in our way to Lostwithiel. The road was very bad and intricate, and the evening became dark and rainy, which soon brought us to another train of adventures, for we were completely lost and confined to a creeping pace, and in fear every moment of being overturned; at length we blundered into the village of Lanteith, where we hoped to procure accommodations for the night, but were disappointed; our only comfort and security was now to hire a guide and lantern to conduct us the remainder of the way, six miles to Lostwithiel, which we did without fear of ridicule or molestation in their solitary parts.

Gentle reader, if any of those midnight scenes in the adventures of that renowned knight of chivalry, Don Quixote de la Mancha, are fresh upon your memory, you will easily find a parallel to the present. And though perhaps no such vehicle as a gig or one horse chaise was in use then, at least we do not find the knight and his squire indulge in them, some allowance must be made for the difference of times and purposes: and
strictly speaking even this was not incongruous, for the chariots of war were much esteemed amongst the ancients. Thus seated our persons were defended from the rude inclemencies of the weather, by those modern six-caped coats of mail, formed for utility, and sanctioned by fashion. On one side was brandished the spear-like shining of a whip, on the other hung the broad quivering surface of a parasol. And though we will not degrade our own horse with the title of Rosinante, yet our guide occupied the bare ribs of as true a one as that of the great knight himself. Thus mounted with the glimmering lantern dangling in his hand, he led us on through dismal unshapen hollows and paths, a foot-pace, till at length we found ourselves upon a large common. The wind blew hard, the rain beat, and to our great mortification soon extinguished the one poor dubious light. Happily the distance to our intended inn was not very far; so we scrambled slowly on and arrived safe, though fatigued, having been five hours coming the 11 miles from Loo. The most perilous adventure that ever befell that fanciful knight errant, for the sake of his enchanting Dulcinea, was not more extraordinary than this day’s excursion, for the sake of our beloved prospect.

As we entered the welcome Lostwithiel and our hotel (so the inns in this country are mostly called; the voice of mirth and gladness loudly meet our ear; we were no strangers to the occasion, having lately seen the same at Plymouth, viz. a choice of mayor for this corporate town, succeeded by a grand dinner and night of general festivity. The members are elected by the votes of capital burgesses, and the interest rests at present with lord Edgcumbe, who was now here. Richard Earl of Cornwall, and brother of Henry III. who was elected king of the Romans 1254, first incorporated this town, and it has sent representatives ever since 23d of Edward I.

In the morning, October 1, we proceeded eight miles to St. Austell, eager to satisfy our curiosity with mineral observations. The road was smooth but hilly, the country at first heathy and bad. About four miles from hence, the summit of a vast hill affords a noble view of Bar bay, encompassed with mountainous cliffs, &c. while on our right hangs as picturesque a scene of wood, rock, and valley, as the most inland part can produce; which is seldom seen so near the sea. Descending to St. Blazey, we had a small specimen of a wash tin mine, &c. which was now finished and filling up. A little further on our right, we passed a fine old place belonging to Mr. Carlion, called Tregrean, situate on a pleasant airy eminence, richly planted, and commanding much prospect towards the sea. Again we were surrounded with a bleak heath, thinly bespotted with huts and common mines. From hence we arrived at St. Austell, a pleasant little town on the west side of a hill, and about two miles from the south shore. Its streets and buildings are superior to what we had lately seen, and mostly of the moor stone of the country, mixed with spar and ore, which works soft and caly, but hardens by an exposure to the air and weather. This happy spot is blessed by a peculiar favour, with all the comforts and riches of life, without feeling the inconveniences and troublesome broils of a borough. And from being the capital of those estimable mines so peculiar to this country, may justly be called the Peru of Great Britain. As this is a subject too important and interesting to pass over hastily; and as sufficient knowledge may be obtained in a few days by a minute attention and good instructions, I shall therefore presume to dwell more particularly here, and offer the full result of our enquiries. About two miles south-west of this place, begins this store of wealth, in the bowels of the earth, consisting of three principal works, the larger, and which we now visited, is named Polgooth and belongs to the earl of Arundel. Without the fatigue and inconvenience of descending 14 fathoms, we saw every process on the surface; whence and engines perform their operations here on a large scale, which this arduous task requires. By water
and fire engines they constantly keep these subterraneous works dry, without which the whole in a few hours would be drowned out. Before the great improvement of Mr. Bolton’s fire engine of Birmingham, for which he has a patent, it was thought impossible to keep this deepest work properly dry in winter; but that is not the case, for one of these wonderful machines evacuates a hoghead a minute, and acts with the force of 11 lb. 1.4th upon every square inch of its cylinder, whose diameter is 63. In undermining and proping up their pits great art and ingenuity are exercised, and every fix hours there is a relief of men. We saw the ore brought up in various size and mixture; which they pound, wash, and separate the mundic by fire, in large ovens; which inflexible stuff evaporates in poisonous smoke. Besides the enormous depth above mentioned, these works are 1300 fathom in length. The nature of expenses and profits of labour, &c. shall be noticed when we come to speak of the smelting business at St. Auzle. Here we will introduce by way of tragical interlude, a most diabolical catastrophe, which befel a poor unfortunate man about a fortnight since, who had wandered here in company with his sister and friend to satisfy that craving appetite of the human breast, curiosity; our guide prefaced his description of one of these water engines, with shewing us where he ignorantly, or inattentively flopped over the rails of the pit, when the ponderous beam, descending in its course, fevered with horrid crush his head from his body. A mode of self-beheading too shocking for human nature to conceive. In such a situation no possible assistance could be given. Think then how wretched must have been the feelings of his helpless friends, who saw the fatal stroke. Let imagination paint the roff, while we drop our curtain o’er the dismal scene, and return to a more agreeable subje& at St. Auzle. Ordering dinner at the White-hart, a good inn, we walked a short distance to inspect the smelting houses belonging to Messrs. Fox and Co., which are excessively curious, particularly the blowing house for making what is called grain tin, which can only be obtained from the purest sort, consisting of small black stones or crystals, called shoad, mostly collected amongst the surface, or sands, by stream works; and what seems extraordinary, this finer metal cannot be produced from the other sort called Lode-works, dug deeper in the earth. This valuable proceed is about 150 years old, and what renders it most worthy the notice of a traveller is its confinement to this place there being only two other of these blowing houses for grain tin, and those within a mile of this, in the known world. The grain tin is produced from the strongest heat of charcoal, whereas the other is smelted, and separated from its alh by common sea coal. The flux is greatly improved by an addition of iron or its ore thrown occasionally in, and is then laded into troughs of stone of an oblong form, containing about 300 lb. of metal, called slabs or blocks. A block of common tin is worth about 12l. the other 14l. A steak or piece of meat cooked on one of these latter, while hot, is esteemed the greatest of all plain epicurism, a strong proof of the purity of this metal. The profits of these mines are thus divided. The proprietor has a 1/10th of the nett produce, and the bourderer the same, the Prince of Wales as Duke of Cornwall, has his share by a well regulated tax, 4s. per 100l. amounting to upwards of 10,000l. per annum, to open and fair that it is impossible he should be defrauded. The whole produce of the county is about 10,000 blocks per annum: or to the amount of near 150,000l. Borlase says 200,000l. which is four times as much as in the last century. Each miner undertakes what share of work he pleases, which is the merest lottery in the world, more so than the hop trade; sometimes they can earn 20l. per month.

* Though generally black, they are not always so, but sometimes white, ash-coloured, or red, resembling glass, and very rich in metal.
per week, per day, at others not twenty farthings. One lucky adventure will soon
gain an independent fortune; another unsuccessful, though flattering attempt, may
sink it to the lowest ebb, nay even to the bitterest distress. Thus we find the gene-
rality of these inhabitants vaunted from time to time on the variable waves of pro-
spereity and adversity. It is even computed that every lb. or block of tin, before it
comes to sale, has been the means of an average expenditure of double the sum it
fells for. Mr. Henry Galech is the chief manager of these works, under the deno-
mination of sample-tryer, which is as much reduced to a system as any farmer's busi-
ness in the corn market. The miners bring in their samples reduced almost to a
powder; if therefore such a quantity will produce such a proportion of pure metal *,
he offers his price for the whole; perhaps they refuse and say it will produce more; he
then has recourse to experiment in his private furnace; thus he finds out whether it
is worth more or less, and the bargain is made. Through this person's hands all the
payments weekly pass, at the rate of 1100l. per week for the tin, and about 300 more
for all outgoings.

"Twas thus mankind were furnished with a method to prevent the fatal accidents
attending the use of copper vessels. "And in the year 1755, the society for the en-
couragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, thought it an object deserving
their attention, to offer a premium for the tinning copper and brass vessels with pure
tin, without lead or any other alloy. There were several candidates for the pre-
mium; and since that time, the tinning with pure tin has become very general in
England." Many experiments have been since made both at home and abroad,
to prove the purity and safety of this metal. M. Bofe d'Antic in his works, which
were published at Paris 1780, sets aside the authority of Marggraf, Cramer, and
Helot, relative to the existence of arsenic in tin; and is not only of opinion, that
Cornish tin does not conceal any arsenic in its substance, but that its use as kitchen
furniture is not dangerous. The constant and common use of tin utensils for many
years, before the introduction of china or other earthen ware, without any ill ef-
fects, render all other proof of the innocence of pure tin superfluous. Hence it may
be proper to add a few observations concerning the purity of tin. This ore, like
those of lead and other metals, frequently contains both tin, iron, and copper. So
that without any fraudulent proceeding in the smelters, common tin may be thus
adulterated by the fame heat, smelting the ores mixed with it. But this natural va-
riety in the purity of tin, though sufficiently discernable, is far less than that which
is fraudulently introduced. The difference of the value of this metal and lead, is
sufficient temptation to cause an adulterating mixture with foreigners, when the fear
of detection is small. But here, the purity of tin is ascertained, before it is exposed
to sale, by what is called its coinage; one of these blocks, described in the beginning
of the smelting process, is coined in the following manner. "The officers appointed
by the duke of Cornwall, assay it, by taking off a piece of one of the under corners
of the block; partly by cutting and partly by breaking; and if well purified, they
flam the face of the block with the impression of the seal of the duchy, which
flames a permission for the owner to sell, and at the same time an assurance that the
tin so marked has been purposely examined, and found merchantable."†

This is the truth of what is called common tin, but with regard to what is vulgarly
called block-tin, (properly grain tin,) there can be no doubt of its purity, as it is

* Tin grains or corns of tin, yield 5 parts in 8 of metal; whereas tin stones or ore yield only from 1 in
30, to 1 in 60 or 120.
‡ Buddle's Nat. Hist. of Corn. p. 185.
originally unmixed with any other ore, and thoroughly cleaned from its weeds before it enters the fire. And as I have shewn before, is quite a distinct substance from the other earth, called lode works, dug deep out of the ground, and only to be obtained from the pure pebbles and grins, collected amongst the surface or lands, by stream works, which being thrown into the strong heat of charcoal, the violence of the large bellows here used, blows out the pure liquid into a trough beneath the furnace, and dissipates all impurities in a white smock up the chimney. Those who are desirous of becoming more fully acquainted with this subject, will find a table of the specific gravities of this pure and unadulterated tin, compared with other experiments, &c. in Dr. Watson’s fourth essay, vol. iv.

The tinners in Cornwall have great advantage (in comparison of others) both as to the number of mines, the great quantity of metal in their ore, and the facility with which it is wrought, and which ought to be the greatest of all, the superiority of their metal authenticated by the coinage mark. But this avails too little; since, as Dr. Newman observes, there is not a tin-founder in Holland who has not English stamps, by the help of which he passes his composition for Cornish block-tin. There cannot be a more convincing proof than this of the excellency of our English tin, or a better ground for hoping we shall ever continue this valuable commodity.

The two brothers of the name abovementioned, to whom we were obliged for most of our information, shewed us a piece of solid rock of this ore, just found in the ground of a third brother, which they said might prove a superior treasure, or perhaps of no value; for the most flattering appearance is often suddenly thrown off by a vein of clay, which they call foken. After dinner we enjoyed much conversation with one of these intelligent models of civility, who had been long acquainted with the copper-mines in the vicinity of Truro, which he communicated to us almost to the same extent as if we had gone and visited them; which our time would not now allow. The principal are Huel Bury, Powldice, and Huel Virgin, consolidated; Ale-Cakes and Powldorey, united ones; the costs of these mines are about 4700l. or 4800l. per month; the highest return possible, 10,000l. — average about 5000l.

Copper is plentifully found in all the British territories, particularly in Cardiganshire, Carning, Cumberland, Derbyshire, Devonshire, Lancashire, Isle of Man, Northumberland, Shropshire, Somersetshire, Staffordshire, Yorkshire, Wales, Warwickshire, Westmoreland, North Britain, Ireland, and America. Yet, though known long before, our mines have not been wrought above two hundred years, and not to much purpose till within the present century, owing chiefly to those errors and uncertainties in our laws in regard to our mines, which are now happily removed. This metal is sometimes found so pure, and in such large pieces as to make it necessary to break them in the mine before they can be conveniently raised; but in general, like other metals, involved in stony crusts of various colours, so beautifully blended together, as to give it the name of the Peacock’s-tail. This stoney ore is so intimately mixed with, and adheres so closely to, the metal, that it is very difficult to separate them, which is one principal cause of the dearth of copper. The mines are wrought to a great depth, often through a very hard rock, and consequently with much labour and at vast expense. The veins or loads are much wider, thicker, and richer than those of either tin or iron. So that on the first opening a mine in Huel Virgin, in the parish of Gwenap, in July and August, 1757, it yielded as much copper in a fortnight, as sold for 5700l. and in the next three weeks and two days, as much more as sold for 9000l*. But this was a very extraordinary case, and what is not

* Borlase’s Natural History, p. 206.
often to be expected. The very rich and recent discovery in the isle of Anglesea, belonging to the earl of Uxbridge, &c. has much depressed the flourishing condition of these mines. The separating the metal from the ore, and the other subsequent processes, are similar to those we have before described of tin, &c. After being once melted, with a proper flux used to dispose the metal, to separate from the earthy, stoney, sulphureous, and arsenical particles, with which it is intermixed, it is styled red copper; which still containing heterogeneous substances, is melted over again once or twice, and then called black copper. In this state it continues still mixed with metallic particles, chiefly lead and iron, from which it must also be purified; if it is suspected to hold silver, it is returned to the furnace, where a portion of lead is added, and then exposed only to such a degree of heat as is sufficient to melt the lead, which attracts and carries away the silver, leaving the block of copper honey-combed. This is afterwards melted, and becomes at last what is called rose copper, perfectly fine and pure. The uses of this metal, like those of iron, &c. &c. are too numerous and common to dwell on here; but it may be observed from copper is made brass, as described at Mendip hills, of an equal and extensive utility, from our heavy artillery down to the minutest wire for pins. The manufacture of which is curious, and gives bread to multitudes, since from the wire to the pin, 25 hands are employed.

Amongst these copper mines there issues a great quantity of water, strongly impregnated with the vitriol of copper. A piece of iron thrown into this water is in a short time so incrusted with a coat of copper as to appear totally changed; by this means, of lost iron bars put into the coppery water, such quantities are obtained in some places, as render the streams so much consequence as the mines. And we learn from the Philosophical Transactions, that one ton of iron produces near two of copper mud; and each ton of mud, 1650 weight of copper, which sells for 10l. a ton more than the copper which is fluxed from the ore. This method of obtaining copper was first discovered in these mines by one Saunders, as we were told, and has been since practised with great success. Borlase in his natural history of this county, says this art was discovered by Mr. Rouby of Plymouth, and in consequence of this a vitriol manufacture set up at Redruth, and recommends the method of procuring copper from iron put into these waters, where he says it produced to Cornwall 16,000L. annually for ten years past. In Hutchins's History of Dorsetshire, we find a similar attempt was made in 1571, near Pool in that county. The celebrated copper mines at Arklow in the county of Wicklow in Ireland, are strongly impregnated with this quality, which by one of the workmen having accidentally left an iron shoe in this water, proved an advantage discovery to the proprietors. And though this practice is but of late date with us, yet we find it long successful in Germany. In the year 1673, Dr. Brown in his travels, (p. 69,) tells us that he visited a famous copper mine at Herrn-Grundt, about seven miles from Newfol, where he saw two springs, called the old and new ziment, which turned iron into copper. Agricola speaks also of waters in the neighbourhood of Newfol in Hungary, which had the property of transmuting the iron which was put into them into copper. To account for this minutely and satisfactorily, requires all the knowledge and practice of a learned chemist, but it may not be improper to collect a short explanation of this process. Blue vitriol consists of copper united with the acid of vitriol; if to a

* For 1750, 51, and 52, p. 502.
† Vol. ii. p. 119.
‡ Agric. Pol. L. ix. p. 247
solution of blue vitriol you add a piece of bright iron, it will presently become covered with a coppery coat, the copper will be precipitated, and the iron dissolved in its stead. The proof of this reasoning is easy: the matter which is precipitated may be melted into copper, and the liquid part may, by evaporation and crystallization, be made into green vitriol; that is, into a combination of the vitriolic acid and iron. Hence the acid of vitriol has a greater affinity with iron than it has with copper, because it quits that to unite itself with iron. In order to be convinced of the truth of what is advanced, we need only dip a bright key into a solution of blue vitriol, and we shall see the key soon covered with a copper pellicle. We may wonder in this extraordinary change what becomes of the iron, but this is now well understood. It is taken up by the water, and remains suspended in the place of the copper; so that this transmutation is nothing but a change of place; and as the copper is precipitated by the iron, so the iron might be precipitated by pot-ash, or any other substance which has a greater affinity with the acid of vitriol than iron has. This epitome of illustration may be found more satisfactorily in the 6th Essay, vol. i. of its parent author Dr. Watson, who farther observes; "The water, after copper has been precipitated by means of iron, is at present thrown away; it would, by evaporation, yield green vitriol; and as above 100 tons of iron must be employed in obtaining near that of copper, it may deserve to be considered, whether a manufactury of green vitriol might not be established at all these places, where copper is obtained by precipitation". Another consideration I will venture to add from my own inquiries, concerning the quantity of iron that is found here, without any benefit to themselves or the public. The scarcity of fuel, charcoal in particular, which is necessary for the manufactury of iron, incapacitates the inhabitants of Cornwall from making this a gainful commodity. So that this valuable ore either remains useless in its native earth, or when casually got out, is carelessly thrown aside. Would it not answer to the proprietors of these large works at Tintern in Monmouthshire, to establish a trade for this article, by which both might be mutually benefited? At present they have their principal ore from near Dalton in Lancashire, and though this is of superior quality perhaps, yet the difference of distance is so great, and the communication with Cornwall so much easier, that one would imagine such a trade most desirable, though it at present lies dormant only for want of connections or inquiry.

The principal copper, lead, and tin mines in Cornwall and Devonshire, all direct in their courses from the north east to the east points, parallel to each other, inclining or dipping to the north or south, according to the side of the hill where they are found. This inclination or dipping is sometimes 1 foot in 6, 8, 10, or 12, in form of the roof of a house: and although these veins or courses sometimes fly off in all directions, only as it were the spots of nature, they fall again at a little distance into their former stations. The fact we are told, is observed in other mines in England, Scotland, and Wales, &c. except that at Edon-Hill, in Staffordshire, belonging to the duke of Devonshire. This singular mine, in its position, situation, and inclination, is different from any yet discovered in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. The wonderful mass of copper ore with which the mountain is impregnated, runs not in regular veins, or courses; but sinks perpendicularly down, widening and swelling out at the bottom, in form like a bell. Meeting with a lively and minute description of this mine in the Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1769; a complement from thence may not be unentertaining, and serve in some measure to make up for our own deficiencies, as the picture and proceeds of one is nearly the same with another. "This copper mine was discovered about thirty years ago, by a Cornish miner, who
in passing over the hill, accidentally picked up a bit of ore, annexed to some fine spar, which that metal usually adheres to. On viewing the situation, and considering the great height of the hill, he concluded that vast quantities of copper-ore might be found there; and if that should be the case, no place could be more convenient for working it: and therefore he communicated his sentiments and discoveries to some adventurers at Ashburn, who applied to the then duke of Devonshire, (grandfather to his present Grace) for a lease to search for copper on that hill. It appears by the most authentic accounts, that more than 17000l. were expended before any returns were made, and several original adventurers, despairing of success, sold out their shares at a considerable loss. But the second adventurers were more fortunate; after sinking a shaft of about 400 yards deep, and driving in an adit, immense quantities of copper ore were found, which continued to increase, the lower they descended, till the termination of the lease, by which very considerable fortunes were acquired. The whole has since been in the duke's hands, and continued working to great advantage. To take a view of this stupendous mine, you enter at an adit at the base of the hill by the river Dove, and proceed about 400 yards almost in a direct line. At your entrance, for about 60 yards, 'tis four feet and a half high, walled up on each side with good stone masonry; but afterwards it varies in its height, and riles in some places fix feet. When you arrive at the centre, there is a spacious lodging of timber, for landing the ore from below, which is drawn up by a man at a winch, and put into four wheel waggons that hold about a ton and a half. These waggons have cast brass wheels, and are run in grooves through the adit, by boys from 12 to 14 years old, with great facility. Thus far in the mountain, with the aid of lights, 'tis easy enough of access; but such a horrid gloom, such rattling of waggons, noise of workmen boring the rocks under your feet; such explosions in blasting, and such a dreadful gulp to descend, prevent a scene of terror that few people, who are not versed in mining, care to pass through. From the platform the descent is about 160 yards, through different lodgments, by flaps made of cross pieces of timber, to the place of action; where a new scene infinitely more astonishing than that above, presents itself, a place as horrible to view as imagination can conceive. On the passage down, the constant blasting of the rocks, louder than the loudest thunder, seems to roll and shake the whole body of the mountain. Suppose yourself now upwards of 200 fathoms deep, at the bottom of this monstrous cavern of immense diameter, where the glimmering light of candles, and suffocating smell of sulphur and gunpowder, all conspire to increase surprize and heighten apprehension; then suppose around you an impenetrable wall of lime stone, interperforated with small veins of copper ore, yellow, black, and brown, intermixed with spar, myrrh, mordic, and other sulphurous compositions, of all colours; and at the time time figure to yourself the footy complexions of the miners, their labour, and mode of living, and you may truly fancy yourself in another world. Yet these inhabitants, being trained up in darkenss and slavery, are not perhaps less happy, or less contented, than those who possess the more flattering enjoyment of liberty. It is supposed there are no less than 40,000 miners daily under-ground in the tin-mines in Cornwall; and perhaps as many, if

* Yet this is but miniature, compared to the copper-mines in and near the Carpathian hills in Hungary, supposed to have now been worked at least 150 years, which extend under ground in several places, 10, 12, and 15 English miles in length, and some of them from 150 to 400 fathoms deep, employing generally 4000 miners under ground, besides those of all ages and sexes above. Their veins, or courses, all direct from the north to the east points, inclining or dipping generally one foot in ten, some more, some less. Many other inlands might be produced both in silver, copper, lead, and tin mines, to prove the general positions different from this at Eaton, and the more inclinable to the northward of the east, so much more valuable do they turn out in working.
not more, in other works of copper, lead, and coal, in Great Britain. They reckon above 300,000 miners in Sweden, Germany, Hungary, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe. And if we add the many thousands employed in the various mines in South America, Indians, Negroes, and white criminals, who are doomed to eternal darkness below, over and above those employed above-ground, we may modestly admit some millions of souls, whose bread depends on this laborious employment, and where many thousands live and die, without ever seeing the light of the sun. Hence the wisdom of providence is conspicuous, which, as Pope says, has placed "happiness no where to be had, or every where." So much for the internal parts; and as to the method of dressing, cleaning, and fitting the ore for sale, they are much the same as what we saw and described at the tin mines, therefore we may omit the minutiae relative to those preparations, and only add what follows, (viz.) "when all is ready, notice is given to the melting houses, whose proprietors, or managers attend, and each bids what price he thinks proper, generally from 7l. to 16l. per ton) and the highest bidder, being the buyer, fetches it at his own expense. That nothing may be lost, the refuse ore, which is not fit for sale, is smelted on the premises by his Grace, and there run into a regulus, in large pigs or bars, and is then sold from 70l. to 90l. per ton. The miners work at two-pence per hour, six hours at a time; women by task, earn from four-pence to eight-pence a day, and are paid by measure, according to the quantity of ore they can buck; (a technical term this, amongst miners, for beating or reducing the ore small, with flat hammers, or under stamping mills) girls and boys earn from two-pence to four-pence a day, some more; thus there is a constant employment for both sexes, and all ages, from five to 60 years old. This copper mine, in the state above described, clears annually between eight and ten thousand pounds, and may probably be made to double that sum. Our author concludes with observing, that if, like the Germans and Hungarians, we were to make proper draughts, sections, and perspective views of the internal parts of our mines, and delineate the course of the veins, &c. throughout the mine, together with a description of the discoveries, appearances, and various strata cut through in sinking down, and in driving adits, this method would serve as a future guide to other discoveries, and a faving of large sums to mine-adventurers, many of whom expend considerable fortunes, without the least rational sign or companion to minerals, being led (through a mistaken zeal) into airy schemes of that nature, by the over-perfusion of ignorant, yet cunning, and designing men."

The privileges of the tinners are confirmed and enlarged by a charter of Edward III. The five coinage towns or flannary courts, are Leskard, Llithwithiel, Truro, Helston, and Penfance; where, left the duke of Cornwall should be defrauded of the tax or tribute, it is ordered that all the tin be carried to one of those towns to be weighed, coined, and pay the impost. These courts are held before the lord warden and his subfittitutes, in virtue of a privilege granted to the workers in tin mines, to sue and be sued only in their own courts, that they may not be drawn from their businesses, which is highly profitable to the public, by attending their law-suits in other courts. St. Auffile, though not mentioned by Camden or other writers as a flannary town, we find now more replete with business of this kind than the rest; a court is held here every six weeks for the purpose of settling disputes which chiefly arise about boundaries. Before this law was settled, the whole was a scene of confusion, bloodshed, and slaughter, between the proprietors of lands and the miners; now the boundaries and proprietor have an equal share, as mentioned before, and the miners quietly earn their profits under this influence and protection.
All ranks in this county are very sociable, generous, and kind to each other; being bounded on all sides, except Devon, by the sea, emigrations and intermixtures with other countries are less frequent than in other parts of the kingdom; so that they usually marry amongst themselves; whence comes the proverb, "that all Cornish gentlemen are cousins." It is the name in Wales; where the greatest compliment amongst one another in the same county, is the appellation of cousin. There is a great conformity of manners, customs, &c. between the Welsh and Cornish, as well as similarity in their ancient languages, but the latter is more lost. I was greatly pleased to see the respect and veneration which the lower class in this town have for the gentlemen around them, from whose assistance and protection they seem to derive a greater share of happiness than I ever heard expressed in any other place.

Pilchards are a small fish, caught in vast abundance on these shores, which are exported from Movagize, Penfance, &c. to France, Spain, and Italy; sometimes 8 or 9,000 hogheads in a season. A very fine oil is produced here from these fish, which they pile up in great heaps as long and broad as the house made for that purpose will permit, and break-high: then with proper boards, weights, &c. they press the oil out into a gutter, which communicates with a vessel fixed in the ground at one end of the house. We may here take notice of a few other of the principal fish, which frequent these coasts. The blower-whale, or fin-fish, which receives its name from blowing the water to a considerable height through a hole in its head. The grampus, usually about 18 feet long, and excessively veracious. The porpoise, called the porcus pithis, or the hog-fish, from the quantity of fat with which it is covered, or from the shape of its snout, and wallowing in the water. The blue shark, which during the pilchard season, is very destructive to the fishermen's nets. Seals, or sea-calves, are common in such caves of the shore as are least frequented. Turbot, plaice, dab, &c. with all the various sorts of shell-fish, &c.

Besides the various sorts of stones, spars, granites, &c. with which this county abounds, a curious stone called the warming-stone hath here frequently been found, which is of such a nature, that when once heated it will continue warm eight or ten hours. The swimming stone, which has also been found in these parts, consists of rectilinear lamina, as thin as paper, intersecting each other, in all directions, and leaving unequal cavities between them; this structure renders the stone so cellular as to swim in water. The asbestos, or amiantus, of several kinds, have also been discovered here; this stone is so fibrous that linen has been made of it, which fire could not consume, but this art has been lost.

Loftwithiel, to which we now return, was the Uzella of Ptolemy, and called by the Britons Pen Uchel Coed, (i.e.) an high place with a wood: nothing scarce remains but a small town in the valley, situate on the river Fowey; which is a strong argument in favour of the earlier inhabitants of Cornwall, that the name of Fowey was from the Britons. Making a foundation for a house, several walls, &c. were discovered. This was, and is at present called the county town, though now Launceston is really so, yet the common gaol for the whole slavany is here, and also the sheriff's court for the county. The earl of Essex, who commanded the army of the parliament, was surrounded by the king's forces in this town, and so reduced, that his men were almost starved, and himself, with lord Roberts, obliged to escape by water to Fowey, and afterwards to Plymouth, &c. the rest submitted. In this siege, the steeple of the church, which was a fine Gothic structure, was much damaged.
The Fowey was formerly navigable to this town, which enabled the inhabitants to carry on a considerable trade, but this, through neglect, has long been on the decline. But like the rest of these rivers, it abounds in fish. In the months of May and June they take here a black trout, some of which are near three feet in length. About the end of August another sort appears, called the Bartholomew trout. This is generally about 18 inches long, of a fine red colour, and in much higher esteem than the other. Salmons also are taken here plentifully. This river rises on a high mountain called Brown-willy, takes a very romantic course, and passing through this place, receives several other streams, so that at the town of Fowey, about six miles below, it forms an extensive harbour. Like the rest of the rivers, it has but a short course, for rising perpendicularly in a peninsula, whose greatest breadth is but 15 miles, and in some places only 20, they seldom run more than half these spaces before they are obliged to mix either northward or southward with the infatiate ocean, except the Tamar, which rises within three or four miles of the sea northward, and pursuing its course for more than forty miles, between the two counties, collects several small streams, and pours them into the sea at Plymouth.

October 2d. More tranquil and plesant than usual, we returned eastward again towards Lekward; instead of crossing the river the direct road, we deviated about a mile to view the ruins of Rainstormal castle; the ancient residence of the dukes of Cornwall, situate on a large eminence behind Mr. Gregor's plesant house, whose grounds and plantations, amidst a variety of natural inequalities of wood, hill, and vale, afford a charming scene. Carew speaks thus of this place, "Loftwithiel subjected itself to the command of Rainstormal castle, alias Lestormel, sometimes the duke's principal house. It is feated in a park, upon the plain neck of a hill, backed to the weltward with another somewhat higher, and falling every other way, to end in a valley, watered by the fishful river of Foy. Its base court is rather to be conjectured, than discerned, by the remnant of some few ruins; amongst which an oven of 14 feet largeness, through its exceeding proportion, proveth the like hospitality of those days. The inner court grounded upon an intrenched rock, was formed round, and its outer wall thick, strong, and garretted; its flat roof covered with lead, and its larger windowes taking their light inwards. It consistted of two stories, besides the vaults, and admitted entrance and issue, by one only gate, fenced with a portcouliz. Water was conveyed hither by a conduit, from the higher ground adjoining. Certes, it may move compassion, that a palace, so healthful for aire, so delightful for prospect, so necessary for commodities, so faire (in regard of those days) for building, and so strong for defence, should in time of secure peace, and under the protection of its natural princes, be wrought with those spoilings, than which it could endure no greater at the hands of any forrayne or deadly enemy: for the parke is disparked, the timber rooted up, the conduit pipes taken away, the roof made sale of, the planchings rotten, the walls falling downe, and the hewed stones of the windows, dours, and clavels, plect out to serve private buildings, only there remaineth an utter defacement, to complayne upon this unregarded diffreffe. It now appertayned by lease, to master Samuel, who married Halse; his father (a wife, and plesant conceited gent.) matched with Tremayne."* We now ascended to inspect these ruins, a circular pile of strong walls, about thirty feet diameter within, 40 high, hung very pictureliquely with ivy, &c. The materials are a most durable composition of hard cement and uneven shells of Elvin stone, so nicely fabricated as to appear at a small distance like one well wrought stone, or poured

as a fluid into frames. The entrance is by a projecting portal to the west, which displays the remains of six rooms, and a small chapel: on one side of which are the visible traces of a vane for holy water, and under this a small bath, to the east was a large altar piece; our guide said he had often found relics of painted glas; and on the outside, in the surrounding fos, he shewed us where he had dug up two perfect skeletons lying arm in arm; the surgeon from Lothwithel pronounced them to be young men. At a small distance from hence is a considerable burying place, where bones have been often found. Descending to the house again, we crossed the river, and moved eastward through a grove of laurels and young oaks, which soon brought us to the turnpike road, on a wild extensive waste; no pleasing object to attract the eye, but a lofty pyramid on our right, belonging to lord Camelford, at Boconnoc; while on our left the northern hills reared their barren heads like Scotia's crags. Approaching Lefkard we ascended a vall hill, through a wood called Lady Park, the property of lord Elliot, whose residence is at St. German's, about 6 miles south-east, near Plymouth, the stratum is a hard rock, without any mixture of mine, the road lately much improved.

Lefkard is a large borough town, situate upon two hills, and the great part of the county, it has a fine old church, near which stood formerly a strong castle, now totally defaced, and nothing left but the name. It was formerly famous for a bishop's see; for about 905, when the discipline of the church was quite neglected in these parts, Edward the elder by a decree from pope Formosus, settled a see here; and granted the bishop of Kirton three villages, "Polton, Coeling and Lanwitham; that he might every year visit Cornwall; in order to remove their errors, for before that time they refisted the truth to the utmost, and would not submit to the apostolical decrees. William the Conqueror gave this place to Robert earl of Moreton, and it was afterwards given by Henry III. to Richard earl of Poictiers and Cornwall. His son Edward, who succeeded him, granted the inhabitants all the talls for a quit-rent of 18l. per annum, and in the reign of Henry VIII. when the dutchy devolved to the crown, the same rent continued to be paid till the reign of William III. when it was given to the lord chancellor Sommers, Queen Elizabeth granted its charter; and the members are elected by the burgesses and freemen, the mayor being the returning officer, lord Elliot has now the interest. As this was St. Matthew's fair, of which they have three in the year, and three great markets, differing only in the latter being exempt from toll; we had an opportunity of observing it to advantage. The streets were mostly crowded with sheep and oxen; the former sold from twelve to eighteen pound per score, the latter about twenty pound a pair, four pound lower than when the harvest, &c. render their use more requisite. From hence we passed over several large cultivated hills and through St. Ives, a small village with a good tower church. The country still continues more mountainous, interspersed with rich valleys, &c. About two miles from Kellington see a curious hill rising conically out of the winding vale, near a small river called Lemara; the woods on the left are very noble and beautiful.

Kellington is a very old borough, with a good church and tolerable buildings; but is only a chapel of ease to South-hill. Here too the choice of a new mayor was joyfully expressed in ringing and festivity. The two members are here sent to parliament by the numerous votes of leaseholders, &c. under the influence of the earl of Orford and the government of a portrieve, which was establisheid in 1583. Not to mention every particular, and mode of conducting the 22 boroughs of this county, it may not be amifs to notice the present situation of Helstone, which sends two members to parliament by a single vote, an old cobler, the only survivor of a considerable charter, which
I believe has been renewed, but he will not give up his privilege; what an opportunity this is for providing for his family, &c. this interest belonged to the Godolphins. Grampound is in a similar situation. In the evening we proceeded over extensive heaths to Tavistock and crossed the river Tamar, in its course to Plymouth, over an excellent bridge of six arches, which divides the two counties. About three miles down this river on the Devon side, at Bear Alfton, a borough of the duke of Northumberland's, are some rich lead and silver mines, the property of Mr. Gallet, which have been lately renewed, and yield now three or four plates of silver per month.

This is no doubt the place, where in the reign of Edward I. near 1600 weight of silver was obtained in the course of three years, the mine being discovered towards the beginning of his reign: it is called a silver mine by old writers, but it appears to have been a mine of lead which contained silver.* It is said there was a contest about these mines 14 Edward II. Sir John Maynard having purchased this manor, endeavoured to find them, but in vain. They have since lain dead till the last researches of the present fortunate poolester. It may not be amiss to add a short account of the method of procuring silver; since, properly speaking, our island boasts of neither gold nor silver mines. For this purpose I shall have recourse to our former author, whose essays on these chemical operations are so much the language of classical science. The general manner of extracting silver from lead is universally the same, simply depending upon the different essential properties of the two metals. It is an essential property of lead, when melted in the open air, to lose its metallic appearance, and to burn away into a kind of earth. It is an essential property of silver, not to burn away in the same manner when exposed to the action of the strongest fire, in the open air. Hence, when a mass of metal consisting of lead and silver, is melted in the open air, the lead will be burned to ashes, and the silver remaining unaltered, it is easy to understand how the silver may be extracted from the lead, for being heavier than the ashes of the lead, and incapable of mixing with them (since no metal is miscible with an earth) it will sink to the bottom of the vessel in which the mass is melted. For the same reason either gold or silver, or a mass of both, may be purified from iron, tin, and copper, by the mere operation of fusion. Silver is so commonly contained in lead, that it is esteemed a very great curiosity to meet with lead which is entirely free from it. Lister proves the existence of silver in the lead of at least thirty mines.† Yet notwithstanding we find at present but few so worked. Derbyshire, which is esteemed the richest for lead mines, yielding about 7,500 tons annually on an average, at present has no place where silver is extracted. There is a lead mine in Patterdale near Keswick, which yields much silver. Much silver is also extracted in Northumberland, ‡ Yet notwithstanding we find at present but few so worked. Derbyshire, which is esteemed the richest for lead mines, yielding about 7,500 tons annually on an average, at present has no place where silver is extracted. There is a lead mine in Patterdale near Keswick, which yields much silver. Much silver is also extracted in Northumberland, Mr. Pennant in his tour through Wales, takes notice of the quantity of silver extracted at Holywell in Flintshire. The lead mines in Cardiganshire have at different periods afforded great quantities of silver; Sir Hugh Middleton is said to have cleared from them two thousand pounds a month.‡ Though this appears so beneficial a profit, yet there are many obstacles to prevent its being general. Various are the qualities of the lead ore in different mines, or in different parts of the same mine; for it is very possible in an assay of the ore in the mine the miner meet with one piece, which shall afford a lead yielding 8 or 10 times as much silver, as another piece would do. The Derbyshire lead has been said to contain two grains of silver in a pound of lead. And in some parts of Great

* Hollingshed's Chron. vol. 2d. pag. 216. See also a further account of silver extracted from lead in the counties of Devon and Cornwall, in Edward IIIrd's time, page 413.
† Lister de Fontibus, cap. 2d. i. 9, 10.
‡ Oper. Min. explic. p. 245.
Britain, the ores though poor in lead, contain between 3 and 400 ounces of silver in a ton of lead, much silver is therefore probably thrown away for want of having the ores of the poorest sort properly alloyed. That lead, which does not contain nine ounces of silver in a ton, is not thought worth refining, because of the los of the lead; the smallest quantity therefore which can be extracted with profit, must depend much upon the price of lead, all expenses attending the several processes being the same. It is calculated that the difference between the value of the silver obtained, and that of the lead left, would, when lead is at 15l. a ton, be 1l. 10s. 9d. and when lead is as low as 12l. a ton, it would amount to 2l. 14s. 9d. The greatest obstacle to the proprietors of lead mines containing silver seems to be the clause, in that act of parliament passed in the 6th of William and Mary, respecting the right of pre-emption; whereby their majesties, their heirs, and successors, &c. should have the privilege of purchasing all the ore for nine pounds a ton. So that there may be many mines in England very rich in silver, which on account of the difficulty of working them, cannot be entered upon with advantage while this right subsists.

After a long ascent up an immense hill we soon arrived at Tavistock, lowly situated by the river Tavy, on a sandy ground pretty well cultivated. The present state of this town is considerable, consisting of several tolerable streets with a large old church, the body of which appears like three common parish churches united. The glory of this place formerly was its abbey founded by Ordulph the son of Ordgar, earl of Devon and Cornwall, in the reign of king Edgar about 961. This Ordulph, Malmesbury tells us, says Camden, was of fo gigantic a stature and so great strength, that he could break the bars of gates, and go fridging over a river ten feet broad. Little now remains of this abbey, but a few old walls; a school was also erected here for preserving from oblivion the ancient Saxon language. Many of the abbots were men of eminence, and in the church of this monastery many persons of distinction were buried. Henry VIIIth gave John lord Russel, afterwards created earl of Bedford, the site of this monastery, with the borough and advowson of the church. This family are still lords of it, and since their promotion to a dukedom have the title of Marquis from hence. The borough was never incorporated, but is governed by a portrieve, annually chosen by freeholders at the lords-court; the interdict consequently rels with the duke.

Instead of pursuing the right road over Dartmore forest by Moreton to Exeter, we deviated round the north side of this vast heap of mountains to see Lydford waterfall. This being market day we met numbers of the people flocking hither with grain, a few sheep and an abundance of Michaelmas geese. The common vehicles of this country are panniers and horset; nor did we meet a single carriage the whole day. Pass over an extensive down, with fine prospects on our left and Dartmore on our right; this part of the country is very coarse, moory and barren in its nature; in some places productive of nothing but a dwarf kind of furze; in others we see a considerable increase of sillage; owing chiefly to the cultivation of potatoes; the soil is mostly a stiff clay, which renders it unhealthy to sheep, which are here of a small fort, and subject to the rot, especially in wet seasons, which destroys them incredibly fast. In these parts which are too remote to obtain sea sand, they have off the turf, and by burning its, procure excellent manure from its ashes, which mode of cultivation being first used here, is called Devonshiring or Denfiring. But this in reality was the Roman method, and is admirably described by Virgil.
Dartmore, where the river Dart has its rise, is a mountainous forest made by King John, and had formerly in it many tin mines. It is about twenty miles long, and fourteen broad, affording pasture for many thousand sheep and cattle, more healthful than its marly skirts, from its rocky and dryer soil; from whence in a clear day the views are extensive and beautiful.

"David de Scirendun held lands in Scirendun and Sipleigh by knight-service, on condition that he should find two arrows, when our lord the king came to hunt in this forest."

When the tin mines in the county were in a flourishing state, by a charter of Edward I, the tinners were obliged to assemble their court on a noted hill, between Tavistock and Chedworth in this forest, called Crokentor. In this defolate spot, where no refreshment could be found, no shelter, nor any feat but that of a moor stone, they generally met to the number of 200 or more. Having so far complied with the order of the charter, the next act of the steward was to adjourn the court to one of the flannery towns, usually Tavistock: where the price of the metal was fixed, all differences adjudged, and acts of regulation made. This meeting was called, "the parliament for the flanneries," the place of meeting in the forest, "the parliament house;" and the presentment of the jurors, "acts of parliament."

A few miles further we pass an immense rock, on the summit of which stands Brentor church. This though 20 miles distant, is an excellent sea-mark to guide the ships about Plymouth. At the foot of the next descent, close on the left of the road, you will see a clump of trees; turn in at the gate, and enquire at the farm house of Mr. Candy, and some person will attend to the waterfall, about a quarter of a mile below. This remarkable cataract is formed by a small stream running into the river Lyd, over a romantic rock, sweetly clothed with wood, which appears in various interjections in this vale. Winding down the rock, on a small path about half way, you are presented with the finest milky streams imaginable, neither too perpendicular to be one confused heap, nor too much divided to be ungraceful; but one continued silvery chain of 200 feet; towards the bottom the rock projects so favourably as to fill the air with aqueous particles, and imitate the effect of a real fountain, softly falling in a silver shower. Descending beneath you look up to the whole with a similar enchantment. The late ruins were just sufficient to fill it to perfection; and we only wanted the soft beams of moon light, to realize that fairy scene, so sweetly described in lord Mornington's musical elegy:

"Near a cool grove and mossy cell,  
We rural fays and fairies dwell, &c."

The surprising waterfall pleased me altogether more than any in the North of England or Scotland, and being a greater rarity in those parts it is more valuable and striking. Camden seems not to have been acquainted with it, though it must have existed many ages, as he mentions, not a mile beyond, the bridge approaching Lydford, where the little river Lyd, being pent up within the rocks, has made itself so deep a fall, by a continual working, that the water is not to be seen, but only the murmur, or in high water rather thunder "heard, to the great astonishment of those that pass over." This is the cale on horseback, or in a carriage, but whoever looks attentively on foot, may see the flowing torrent rushing impetuously through the narrow confines of the rock, at the distance of 100 feet from the battlements of the bridge. Lydford now reduced to a small village, was formerly a town of note, which sent burgesses to parliament, but for its poverty has long since been discharged of that privilege; the ruins of a gaol-like castle,
castle are still visible. From hence nothing occurs till we come to the village of Sour-
ton; whence opens a charming prospect towards the west of a rich vale, &c. terminated
by distant mountains. As we approach Okehampton, vulgarly called Ockington, the
beauties of the forest hang gracefully on the skirts of Dartmore, but for this we are
mostly indebted to the remains of the old park, where once the earls of Devonshire
had a noble castle, now quite in ruins, which till late belonged to the Courtenays of Pow-
derham-castle, near Exeter, but is now exchanged away to some part of the corpo-
ration. The castle stands a little west of the centre of the county, and near the town of
Okehampton. It was built by Baldwin de Brionis; who, as appears by domesday-
book, was in possession of it when that survey was taken. From his descendants the
Rivers's, earls of Devon, it devolved by marriage to the Courtnays, earls of Devon.
In that family it remained till seized by King Edward IV., on account of their attach-
ment to the house of Lancaster; in which cause, Thomas de Courtnay, and his brother
John, both lost their lives; the first being taken at the battle of Towton, 1461, was car-
ried to Pontefract, and there beheaded; his head was set up at York, in the place of
that of the Duke of York; the latter was killed at Tewksbury. Edward granted this
castle, honor and manor, to Sir John Dynham; by whom they were soon afterwards for-
feited. King Henry VII. on coming to the throne, restored to the Courtnays their an-
cient honors and possessions amongst which was this castle; but in the reign of Henry
Courtney, the then possessor, was executed for a treasonable correspondence with car-
dinal Pole, and it once more confiscated to the crown; when that king caused the castle
and a fine park thereunto belonging, to be dismantled and destroyed. He likewise im-
prisoned Edward the son and heir of the late earl; who continued in confinement till
released by queen Mary; by whom he was reinstated in the rank and fortune of his an-
cestors. He, leaving no male issue, the estate was carried by marriage into the family
of the Mohuns, barons of Mohun and Okehampton; whose male line likewise becoming
extinct, by the death of the lord Mohun, killed 1712, by the duke of Hamilton, in a
duel, the estate descended to Christopher Harris, of Heynes, esq. he having married the
heirs of that family. The view taken by Mr. Grose, 1761, gives a just and lively re-
presentation of its ruins; having only part of the keep, and some fragments of high
walls remaining; the solidity of which, together with their advantageous situation, and
the space they occupy, clearly evince that, when entire, it was both strong and exten-
sive.

This ancient borough stands in a vale on the river Oke, whence it has its name;
at a mile distance from the parish church, beautifully situated on a hill amidst a thick
grove. Here is a small manufacture similar to the rest of the towns in this county, but
in the annals of history we find this place much more considerable than at present. The
members of parliament are chosen by the freemen and freeholders, and the interest now
rests with the duke of Bedford. Here we dined and had our usual compliment, so pecu-
liar to this county, of tarts and clotted cream, a composition to me more pleasing than
any thing of the kind I had ever tasted. This essence of milk is gathered by scalding
their whole quantity together in the state it comes from the cow, and letting it stand
about a day, and then skimming off the top; by which means they have a greater quan-
tity, but the milk is quite impoverished.

In the evening we proceeded to Crockernwell, the half-way house to Exeter; which
though not the most desirable inn, afforded us a comfortable repose, and in the morning
early, genial and soft as the two preceding days, which with the brighter influence of the
sun, appeared more charming in autumnal tints than fairest May;
Here we overcame the difficulties of hills by an additional post horse, and moved with expedition amidst delightful scenery to the fair city we had lately passed through, and now breakfasted where we this day week had dined.

It now occurs to me to mention an idea of grandeur and opulence not to be found elsewhere in Great Britain, if on the whole face of the globe; (viz.) that by a more rapid abbreviation of this western tour, you might sleep twelve nights at twelve different cities, (viz.) London, Oxford, Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester, Bristol, Bath, Wells, Exeter, Salisbury, Winchester, and Westminster. This idea is still more enlarged when we consider the superiority of our English roads, inns, and every convenience to facilitate travelling. When we hear of the comparative difficulties our forefathers had to struggle with even since the last forty years, we are astonished at the difference. What was then deemed a journey of some days, and not to be attempted without the utmost precaution and meditation, is now accomplished with the greatest ease in a few hours. It may not be an unprofitable deviation here to trace this great source of comfort and public utility from an early period to the present time. The visible progress in improvements whether in arts, sciences, manufactures, agriculture, &c. ought ever to be the prime objects of our researches and the delight of our leisure hours. By degrees, after many benefits gradually gained, an intelligent nation extends its views to the highest attainment of perfection. Having supplied itself with an extensive produce of its own wealth, the next object was to promote a commodious communication between its several parts by means of rubbish roads, causeways, and bridges. The Romans were distinguished by their attention to the straitness, solidity, and admirable disposition of their roads, which, though used for other purposes, were chiefly intended for military ways; and this economy of theirs was carried through all the provinces of their extensive empire. The intention of these military roads was worthy of the genius, and expressive of the policy of that wise and potent people. They were so many links uniting the provinces to the seat of Empire. That they were very numerous, is confirmed by the remains, which are still to be seen in many countries. In the Itinerary of Antoninus there are fifteen roads, with the stations marked upon them, and the distances between in miles, which taken together, make a total of 259 miles, the construction of which must have necessitated much time, required much toil, and demanded immense treasures. It is however, remarkable, that scarce in any of the countries they professed there are still remaining more authentic monuments of these useful and stupendous works than in Great Britain, which with indefatigable pains and most extensive learning have been studiously traced, accurately described, and the stations on them with all possible certainty pointed out by many excellent antiquaries. The Saxons, when they became masters of the southern parts of this isle, shewed great respect to these ancient roads, as appears by the names they bestowed on them. The law De Pace Quitur Cheminorum, and the appellation still in use, of the king's highways, shew how much they were respected. The four great roads were the Poffs, Watling-street, Erning or Ermin, called also Beling-street, and Ikeneld, Ryknild, or Rykenfold-street. About which the learned are much divided; but the inroads of the Danes, which occasioned such general desolation; the Norman conquest; and the long continuance of civil wars, had no doubt the most fatal effects upon these, as well as the trade and agriculture of this
this country. When the nation had time to breathe, and its interior peace was restored, industry, the parent of domestic trade; and public welfare, renewed its vigour, and having gained one advantage grasped immediately at another. And by this means laws respecting the public utility became absolutely necessary. By the statute of Winchester in the reign of Edward I., some provision is made for the security of highways, by suffering no wood to grow within 200 feet on one side or other, that passengers might not be surprized by thieves. In the time of Henry VIII., some laws were enacted for preserving and amending caufeways, and for facilitating the making new and more commodious roads, by giving to such as made them legally through their own lands, the property of the soil, &c. At length it became requisite to take more stable methods for a constant and regular communication, which produced in respect to roads, a kind of system: the origin of which may be found in Stat. 2 and 3 Phil. and Mar. cap. 8. The preamble declares, that the roads were tedious and noisome to travel in, and dangerous to passengers and carriages. For the remedy of this, it is enacted, that in every parish, surveyors of the highways shall be chosen, and the inhabitants obliged, according to their respective properties, to find labourers and carriages for a certain number of days to work thereon.

A new mode was introduced about the middle of the last century, by applying to the legislature to establish tolls for amending old, and making new roads, so that by a gradual extension of these turnpike ways, the whole kingdom is highly benefited, and become much more pervious than the rest of the world. The attention of the legislature in regulating the commissioners and other officers; the size, extent and goodness of the roads in general, as well as the rate of tolls, with a multitude of other particulars, prove an intention of approaching towards perfection in the plan; nor is the execution, as far as human abilities will allow, deficient. In consequence of this judicious, though expensive arrangement, the land carriage of this country corresponds most harmoniously with its commerce; and as plenty obeys the call of industry, we find both spread by this means into almost every corner of the island. To these may be added the numerous, commodious and even magnificent inns, on all these spacious, and well frequented roads, which peculiarly distinguish this country. And it is a just observation, that nothing can afford a clearer indication of the true state of a country and its inhabitants, than the public inns. In some of the chief cities in Germany, and the Low Countries, they are highly commended; passable in France; celebrated at Lyons; plentiful in Switzerland; indifferent in Italy; worse in Spain; and still worse in Poland. In this country, business and pleasure support them, and constant emulation hath made them in most places commodious, in some, splendid and superb. All these circumstances duly weighed, and maturely considered, fully demonstrate the rectitude of that principle, on which these stupendous improvements were undertaken, and which do so much honor to the activity, vigour, and steadiness with which, in so short a space of time, they have been and are still carried on, with such evident advantages to individuals and such general credit to the nation.

Amongst the innumerable benefits that have arisen, from the great improvements of our roads, the quick and certain correspondence by the post is the most conspicuous. This invention we find attributed by Herodotus to Cyrus the Great; and his successors in the empire of Persia, appointed 111 royal stations, or post houses, to convey their edicts from, and intelligence to their capital city of Susa. The Greeks and Romans adopted this Persian institution. Charlemagne settled posts as emperor through all his dominions; Lewis XI. revived them in France. This mode of conveying intelligence was adopted many ages ago in other countries, and even in our own, but in a rude and imperfect
perfect state, till the long parliament in the reign of Charles I. reduced it to some order what had been before a thing of little consequence, and by giving it a regular and uniform establishment, may be said to have struck out the rudiments of what it now is. In this reign it came to be considered in a proper light, as a thing that might be rendered beneficial to the crown, and of infinite utility to the nation. A. D. 1635, a proclamation was published, regulating the rates of postage, and pointing out what we little the north and west roads, so that probably if the troubles had not broke out soon after, the post-office might gradually have been brought into good order. This was much improved, and legally settled by parliament soon after the restoration, and the several branches of it, foreign as well as domestic, very judiciously regulated, and the rates of postage adjusted on moderate terms. This method was attended with such beneficial consequences, that in the reign of Queen Anne, a post-mater general was appointed, who is authorised to appoint others at Edinburgh, Dublin, New York, &c. and through all the provinces on the Continent; and in all the British islands in America. From this period it received continual augmentations, and by a law in his present majesty's reign, some new regulations were made for rendering the carriage of letters cheaper and more commodious: but that recent improvement of the ingenious and spirited Mr. Palmer eclipses every other, and in spite of all opposition is confirmed, from a supposes speculation, to a permanent system; by which means while mankind are furnished with more elegant public vehicles, and their lives and property safely protected, a correspondence the most uniform and free is carried on with the utmost facility, celerity and security, through the wide expanse of the British dominions. And Britain is now truly the seat of empire, the centre of commerce, and the haven of repose.

In order to complete the remainder of our tour, much resembling in its outlines a figure of 8, we now directed our course south-east towards Dorchester. About half a mile from this city we pass the ancient and extensive pile of the laudable workhouse or hospital before described; two miles beyond this, where the Topham road parts to the right, is Heavytree gallows, with a square piece of ground enclosed by a strong wall, for the burial of sufferers; a plan I never remember to have seen before. The road now in a more gravelly soil was excellent and uninterrupted by tedious hills; the surrounding inclosures of arable and pasture, glowed with fertility; while the happy feedman, scattering round his showers of grain, hailed the farming season with the voice of melody. Thus we journeyed on till we came within six miles of Honiton, from the brow of which hill we were presented with the sweetest scene of cultivation I ever beheld. This may be called the garden of Devon, not only from its own intrinsic superiority, but the beauteous order in which it is disposed; a fine amphitheatre of meadow and arable inclosure gradually ascending towards the south, in the highest cultivation, up to its natural boundary of open hills, ranged in all the uniformity of a perfect wall; to the east and north appears a similar circular defence, but not so strongly marked. Descending into this lovely vale, we saw on our left Estcott, the seat of Sir George Yonge, a fine old place of good architecture and beautifully situated. A little farther the river Otter forms a sweet winding canal, where we pass a very picturesque scene of cops and ivy mantled bridges. This spot now only a decayed village called Veniton, is famous for a battle fought against the Cornish rebels in the reign of Edward VI. We now met numbers of market people with panniers, crookes and gambades. Honiton is a neat

* Campbell's Survey.
† So named from the adjacent village.
market town situate on the river Otter; the country around it is beautiful. It was held before the conquest by Drago, a Saxon; in the Norman survey, it is described under the title of Terra Comitis Moritonensis, or lands belonging to Robert earl of Morton, half brother to the Conqueror, to whom he gave great possessions in these parts, and made him earl of Cornwall. We afterwards find these lands bestowed by Henry I. on Richard de Redvers, created earl of Devon, lord of Okehampton, &c. From this family the title and lands of the earls of Devon came to the Courtenays. This manor therefore being bestowed by Hugh Courtenay, upon his fifth son Philip, of Powderham Castle, near Exeter, has continued in his posterity, and is now part of the possessions of Viscount Courtenay, of that beautiful place. This town lends members to parliament, under the government of a portrieve, chosen annually at the court of the lord of the manor, who makes the return of the members elected by all the inhabitants called burgage-holders. The present condition of this town, is indebted to a dreadful fire, which broke out on July 19th, 1747, and reduced three parts of it to ashes, to the great distress of several hundred indigent inhabitants. The houses now wear a pleasing aspect, and the principal street extending from east to west is remarkably paved, forming a small channel well shrouded up on each side with pebbles and green turf, which holds a stream of clear water with a square dipping place opposite each door; a mark of cleanliness and convenience I never saw before. The first manufacture of forges was introduced into Devonshire at this town, but at present it is employed chiefly in making lace. It may be worth remarking, that the market day was here held before the reign of King John on Sunday, but changed by his direction it still continues on Saturday, which we now saw. After dining at an excellent inn, we proceeded over vast hills surrounded with beautiful vales; from the top of Honiton hill the landscape may vie with any part of this kingdom.

Axminster, where we now arrived to repose, is a considerable market town, situate on the river Axe, from whence, together with a minster erected here by King Athelstan, it has its name. This foundation was for seven priests, but afterwards reduced to two, for whom a portion of land was allotted, called priest-aller; which with the parsonage now belongs to two prebendaries of York, to pray for souls buried here, who were slain at the battle of Brunemburg, in a field which is at present called Kingsfield. The manufacture of this place is chiefly carpets, and esteemed superior to the Wilton, being worked by the plant fingers of small children, from patterns and colours laid before them. Thirteen shillings per yard is the lowest price, and from thence their value may be increased almost to any sum.

Leaving this town we soon enter Dorsetshire, the stratum changes to sand and white flint. The road paffes several miles on a noble terrace, the sea boldly swelling on our right, various cliffs and Portland island rising in front, with a charming vale on our left scooped into variety of amphitheatres, &c. We now came opposite to Lyme, or Lyme Regis, so called from a rivulet of that name, on which it stands. At the time of the conquest we find it annexed to the abbey of Sherborne, a considerable place on the north borders of the county; but Richard I. bestowed great privileges on it, which were confirmed by succeeding monarchs. In the reign of Henry V. during the wars between England and France this town was reduced to ashes: but being a royal demesne, the king forgave those distressed inhabitants the quit rent, which enabled them to rebuild the town. However it did not flourish for many years, as Camden describes it to be a poor inconsiderable place. In the reign of James I. the merchants having engaged in trade to Newfoundland, acquired large fortunes and raised the town considerably; and afterwards King William confirmed their ancient privileges by a new charter.
ter under the government of a mayor, 15 burgesses, &c. But what most claims the notice of a traveller, is its famous pier and harbour, esteemed one of the best in Europe. Though we could not now conveniently visit it, yet I have had sufficient information to justify a short account. Having neither creek nor bay, nor any other natural convenience for a port, the ingenuity of the inhabitants has, by great art and labour, constructed a maffy pile of building, which consists of high and thick walls, whose materials were vast rocks weighed up out of the sea. The principal extends some distance from the shore into the main sea, and so large as to admit of various buildings and warehouses, with a street for carriages to pass along. Opposite to this is a similar construction, which crosses the end of the first and then forms a parallel to it. Ships enter this port by the point of the first wall, while the second breaking the violence of the sea, they pass into the haven, and ride with all the calmness and security of a wet dock. This curious work is called a cobb, and firm enough to carry any number of guns; which they have not yet thought necessary, but only plant a few guns in proper parts of this noble pier, and the town. One would imagine that this surprising mode of constructing a port, so much admired by all visitors and highly spoken of by most writers, would be eagerly imitated upon every part of our coast, where the convenience of country, and the opening such a port might prove a mutual advantage.

Lyme was the landing-place of the unfortunate duke of Monmouth, June 11th, 1685; who undertook to assert his right to the crown as son to Charles II.; the imprudence of which enterprise did not at first appear; and so popular was his name amongst the lower people, that in a few days his original number of followers was increased from 100 to above 2000 horse and foot. At Axminster the Devon militia to the number of 4000 men were assembled under the duke of Albemarle, son to him who had restored the royal family; from these however he met with no difficulty. The next station of the rebels was Taunton, a disaffected town, which gladly received them, and even reinforced them with considerable numbers. Even the voice of the fair, according to Hume, here joined in the common cry of this rebellion, and they presented Monmouth with a pair of colours of their handiwork, together with a copy of a bible. He was here too persuaded to assume the title of King, and assert the legitimacy of his birth: he was now obliged daily, for want of arms to diminish many who crowded to his standard. He entered Bridgewater, Wells, Frome; and was proclaimed in all these places. But while he by his imprudent and misplaced caution was thus wasting time in the west, the king was more active in his preparations to oppose him; six regiments of British troops were called over from Holland, which together with a considerable augmentation to the army, were dispatched under the command of Faverham and Churchill, in order to check the progress of the rebels. Sedgemoor near Bridgewater was the seat of the engagement; in which action Monmouth's men showed what a native courage and a principle of duty, even when unassisted by discipline is able to perform. And their efforts would have terminated in a victory, had not the misconduct of Monmouth, and the cowardice of Gray, who commanded his horse prevented it. After a combat of three hours the rebels were forced to fly amidst a slaughter of about 1500. Monmouth, after many attempts to conceal himself, was at length taken in a situation which human nature could scarce support; his body, depressed with fatigue and hunger, his mind by the memory of past misfortunes, and the prospect of future disasters; and to heighten his misery, like Rustick he feverishly felt the repeated feeble blows of the executioner.

We now descended to the sweet village of Charmouth, situate close to the sea. At this little spot the pirating Danes had the fortune to beat the English in two engagements; first
first conquering King Egbert, 831; and then King Æthelwulf eight years after. The children ran after us with prawns taken here in great abundance and perfection; also with ores, shells, &c. Meeting William Loyd, a labourer, we were induced to accompany him to see his collection of the most curious fossil world. His cottage affording no convenience for this purpose, they are displayed in the open garden; those who are desirous of viewing such wonderful operations of nature, may here satisfy their curiosity by only deviating a few yards from the road; and those who are desirous of adding to their collection for grottos, chimney pieces, &c. may here find materials on the lowest terms.

In the Philosophical Transactions, (Vol. lvi. No. 22,) is the following account of an uncommon phenomenon, near this place, by John Stephens, M. A. "In August, 1751, after very hot weather, followed by sudden rain, the cliffs near Charmouth, in the western parts of Dorsetshire, began to smoke, and soon after to burn with a visible but subtile flame; the same phenomena were observed at intervals, especially after rain, till winter, the flame however was not visible by day, except the fun shone, when the cliffs appeared at a distance as if covered with pieces of glass which reflected the rays: at night the flame was visible at a distance, but when the spectator drew near, he could perceive fume only, and no flame: a similar flame has been seen rising from the lodes, or veins of the mines in Cornwall, with this difference, that when the spectator approached, the flame did not disappear, but seemed to surround him, yet did him no harm, and in four or five minutes seemed to sink into the earth. Upon examining Charmouth cliffs, a great quantity of martial pyrites were found, with marcasites that yielded near a tenth of common sulphur, of cornua ammonis, and other shells, and the belemnites, all crusted with pyritical matter: these substances were found not in regular strata, but interstratified in large masses through the earth, which consisting of a dark coloured loam, impregnated with bitumen to the depth of 40 feet; there was also found a dark coloured substanse like coal cinder, which being powdered and washed, and the water being slowly evaporated to a pellicle, its faults, which shot into chrystals, appeared to be a martial vitriol. Mr. Stephens laid about 100 lb. of all these substances in a heap exposed to the air, and sprinkled them every day with water; in about ten days they grew hot, soon after caught fire, burnt several hours, and fell into dust. The fire of this mass he supposes to be the same with that of the cliffs, and to be produced by the same causes.

Ascending the winding hills again, we are charmed with similar beauteous scenery. The land is not so rich as in parts we had lately passed; but they manure plentifully with lime, which makes it worth, on an average, 20s. per acre. Flax* is here raised.

* Flax is a vegetable well known, assiduously cultivated, and in the highest esteem from all antiquity, being celebrated by Herodot. &c. as one of the most lucrative branches of commerce. The scripturists also frequently mention the fine linen of Egypt; the principal argument used to prove the people of Colchos were an Egyptian colony, was their proficiency in this manufacture. In Pliny's time the culture and even the manufacture of flax, seem to have reached those countries, in which they still flourish. It is found by experience that with proper attention it may be raised on almost every soil of Great Britain; and the profit is seldom less than 10l. an acre, besides affording employment and subsistence to the industrious poor. But when we consider the benefits that arise from this commodity when it comes into the hands of the manufacturers, it must appear to be a national object of the greatest importance. The Dutch, who understand both the culture and manufacture of flax better than any other nation in the world, prefer their own seed, raised on the stiff clays of Zealand, to any that they receive from the northern parts of Europe; but the flax employed in their manufactures grows on a light, warm, gravelly soil, and owes its beauty and fineness to their sedulous care in manuring, cultivating, and dressing it. We have the same diversity of land and much more of them than the Dutch, and therefore, if we took equal pains, we might soon be released from the necessity of importing. In 1695, according to Mr. Houghton, we imported...
raised very much; apples in abundance; whose cyder sells now, as in Somersetshire, from 7s. to 12s. per hoghead. As we proceed, a noble view presents itself across the sea, down the Devon coast to Topsham, Plymouth, &c.

Dine at Bridport, a very neat town, whose principal street is remarkably spacious, well-built, and paved; about the middle stands an excellent new market house, with good rooms over it for all public purposes, only finished this year. This town was anciently very considerable; in the reign of Edward the Confessor the number of houses were about 120, which made it great in those days; but we find in William the Conqueror's time they were reduced to 100. Again it recovered its greatness. King Henry III. created it a borough; Henry VII. Queen Elizabeth, and James I. established the corporation with many privileges; it is governed by two bailiffs, and a recorder, and sends two members to parliament. The piers and harbour, which once added greatly to its flourishing state, are all gone to ruin, so that there is no security for ships driven by freats of weather into this deep and perilous bay. The soil being rich and strong, this neighbourhood produces an abundance of hemp*, and the inhabitants are very adept in twining all sorts of ropes, navy, so famous were they in this manufacture formerly, that, by a statute made in the reign of Henry VII. it was ordered that all the cordage for the navy should, for a limited time, be made here, or within five miles of this place, and no where else. At present great quantities of twine, nets, &c. are manufactured here.

After dinner we proceed to Weymouth. The stratum now changes to real black flint and chalk; a more varied and beautiful country is scarce to be found than the greater part of this evening's journey affords; hills and dales tossed about in the wilder manner of well-fringed inclosures, form the variegated landscapes of the first three or four miles. These sweeps of inclosures gradually expand till they become immense downy hills and deep vales; near the 5th mile-stone, look a little to the left and you will be struck with a most picturesque scene; a bold, circular, gently swelling hill rises out of a vall hollow with peculiar effect, near to which a small tuft of inclosures seems wildly tossed beneath to decorate the vale with softest inequalities. About the 6th stone you behold a spot infinitely more elegant; a circular hollow scooped in a vall hill of the sweetest verdure; were it not for the difference of colour and texture, a more exact idea cannot be given of its beautiful appearance, than by comparing them to those soft waves one sees in driven snow. Nor are these velvet mixtures of hill and dale, sometimes rising boldly abrupt, and sometimes very gentle, more gratifying to the eye than the food of them is delightful, and beneficial to the fleecy flocks that browse abundantly all over them.

imported 495 ton of flax. In 1763, from Russia, 161,756 pounds, or 2576 tons. In our sifter island this has been made an object of national attention: they saw clearly that to gain and preserve the linen manufacture, it was necessary to raise flax, for which purpose they gave a bounty of 5s. a barrel on the importation of flax or hemp-feed; they gave this gratis to such as would sow their lands therewith; they gave bounties of 10s. 8s. and 6s. on every 100lb. of 35, 50, and 25a. an 100 in value; they gave their freedom in country corporations to all hemp and flax dressers; and they held out a premium on every busket of feed, when at 5s. a bushel, which should be exported*.

† Hemp is another vegetable too well known to need any description; the same remarks may be made with regard to the benefit arising from the cultivation of this, as have been made just before on flax, and even much stronger arguments used to support it, there being almost ten times the quantity of hemp imported which shows the immense saving that would arise, if we could raise this, or the greater part of it, at home.
The place we next came to was Winterburn, remarkable for a marily spring called the Werry, which bursts out in this season of the year; continuing to flow all winter, and at a certain time in spring it ceases, and remains dry all summer. Instead of continuing the road to Dorchester, we now descended to the right through a kind of half incloiture interrupted by gates, which brought us to the pleafant village of Upway, ornamented with several good houses, &c. From hence through Broad-way we soon arrived at the Hotel Weymouth, or rather Melcomb-regis; which two places are separated by the river Wey, and were distinct boroughs formerly, and always at variance about their privileges, so that they were deprived of them by Henry VIIth. But Queen Elizabeth restored them on condition that they should make but one corporation: by which union they enjoy their common rights and flourish together. A wooden bridge of many arches unites them; the former looks small and dirty, but the latter is improved by all the advantage of good building and spacious streets; amongst which are many excellent lodgings; but the range of buildings called Gloucester-row, York-buildings, and the Esplanade, are the most elegant and desirable, from their contiguity to the sands, which are naturally the belt and most convenient for the purpose of bathing, in the kingdom; being within a beautiful semicircular bay of near two miles, most happily protected from winds and tempests by the surrounding hills, which, while they afford security to the most timid valetudinarian, for the enjoyment of this marine salutary exercise, also present the most picturesque view to every window of these lodgings. The assembly is a lofty and spacious building, adjoining the hotel kept by Mr. Stacie, from the Bedford Arms, London, who attends in the season, and has, besides every other indulgence for company, an excellent boat for schemes upon the water.

In the morning tedious rain confined us within doors several hours; but clearing up about one, we drove to see the isle of Portland, commonly so called, though in fact no more than a peninsula, as it is joined to the main land by a prodigious beach, or ridge of pebbles; parallel to which runs a narrow creek which you ferry over. To contemplate this wonderful wall washed up by the sea, you should ride or walk along its summit, where you will see more fully the extent and security of this immovable bulwark, whose materials are mostly equal in size to a walnut at the water's edge, gradually diminishing to common gravel, and though uncemented, were capable of refilling the most outrageous storms, and of preserving the adjacent country from a destructive inundation.

The two castles on the opposite shores, named Portland and Sandsfoot, were built in the reign of Henry VIII, about 1539, but have nothing now to attract our notice. From beneath the beach we drove to this mountainous island, taking its name (according to Camden) from one Port, a noble Saxon, who in 703 much infested and annoyed this coast; it is about nine miles round, and divided into seven villages, all belonging to one parish. The first we arrived at is called Chifwell; the next Fortune's-well; on the hill stands Rayfourth and Wakeham; to the east is East-town; to the west, West-town; and on the south, Southwell. The inhabitants are computed about 1700. We stopt at the Portland-arms during a violent storm; the windows looking over that immense beach plainly showed us the danger of ships being embayed and lost here; when coming from the westward, they omit to keep a good offing, and cannot weather the high land of Portland. After this violent shower, we procured saddles for horses, and went directly across to the south-side; having mounted the vast hill from Fortune-well, we see the whole island, now a flat surface almost every way, and divided into large inclosures, by stone walls, for the purpose of growing corn and feeding that
that small breed of sheep universally admired for their flavour; but the whole has a dreary uncomfortable aspect, entirely destitute of wood and fuel. The quarries for getting that inimitable stone, of which all our best buildings are formed, are seen in almost every part of this island; but they were no curiosity to us after that subterraneous mode at Bath. Proceeding directly across, we saw the ruins of the old castle, which site, before the invention of ordnance, might seem impregnable; yet was it both forced and won by Robert earl of Gloucester, 1143, in behalf of his sister, Maude, the Empress, when she waged war against King Stephen. At this place, in 1588, the Spaniards, with their supposed invincible army, hrove to land; but being prevented by the English, a strenuous fight ensued, which forced them to acknowledge that title false; when many hundreds perished, and two of their great ships were brought into Weymouth. From hence you have a noble view of the race of Portland, so called from the meeting of the two tides, or striving of the currents, mid-way between this and the French coast. This agitation of the waves is often so dangerous, that scarce any vessel can pass over it in the calmest season; and ships, not aware of these currents, have been embayed to the west of Portland, and lost on the beach above-mentioned. Before we quitted the south side, we saw the small remains of the ancient church, whose foundation the rolling sea began to undermine. Indeed the cliffs along this side are wonderfully rent; one in particular, to the right of this old church, is very striking; the immense mass of stone, apparently separated from the main body by some violent convulsion, forms a chasm wildly magnificent. From hence too we plainly see Peverel Point, a vast heap of undermined rocks, at the corner of the island of Purbeck, whose attractive chasm threatens destruction on all who approach them. This was the spot where the unfortunate Halfwell East Indiaman, and most of its crew, met with their untimely fate. The wind blowing hard, and the waves rolling high, recalled that shocking scene more warmly to our imagination. We now returned to our inn, where the landlord, Gibbs, shewed us a very curious relic of Saxon antiquity, called the Reve-poll, which, in lieu of a rent-roll, exhibits a very ancient mode of keeping accounts; as on this staff is marked every acre of land on the island; by which means the bailiff collected the king's dues, as lord of the manor, at the rate of three-pence per acre, distinguished by different sized cuts, from a farthing to ten shillings and seven-pence farthing, the highest rent paid. As we departed from hence, the people crowded round us with various curiosities, found about this island, of ore, spar, fossils, &c. but the most curious production is a kind of sea-weed, mentioned by Camden, called ifidis plocamam, or isis hair, not unlike coral. We now hastened back to the hotel at Weymouth, where we enjoyed a late dinner, accompanied by music of the roaring waves.

In the morning I arose early; the sea and the air were very favourable for bathing and fishing; the machines for the former purpose, near 30 in number, were busily employed, while those floating vehicles for the latter glided up and down amidst the reflected beams of the new risen sun, dancing on the surface of the gently agitated water; which, together with the transparent sky, so softly hanging on the horizon, and the mountainous hills and chalky cliffs around, presented the most beautiful picture imaginable; such as I only remember to have seen in Loutherburgh's Eidophusicon; an elegant representation of moving transparent pictures, exhibited in Exeter 'Change a few years ago, to imitate in miniature what nature thus displays on her real and unrivaled scale.

From hence to Dorchester, eight miles, we went to breakfast. Ascending Ridgeway-hill, the extensive prospect of sea and country is delightful. Beyond this, on the right,
right, is an old mansion, called Rerrington, the ancient seat of the Williams's, descended from Sir John Williams, who, as Coker says, by his buildings and other ornaments, much beautified this place. On the left, immediately behind the village of Monckton, we walked to inspect one of the most perfect remains of an ancient fortification in this kingdom, vulgarly called Maiden castle, on tradition that it was never forced nor won. But it is thought with greater probability, by our more judicious antiquaries, to have been a summer station of the Romans; it consists of a treble fos and rampart, each very deep and high, surrounding an inner area, near 40 acres, to which are only two places of entrance. Such as have curiously viewed this place, have likewise traced out the particular uses of each part, as, the western, facing the Praetorium, to have been for the foot, which could not contain less than three legions, or about 18,000 men; the east part, behind the Praetorium, to have been for the horse and carriages; and between both were seated the tribunes and other officers. A number of barrows are seen thrown up on the downs around, which, from time to time, have been opened, without any great success; only finding a few human bones and coins. From hence the prospect is very extensive, and takes in some of the hills on the isle of Wight. As we continue this road, within half a mile of Dorchester, close on the right, is another extraordinary relick, called Mambury, perfectly resembling a Roman amphitheatere, inclosing about an acre of ground, and such as one may easily imagine to have contained some thousand spectators beholding such sports and exercises as were usual among the ancients.

Dorchester, the capital of this county, is a town of great antiquity, which Antonine, in his itinerarium, calls Durnovaria, i.e. a passage over the river, being situated where the Frome, differing itself, maketh a kind of island, and running from hence through Wareham, empties itself into the sea at Poole. In the time of the Romans, it was one of the two winter stations said to have been in these parts; and indeed the ancient walls, the Via Iconiana, the foss-way on which it stands, the coins and other pieces of antiquity, together with those adjacent marks of encampments, &c. above described, are proofs sufficient of its former consequence; though Camden speaks of it as being then "neither large nor beautiful, the walls having been pulled down by the enraged Danes, who here and there about the town have thrown up several barrows." The present appearance of this town is neat and handsome, and its flourishing condition very different from what, according to Coker, it was in Edward III.'s time, when they were forced to petition the king, for abating part of their fee-farm, or rent, "by reason the houses were left desolate, and trade failed amongst them," as the words of the petition are. That dreadful fire in 1631, which consumed almost the whole town, except the large church of St. Peter, and a few surrounding houses, the foss being computed at 200,000l. gave rise to its regularity and goodness of buildings; now consisting of three principal streets, spacious and well paved, which meet in the centre. Here are three churches, a good market place, and a town hall, for holding the assizes, &c. being under the government of a mayor, bailiffs, and burgesses. It had anciently a castle in that place where the Grey-friars built their convent out of the ruins thereof, and hath now but three parish churches; whereas the compacts of the old town seems to have been very large. In what state it stood soon after the coming of the Normans, Domesday book will best shew us. "In King Edward's reign there

* Maiden is more properly derived from magnus, whence we have main in the same sense. As the Maiden tower at Windsor signifies the great tower, the Maiden down in Wilts; &c. Maidenhead town in Berkshire, was formerly Maiden Hythe, signifying a great port.
were 170 houses; these defended themselves for all the king's services, and paid gold for ten hides, but to the work of hui-caris one mark of silver, excepting those customs which were for one night's entertainment. There were in it two mint-masters. There are now only 82 houses; and 100 have been totally demolished since Hugh was sheriff. The walks that circumscribe near two-thirds of the town, are very pleasant, and the country about it level and fruitful, abounding with arable and sheep pasture, 6 or 700,000 being computed to feed within six miles round this town; and the corn brought to market equal abundance, particularly barley; the beer of which has ever been esteemed excellent, and sent to various parts of the world. The poor and impotent are here so well regulated and relieved, that Sir J. Child, in his treatise on Trade, recommends this example as worthy to be followed by other places. As we pass through the eastern street which leads to Blandford and London, a very handsome gaol, newly finished upon the Howard plan, presents itself. This road, which was formerly bad and dangerous, by reason of its flat situation over a moor, subject to floods in time of heavy rains, and through a ford on the river Frome, was, by the spirited intervention of Mrs. Lora Pitt, made perfectly safe and agreeable; she, by an act of parliament in 1746, causing a bridge to be erected, and a caufeway over the moor of Fordington, (a large manor of the dukes of Cornwall,) which she maintained for three years at her own expence.

The seats in this neighbourhood are numerous, and some of them highly worth the notice of a traveller, particularly Milton Abbey, the seat of Lord Milton, whose improvements are said to have greatly heightened the natural beauties of its situation; but we were not so fortunate as to visit them, which I much lament, as not only its present appearance and condition, but its venerable antiquity, rank it amongst the first places in this kingdom. It was first founded and endowed for black monks, Benedictines, by King Athelstan, by way of atonement for having deprived his brother Edwin of his life and crown. For having a jealous eye upon this his half brother, lawful son and successor to King Edward the Elder, his suspicion, by the instigation of his followers, increased so much, that forgetting all justice and humanity, he caused the prince, accompanied with his little page, to be launched in a small boat, without tackle or furniture, into the sea, that the destructive waves might wash away his own guilt. In this helpless situation, Edwin, being distracted with grief, plunged headlong to meet his cruel fate. This fact was soon after sincerely repented of by the king, who, in order to offer some recompense for his guilt, and appease his innocent ghost, built this monastery of Milton, or Middleton, and so endowed it that it flourished in great wealth and abundance. He gave to it the manor of Olmiton in the island of Purbeck, at the south-east part of this county; which afterwards became the chief seat of the Warhams, descended from the same flock as William Warham, archbishop of Canterbury in Henry VIIIth's time. Caftoke near Chalmington was also given by Gervais de Newbury to this abbey; as was Frome Bellot, which William Beliot received of his master King William I. from whose posterity it came to the family of the Everards in Edward I.'s time, and Sir Edmund Everard dying without issue in time of Edward III. gave it to this abbey. This property afterwards was in the possession of John Gould. In 1340 this noble abbey was so consumed by fire that neither church nor bells escaped; yet it soon rose up again more fair than before, and so continued till the time of the dissolution, when Henry VIII. gave it to Sir John Tregonwell for his mansion; from whom it came by marriage to the Luttrells of Dunster-castle; and thence by sale to the Damers.

As
As we pass on, several gentlemen’s seats agreeably catch our attention; Stinsford, now inhabited by Mr. O’Brien, but which lately belonged, if not still, to the earl of Ilchester, and came to the Strangeways at least two centuries ago by the collateral of Stafford. About a mile farther on the same side, we have a pleasing view of Kingston, a large mansion surrounded with fine lawns and numerous plantations lately added by its present owner Mr. William Pitt descended from a younger branch of lord Rivers’s family. This estate came by an heiress from the ancient family of the Greys, (supposed to be a branch of the noble house of that name,) who acquired it in the time of Henry Vth. by marriage with the heiress of Sir Thomas Marward, whose ancestors had long owned it. The country from hence is mostly open and of a flinty stratum, appropriated to the growth of corn and feeding of sheep.

Next we pass through Piddleton, near which the earl of Oxford has a seat, just visible from the hill beyond the village; whence also you may catch a view of Dewlish-house, the seat of Mr. D. R. Mitchell. Milborne St. Andrew, the next village we pass, had the honour of giving birth to the famous John Morton, who being bred amongst the monks of Cerne abbey, near Frome, was first made bishop of Ely, and afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 1486. By his means principally, England owes her happiness of uniting the houses of York and Lancaster. A little beyond we pass on our right the noble place and park-ornaments with a fine obelisk, the ancient seat, and still the residence of Mr. E. Morton Pleydell, descended from the same family as the archbishop.

Passing through the village of Whitchurch we come to a long range of bleak hills and downs, which bring us suddenly upon the pleasant town of Blandford, situate on the river Stour, over which we cross a handsome bridge of six arches: from whence we have a delightful view of Bryanston, the elegant mansion of Mr. Portman, &c. A beautiful sweep or crescent of various foliage, called the cliff, hanging over the river, leads the eye gradually to the house, newly erected, which is a superb pile of Portland stone, suitable to the fortune of its owner, well known to eclipse most commoners or noblemen in England. This was anciently, in the time of Edward I. the seat of William de Echingham, in right of his wife Yura, daughter and heir of Rad. de Stopham, from whom it descended to Sir Allan de Blockhall, who held it in grand seigneur under this odd tenure, “that he should find a man to go before the king’s army forty days bareheaded and barefooted, in his shirt and linen drawers, holding in one hand a bow without a string, and in the other an arrow without feathers.” From him it came to the Rogers’s, men of ancient descent and great respect; in which family it continued till Sir William Portman purchased it, who left it to his adopted heir Henry Portman, in which family, as we before described, it now splendidly continues.

Blandford is a borough town, which gives name to one of the five divisions of this county, and being burnt down in 1731, rose like another phoenix from its ashes, with the handsome plume it now wears. The Marlborough family have their second title of marquis from this pleasant town.

The next morning, instead of continuing the great road to Salisbury, we deviated south-east to Winburn, for the purpose of visiting the Isle of Wight, Southampton,
and Portsmouth. The former part of the way is open, and arable land; the next, extensive sheep downs. On Badbury down, about two miles from Winburn, we saw on our left a mounted hill, now crowned with fins, which is remarkable for a treble rampart; where tradition says once stood a castle, the seat of the West-Saxon kings; which Camden observes was in his time so utterly decayed, that he saw not the least sign of it; probably therefore this was a summer station of the Roman legion, who are said to have had their winter station at Winburn; which is further confirmed from coins, urns, and a Roman sword dug up there, besides the traces of a foist-way leading from hence to Old Salisbury. We now arrived at this ancient town, (called by Antoninus in his itinerary, Vinoglaudia, signifying its situation between two rivers,) which the Britons called Glediau, or fwords. The present name is also taken from rivers, compounded of Win, or Vin, part of the old name, and Burn, the Saxon word for water or river. Minster was added to it from its monastery and church so called, built in 712 by Cuth-Burga, sister to Ina, king of the West-Saxons; which decaying, there arose in its place a new church with a fair vault under the choir, and a very high spire besides the steeple; which spire, its most beautiful ornament, was suddenly blown down in 1660, during morning service; the stones battered down all the lead, and broke much of the timber roof of the church, yet without any injury to the people. This ruin was again repaired with the church revenues, and the liberal assistance of Sir John Hanham, whose descendant, Sir William Hanham, baronet, still resides here. After the destruction of this monastery, prebendaries were introduced, and Reginald Pole made dean of it, who afterwards became cardinal and archbishop of Canterbury; adding, as Camden observes, the "reputation of piety, wisdom, and eloquence, to the quality of his race," for he was of the royal blood, by being son to Margaret Pole, countess of Salisbury, and daughter to George, duke of Clarence, brother to King Edward IV. The choir with four singing men, six boys, and an organ, are the only cathedral remains now in use. Those who are fond of ruminating upon the relics of the dead, may here find several monuments of consequence; particularly that of King Ethelred, one of the best of princes, who, being slain in a battle against the Danes at Wittingham, in the cause of religion and his country, obtained the surname of Martyr. Near this is the monument of Gertrude Blunt, daughter to William Lord Mountjoy, the great marchionesses of Exeter, and another of Edward Courtenay, the last earl of Devonshire of that family, from a branch of which is descended the present viscount Courtenay, of Powderham-castle, near Exeter. On the other side of the choir, lies John de Beaufort, duke of Somerset, with his wife, Margaret*, daughter and heir of Sir John Beauchamp of Bletch, whose daughter Margaret, countess of Richmond, and mother to King Henry VII. at this place built a free-school; the endowment of which has since been augmented by a great benefactor, Queen Elizabeth.

From hence we proceeded to Christ-church, with an additional horse (after the manner of a tandem,) whose alacrity gave a finer animation and zest to the spirits than if we always indulged in the rapidity of post-horses. From a gradual decrease of hills the two or three last stages, we now came into a perfect flat; and from a stratum of flint and hard roads, to an indifferent soil, and deep sands. The fields around are principally arable; and I observed several crops of buck-wheat, to be plowed in as manure; a mode of cultivation highly recommended in such a country. Turnips are produced here in great abundance.

*Whole picture we saw at Enmore-castle, in Somersetshire.
We now take leave of this county, and enter that of the rich and delightful Hampshire; and passing through this short uninteresting part, crosses the famous river Stour again at Ivy-bridge, where, having left his favourite county which he nearly besieged, from his source of six small fountains at Stourton in Wilts, (once the honour and seat of the barons of that name, * bearing for their arms these six fountains) he hasteth towards Chriftchurch, to pay that tribute, which he hath taken from other lesser rivers, to the great king of waters, the sea. Variety of fish are taken here in great plenty; and we had small turbot for dinner very cheap. This old town is neat and pleasant, now called Christchurch from its church so dedicated, but formerly Twinhamburn, from its situation between two rivers, which bears the name etymology as Winburn. In the time of the Saxons it was fortified with a castle, and adorned with an ancient church of prebendaries; which was in the reign of William Rufus restored by Ralph Flam bard, bishop of Durham, who had been dean of that church; and richly endowed by Richard de Rivers, earl of Devon, to whom King Henry I. gave this place in fee; and so continued in great repute till its fatal fall amidst the general wreck of monasteries. We visited these venerable walls; on the outside a lofty, stupendous pile, that bespoke a former magnificence within; as we entered, the devastations of time, and the iron hand of Cromwell were too evident. The roof is in a deplorable state; owing, as it is believed, to the falling in of a beautiful tower or spire which once adorned the external part. The choir is small but very handsome, particularly its altar-piece of stone, richly carved; the genealogy of our Saviour traced down from Jesse; at his head David; at his feet Solomon; the Virgin and child, with three wise men paying their offerings; the Shepherd with sheep, to whom the angels brought glad tidings; also the star that appeared above, where the young child was born. Here too more minutely we trace the plunderer's works; only nitches now remain, where once were large images of silver, &c. To the left of this their sacrilegious hands are still more visible, on that beautiful cenotaph built for the countess of Salisbury, who was most cruelly beheaded, at the age of 75 in the tower, being attainted for treason 31 Henry VIII. on the supposition that the insurrection about that time in Yorkshire, was through the instigation of the cardinal Pole, her son, and consequently this occasion was taken to cut her off; in whom determined the line of Plantagenet. The various arms and other devices, the order of the garter, &c. are terribly defaced, which when complete must have been beautiful; as the whole of this pure Gothic miniature now appears by far the best I ever saw, and universally admired.

The following copy of an original letter, in the library of the late Mr. Brander, of this place, which was sent to Oliver Cromwell by his men, will further elucidate what I have described; it says, "we have been into the chapel and found the countess of Salisbury's tomb, built of Caen stone from Normandy, which we have defaced; also some gold and silver cups, which will be useful and ornamental for your table." We ascended to the top of the tower and enjoyed a most delightful view of the surrounding sea, the Isle of Wight, and the Needles, which are immense rocks of chalk, hurled at some distance into the water.

Mr. Gilpin speaking of his disliking to white objects, says, "that nature never colours in this offensive way; and that the chalky cliff is the only permanent object of this kind, which she allows to be hers; and this seems rather a force upon her from the boisterous action of a furious element. But even here it is her constant endeavour to correct this's

* Now the seat of Mr. Hoare, and a place much admired.
offensive tint. She hangs her cliffs with sapphire and other marine plants; or she stains them with various hues, so as to remove, in part at least, the disgusting glare. The western end of the Isle of Wight, called the Needle-cliffs, is a remarkable instance of this. The rocks are in substance nearly resembling chalk; but nature has so reduced their unpleasant lustre, by a variety of chastising tints, that in most lights they have even a beautiful effect.

From hence we pursued our course to Lymington; the country is mostly flat and unpleasant; and nothing remarkable occurs except a modern large mansion, called Highcliff, built by the present Lord Bute. The medley of architecture is too profuse to be really handsome, yet at this distance it has a pleasing effect. The front to the sea is esteemed more beautiful, and the inside, though not often displayed, is very elegant, and ornamented with a singular fine collection of sea views, &c.

Lymington is a small maritime town, situate on the river, opposite the island, and is principally indebted to its populous condition from becoming a bathing and watering place. The rides and objects worthy notice are sufficiently variegated and alluring; but we had not an opportunity of indulging in these pleasures; eager now to cross to the Isle of Wight. About a mile from this place, nearer the water, Mr. Gilpin enjoys his elegant retirement of Vicar's-hill.

The weather was this morning particularly tempestuous, though without the least appearance of rain; we waited with anxious expectation till noon, for the arrival of the packet from Yarmouth, but in vain; no small boat could be procured as a safe and agreeable substitute, so we changed our plan, and continued by land to Southampton. We soon came upon that ground which under the oppression and tyranny of William the Conqueror, had suffered the most cruel devastations, for he destroyed all the towns, villages, and churches; and turning out the poor inhabitants, made a foref of wild beasts of 30 miles in circuit, called in that age the Ytene, now the New Forest; this he did either to make a more easy access for his Normans in case of any insurrections after his conquest, or to indulge himself in hunting, or to raise money by unjust means. For he, more merciful to beasts than mankind, laid the most severe penalties on those who should trespass on his game. But the divine vengeance seemed strongly to mark his impious projects; for Richard his second son, was killed by a wanton blast in this forest; William Rufus, his third son, was Fatally shot with an arrow by Walter Tyrrell; and his grandson Henry, by Robert, his eldest son, was, like Abalom, caught by the hair in the bushes, and left hanging till he perished. On the north side of this forest, near Malwood castle, still grows the oak on which Tyrrel's arrow glanced when he shot William Rufus, which was ordered by Charles II to be inclosed with pails. The story of its putting forth buds on Christmas-day, which wither again before night, may appear idle and superfluous to those who have not ocular demonstration; the latter part, indeed, I will not vouch for, but the former is unquestionably true, and I have seen as extraordinary an effect upon the Glastonbury thorn; the oak I have not seen, but I am contented with the evidence of a friend, whose veracity is in my mind equal to their sight. This gentleman was, a few years since called upon to determine a wager, that a leaf should be produced on Christmas-day, the size of a filbert; which he then gathered to the satisfactory determination of the bet. The forest is divided into nine walks, each of which has a keeper; and has two rangers or bow-bearers, and a lord-warden; which office, according to Leland, belonged by inheritance to the earls of Arundel; but is at present enjoyed by the Duke of Gloucester.

We passed through Lyndhurst, a small town of one principal street, with a variety of summer residences around it. The Duke of Gloucester has a pleasant seat here; and a little
little beyond the village on the left, we observed the seat and pleasure grounds of the late Sir Philip Jennings, bart.* and now inhabited by his widow. We proceeded through most delightful avenues, formed by the umbrageous arms of noble fons of the Forest. When we came upon the open plain again, the contrast was most severely felt. That driving wind which had at Lymington prevented our passage to the isle of Wight, now met us with all its embattled host upon these plains; and it was with the utmost difficulty we could gain ground. The volumes of dust which enveloped us on every side, almost obstructed our fight, and made us motionless. It was a confusion, however, to think we had not to contend with a more dangerous element. After these severe struggles we were surrounded with protecting inclosures, which soon led us through the extensive parish of Eling, and round the head of Southampton river. Near Eling is Poulton's, lately the favourite seat of the right hon. Hans Stanley, from whom it came to Mr. Wellbore Ellis, the present owner, who married his sister. It formerly belonged to a branch of the noble family of the Powletts, of this county. After making a considerable elbow amid delightful scenery, rich with country mansions, &c. we arrive at this delightful town, the seat of much pleasure, opulence, and commerce. The antiquity of Southampton can be no longer questioned, from the various Roman coins, vestiges of old walls, &c. that have been dug up around it; but various are the opinions of the origin of its name. Some deriving it from the Caesentum of Antonius, or from the ancient Tristan; the former signifying the Port Entum, and the latter the Bay of Anton. We may therefore with greater certainty subscribe to Camden, who rests upon the unquestionable authority of Domesday book, where the whole county is expressly called Hantcyre, or Hantnocyre, from Hanton, or Hampton; a name of pure Saxon origin. Whatever was its ancient condition, situation, or bounds, we are assured that it shared in the common miseries of the nation during the Danish wars, when old Hanton fell a prey to those destructive tyrants, A.D. 980. And in the time of William the conqueror, it appears from the expression of his own book, "that the king had in that town only, 80 men or tenants in demesne." Which, about 400 years ago, when king Edward III. and Philip of Valois, contended for the kingdom of France, was burnt by the French. Out of the ashes whereof there sprang up a more conveniently situated town, "that which now remains (as Camden says) between two rivers†; famous for the number and neatness of its buildings, for the richness of inhabitants, and resort of merchants; fortified with a double ditch, strong walls, with several battlements; and for a better defence to the harbour, there is a strong castle built of square stone, upon a high raised mount, by Richard II." This is now converted into a pleasure-house, whose windows and top command most delightful views.

Anecdotes of great men and popular fancies are handed down from mind to mind, and even lapped by the mouths of babes, till a confusion of times and places destroys their characteristic marks, and leaves nothing but an obscure senex or mere found. That famous one of Canute, King of England and Denmark, reproving a flattering courtier, who persuaded him that all nature would obey his royal will and pleasure, comes under this description, and is no doubt well known to all mankind, as the finest lesson to curb tyrann

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* His paternal estate was at Duddleston, in Shropshire; he took the name of Clerke and died about a year since, and his only son a few months after him, S. P. upon which the title became extinct.
† Itchin and Ites; the former, on the east side of the town, rises from two small lakes near Alresford, a market town situate in the east part of the county, and runs through Whiteclere; the latter rises near Baginton, in the north borders of the county and falls by Overton, famous for trout, through Whitechurch, and a chine another stream from Audover, runs through Stockbridge, Romley, &c. and enters the noble Southampton-water at Redbridge.
tyranny and pride; from him that sitteth on a throne to him who ruleth in a cottage. But when we are told that this is the place, the beach whereon we now walk, that gave rise to the admirable lesson and oratory; its value is doubly enhanced, and we reflect upon it with the highest pleasure. “When he came (says Henry of Huntingdon) to shore, he commanded a chair to be set for him and said to the flowing tide: “Thou art under my dominion, and the ground on which I set mine, nor did ever any disobey my commands with impunity, therefore I command thee not to come upon my ground, nor to wet the cloaths or the feet of me thy lord and master.” But the rude waves presently came up, and wet his royal feet; upon which he stepped back and said: “Let all the inhabitants of the world know, that the power of monarchs is a vain and empty thing, and that no one deserves the name of king, but he whose will, by an eternal law, the Heaven, Earth, and Sea obey.” Nor would he ever after suffer the crown to be put on his head, but cauized it to be placed on Chrift’s statue at Winchester. The strongest circumstantial evidence of this story may be gathered from the ancient coins of Cnut, which were afterwards stamped with a mitre on his head, or sometimes a cap or triangular covering.

The present state of Southampton is full as flourishing as in Camden’s time, though not perhaps from the same resources; its home trade and manufactures are at a low ebb; but its navigable mercantile is still very considerable with Portugal, and the Island of Jersey, Guernsey, &c. Its charming and healthful situation, goodness of buildings, &c. have of late years, made it the residence of many genteel and respectable families; and though sea-bathing and accommodations for that purpose are not in such perfection here as in many other places; yet the beauty of the surrounding country, the glorious appearance of the river wafting its borders and communicating with the delightful isle of Wight, together with numerous other objects of amusement and curiosity, make ample amends for those deficiencies, and render it a public place of the first fashion. High-street is remarkably handsome, and well paved. The gate-way leading into it, is a fine piece of architecture and in high preservation: after a display of genteel accommodations and other buildings, it winds in a pleasing curve, and terminates at the quay. Nor is it inferior to other public places, in assembly rooms, plays, and other modes of diversion. But to enter into the minutiae of them, or the surrounding places of delight, would be foreign to the purpose of a general tour. In the catalogue of religious and charitable foundations, in the five parishes, into which Southampton is at present divided, Holyrood church, as it is most attended, is worth mentioning, particularly for its monument to the memory of Hills Stanley, son to the late Hans Stanley, of Poulton’s, finished by the famous Rybrack, and her death thereof recorded by the poet Thomson, who also celebrates her loss most feelingly, in the Summer of his Seasons. St. Michael, All Saints, and the consolidated livings of St. Lawrence and St. John, are mostly old and inconsiderable. But St. Mary’s having been destroyed by fire, is re-built modern, and is in the gift of the bishop of Winchester, and valued at 1000l. per ann. The hospital of God’s house is a very ancient establishment, founded by one Roger Hampton, according to a charter in the Monasticon of Edward III. but without date. It consists at present of a warden, four old men, and old women, who are allowed two shillings a week. We will omit the rest as inconsiderable, to give some account of the objects worth notice in this vicinity.

Nectelewe, Lettele, Netley, Edwardlow, or De loco Sancti Edwardi, juxta Southampton, is pleasantly situated, in the parish of Hound, on the eastern bannks of the Southampton river, about two miles below that town. According to Godwin and Leland, it was founded by Petro de Rupibus, who died 1253; but Dugdale and Tanner attribute
it to Henry III., "who," says the latter, "A.D. 1239, founded an abbey for Cistercian monks from Beaujeu, and commanded it to St. Mary and St. Edward. About the time of the dissolution, here was an abbot and twelve monks; whose possessions were then valued, according to Dugdale, at 100l. 12s. 8d. but according to Speed, at 150l. 2s. 9d. The estate was granted by Henry VIII., to Sir William Paulet." About the middle of the 16th century, it was the seat of the earl of Hertford: and afterwards was fitted up and inhabited by an earl of Huntingdon, who, as tradition says, converted part of the chapel into a kitchen and other offices; still reserving the east end for sacred uses. In the year 1700 it came into the possession of Sir Berkeley Lucy, who sold the materials of the chapel to one Taylor, a carpenter, of Southampton, who took off the roof, which till that time was entire. It afterwards belonged to Henry Clif, esq., who sold it to Mr. Dummer, in whose family it remains. The view of part of the chapel, (which was built in the form of a cross) taken, in 1761, by Mr. Grose, to whom I am indebted for this account, annexed to his work, shews it was an elegant building, though now greatly defaced. There are likewise (he says) remains of the refectory and kitchen: the whole is overgrown with ivy, and interspersed with trees, as to form a scene, inspiring the most pleasing melancholy.

Having thus given its history and condition, let me now add that inimitable description of Mr. Gray, in his letter to Mr. Nichols, (p. 380.)

"The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past, the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window: the town clean and well built, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers and gate-ways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view, till it joins the British channel; it is skirted on either side with gently rising grounds, clothed with thick wood, and directly on its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight, at distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profligate eyes) lie hid the ruins of Nettley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbey is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shadow of those old trees, that bend into an half circle about it, he is walkingslowly (good man) and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile, that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks, that mark the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for an holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening for the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him, that had thrown that dislocation in his way? I should tell you, the ferry man, who rowed me, a lanky young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey (there were such things seen in it) though there was a power of money hid there."

What befell the two unfortunate contractors of the name of Taylor, in plundering this abbey of its materials, those who are fond of dreams, apparitions, and second sights, will find an extraordinary account of, in Browne Willis's Mitred Abbeys."

As modern objects of sight, Bellevue and Bevis Mount, situate close adjacent on the road to Winchester, merit the first attention; the former was built by Mr. Nathaniel St. André, now the property of Mr. Chambers, a minor, and inhabited by Admiral King."

P. 205 and 6, vol. ii. &c.
The latter was the seat and favourite residence, during the latter part of his life, of the late general Sir John Mordaunt, K. B. so beloved for his vivacity and hospitality. I think I have heard, it had been before the habitation, in his old age, of his uncle, the famous general, Charles, Earl of Peterborough*, the friend of Pope and Swift, with whose character and whose letters, in the well-known correspondence of those great geniuses, we are so delighted. Upon the death of Sir John, it came to his cousin, the present earl of Peterborough, who sold it to Mr. Sotheby. On the right of Itchin is South Stoneham, the seat of Mr. Hans Sloane, who is next in succession after the present possessor, to the estates of Mr. Hans Stanley, of Poulton. About two miles farther is North Stoneham, the seat of Mr. Fleming, member for Southampton, whose family have possessed it many years. Near this place is a very curious manufactory of blocks for pulleys, used in ships, &c. Those, which before were only made by hand, are here entirely formed by machinery, in a manner no where else known or practised.

Thus far having noticed the chief beauties round Southampton, let us now proceed to scenes still more beautiful, if possible, and as nothing is lovely, nothing engaging, in the absence of nature’s painting orb, we had no cause to complain on that account. The morning was all glorious, and the steady gale auspicious, when we took early passage in one of those excellent vessels, called the mail packet, to the Isle of Wight. Those who are fond of water excursions, cannot fail to be greatly pleased with this, where the river and the land continually conspire to delight us with a diversity of prospects. As we sailed along, the water was, in some places, almost covered with wild fowl, in others stove and with the bvy groups of fishing boats. About eight miles down we were pleased with the view of Cadlands, the elegant sea of Mr. Drummond, charmingly peeping from amidst the graceful foliage of the New-forest.

A little lower, on the opposite shore, on our left, stands Hook, the large but singularly built house of governor Hornby; after having been twice burnt, it was finished about three years since, according to the same plan as the Governor’s at Madras. The noble yacht belonging to this gentleman we also saw, which is esteemed the finest on the seas; but he had the misfortune to have all its men pressed in the last war. Below this to the right, on a narrow neck of land, which stretches out considerably into the river, stands a pretty strong fort, called Calshot Castle; this was built by Henry VIII. to secure the entrance of the river. Great additions have been since made, and a garrison is constantly kept, under the command of a governor, who has in it some excellent apartments, and from the privileges in the New-forest, enjoys a very liberal income. Adjacent to this the honourable Temple Luttrell has erected a lofty tower, which is called his folly; but notwithstanding its fantastical shape, I am told the inside is admirable, and the outside is surrounded with Turkish tents very curious, into which you enter by subterraneous passages; the expense of this singular place was very great. We now rushed forward into that pleasant circular ocean which surrounds the island. The gale was brisk, and the wave, to the ideas of landmen, appeared rolling high; but divested of fear no motion is more delightful. After an agreeable sail of about 16 miles, in about two hours, and at the small expense of fivepence, we arrived at West Cowes, a considerable harbour and a place of trade; situated at the mouth of Newport river, to guard which is another castle and garrison, built by Henry VIII. and opposite to this was another at East Cowes, but now demolished. A translation from Leland, speaks of them thus:

- "The two huge Cowes that bellow on the shore,
  Shake east and west, with their tremendous roar,
- He died at Lisbon October 25, 1735, aged 77, and was great-grandfather of the present Earl."
They guard fair Newport, and the lofty isle,
From fierce invaders, and their cruel spoil."

After breakfast we proceeded to Newport, which stands almost in the centre of the island; the road is a gradual ascent; the river winding near it to the left, affords a pleasing view, and the country, mostly arable, looks fertile. About a mile from Newport we pass a large house of industry, erected for the maintenance and employment of the poor in general, which is capable of containing 700 persons. The garden that surrounds it, is divided into numerous little allotments, which bespeak comfort to those industrious owners, who by their little manufactures there established, ease the community of a considerable burden.

Before we proceed, let us add some general remarks of this island, and a short sketch of its history. By the Romans it was called Vecla, by the Britons Guith, and the Saxons Wise, from whence we derive its present name. Vespasian subjected this isle to the Roman empire in the reign of Claudius. Cerdicus, the founder of the West Saxons, was also the first that brought it under subjection to that nation. With them it continued till about 652, when it underwent several other changes. About the year 1070, William Fitz-Osborne then marshal of England and earl of Hereford, conquered this island, and became first lord of it. It was soon after his death seized into the king's hands, but it continued not long in the crown, for King Henry I. gave it to Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devon, who was succeeded by his son Baldwin, and here it continued through several generations, till Baldwin 5th, dying without issue, his sister Isabel became his heir, who being married to William de Fortibus earl of Albemarle, was lady of this island. Her three sons dying in her lifetime, she was prevailed upon (or as Mr. Camden says, constrained by much difficulty) to sell this manor and that of Christ Church, to King Edward I. for 6000 marks, paid by the king's receivers, 1261; after this island had been in the family of the Rivers 170 years. This island has several times suffered by the invasions of the French, particularly in the 1st of Richard II. when they landed August 21, burnt several towns, and laid siege to Careby castle, but the defence of Sir Hugh Tyrell, then governor, made them contented to return with a compromise from the islanders of 1000 marks. Again, in the years 1403, 1545, &c. they made other bold attempts to conquer this island, but without success. Thus having continued near 200 years in the crown, it was at length advanced to the title of a kingdom, about 1445, by Henry VI. who having created Henry Beauchamp, first premier earl of England, then duke of Warwick, lastly crowned him King of this island with his own hands. But this did not long continue, for he dying without male issue, it again returned to the crown, in which it reigned 44 years, till Edward IV. who succeeded Henry, made his father-in-law, Richard Woodville, lord of Wight. After this, history is almost silent till King Charles I. informed of the cruel designs of the parliament army, made his escape from Hampton-court, and retired to the Isle of Wight under the care of Colonel Hammond, then governor of Careby Castle, who conducted his majesty to that place, November 14, 1647, to remain there till further orders. The sequel of his unhappy fate is too black and too well known to need any further description.

Having thus far given its history, let us now speak more minutely of its nature. Its form is almost oval; measuring from east to west 23 miles, and from north to south 15; it contains about 100,000 acres of very fertile arable land, and much pasture for sheep; and its inhabitants are computed to be about 20,000. The air is esteemed very salubrious, and on the south side particularly soft and agreeable. The river Mede, running from north to south, divides it into two hundreds, called East and West-

Medine,
Medine, which contains 30 parishes or upwards. The principal of these is Newport, which we now visited; its streets are square, nearly paved, and houses well built; it is governed by a mayor, aldermen, &c. and sends members to parliament. From hence we walked to inspect the noble ruins of Carefbrook castle; the sun shone delightfully, and the climate was sensibly different from that we had felt in the morning; the scenery around was very agreeable; but in this part there is a want of wood; the soil abounds with chalk. We inspected the castle, and were much gratified. This castle is situated on an eminence about a mile south of the town of Newport, and overlooks the village of Carefbrook. Here was, it is said, a castle or fort, built by the Britons, and repaired by the Romans, when this island was subdued by Vespasian, A. D. 45, in the reign of the emperor Claudius. This was afterwards rebuilt by Wightgar, the Saxon, who, according to Stowe, was king of the island about 519; he called it Wight Garibourg; of which Carefbrook is supposed to be a corrupted contraction. This building again falling to decay, either through length of time, or some other means, was a second time re-edified in the reign of Henry I. by Richard de Rivers, earl of Devon; and Camden says it was once more magnificently re-built by the Governor of the island. Some great repairs were done here by Queen Elizabeth. In a shield over the outer gate, there is the date 159, (the remaining figure is so overgrown with ivy, as to be rendered illegible) beneath this are the initials E. R. and under them the figures 40. Perhaps the built this gate, as the outer-works have a more modern appearance than the other parts of this edifice. The walls of the ancient part of the castle enclose a space whose area is an acre and half; its shape that of a right-angled parallelogram, with the angles rounded off; the greatest length is from east to west. The entrance is on the west side over a bridge, on a curtain, between two bastions; then through a small gate, over which is the inscription before cited; from this, by a passageway, on each side an embattled wall, and under a very handsome machicolated gate flanked with two round towers. The old door is still remaining; it is formed of strong latticework, having at each croffing, a piece of iron kept down by a large nail. On the right is a small chapel with a burial ground, walled in; over the door is carved G. II. 1738; and on the east end is a stone tablet, shewing that it was repaired during the government of lord Lymington: at present there is no service in it. It is said that there is a farm in the island, the tythes of which, amounting to 12l. per annum, belong to this chapel; the castle itself constituting the parish of St. Nicholas. Further on, on the north side, are several ruins of low buildings, said to be those where Charles I. was confined; and in one of them is shewn the window through which he attempted his escape. Beyond these are the barracks and governor's house, called the Keep-house; in which are many handsome rooms. On the north-east angle, on a mount raised considerably above the other buildings, stands the Keep; it is an irregular polygon; the way to it is by an ascent of 72 steps, and in it are three more. From this place there is a most extensive prospect; the sea being visible to the north, east, and south, but hid on the west by a hill. Here was formerly a well, said to be 300 feet deep; but it is now filled up with rubbish. In the south-east angle stand the remains of another tower, called Mountjoy's tower; its walls are, in some places, 18 feet thick. These towers have the appearance of much greater antiquity than the other buildings of the castle. The old castle is included within a more modern fortification; probably built by Queen Elizabeth; it is an irregular pentagon, faced with stone, and defended by five bastions, on the outside of which runs a deep ditch: the north curtain, perhaps on account of its

† This account is from Grose.
length, has a break in the middle, to make a flank. Several guns are mounted on this work, near a mile and half in circumference.

We now returned to Newport, and from thence proceeded towards the eastern side of the island. The roads, considering there are no turnpikes, are mostly good, being formed at the expense of every householder paying two shillings annually, or finding two days labour; and all people of property in proportion. Ascending gradually about two miles from Newport, we had a charming view down the meandering river; the face of the country began to wear a more rich aspect, as we were surrounded with fine woods. On our right we leave Ash Down, on the highest part of which is a pyramid of flint, twenty feet high, erected by the crown, as a mark for ships coming into St. Helen's or Spithead. We now passed through a beautiful bower of oaks and trees of various sorts, called Firestone coppice, which abound with all kinds of game, besides being of high ornament to this situation. After this we arrived at Ride Quay, without much further observation, having only in this excursion taken a transient glance, rather than a survey of this sweet island: but sufficient however to convince us both of its natural and improved excellence. The wind was rather too opposite to permit our passage directly to Portsmouth, which was the next object of our pursuit, so we landed, after a rough sail, at Stoke Bay, walking from thence to Gosport, much amused with the vast buildings on our right, for the charitable support and accommodation of sick or wounded seamen and marines belonging to the royal navy. This noble hospital is situated at the west entrance into the harbour, on a dry gravelly soil, within 400 yards of the water, and surrounded with an airing ground near a mile in circumference, inclosed with a wall 12 feet high. On a pediment in the front are various ornament sculptured in Portland stone; the most applicable and worth mentioning, is Navigation leading one hand on a ship's rudder, and pouring balm with the other, from a viol, on a wounded sailor. Over the centre is a large hall, 100 feet long, and 50 broad, where the recovering patients dine. The wards are all uniform, 60 feet long, and 20 broad, and each have apartments adjoining for nurses, with every convenience of water, &c. that conduces to cleanliness and health. This elegant building was begun in 1746, at the earnest recommendation of Lord Sandwich, and finished in 1762. As we enter Gosports, which is a busy and considerable place, the fortifications and king's brewery are objects most striking. At the end of these streets, we cross the passage in a wherry, to another handsome street called the Point, which leads to a draw-bridge and gate into Portsmouth town; where we now retired to an excellent inn, the George, and remained there during these inquiries.

Portsmouth is situated in the island of Portsea, east of that noble harbour, which at high water spreads the redundancy of the sea several miles to Porchester, formerly Port Peris, where tradition says, Vespasian, first arrived: here forming several little isles, Pewit, Horsey, &c. it encompasseth about 24 miles of this flat country, named the Island of Portsea, by a narrow creek at the northern extremity uniting with a large expanse, again called Langston haven. The ancient castle of Porchester is still remaining at the head of the harbour; from whence, as the sea retiring from this shore, made it less commodious, our ancestors removed to the entrance or mouth of the harbour; from whence called Portsmouth. Though Camden speaks in the highest terms of this place, (particularly of the walls, forts, &c. made by King Edward IV. and Henry VII.) which (he says) "within our memory, Queen Elizabeth, at a great expense has fortified by new works, that nothing seems now wanting to make it a most complete fortification." Yet what a wonderful change is here wrought since his time, both as to the extent, strength, and magnificence of the land fortifications, as well
well as those nobler bulwarks, the royal navy, and other requisites, and ornaments belonging to marine affairs. The genius of England was too unbounded ever to rest below the highest attainment of human perfection; ever soaring above the rest of the world in the business of commerce, or the arts of war: and through the vast growth of naval action, this is become the principal chamber for these royal stores in this our superior kingdom. And though every port has had its proportionable encrease, yet what a disparity may we observe in comparing the different states of the royal navy, in Camden's time; that of his learned editor; and at this day. Nor is the disparity of these circumstances more striking, than in the appearance of the town itself, which, from the simple account of our fine old author, who says, "It has a church of good ancient work, and an hospital (which they call God's house) founded by Peter de Rupibus, bishop of Winchester," is now, from the great increase of business and confluence of people, swelled into the size and magnificence of a modern city; so that the walls, not able to contain a further enlargement, have discharged the great surplus into two noble suburbs to the west and north, named the Point, and the Common, so called from its healthy situation; both of which are large, populous, and handsome; but the latter, from its immoderate increase, soon promises to out-do both in size and beauty the great town itself; this too on reasonable grounds, being free from the laws of garrison, town and corporation duties, &c. So that the idea of Camden is now totally subverted, or eclipsed, where he says, "Portsmouth is populous in time of war, but not so in time of peace; and seems more inclined to the arts of Mars and Neptune, than of Mercury." Surely it may now be said, that the common business of this place creates more life and action, under the soft olive branch of peace, than was then seen beneath the boisterous banner, and the roaring clarion of war.

Having thus far premised in a general account, we will now proceed to describe particulars, in the order which we saw them. October 11, fair and pleasant, we walked to the Common, where we first inspected the gun-yard, a place of great curiosity and entertainment. The different sized guns, shot, and other implements of war, are here piled up in the most neat and exact order imaginable. We saw likewise nine of the guns that were recovered from the Royal George. From hence we continued along this new part of the town, which soon led us to the Dock-yard, where, by sending a proper request to the Commissioners, and inquiring our names and places of abode, &c. in a book, according to the usual and necessary form, we were civilly attended round this immense and important place, which is like another town within its walls, consisting of innumerable score-houses; large rows of handsome dwellings for the principal officers; particularly a spacious and elegant one for the Commissioner; a noble academy for the instruction of youth, intended for the navy, and a neat modern chapel, in which is hung the bell that belonged to the Royal George. But the principal objects worth the notice of a traveller are the rope-houset and the anchor-forge. The former consists of three rooms, one over the other, 870 feet long. In the upper ones they were with great quickness and ingenuity spinning the hemp and preparing the threads; while below they were uniting the different parts into one immense whole, called a cable, which process is so very difficult and laborious as to require the efforts of near 100 men to complete it. The perspective seen from one end of this room, while they are working at the other, is very striking and curious. While we were thus filled with admiration and astonishment at this immense pile and its operations, we were equally surprized to reflect on the villainy of Jack the Painter, who now hangs in chains on the Gosport side of the harbour, for having in 1777, most daringly set fire to it; but providentially his deep laid scheme was in a great measure frustrated, by it's breaking out prematurely in the day instead of the
the night, and the wind driving towards the water, which prevented a similar havock to what this yard suffered, July 3, 1762; when, as it was believed by lightening, which was that day terrible, many warehousés were consumed, with the losés of 1050 tons of hemp, 500 of cordage, and 700 sails, besides many hundred barrels of tar, oil, &c. We next observed the several large ships under repair in the docks, and the numbers that now lay in the harbour, which from hence was a glorious sight. Our guide particularly pointed out to us the Royal William, as being the oldest now in the navy, and of most excellent construction, strong enough at present for any common service; which validity must be owing to the method then in use of seafaring their planks by fire, a practice in these days esteemed too wasteful for the scarcity of timber, and instead of which the art of boiling, not half so durable, is substituted.

Having so far satisfied our curiosity, and seen the superior excellence of this place over Plymouth, except in wet and dry docks, which, the different nature of the stratum in which they are formed, will not allow; we now proceeded to walk round the fortifications, garrisons, &c. that so wonderfully adorn and strengthen this town. The vast additions within these few years under the direction of the duke of Richmond, are very strong and beautiful; but whether or not they are likely to answer the enormous expense of Government, is not our business to determine; nor do I wish ever to see them greatly put to the trial. Various are the opinions and conjectures on this subject; but the strongest objection seems to be that, of having placed those on the north side too near the town, so that the enemy, if landed, might approach near enough to throw their destructive shells, &c. over, on the town and docks.

After dinner we went aboard the Bafleur lying in the harbour, which afforded us much amusement and instruction, besides the pleasure of calling to mind that glorious action on the 12th of April, when amongst the rest of our captures from the French, she received the vanquished colours of the Ville-de-Paris, under the command of Lord Rodney, and her immediate excellent admiral Sir Samuel Hood. She is an excellent ship of 90 guns, and three decks, the handiwork and most complete man of war here in commission. The fight was truly novel and pleasing, particularly in the lower deck, amidst a crowd of 3 or 400 men, women, and children enlivening the scene with their various culinary, and other occupations, and amusements. The cleaning out the large soup coppers was very entertaining; for this purpose two men were naked in the infire, scrubbing away with great labor, in a situation necessarily very hot from the close adjacent fire. The cock-pit underneath this belongs to the midshipmen, and a most terrible birth it is, entirely below the surface of the water, and secluded from every ray of light, or breath of air, 'save what the faint candles and small orifice of a low door will admit. This surely in hot climates must be intolerable, and one would wonder how even second nature can reconcile it. Well may these inferior officers be fighting and hoping for an active war, that may either provide them with a glorious death, or reward their courage and endeavours with a superior station. The admiral's cabin is in the middle deck, made in every respect handsome and agreeable; besides the comfort of being less liable to noise and motion than above or below. In the upper deck are the mess-room and births for the lieutenants, &c. and a shew-room, in which is displayed a neat armory, in miniature; this is under the care and management of the first lieutenant, who has his birth here. The guns which stand in the port holes of each deck have been lately improved with Sir Charles Douglas's invention of a lock to fire them with, instead of the old method of a match: by which means the man who performs this part in an action is less liable to the danger of the gun's recoiling, or the ball of an enemy through
through the port-hole; as the swivel used to the trigger admits his standing on one side to draw it. The view from the quarter deck was enchanting; surrounded with innumerable objects of a similar kind; 50 sail of the line from 74 guns to 100, besides every possible variety of inferior sizes; such a collection as no one part of the whole world can shew besides. While to the south, half way across to the Isle of Wight, Spithead displayed other vast ships nobly to our delighted eye, near which we could plainly distinguish the three masts of the unfortunate Royal George rising several feet above the water, the body being buried below.

In our return to shore we rowed down the harbour to inspect a new vessel, called the Owers Light-house, just arrived from London. This is upon a new construction, a floating light; a vessel to carry 20 men; from the centre rises a strong mast with an immense globular frame of glass on the top, which contains many lamps similar to the light-house on Eddystone rock, and those on the west end of Portland Island. This curious vehicle is going immediately to be stationed at the Owers, a dangerous heap of rocks a few leagues south-east of Portsmouth, the terror of mariners, and which our boatman complained "had made his heart ache many a time."

The evening was calm and clear, and Cynthia's silver lamp hung splendid in the sky. We strolled upon the beach, and while the thousand pennants hung glimmering in the air, the martial music from the ships swelled on our enraptured ear, till the hour of eight was signalized by the great gun of Edgar, then in command; which was echoed by lesser firings far and near. The effect was to us quite new and delightful, and is regularly practised six months in the year precisely at this hour, and the other six at nine o'clock; also at sun-rise each morning.

We left Portsmouth early the next morning, and found great comforts in a post chaise, it being intensely cold. We proceeded at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, and passed by the barracks, and over Port bridge, having Portchester castle on our left. Here we quitted this tide-girt island, and ascending Portdown-hill, had a glorious retrospect of Portsmouth, the well-stored harbour, Gosport, and the Isle of Wight, rising very distinctly across the sea. As we descended from this summit, the change of country was very striking; from open hills of chalk, to thick inclosures of woods and pastures. Leave on our left Southwick, famous for the marriage of King Henry VI., with Margaret of Anjou. It was from the reign of Elizabeth the seat of the Norton's, the lair of whom dying in 1732, left by an extraordinary will, his real estate of 6000L. a year, and a personal one computed at 60,000L. to the poor, hungry, thirsty, naked, and strangers, sick and wounded, and prisoners, to the end of the world, appointing parliament his executors, and in case of their refusal the bishops; leaving all his pictures and other moveables to the king. This was carried with it such evident marks of infamy, that it was soon after set aside. Upon this act it came to the Whiteheads of Norman court in this county, and from them to the Thistlethwaites, and is now possessed by a descendant, the present member for the county.

We now passed the village of Purbeck, and saw on our right Purbeck house belonging to Mr. Taylor, a minor. From hence we approach the forest of Bear, a large tract of woodland. Pass through the village of Hamden, beyond which the country changes to extensive downs, the road winding through a deep vale, surrounded with noble hills of verdure, heaped in various forms; while the sheepy flocks, that stray along their sides, with each a shepherd, with his crook and dog, made the scene truly Arcadian. The next summit opens a rich vale of inclosures, arable and pasture, very similar to the Chiltern country in Bucks. Descending now towards Petersfield we pass
on our left Mapledurham, an ancient house and manor, belonging to Mr. Gibbon the historian, (whose father was M. P. for Petersfield) now let for the purpose of a boarding school.

Petersfield is a borough and market town, remarkable for nothing but its genial situation, in a rich amphitheatre, surrounded by bold waving hills. Here we left the great London road, and turning to the left towards Alton, ascended an immense hill, called Stoner, clothed with much wood and full of chalk, very little inferior in length and steepness to the famous chalk hill in Bedfordshire. The summit affords a prospect of the scene below, and all the fine swells to the south and west, and an extensive view into Sussex. This part of the county is very superior to the rest, and scarcely inferior to the beauties of Devonshire and Dorsetshire. Passing from hence over a large open tract, we leave the village of Selborn on our right, where resides the Rev. Gilbert White, who has lately published a very delightful Natural History and Antiquities of that place. We now came into the Gosport road, amidst inclosures of arable and pasture, and passing by Chawton, the seat of Mr. Knight, soon arrive at Alton.

Alton is a small market town, situate on the rivulet Wey, in its course to Farnham, Guildford, and other parts of Surrey, where accumulating into a considerable river it discharges itself into the Thames at Weybridge. Here is a manufacture of corded fluffs, serge de nims, &c. and around the town are excellent hop grounds, whose crops were now just gathered in. In the evening which was charming we proceeded on the Farnham road, through the village of Bentley, amidst a profusion of cultivation inclosed with the finest quick-hedges I ever saw, some near twelve feet high and beautifully formed. On the left is Froyle place the seat of Sir Thomas Miller, bart. an ancient-looking house newly repaired and the grounds much improved. On the right, amidst an abundance of foliage, called Holt Forest, is Holt Lodge, the seat of Lord Stawell. The house is very moderate, and only a leasehold under the Crown.

In this county we continued some weeks, amongst friends, whose social sympathy and liberal accommodations, enlivened the scenes we visited, and otherwise forwarded our pursuits. I shall therefore proceed to describe this part of the country in the most convenient order, without regard to dates or seasons.

We first visited Ewhat, the seat of Henry Maxwell, esq. which is the manor house of a considerable hamlet, of the very large parish of Cunard. Here has been very anciently a seat, which is supposed to have been from early times the residence of the Giffords, one of whom was sheriff of this county, 11 Hen. VI. and another 20 Elizabeth. By some notices in the parish register, it appears that there was a park belonging to it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the boundaries of which are now to be traced, or remembered by some of the old inhabitants of the parish. Its domains, and the distant scenery surrounding it, are peculiarly adapted to the recreations of retirement. The soft gradations of variegated wood in the front view, with the Gothic arch in Dogmersfield park, "bathed high in tufted trees," are very beautiful. The effect of autumn on this scene during a season of the loveliest sun-shine imaginable, often reminded me of the following exquisite lines by Thomson:

"Those virgin leaves, of purest vivid green,
Which charm'd ere yet they trembled on the trees,
Now cheer the sober landscape in decay:
The lime first fading; and the golden birch,
With bark of silver hue; the moss grown oak,
Tenacious of its leaves of ruffet brown;
The eufangum'd dogwood; and a thousand tints
Our next excursion was to Farnham, a neat market town, on the edge of Surrey; it consists of one broad street, famous once for a large corn-market, but now for the vast produce of the finest hops in England, whose quality is greatly heightened by the care and art used in drying and bagging. In this place it was, that about the year 893, King Alfred defeated the Danes; and afterwards, when King Stephen had granted leave to build castles, Henry of Blois, his brother, bishop of Winchester, erected a strong castle upon the side of the hill near the town, which Henry III. demolished; afterwards it was rebuilt by the bishop of the diocese, and is now enjoyed by the hon. Brownlow North, whose great improvements since his promotion to this see, we had now the opportunity of inspecting. The entrance is very magnificent, and the tower lofty and perfect. In the inside is a display of several excellent rooms; the hall is spacious and handsome, and surrounded with large galleries; it has been newly ornamented, and only wants now a marble floor to make it quite noble. The dining room is nothing remarkable, but the drawing room is admirable; about 48 by 30, and just finished in the most elegant style. The chapel is very neat and suitable. From the library the prospect over the town, the surrounding hop-grounds, and the two large hills called Crooksbury and Hinde-head, is very pleasing. Hinde-head is situate on the borders of Sussex, and commands a view of nine counties. We now ascended the most ancient part of this building called Jay’s tower; on the top of which is a complete garden, rich in itself and in the view it commands, particularly ten acres of pleasure ground and park, in which is a most noble avenue of elms, and on the left a superb green-house, full of very rare and costly plants, all lately inclosed with forest trees, &c. As botany is the principal delight of the family, we were amused with several very curious nurseries of the choicest collection; and the neat little flower garden of Mrs. North exceeds every thing of the kind I have ever seen. Farnham being the residence of an excellent painter, Mr. Elmer, whose pencil for many years has adorned the Royal Exhibition with birds and game, we had the pleasure to inspect his rooms, which are replete, not only with capital performances of his own, but also several admirable pictures of the best masters. Without any opportunity of artfully awakening his natural genius, this painter has arrived at the summit of his line; and I think his fifth are inimitable.

From hence we visited More-Park, formerly the seat of Sir William Temple, and the place of entertainment to the famous Dean Swift, whence he so often dedicates his lays to Stella. It is situated in a pleasant valley, about two miles south-east of Farnham, and was esteemed once beautiful; a few years since it was refitted and adorned for the residence of the duchess of Athol, but the not admiring it long, the premises, now the property of Mr. Bacon, are suffered to fall to ruin. In the corner of the old park, under a cliff by the river side, is a curious natural grotto, called Mother Ludoe’s Hole. The entrance of this cavern is spacious and lofty, and gradually decreases to a narrow passage, terminating with a source of a clear rill, which issues forth through a decayed pavement, and falls into the opposite stream. The cold collations and parties of pleasure which formerly visited this place in the summer season, are now no more, and the whole looks melancholy and deserted.

Passing from hence by a mill,* and under a grove of oaks, we approach the small ruins of Waverly abbey, built by William Gifford, bishop of Winchester, for Cistercian monks, commonly called White monks; which abbey being a grandchild (as they
term ed it) from Cisterc in Burgundy, was so fruitful here in England, that it was mother of Gerondon, Ford, Tame, &c. and grandmother to Borde sley, Biddleston, Bruc, Bindon, and Dunkefwell; for so religious orders used to have their pedigrees as a deduction of colonies out of them. The Cistercians were likewise produced from the Benedicitrones; they were so called from Cifertium, or Cifteaux, in the bishopric of Chalons in Burgundy, where they had their beginning in 1098; being instituted by one Robert, who had been an abbot of Molesme, in that province; from which he, with twenty of his religious, had withdrawn, on account of the wicked lives of his monks. But they were brought into repute by Stephen Harding, an Englishman, their third abbot, who gave them some additional rules to those of St. Benedict: these were called Charitatis Chartae, and confirmed in 1107, by pope Urban II. Stephen is therefore by some reckoned their principal founder. They were also called Bernardines, from St. Bernard, abbot of Clerival, or Clarivaux, in the diocese of Langros, about 1116, and who himself founded 160 monasteries of this order. Sometimes they were styled White monks, from the colour of their habit; which was a white callock, with a narrow scapulary, and over that a black gown when they went abroad; but a white one when they went to church; (they pretending that the Virgin Mary appeared to St. Bernard, and commanded him to wear, for her own sake, such white cloaths.) Their monasteries were very numerous, generally built in solitary uncultivated places, and all dedicated to the holy Virgin. This order came over in 1128, and had their first house at Waverly, in Surrey, and before the dissolution had 85 houses here.*

On the site of this stands a large modern mansion, consisting of a body ornamented with a double flight of steps and pilasters. The wings appear double, and are extended some distance from the house. It was built by the late Sir Robert Rich, and now inhabited by Dr. Boott, a fortunate divine, who married his only daughter.

Another charming day we left Farnham on our right to inspect the large remains of an encampment, situate on the north side of Law-day hill, so called from a house of that name, where a court is held for the bishop’s manor. The form of it is circular, and therefore I imagine Saxon, though tradition says Julius Cæsar had a station here. It is surrounded by a double fos for the south, and strongly fortified by an abrupt precipice towards the north. The view from hence being very extensive, was proper to command the motions of an enemy. This heath, soon uniting with Bugshot, they extend together near 30 miles.

Our next excursion was in a contrary direction towards the small town of Odiam. On our way we passed through Dogmar’s field-park, the seat of Sir Henry St. John, bart. The house is by no means a pleasing object, a flat mass of heavy building, not very modern, nor of sufficient antiquity to be curious. The park, however, has many beauties; is well stocked with deer, and affords excellent shady rides. To the north, where seems a great want of wood, stands a large Gothic arch of curious workmanship; which is a much finer object from the windows at Euftot, above described, than to its own mansion. There are several similar objects about the west end of the park, and a noble sheet of water; but the most delightful of all, are the groups of oaks, hawthorns, and other suitable plantations, which intersect this part of the park in various informal avenues, &c. Without these walls a similar scene continues along Rye common to Euftot, where we had the satisfaction to observe an excellent new road,

* Grose’s Antiquities, preface, p. 40.
intended I believe for a turnpike, in great forwardness. Odiam, though now a poor looking place, was formerly a free borough of the bishop of Winchester's, and noted for its royal palace; the traces of these walls are still visible. About a mile to the northward of the town, and near the river are situated the ruins of the old castle. When, or by whom it was built, does not appear. In the reign of King John, it belonged, with the town, to the bishop of Winchester; but was afterwards, as appears by a manuscript catalogue of the records in the tower made by Vincent the herald, now in the library of the College of Arms, granted by Henry IV., together with the manor and liberty, to the lord Beaumont for his life; and in the reign of Edward III. leased to Sir B. Brocas, for 5l. per annum. Matthew Paris mentions a gallant defence made here, 1216, by only three officers and ten soldiers, against a French army, furnished with the warlike machines of those times necessary for sieges, and commanded by Lewis, the Dauphin of France. "Such was the bravery of this little garrison, that, on the third day, when the French began to batter it furiously, the three officers, and as many private men, fell out, and seized the like number of officers and men belonging to the enemy, returned safe into the castle. After a siege of 15 days, they surrendered it to the Dauphin, on condition of retaining their freedom, with their horses and arms, and marched out without having lost a man, to the great admiration of the French. This castle is likewise memorable for being the place of confinement of David Bruce, King of Scotland, who was taken prisoner by John Copeland, governor of Roxborough castle, in a battle fought at Nevil's cross, near Durham, Oct. 17, 1346, where the English army was commanded by Philippa, Queen of Edward the IIIrd. After remaining here 11 years, he was released, on giving hostages for the payment of a ransom of 100,000 marks." In 1761, when Mr. Grose made the drawing, nothing remained but the keep, which is an octagonal building, the north-west side nearly demolished. "There are the traces of some ditches, but no walls, or other ruins, sufficient to point out its ancient shape or extent, when entire." It is still much the same as this description, and the print, shew it to have been then, except being sadly disguised by an inclosure of firs. About five or six years ago, in digging, they found the remains of the draw-bridge and much lead. It now belongs to Sir Henry St. John, who probably will explore more into the surrounding soils, as no doubt many valuable relics might be found. The situation is very uncastle-like; the only motive for this choice must have been the surrounding stream, which enabled them to lay the whole flat under water.

Let it be remembered too, that Odiam was the birth-place of that famous grammarian, Mr. William Lilly, master of St. Paul's school.

It may not be improper here to introduce some account of what promises to be of the greatest utility to this county, viz. a navigable canal from the town of Basing-stoke to the river Wey in Surrey, and thence to communicate with London by the Thames. The general utility of all inland navigations, the prosperity of agriculture, trade, and manufactures arising from them, are too well known to admit of any further doubt. The value of land must proportionably increase upon every improvement of conveyances; and provisions and commodities become more plentiful and reasonable.

What have at different periods fallen under my own observation, are sufficient proofs in favour of these assertions. The canal of the great duke of Bridgewater, who may justly be called the parent and founder of all similar works in this kingdom, is a very

* Grose.

striking
striking instance of public utility in the vicinity of that most flourishing manufacture at Manchester; and no doubt the vast fortune which this noble adventurer thus sacrificed for the good of his country, at a time of life when others squander their patrimony in useless dilapidation, will amply be repaid.

Another instance of the wonderful advantage of such navigable communications I can mention, that fell more immediately under my eye, viz. that immense cut from the Trent to the Duke’s canal and the Mersey, for the junctions of the Eastern and Western ocean. This I saw in its very infancy, and have often trod upon near forty miles of the ground it now occupies, before the dawn of its execution, and even before it was believed possible to be accomplished. But what will not the genius of Britan aspire to, and successfully perform! An all-conquering power was given us in the great Mr. Brindley, sufficient to encounter all difficulties, and to remove the most perplexing obstacles. To his perforating hand the immense hills and stubborn rocks were no insurmountable difficulty; and he could with the greatest ease carry water over waters.

This great enterprise was begun July 17, 1766. Its entire length is 93 miles from Wildon-ferry, in the county of Derby, to its junction with the Duke’s canal at Preston-on-the-hill, in Cheshire. The common dimensions of the canal are 29 feet, breadth at top; 16 at bottom, and four 1-half deep. It contains 75 locks; 189 cart-bridges, and 11 foot-bridges. It is carried over the river Dove, on an aqueduct of 23 arches; also over the Trent, on an aqueduct of six arches of 21 feet 1 par. each; and again, over the Dane, in Cheshire, on three arches of 20 feet diameter. There are moreover about 160 lesser aqueducts and culverts, for the conveyance of brooks and streams under the canal. The mountains and rocks, that obstructed its common passage, are perforated through as follows; the most southern is at Hermitage, a village near Rudgley, in Staffordshire. I saw this soon after it was begun, when works of this kind were gazed at with astonishment, but now they are become numerous and common; this cavity or tunnel, as it is called, is 150 yards long, with a hailing path for horses on one side, in the manner they pass under the arch of a bridge. The tunnel through Hare-castle hill, beyond Burflem, in the north part of the same county, was a work of enormous difficulty and expense, and executed in a manner worthy the great undertaker. It is 2880 yards in length; nine feet wide, and 12 high, lined and arched throughout with brick, except towards the middle, where near 500 yards are solid rock, blown up with gunpowder. The strata are very various, and contain a great body of coal, for which reason there are many collateral cavities deviating from the main cut into those works. I visited this tunnel about the year 1770, soon after it was finished, when pleasure boats were then kept for the purpose of exhibiting this great wonder; the impression it made on my mind, is still very fresh. The procession was solemn; some enlivened this scene with a band of music, but we had none; as we entered far, the light of candles was necessary, and about half-way, the view back upon the mouth, was like the glimmering of a star, very beautiful. The various voices of the workmen from the mines, &c. were rude and awful, and to be present at their quarrels, which sometimes happen when they meet, and battle for a passagé, must resemble greatly the ideas we may form of the regions of Pluto. But such disputes are carefully avoided, by having fixed hours to pass each way. At Barnton, in the parish of Great Budworth, Cheshire, is another tunnel, 560 yards long; at Saltenford, in the same parish, is another 350 yards long; and finally, at Preston-on-the-hill, is another 1240 yards long; each of them are 17 feet four inches high, and 13 feet six inches wide.
And though the expense attending this astonishing work was enormous, so as to promise little or no profit to the adventurers; yet in a few years after it was finished, I saw the smile of hope brighten every countenance; the value of manufactures arise in the most unthought of places; new buildings and new streets spring up in many parts of Staffordshire, where it passes; the poor no longer starving on the bread of poverty; and the rich grow greatly richer. The market town of Stone in particular soon felt this comfortable change; which from a poor insignificant place is now grown neat and handsome in its buildings, and from its wharfs and busy traffic, wears the lively aspect of a little sea port.

But to return from this digression, to a more minute description of the one before us. An act of parliament for this purpose was obtained in the year 1778: and the legislature, convinced of the utility of the scheme, for the encouragement of the adventurers, granted them more than usual terms of advantage; particularly in giving them a right to half tonnage for all sort of manure, in which a view was had to the cultivation of that prodigious tract of waste lands, Bagshot and other adjacent heaths. It was thought better not at that time to push the scheme, during the burdens of our expensive and complicated war; this desirable event, therefore, being postponed till the return of peace has now fully taken place; subscriptions being raised to the amount of 86,000l. amongst about 150 proprietors, with a reserve of raising in the same manner what more may be wanted. Mr. Pinkerton is the contractor, and Mr. Jeph the surveyor, who have engaged to complete the same in four years. They have begun to work in the parish of Chertsey, near the river Wey, and on the farther side of Greewillhill, about two miles west of Odiham, where there will be a tunnel upwards of 500 yards in length. I visited this place soon after, and saw above 100 men at work, preparing a wide passage for the approach to the mouth, but they had not entered the hill. The morning was remarkably fine,

"The pale descending year, yet pleasing still;"

and such an assembly of these sons of labour greatly enlivened the scene. The contractor, agreeable to the request of the company of proprietors, gives the preference to all the natives who are desirous of this work, but such is the power of use over nature, that while these industrious poor are by all their efforts incapable of earning a subsistence, those who are brought from similar works, cheerfully obtain a comfortable support. The property under which this tunnel is intended to pass, belonged lately to lord Northington, but now by purchase to the present lord Dorchester. The hill is clothed with a beautiful growing wood of oak, called Butter-wood, which uniting with another part, called Barkley, extends a considerable length.

From Basinge to Deal-Brook, near Aldershot, 28 miles, will be a reach of remarkable length, without the necessity of a lock, from this they will provide themselves with a reser voir of water, by making this part one foot deeper than the similar canals. The remainder of the distance, 15 miles, will contain 28 locks; so that the whole length will be 53 miles. From the east side of Greewill, will be a collateral cut of about eight miles, near Tylney-park, to Turgis-green.

This being in the vicinity of many corn-mills, and communicating with the most woody part of the county, and one of the best in England for fine timber, will be a great advantage. The mutual carriage of goods to and from the capital will be of great importance, and the west country manufactures will find from hence an easy and cheap conveyance. An object of still greater importance is the likelihood of this canal
being the means of promoting the cultivation of the extensive barren grounds before-mentioned, through a great part of which it must necessarily pass, after having been first conducted through a country full of chalk, from whence that manure is now carried in large quantities, at the expense of one shilling a waggon-load per mile; whereas by the canal it will cost but one penny a ton for the same distance; and the boats will return laden with peat and peat ashes, (the last are esteemed an excellent manure for sainfoin, clover, &c.) to the mutual benefit of cultivation, and the emolument of the proprietors.

Considering this undertaking only in this limited view; no canal of the same extent is likely to prove of greater advantage to the public or its adventurers; yet if we extend our ideas to what future associations may accomplish, the utility would be unbounded, viz. to continue it quite across the island to the Bristol channel on the one side; and into the British channel, by Southampton or Christchurch, with an arm to Salisbury, on the other; but perhaps this is more a matter of speculation than can be made practicable; else how useful in time of war would such communication be; between the German ocean and the two channels, and between the two great commercial cities, London and Bristol, without being always obliged to wait for various and opposite winds.

The correspondence between London and Bristol being very expensive by land, and tedious by sea, it was natural to endeavour by some means to lessen or remove these difficulties. It has therefore frequently been proposed to make use of the Avon, which runs to Bristol, and the Kennet which falls into the Thames, but remains as yet unaccomplished. In the reign of Charles the second, a bill was brought into the house of commons, to unite, by a new cut from Lechlade, the Thames with the Avon, that passes through Bath. Captain Yarranton proposed the same thing, by uniting the Thames by the Charwell, to the Avon by the Stour, and so to the Severn. These are of such visible importance and utility, and so apparently practicable, that it may be justly wondered they have continued so long in contemplation without being carried into execution.

A junction between the Clyde and Forth, in Scotland, has been some time actually undertaken, and is now nearly brought to a conclusion, which, when quite complete, will be a circumstance of prodigious consequence, considered in a national light; as it will put it effectually in their power to improve all the local advantages this canal must necessarily produce.

In reference to artificial canals, there have been several very considerable ones made at different times, for different purposes, and by different nations. The Cardike or Caerdike by the Romans, 40 miles in extent, connecting the rivers Nyne and Witham, which served to convey corn and other provisions between their station in Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire*. Oda's dike, made by the Saxons from Bristol and Chester: and Fosdike, cut in the reign of Henry I. for opening a communication from Lincoln and York, by the Trent and Humber†.

As our roads over all Europe came in the place of military ways made by the Romans, so their canals served as models for ours. Suetonius speaks in admiration of the canal made by Drusus, which diverted the waters of the Rhine into the Ytled†. The junction of the Meuse and Rhine, by a canal 23 miles in length, was made by Corbulo.

* See Moreton's Natural History of Northamptonshire, p. 513 and 515.
‡ In Claudio, cap. 1.
to avoid a passage by sea, and at the same time to supply the troops*. Hence these water communications have been so much esteemed in the Low Countries and the United Provinces. In France the canal of Briare unites the Loire and the Seine. It is 33 miles in extent, hath 42 locks, and is of great utility in facilitating the correspondence of the capital with the provinces, to their mutual benefit. It was begun in the reign of Henry IV. and finished under the direction of cardinal Richelieu. The canal of Orleans joins the same rivers, but is shorter, and hath only 22 locks.

Almost every city and great town in China, not immediately seated on a lake, or a river, hath a navigable cut into one or other of them. The grand canal which passes from Canton to Pekin, in a straight line, is upwards of 800 miles in length, having 75 locks, and 44 cities on its banks. The emperor hath near 10,000 vessels thereon, for transporting provisions, manufactures, and the tributes of the provinces to his courts†.

Mr. Clarke's seat at Aldershot was the next object of our entertainment and excursions. This retired spot is situation in an extreme angle of the county, about three miles north-east of Farnham, the grounds that surround it, though not very extensive, are very pleasant and much improved; the Clarkes, whose principal estate was very large at Sutton, in Derbyshire, came into possession of this place by marriage with one of the Pooles, an ancient family of Radborne, near Derby.

At a small distance from this, we visited the ruins of Aldershot Place, which belonged formerly to the Whites, and was carried by marriage with Mary, daughter and co-heir of Robert White, about 1600, to sir Walter Tichborne, knight of Tichborne, near Alresford in this county, ancestor of the present baronet, whose family have been in possession of that seat ever since Henry II. Little of the house remains, except one end, which is appropriated to the use of a farm; but a moat walled round upon a small scale, and the traces of a draw-bridge, are very perfect; the marks of a large avenue are likewise visible on one side; this estate is now sold to Mr. ———, of Oxfordshire, who is lord of the manor hercabouts. In the small church at Aldershot, which is only a chapel of ease to Crundall, are the monuments of lady Mary Tichborne, and 13 children, who died 1620; and of lady Ellen, wife of sir Richard Tichborne, sitter and co-heir of Robert White; she died 1606. Here I also observed a mural marble tablet, to the memory of that industrious compiler of the law, Charles Viner, who, in a small house in this village, had a press erected by the book-sellers, in order that his very elaborate work, consisting of 24 volumes folio, might be printed under his immediate inspection.

From hence we made an agreeable excursion into the adjacent county, to fee Guildford and some of the principal objects in its vicinity. The road from Farnham is very remarkable, along the ridge of an high chalky hill, called the Hog's-back, which commands most delightful and extensive views every way; over Bagshot-heath to the north-west, almost to South-downs in Sussex to the south-east, and as far as the eye can reach to the west. About four miles on this road, to our left we see a modern edifice, situated low, but amidst an agreeable verdure, called Pile-house, the present residence of the marquis of Lothian. Not far from this, in an agreeable vale on our right, stands Puttenham, a handsome house and pleasure grounds, belonging to captain Cornish; the only fault is its being too near the village; if it were on the opposite side of the lawn, it would be extremely beautiful.

* Tacit. Annal. lib. 9th.

Further
THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

Farther to the right is Godalming, a small market town, deriving its name from Godiva's aims or charity, as supposed to have been given by lady Goda, or Godiva, to some religious house. It is said before the conquest to have been an episcopal see, and that the bishop's seat was Lofeley, near Guildford. This see has been so long dissolved, that we have no further mention of it in history, than its being taken away in Henry II'd's time, and the estates conferred on the deanry of Sarum. At this place lives the reverend Mr. Manning, an able antiquarian, formerly fellow and tutor of Queen's College, Cambridge, who is now, I understand, employed in collecting materials for the history of Surrey.

Loosely, which is situated in a retired vale, about two miles from Guildford, was, as we mentioned before, supposed to have been a bishop's seat to the see of Godalming; and as an evidence of it, there was at the end of the causey, a bridge, called the Bishop's-bridge, which has ever since been repaired by the possessor of Lofeley-house, though it stands upon the common road. This seat afterwards belonged to the ancient family of the Moore's, who were created baronets, 1642, and have been long extinct. It now belongs to two ladies of the name of Molineux. The approach to this venerable pile is through a fine old avenue in the midst of a park. By the architecture it seems to have been built about the time of King Henry VII. The present appearance of the building is large, though formerly much more spacious; indeed the form of it shows much has been destroyed, for there is now only one wing joined to the front, which looks very awkward. The entrance is through a screen into a large old hall, about 45 feet by 30, and lofty, which much resembles that of a college: it is now quite plain, but in the last century we are told it was hung with targets, cullivers, pikes, swords, &c. Much of this spacious building is lost "in passages that lead to nothing;" there are only two more rooms worth notice, a drawing-room and gallery; the former is about 36 by 27, the ceiling richly divided into square compartments, and the chimney-piece very curiously wrought with chalk, &c. over which are several coats of arms; and the walls are ornamented with many good portraits: the founder of the family, dated 1500 and odd; Sir Thomas More, the chancellor, who was beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII. Anne Boleyn, taken just before she was beheaded, very beautiful and valuable; and many others, which for want of a catalogue, or some local information, I could no further describe. The gallery, 124 feet by 25, is very light and beautiful, the pictures were numerous, but not now hung up. Queen Elizabeth is said to have visited this place frequently, and there is a room amongst the bed-chambers that still bears her name.

Guildford, or Guildford, the capital of this county, is a well built old town, pleasantly situated on the side of a chalk hill; at the foot of which the river Wey winds a navigable stream to the Thames. In the time of the Saxons it was a royal vill, given by King Alfred to his nephew Ethelwald; who, according to some authorities, had a large palace, now totally defaced; the keep of an old castle, however, still makes a conspicuous figure, once no doubt very large. In the reign of Harold the Dane, about 1057, we have an account of a most horrid massacre committed here by Godwin, earl of Kent, whereby 600 Normans were cruelly put to death; and Alfred, who came at their head to claim and recover his inheritance, as only son of King Ethelred, had his eyes put out, and was sent to a prison in the isle of Ely, where he languished and expired. In 1216, Lewis, Dauphin of France, having landed with his forces at Sandwich in Kent, in consequence of an invitation from the barons to accept the crown, in the reign of King John, besieged and took this castle, but afterwards surrendered by order of the pope's legate. It had been used for a gaol as far back as Edward I.;
and in Edward III's it was given to the sheriff both for a gaol and a dwelling-house for himself; how much longer it thus continued does not appear. In 1611 it was granted by King James I. to Francis Carter, of Guildford, and at present it is the joint property of Mr. Loveday and Tempe. In the chalky cliff adjacent to this, and near South-street, is a large suite of caverns, very curious, but the entrance is now closed up by the fragments of fallen chalk. Mr. Newland, of Guildford, showed me a drawing of them, taken a few years ago, by which appeared a small passage into a cave, about 45 feet by 20, and 10 high; to the north and south are two other caverns, the former about 70 feet long, and from two to twelve wide; the latter is near 140 long, but narrow; from this passage run eastward five other cavities near 100 feet long, very narrow at the entrance, but increasing to a considerable breadth. Various have been the stories and conjectures about these singular places, but I think there is little doubt of their origin, when we come to examine what a number of buildings were formerly wrought with chalk in this town. In the High-street I saw a very curious crypt, or vault, now occupied by a wine-merchant, the pillars and arches of beautiful Gothic, and formed entirely of squared chalk. For what purpose this was originally intended, or at what time made, is not certain; it is thought at least to be coeval with the castle, and probably belonged to some of its out-buildings. A good representation of it is given by Mr. Grose in his Antiquities.

Opposite Trinity church stands a fine hospital, built in a quadrangular form, with a large tower at the entrance, and four turrets on the top. It was founded by George Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, who endowed it for 12 men, a master, and eight women, (now also 12) for which purpose he laid the first stone in 1619, and settled lands thereon to the value of 300l. per annum. In the north east corner is a neat chapel with two painted windows, representing in good colours, the story of Jacob and his family, &c. On the walls hang a good half-length portrait of the founder, and an excellent one of Sir Nicholas Kempe, Knt. who left 600l. to this institution, by Paul Vanfomer. Here are three parish churches, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, St. Mary, and St. Nicholas. Also a royal grammar school of good repute, founded in the time of Edward VI. 1509. There is too a large building called the Friary, situated near the Wey, over which was formerly a drawbridge to a park well stocked with deer, now converted into arable land; they are both the property of Lord Onslow, whose seat is at Clandon-place, just by.

In the road to Portsmouth, about a mile from Guildford, we saw delightfully situated on a hill, called in ancient records Drake-hill, the remains of a chapel, which was dedicated to St. Catherine, and has always been admired by travellers as a curious piece of ruin; the materials of which it is built are said to be as hard as iron; and to all appearance it has stood the storm of ages. When it was founded is uncertain, but mention was made of it in the Pipe-rolls of Henry III. and in the reign of Edward I. The tradition is, that this, and another similar one, dedicated to St. Martha, and situated about two miles distant, were built by two sisters, Katherine and Martha. The site, together with this chapel, was purchased of the abbey of Whernwell, by Richard de Wauney, parson of St. Nicholas in Guildford, for a chapel of ease to him and his successors for ever. From the top of a cave, on the west side of this hill, is a spring, which continues to drop in the driest season.

From this side of Hampshire we visited the more northern parts about Basingstoke, &c. At Alfi, the residence of the Rev. George Lefroy, and one of the best and largest parsonage houses I ever beheld, (it being built by the present rector,) we saw a very curious cabinet of coins, and other antiques, collected by his father, the late Anthony Lefroy,
Lefroy, esq. a very judicious antiquarian, and indefatigable collector, whose name is well known among the connoisseurs in this line*, by his "Museum Lefroyanum †," and his twelve coins, of which a description was presented to the society of Antiquaries, written by his friend Proposito Venuti †. His principal collection afterwards came into the hands of Mr. Anson, of Shugborough, in Staffordshire. But still there remains in Mr. Lefroy's possession a curious small collection, such as we had not met with in all our former researches. Here lay before us in abundance what we searched many a Roman vestige, and pored over the barrows of the dead for, in vain. Perhaps, however, there are many whom a quantity thus displayed to them, would not give half the pleasure they would receive from having, with their own hands, procured one rare piece from the countless rubbish in which it had long lain buried. There too often lies the slightest pleasure of collectors. We, however, were delighted with the intrinsic value of the antiques themselves. Among the rest, we admired a pair of Etruscan ear-rings, of small and delicate gold work, so well preserved, that, were it not for the authority of a faithful antiquarian, we should have believed them modern.

In the house are a few miniature portraits; of which two or three elegant ones by Cooper struck me. One of them, of a lady Marsham, (of the Romney family;) another of Sir William Mainwaring, killed at the siege of Chester, 1645; a youthful face, with beautiful flowing yellow hair; another of his wife; afterwards re-married to Sir Henry Blount of Tittenhanger. From the windows of the rooms up-stairs are some very pleasing pastoral views over green meadows, from which rise gentle hills skirted with wood. Ashpark, a white house peeping from among trees, on one of these hills, is a very picturesque object. From hence we visited that mansion. The grounds fall in gentle declivities each way from it, and are interspersed with fine woodlands. It was the property of Sir George Shuckburgh, of Shugborough in Warwickshire, who had other estates in this neighbourhood, which he sold to Mr. Portal, of Freefolk, near Overton adjoining. Mr. Holder is the gentleman who at present resides here. About two miles to the right of this are the remains of an old dilapidated place, of the name of Lichfield, formerly no doubt of some consequence, but whether a religious house, or what, is not easily to be traced.

The land hercabouts is for the most part of a flinty nature, and lets upon an average, the arable with the meadow, from seven to twenty shillings an acre.

To the west of this, about two miles, lies Overton, a small town upon the western road. The situation is low, and its buildings very indifferent; what is most remarkable here are a large silk-mill, situated upon a small stream that runs close by, famous for its trout, and a large paper-mill in the adjoining parish of Freefolk, before-mentioned; the former belongs to Mr. Sleafield, and affords employment for many hands, but is very inferior to the original one I have seen at Derby; the latter is a very profitable work, and belongs to Mr. Portal, who has a new house upon the spot, with agreeable plantations, adjoining to Laverlock, an ancient seat, inhabited by General Matthew.

We made an excursion from hence, about 14 miles south by west, to see the noble and ancient city of Winchester. Our course was unconfined to roads, almost as the

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* See Memoirs of Thomas Hollis, esq. vol. i. p. 109. &c.
† See Catalogus Numismaticus Mueci Lefroyoni Liburni, Anno MDCLXIII.

bird
bird flies. The country soon spread into a vast expanse of large arable lands and open downs. The mist of early day hung at first too thick upon the hills to afford much prospect; yet ere we had finished half our course, the sky brightened, and displayed the country fully, but without any extraordinary charms; the scene was too uniformly open to be pleasing, though perhaps to a sportsman, the whole might be esteemed excellent. We crossed the Stockbridge road, and had a view of Stratton park, belonging to the duke of Bedford, and at present inhabited by Mr. Crook, who I understand is about to leave it soon, when lord John Ruftel means to take possession. A few miles further we passed by the small village of Westton, a hamlet belonging to Michaeldever, where the duke has lately purchased another house, or rather a farm of Mr. Briflow. Beyond this we leave the feast of sir Chaloner Ogle on our left, ennobled in many trees, formerly belonging to lord Kinglton. A little to the east of this, where the river Itchin winds its course to Winchester, stands Avington, the feast of the duke of Chandos, devised to him by George Brydges, esq. of Keynsham, and of this place.

We now soon came into the turnpike road, and approached the venerable city. The first object from hence is the unfinished palace of Charles II. on the site of the old castle. The rest of the town lies too much below to be well distinguished.

Winchester was the metropolis of the British Belgae, called by Ptolemy and Antoninus, Venta Belgarum, and by the Britains, Caer Gwent, or the White City, from its situation upon chalk. It is reputedly affirmed to have been founded by Ludor Hudibras, 802 years before the nativity of Christ. There is no doubt of its having been a celebrated station of the Romans, and probably one of their cities, as appears from the discovery of several pavements, and coins of Constantine the Great. Camden says, that during the Saxon heptarchy, this city was the residence of the West Saxon kings, who adorned it with magnificent churches, and an episcopal see; and was also endowed by King Athelftan with the privilege of six mints. From its first foundation to the time of the conquest, it was three times destroyed by fire; and in the civil war between Maud the Empress and King Stephen, it suffered much devastation from the hands of insolent soldiers. But these sufferings were amply repaired by Edward III. who fixed here a staple for wool and woollen manufactures. This city is said to have been fortified by Guidorius, 179, and the present walls have been built by Moleutius Dunwalle, 341. On the south and east sides they remain almost entire, and many fragments are to be seen on the north and west, particularly a bastion, called the Hermit’s tower. There were formerly six gates belonging to this city, one of which still remains, except one of the poynters, called the king’s gate. On the west, north, and south sides, is a prodigious deep fosse, but to the meadows, which were easily flooded by the river, such a defence was thought unnecessary. Before we proceed to describe more fully its buildings and present state, it may not be unprofitable to recite some of its most remarkable transactions and occurrences.

In 1112, King Henry I. granted the first free charter to this city, whereby the inhabitants were incorporated by the name of the guild of merchants. Soon after this, Winchester is said to have risen to the summit of her glory, and became the residence of the first persons in the kingdom. Henry I. under whose reign it so much flourished, took his wife Maud, daughter of Malcolm, King of the Scots, out of a nunnery here; by which marriage the Saxon and Norman blood were united. At the death of this king, the effects of a dispute for the crown were severely felt by a siege which lasted seven weeks. A dreadful fire also happened, that consumed above twenty
twenty parish churches, the king's palace, and a vast number of houses. This so much depopulated the city, that it never arrived to the same extent and perfection. King Henry II. held a parliament here 1172, and was crowned with his Queen Margaret, by Rotred, archbishop of Roan.

King John kept his court here about 1207, and granted a new charter to the city, with many privileges. Not long after the barons rose, and took possession of this city, but the citizens were not disposed to favour them. King John rewarded the loyal inhabitants by the following grant; "that they do continue for ever to be incorporated by the name of mayor and burgesses of the guild of merchants of the city of Winchester, with perpetual succession." About this period Henry III. was born here, who also kept his Christmas in this city, 1239. Also about 1254, when he was at variance with the barons, he retired here for safety; but on the approach of Mountfort, earl of Leicester, at the head of their army, he fled to Reading, when the earl took the castle, sacked the city, and put many of its inhabitants, particularly Jews, to the sword.

The great plague brought into England 1348, so much reduced this city, that a fine ox sold at 4s. the best cow at 2s. sheep at 6d. hog 5d. and twelve pigeons for one penny. In 1377 the French, landing at Portsmouth, marched up the country, and besieged this city; but were driven back again by the inhabitants with great slaughter. Soon after this the insurrection headed by Wat Tyler did considerable damage to the suburbs of this city. In the civil wars between Henry IV. and earl Northumberland, it was a great sufferer. Also in 1497 this city was attacked by the rebels under the command of lord Dudley.

Queen Elizabeth visited this city, and was elegantly entertained by the mayor in the castle, of which she made him constable, and raised the salary of that office to 6l. 13s. 6d. per annum. And at her departure was graciously pleased to signify her intention of renewing their charter, which was afterwards granted, and is the same by which the city is governed to this day. In 1625 a sad pestilence broke out here, and carried off numbers of the inhabitants, without spreading into other parts. During the civil wars in the reign of Charles I. sir William Waller took this city under the direction of Oliver Cromwell, who vented all his fury upon the castle, till the whole of that magnificent structure was levelled with the ground. But while this place was in the possession of the parliament party, the garrison at Basingstoke was very troublesome to them.

After the restoration, King Charles II. made many progresses to this city, particularly while the royal palace, which he never lived to finish, was building. In 1668, a most dreadful plague broke out and raged here for almost twelve months. Cart loads of the dead were daily carried out and buried on the neighbouring downs. To prevent the progress of the contagion, the markets were removed to a proper distance from the city, and an obelisk, in memory of that unfortunate era, is erected on the spot where the markets were held. We will now proceed to further descriptions in the order in which we inspected this city. Near the west gate, upon a large eminence, are the ruins of a strong castle, said to have been built by King Arthur, 523; which was a place of remarkable defence in the reign of King Stephen. Heylin describes it to be "a gallant, but not a great castle, bravely mounted on a hill for defence and prospect." The chapel, which was originally detached, is still entire, and is a fine building, consisting of three aisles, 110 feet long, and 55 wide. The altars for the county were held in this castle as early as 1272; but at present this chapel is fitted up for that purpose. At one end we observed King Arthur's round table, as it is commonly
monly called, which is about 18 feet diameter. The following beautiful description of it is found in Warton's Sonnets.

Where Venta's Norman castle still uprears,
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy fos,
And feather'd flinty fragments, clad in moss,
On yonder steep in naked slate appears,
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's board; on the capacious round
Some British poet has scotch'd the names renown'd,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Though join'd with magic skill, with many a rhyme,
The Druid frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wizard time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spencer's page, that chants in vers sublime
Those chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.

Many authorities, besides that of Camden, might be quoted to prove this table of modern date; yet perhaps it is of higher antiquity than some have imagined; for Paulus Jovius, who wrote above two hundred years ago, relates, that it was shewn to the emperor Charles V. and that at that time many marks of its antiquity had been destroyed, the names of the knights written aërinh, and the whole newly repaired. Mr. Warton, in his description of Winchester, says, tournaments being often held here before the court and parliament, this table might probably have been used, on those occasions, for entertaining the combatants; which, on that account, was properly inscribed with the names of Arthur's knights; either in commemoration of that prince, who was the reputed founder and patron of tilts and tournaments; or because he was supposed to have established those martial sports at Winchester.

On the site of the old castle we see the unfinished relics of a most noble royal palace, begun by Charles II. 1683, the shell of which shews the magnificent intention. A cupola was designed 30 feet higher than the roof, which would have been seen at sea. The length of the whole is 328 feet. A street was intended from the centre of the west end of the cathedral. And a park was projected ten miles in circumference: but the king's death prevented the execution of this noble plan. During the war it was used as a prison for the French, &c. that were taken; and several hundred were confined here. We saw an apartment which they appropriated for their chapel; and various relics of their devotion, paintings, and inscriptions still remain.

Passing over the rest of the buildings in this city, we shall conclude with a short account of the college and cathedral. The former is situated on the south east of the cathedral, just without the city wall. In consists of numerous buildings and offices, suitable to its noble foundation, which owes its origin to the famous William, of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who had the first stone laid March 26, 1387, near a school in which he, when a boy, was educated. The building was completed March 28, 1393, for a warden, ten fellows one master, one usher, three chaplains, seventy scholars, three clerks and sixteen choristers. To enumerate every particular, and note every part of these buildings would be impossible in a work of this kind. Entering the second quadrangle under a stately tower, we observe on the south side the chapel

To which I am indebted for much information.
and hall. The latter is a noble gothic room about 63 by 33 feet, in which the scholars dine and sup.

The chapel is esteemed equal to most, in point of size, furniture and solemnity. Its dimensions are 102 by 33 feet. The screens, stalls, and altar-piece are richly carved of the Ionic order, and the altar displays a fine salutation piece; by Le Moine. On the north side stands the organ. The roof is covered with wood in imitation of arched stone work.

From hence turning on our left we come into the cloisters, which constitute a square of 132 feet. In the centre of the area stands the library, an elegant gothic building erected in the time of Henry VI, by John Fromond, who intended it for a chapel, but it was converted into its present purpose, 1629, by Robert Pink, warden. To the west of the cloisters stands the school; which is a finely proportioned room and elegantly finished.

From the school area we pass into the college meadow, from whence is a fine prospect of Catharine-hill, on the top of which, Leland says, there was a fair chapel dedicated to that Saint. It was endowed with lands, and suppressed by Cardinal Wolsey.

To this hill, which is very delightful, affording an admirable view of the city, interspersed with trees and gardens, magnificent and venerable structures, besides an extensive country of hills and vallies, woods and downs, the scholars are allowed to wander on holidays. This indulgence, I fear, by frequent repetition, becomes a task rather than a pleasure, and few of them will sincerely join with the poet Grey in his beautiful exclamation:

``Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss below,
As waving fresh their gladdome wing;
And redolent of joy and youth
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And breathe a second spring!''

We now went to inspect the cathedral, originally begun A.D. 611, by Kyngelife, the first christian king of the West Saxons, and finished by his successor Kenwalch, and endowed by him, and other royal benefactors. The chapter of this foundation, who were seculars, continued about 320 years, and were at last removed by the persuasion of Bishop Ethelwold, in the reign of King Edgar 993, who substituted a convent of Benedictines, which remained till the reformation. About 1079 Bishop Wakelyne began the present edifice, and finished the tower, choir, transept, and west end. And the monks passed, in state and triumph, from the old monastery to this new one on St. Swithin's day, 1093. The appearance on the outside is flat and heavy, no relief of spires, pinnacles, or other Gothic ornaments. But the inside is magnificent and pleasing; its dimensions from east to west are 545 feet, of which the lady's chapel takes up 54, and the choir 136; transept 136. Height of the tower 138. At the entrance of the tower is the stone screen of the composite order, executed by the famous Inigo Jones. The admirers of Grecian architecture will think this very beautiful, but the lovers of Gothic must feel the incongruity of such a structure. On the right hand stands a brars statue of James I.; on the left, one of Charles I. The stalls are of Norway oak, and are very beautiful. In the area leading to the high altar, is a plain
raised tomb, of grey stone, under which William Rufus, who was shot, as before-mentioned, in the New Forest, is buried. The rebels in the civil wars plundered this tomb of a gold cloth, and a ring set with rubies, of 500l. value; also a small silver chalice. The altar piece is very rich and handsome; the wood work about it was erected by bishop Fox; but the Canopy, with its festoon ornaments were added about the same time as the skreen, in the reign of Charles I. A fine piece of painting has been lately placed over the altar by the dean and Chapter. It was painted by Weyt. The subject is Christ raising Lazarus from the dead. His two sitters are supporting him. One of the twelve is removing the stone from the monument. Behind are several of the apostles. The faces of St. Peter and St. John are plainly distinguished, but the latter is surely pictured too young. On the left is a group of Jews; in the middle is a fine old figure, supposed to represent the father of Lazarus. On the top of each wall that surrounds the Presbytery, are placed chests, which contain the bones of the Weft Saxou Kings, and others who had been buried behind the altar and different parts of the church. In the aisles are several curious and superb monuments, which would take up too much room in these pages. The north and south transept are curious remains of unfinished Saxou architecture very striking. Full of those awful ideas that arise from the contemplation of such noble objects, we left this place and its venerable city. By a gradual transition we begun to remark again the face of the country. We passed through Stock Charity, a small village remarkable for numerous surrounding yew trees, that either must have been the natural growth of the place or the relics of its former consequence. The latter idea is suggested by seeing the traces of an ancient encampment just beyond, called Nurbury, which is surrounded with a single fos and rampart. About two miles west of this, is another similar work, called Tetbury; and on the down near the Stockbridge road I observed three large barrows.

We soon now come to Popham-beacons, places no doubt of observation to the Romans; from whence the prospect is extensive and pleasant, particularly to the west, terminated by Lord Porchester's at Highclear, and the hills that divide the county above Kingsclear.

The time now approached that we were to bid adieu to this hospitable county. The leaves were all off the trees;

Wet with hoar mists appear'd the glittering scene
Which late in carlcs indolence I saw,
And Autumn all around those lanes had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change, that nature, a congenial gloom
Should wear when mild, my sheele's mood to chase,
I wish'd her green attire and wonted bloom!

The dark days of November were indeed calculated to cherish that melancholy, we naturally felt at parting from friends and from scenes, among whom we had experienced to high a kind of pleasure. We were about to be lost for the remaining months of the winter, in the crowds and bustle of the capital, which, whatever pleasure and whatever society it may afford, does not leave that impression on the imagination, which all feeling minds experience after those more pensive enjoyments, that have passed among the picturesque scenery of the county.

* Warton's seventh Sonnet.

We
We have still however one object of our visits and our admiration to describe, which though we saw it some time before, we have referred to this place, because it lies in our way back to town. Passing along the great turnpike road from Andover to Basingstoke, on our left about six miles from Basingstoke lay the picturesque village of Deane, and a little on our right, Hall-place, the seat of Mr. Bramston. Hence passing through Worthing, a small village, we came to the new inclosures, on this side Basingstoke, and observed among the rest a new farm-house of Lord Dartmouth, who has considerable estates about the town in right of his wife, and expects to be a greater gainet by the alteration. Upon a hill to the north of the town, the ruins of the Holy Ghost Chapel are very conspicuous. The rectory of Basingstoke (and I believe the manor, subject to a fee farm rent to the crown) belonged to the priory of Selborne, and from thence went with the other estates of the priory, to Magdalen College, Oxford, to which it now belongs. The living is a very valuable one, and no doubt greatly improved by the late inclosure. Dr. Shepherd, who was fellow of this society, is the present incumbent.

Passing along the principal street, to our right lay the turning to Hackwood, the seat of the Duke of Bolton, which during our stay in the country, we had an opportunity, by the politeness and condescension of the family, of entering in a very advantageous manner. The contrast, indeed, with what is too often experienced in visitings the mansions of the nobility was highly delightful to us. For I cannot help reflecting with regret upon the difficulties that travellers undergo, in inspecting many of the houses, that are the objects of their tours. Too often, when after long rides they approach the mansion doubtful of admittance; if at length the favour is gained, they are hurried through the rooms and grounds, under the guidance of illiterate servants, whose fees are more than would purchase an entry to the most expensive place of entertainment in London.

But before we describe Hackwood, we will give some account of Basing castle, the ancient residence of the family, which, going out of Basingstoke, lies on the left of the great road, about a mile and a half from Hackwood.

Basing was the head of the Barony of Hugh de Port, a Saxon, who had a grant or confirmation of 55 Lordships in this county at the Conquest, and was one of the barons, under John de Pianes, who held 144 knight fees in Kent, by the tenure of performing military service at the castle of Dover. In the time of Henry II., the castle seems to have been rebuilt; probably in the most splendid manner of architecture, to which they had then arrived (the former one possibly being Saxon); for then John de Port, grandson of Hugh, beffowed on the monks of Sherborne, the chapel of St. Michael, with the land of the old Castle of Basing. In the reign of Henry III., this family changed their name to St. John, and bore the arms that Lord St. John now bears. In 43 of that reign, Robert Lord St. John obtained a licence to fix a pale upon the bank of his moat at Basing, and to continue it to fortify during the king's pleasure. From his younger son are descended the present lords St. John and Bolingbroke. In the time of Edward III., the co-heiresses married Lucas, lord of, and brought him this castle and other estates. Constance, the co-heiress of his grandson Hugh, married Sir John Powlet, of Nene-castle, in Smeatonshire, whose father William (younger brother, of Sir Thomas, ancestor to Earl Powlet) obtained that seat by marriage with the heiress of Delamer. Sir John by this match came to possess Basing-castle, in the reign of Henry VI.

† Ibid. ‡ Ibid.
For three generations this family continued here as Commoners;* the barony of St. John being then in abeyance. Then arose the great character, who placed the family in the splendor and honours, in which it has ever since continued. He was born in 1483, 1. Richard III. and afterwards became a student in the Temple, when he was called home. 2. Henry VIII. by sir John Powlet, knt. his father, who was then sick, and not able to officiate as justice of the peace, in the shire where he dwelt. He was then put into the commission of the peace, and soon after made Captus Rotulorum of Hampshire. On his father's death,† Henry VIII. sent for him to Richmond, and made him joint surveyor of all his woods, with John Mordaunt, esq. Two years after he was made master of the Wards, and after that ruled through a series of places in court, such as scarce any ever enjoyed before. On March 9, 1539, he was created baron St. John, of Bazeng. Jan. 19, 1550, 3. Edward VI. he was created earl of Wiltshire, and Oct. 12, 1551, 4. Edward VI. marquis of Winchester. Old Naunton‡ says of him, "He had served four princes in various and changeable times and seasons, that I may well say, no time nor age hath yielded the like president: this man being noted to grow high in Queen Elizabeth's favour, as his place and experience required, was questioned by an intimate friend of his, how he had lived for thirty years together, amidst the change and ruin of so many chancellors and great personages? Why, quoth the marquis, 'Ortus sum e Salici, non ex quercu.' 'I am made of pliable willow, not of the stubborn oak.' "

"It is laid of him, and William earl of Pembroke, that being both younger brothers§ yet of noble houses, they spent what was left them, and came on trust to the court, where, upon the bare flocks of their wits, they began to traffic for themselves, and prospered so well, that they got, spent, and left more than any subjects from the Norman Conquest to their own times: whereupon it had been prettily spoken, that they had lived in a time of dissolution." Many parts of this account are inaccurate. The marquis never could have spent his paternal estate, for it is at this day, the seat of his descendant the duke. He himself re-built, indeed, the stately castle of Bazeng, in a most magnificent manner. He had the rare happiness of setting in his full splendor, in 1572, having lived 97 years, and seen 103 descendants of his body. "A man he was, (says Loyd,) that reverenced himself; that could be virtuous when alone, and good, when only his own theatre, his applause, though excellent before the world, his virtue improving in fame and glory, as an heat which is doubled by reflexion.” In July or August, 1560, he entertained Queen Elizabeth here in a most splendid manner, "and with all good cheer." She being then on her progresses, and coming hither from Winchester. Here she openly and merrily bemoaned herself, that the marquis was so old, "for else, by my truth, (said she) if my lord treasurer were but a young man, I could find in my heart to have him for my husband, before any man in England.”

It seems extraordinary that his great grandson William, fourth Marquis, should also entertain the same Queen here, which he did in 1601. "Here she took such great content, as well with the feast of the house, as honorable carriage of the worthy lady Lucy,

* See their tombs and arms upon them in Bazeng church described in Gent. Mag. Dec. 1787. page 1037.
‡ His father left two younger sons, sir George settled at Crudland, and Richard settled at Herriard. And a daughter Elizabeth married to sir William Gilford, of Itchen, in Crudland, now called Ewshot, and the seat of Mr. Maxwell, as before mentioned.
§ This is wrong of both. The marquis was a younger branch but the eldest son. Lord Pembroke was illegitimate.
† See Worthy’s, p. 564.
** See Queen Elizabeth’s Progresses, vol i. 1560 p. 55.
marchioness of Winchester, (daughter of Thomas Cecil, earl of Exeter,) that she stayed there 13 days to the great charge of the said lord marquis.'

About the same time the duke de Biron, and certain other noblemen, &c. of France, to the number of 300, were at lord Sandy's at the Vine. "And her Majesty went to him to the Vine and he to her to Basing; and one day he attended her at Basing park on hunting, where the duke stayed her coming, and did there see her in such royalty and so attended by the nobility, and so costly furnished and mounted, as the like had seldom been seen, &c. She tarried at Basing thirteen days, being very well contented with all things there done, affirming she had done that in Hampshire, that none of her ancestors ever did, neither that any prince of Christendom could do: that was, she had in her progress, in her subjects houses, entertained a royal ambassador, and royally entertained him." She went from Basing to Farnham, the bishop of Winchester's.

This Marquis died in 1628 at Hawkwood, where was then only a large hawking room, that is now the hall, with a room or two, I suppose, of accommodation besides. His son, the 5th marquis, was that gallant nobleman, who so bravely defended Basing Castle against the rebels, under Oliver Cromwell. In a two years' siege from August 1643, to October 1645, he held out against all the Parliament forces, being heard to say, "that if the king had no more ground in England than Basing house, he would adventure as he did, and so maintain it to the utmost. It was besieged by a conjunction of the rebel forces of Hampshire and Suffolks, under the command of Norton, (of Southwick I believe) Onslow, (ancestor to lord Onslow,) Jarvis, (of Herriard, I suppose) Whitehead, (probably of Norman Court,) and Morley, all colonels of regiments under the command of Norton a man of spirit, and of the greatest fortune of all the rest. The marquis told Morley when he summoned him to yield to the Parliament, that he knew no Parliament without the king, by whose orders he kept the house, adding, that he would keep his summons as a testimony of his rebellion.†

It was afterwards relieved in a very gallant manner by colonel Gage, the particulars of which are very minutely related by Lord Clarendon. At length, however, it yielded to the infatiate attacks of Cromwell, and money, jewels, and household stuff, to the amount of 200,000l. were found in it; among which was a rich bed worth 14,000l. A private soldier is said to have got 300l. The loyal motto, which the marquis had caused to be written with a diamond, in every window, Aimes l'voyante, (and which has ever since been the motto of the family) so provoked the rebels, that they burnt the castle to the ground; little of which now remains, except a small part of the outward wall.

The family have resided since the revolution, at least principally, at Hackwood. The marquis, who lived till 1644, probably resided at Englefield, in Berks, as he was buried there; and the first duke, his son, does not seem to have made Hackwood his first object, for he built in a magnificent manner Bolton-hall, in Yorkshire, an estate which came by his wife from the Scroopes, where he retired, during the agitated reign of James II. and by feigning a temporary indisposition for political purposes, contributed greatly towards effecting the revolution. Bolton hall, however, though in a most romantic situation, is not much frequented by the present family, as they seem to prefer a residence nearer the capital, and which is endeared too by an uninterrupted possession of noble ancestors from the conquest. This charming seat was at first no more than a hawking-

* In Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, vol. ii. 1621, p. 5. See it more at large.
† Lord Lyddells, 577.
box to the castle of Basing, and consisted, as I mentioned, but of one spacious room, which is now the hall. Here then the lovers of Hawking, after their diversion in the park, used to retire, and partake of refreshment. And in length of time, when the castle was rendered no longer habitable, this was enlarged. The first duke, though he made it not his principal object, seems certainly to have built its present form, which bears marks of the revolution year. He was buried at Ansonport, by Andover, where Mr. George Powlett, descended from his uncle, Sir Henry now resides. The title of marquis of Winchester will fall to this gentleman or his son.

The site of Hackwood is in a charming park, and though the building is not immense, yet it is complete in itself and presents two fronts, pleasing and harmonious to the eye, particularly the back front,* which appears much newer, and commands a finer prospect. The hall is about 40 feet by 30, and 20 high. The varnished oak wainscoat gives it a suitable grandeur, and the carve-work of the famous Gibbons is very beautiful, and of similar designs to what we had lately seen at Holme, belonging to the duke of Norfolk, near Hereford. Here are also several portraits of the family, but the pictures most remarkable are two old portraits in the dining-room, one of John lord marquis of Winchester, probably he who defended Basing-castle; the other, a marchioness, but has no peculiar marks to distinguish her name, yet she was no doubt, his wife, and painted by the same perfon. This conclusion I was led to by observing the very minute and exact pattern of the lace on both their dresses. The stiffness and unmasterly appearance of her arms may be owing to some injudicious repairs. We also saw two sweet portraits of ladies unknown, by S. Varel, an admirable painter in the reign of Charles II., whose greatest excellence was in flower pieces, for which he was celebrated by Prior in his poems. His portraits were finished with the same labour and delicacy as his flowers, which he frequently introduced into them. The two pieces we here admired, are full of the magic of his pencil. That in the duchess's dressing-room, exhibits a most beautiful face, and graceful figure, the arms being formed with the greatest care and elegance imaginable. The light and shade, reflected from the scarlet and purple colours of the drapery, produce a singular effect, which in modern painting would be harsh and taudry, but here it is remarkably pleasing. In a small bed-room below stairs hung the other, almost as beautiful; the skirts of the drapery are extremely rich, and in one corner of the ground, the painter has given his darling accompaniment of flowers. We now proceeded to drive round the park, which is nearly a circle of six miles, and laid out in great variety of ground, most judiciously ornamented with woods and plantations, of which the beech-tree is here remarkably flourishing and abundant. But what still further characterises this admirable place is a beautiful farm, taken out of the south-east side of the park, and sweetly interspersed with groves, tillage, and pastures. It was laid out by the great skill and taste of the late lord Bathurst, the patron of Pope, whose extensive designs we had lately admired at his seat at Cirencester. We now returned towards the back front of the house, and from this part of the park, amongst verdant lawns, gentle hills and vales, graced with foliage, enjoyed an extensive view over part of this county and Berkshire.

Thus gratified we reluctantly departed, and leaving Basingstoke, the great road to London soon brought us to Hertford-bridge; the intermediate inclosures are very pleasant, and we had a glimpse of Tilney-hall, at a small distance on our left, the seat of Sir James Long. Pasing through the village of Hook we are soon surrounded by some beautiful groves of small oak about Berkley common, which brings us next to a long string

This latter was built by the late duke.
of houses, called Hartley-row. Opposite the inn at Hertford-bridge, we deviated about
a mile and half to see the remains of Elvetham, that noble feast of entertainment to queen
Elizabeth, given by the earl of Hertford, its noble owner, 1591. An account of this
splendid entertainment was published at the time, and lately made its fresh appearance
in Mr. Nichols's work called the Queen's Progresses; a short extract therefore may be
an acceptable prelude to our present description.

"Elvetham house being situate in a parke but of two miles in compass, or there-
abouts, and of no great receipt, as being none of the earles chief mansions between;
yet for the desire he had to shew his unfaine love, and loyall dutie to her most gra-
tious highness, purposing to visit him in this her late progress, whereof he had to un-
derstand by the ordinarie guesse, as also by his honourable good friends in court near
her Majestie; his honor with all expediotion set artificers a work to the number of
300, many daies before her Majesties arrival, to enlarge his house with new rooms and
offices. Whereof I omit to speak how manie were definet in the offices of the queenes
household, and will only make mention of other such buildings as were raised on the
fodine, fourteen score off from the house on a hill side, and within the said parke, for
entertainment of nobles, gentlemen, and others whatsoever.

"First, there was made a roome of estate for the nobles, and at the end thereof a
withdrawing place for her Majestie. The outsides of the walls were all covered with
boughs, and clusters of ripe hafell nuttes, the insides with arras, the rooie of the place
with works of ivy leaves, the floor with sweet herbes and green ruthes. Near adjoin-
ing unto this, were many offices new builded; all which were tyed. Not farre off
was erected a large hall, for entertainment of knights, ladies, and gentlemen of chief
account. There was also a severall place for her majesties footman, and their friends.
Then was there a long bowre for her Majesties guard. Another for other officers of
her Majesties house. Another to entertain all commers, fuiters, and such like. Another
for my lord's slayerd to keep his table in. Another for his gentlemen that waited.

"Moft of these forefayd roomes were furnithed with tables, and the tables carv'd
23 yards in length.

"Moreover on the same hill, there was raised a great common buttrey; a pitcher-
house; a large pafftery, with five ovens new built, some of them fourteen feet depee;
a great kitchen, with four ranges, and a boiling-place for small bold meates; ano-
other, with a very long range, for the washe, to serve all commers; a boiling-house,
for the great boiler; a room for the scullery; another roome for the cookes lodg-
ings.

"Some of these were covered with canvas, and other sone with bordes.

"Between my lord's house and the forefayd hill, where these roomes were raised,
there had been made in the bottom, by handy labour, a goodly pond, cut to the perfect
figure of a half-moon. In this pond were three notable grounds, where hence to pre-
sent her Majestie with sports and pastimes. The first was a Ship Isle, of 100 feet in
length, and 40 broad, bearing three trees orderly set for three masts. The second was
a Forre, 20 feet square every way, and overgrown with willows. The third and last was
a Snayl's Mount, rising to four circles of green privy hedges, the whole in height 20
feet, and 40 broad at the bottom. These three places were equally distant from the
sides of the pond, and everie one, by a just measured proportion, distant from each
other. In the said water were divers boates prepared for stuficke; but especially there
was a pinnance, full furnisht with mafts, yards, fails, anchors, cables, and all other or-
dinarie tackling, and with iron pieces; and lastly with flagges, streamers, and pendants,
to the number of twelve, all painted with divers colours, and fundry devises."
With these and various other preparations was this charming park adorned on the
great occasion. So on the first days entertainment, having summoned all his retinue
together, and instructed them in their several duties, “my lord with his traine (amount-
ing to the number of 4,00, and most of them wearing chains of gold about their
necks, and in their hats yellow and black feathers) met with her majesty two miles off, then
coming to Elvetham from her owne house at Odiham, four miles from thence.”

When her majesty had got some way into the park she was saluted with a Latin
poem, and afterwards by six virgins, who walked before her to the house, strewing
the way with flowers, and singing. Being feasted in the house, a long volley was dis-
charged from the Snail-mount and Ship-tille in the pond, which she could view from
the gallery window. This day’s entertainment was then concluded with a supper and
concert. But this was greatly exceeded by the entertainments on the three following
days, which consisted of various representations on the water, the sports of Nereus,
and his nympha and tritons. On the land Sylvan gods and goddesses, with a mixture
of dances and fireworks*.

At what time lord Hertford sold this estate does not appear. More than a century
ago, it belonged to the Reynolds’s, from whom it came by marriage to the Calthrops.
Upon the death of Sir Henry Calthrop, k. b. about two years since, who was a long
while insane, it came to his nephew, Sir Henry Gough, bart. who has added the name
of Calthrop to his own. The building is now quite in a dilapidated state, and nothing
in the inside but bare walls, and mouldering wainscots, though inhabited by sir Henry
till his death. The rooms are all small except the gallery, and that is too low and
narrow; and yet it gave one pleasure to walk in this deserted place, and to be shown
the windows that had afforded such royal prospects. The late owner built a large
riding house close adjoining, which still remains. It is a pity to see this sweetly retired
park thus sinking into ruin, when at a moderate expense it might be refitted and made
very habitable; several tenants, I am told, have been desirous to obtain it, but I fear
the present possessor has not take enough to enjoy it himself, nor sufficient respect
for its venerable structure, to let it exit by the means of others; for I understand he has
frequently threatened its destruction. The park, though small, is very beautiful, the
wood fine and flourishing, and the verdure uncommonly fertile and ornamental. In
one part of it below the house to the left is still visible, though much grown up with
weeds, the pond which was used for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth.

Having thus far tried the reader’s patience in describing these western counties, in
a course of more than a thousand miles, which to the author has been a task the most
delightful; and having now little or nothing worth remarking from hence to the great
metropolis; the only thing that remains, is the usual ceremony of bidding adieu to
his readers, and if they reap half the pleasure in perusing these hasty sketches of a
country, hitherto undescribed in the fame regular route, which they afforded the author
in collecting them, his utmost ambition will be gratified.

*A few Extracts may be subjoined from Mr. Maton’s Observations on the Western Counties,
1797, 2 vols 8vo.

A singular Mine.

WE were impatient to see the Wherry Mine, (mentioned before) situated in the bay,
about half a mile beyond Penzance. The opening of this mine was an astonishingly*  

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* See Queen Elizabeth’s Progresses, vol. 2, 1571, p. 1 to p. 23.
† After sir Henry’s death, there was a sale of the furniture, &c.
adventurous undertaking. I have never heard of one similar to it in any other part of the world. Imagine the descent into a mine through the sea; the miners working at the depth of seventeen fathoms only below the waves; the rod of a steam-engine extending from the shore to the shaft, a distance of nearly one hundred and twenty fathoms; and a great number of men momentarily menaced with an inundation of the sea, which continually drains, in no small quantity, through the roof of the mine, and roars loud enough to be distinctly heard in it! The descent is by means of a rope tied round the thighs, and you are let down in a manner exactly the same as a bucket is into a well;—a well, indeed, it is, for the water is more than knee-deep in many parts of the mine. The upper part of the shaft resembles an immense iron chimney, elevated about twelve feet above the level of the sea, and a narrow platform leads to it from the beach: close to this is the engine shaft, through which the water is brought up from below. Tin is the principal produce of the Wherry mine; it is found dispersed (in small, indurated glass-like lumps, of a blackish colour) in a substance resembling the elvan of Polygoth, but much more compact in texture, and of the nature of a porphyry. Some of the tin is found mixed with pyritous copper, which is in a quartzose matrix. A black, hard killas forms the upper stratum of the mine, and below it appears the substance mentioned before. The inclination of the lode is towards the north, about six feet in a fathom, and its breadth is thought to be no less than ten fathoms. The ore is extremely rich. —Maton's Observations. I. 208.

A Silver Mine in Cornwall.

The only silver-mine in this county is Huel-Mexico, situated to the left of the road leading from St. Agnes to St. Michael, and not far from the sea, the sand of which covers all the adjacent country. The rocks on the coast, quite from St. Ives, seem to consist chiefly of killas, which, with nodules of quartz, is the prevailing substance in the mine. Luna Cornica, or horn silver-ore, has been found here, though in very small quantities, and consecutively specimens of it yield a high price. A good deal of silver, however, has been procured from Huel-Mexico; some masses of the ore, we were informed, have produced as much as half their weight of it. The matrix is an ochraceous iron-ore, and the yellow oxyde covers the whole of the mine. I conceived at first that the silver might be afforded by a decomposed galena, but could not find any appearance of lead upon examination of the lode. The course of the latter is almost perpendicular to the horizon, in a direction from north to south. It is about ten years since the mine was first worked, and the depth is now nearly 24 fathoms. I found it very dangerous to descend, on account of the ladders continuing quite straight to the bottom, and there being no resting-place, except a niche cut on one side in the earth. Should one unfortunately miss one's hold of the ladder in this shaft, there is nothing to prevent a fall to the very floor of the mine. —Maton's Observations. I. 252.

* It is of a yellowish-green colour, and is found in small specks, consisting of minute cubic crystals.
† Most of the ladder shafts in Cornwall have what are called landing-places, that is, the ladders do not often extend more than five or six fathoms in depth, before you can stand; or, perhaps, walk some way, and then proceed to another course.
SKETCH OF A TOUR INTO DERBYSHIRE AND YORKSHIRE,
INCLUDING PART OF
BUCKINGHAM, WARWICK, LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, BEDFORD, AND HERTFORDSHIRE.

By WILLIAM BRAY, F. A. S.

Preface to the first Edition.

The traveller who sets out on a long journey with the expectation of meeting with the same accommodations on the road that he has at his own house, will soon find himself mistaken. If under the impressions of his disappointment, he takes up his pen to write his observations, he will complain that the wine was bad, the chicken tough, the bed hard; he will dwell on the barrenness of a heath, and in describing the poverty of a country, strip nakedness of its very fig-leaf. But a man of this temper has no right to trouble the public. If, indeed, in pointing out the defects, he pointed out the means of removing those defects, he might do a real service; but if he pretends to no more than to amuse, why weary the reader with his spleen? In a journey of this sort as in the journey of life, the fretful man communicates his own tedium to all about him, and prevents the enjoyment of such pleasures as lie in the way. To take the world as it is, to pass over the disagreeable parts as lightly as possible, and to make the most of every gleam of sunshine, is the way for a man to make the passage easy to himself and comfortable to those who are his companions.

The writer of the following sketch, for he does not presume to call it a complete account, wishes to communicate some part of the pleasure he received in the tour; and he thinks the traveller will find in it some information that will be useful, and that will enable him to make the most of his time, a circumstance about which the writer found himself much at a loss, for want of direction. If he succeeds in any degree, or if he shall be the means of exciting one more able, to give a more perfect account, he will not think the time spent, in digesting his notes, wholly misemployed.

November 1777.

Preface to the second Edition.

Although the reception which the first edition of this tour met with from the public was very flattering to the author, yet he cannot without much diffidence hazard a second edition, which has so much new matter, derived from a repetition of visits to the principal scene of description, and from subsequent information) that it may almost be considered as a new book. This diffidence is not a little increased from Mr. Pennant having taken part of the same route; possessed as that gentleman is of an eye to observe, a pen to describe, and a pencil to delineate, every thing worthy observation in every place he comes to, the author of the present performance shrinks from the comparison (if indeed any comparison will ever be formed). He can only hope for a continuation of that candour, which he has already experienced.

February 1783.
HE who derives pleasure from contemplating the venerable remains of antiquity, or the elegant structures of the modern architect; who has a taste for the beauties of nature in her genuine simplicity, or as they are pointed out to view by the hand of art; he who feels his heart glow at the sight of the ingenious mechanic, whose labours diffuse plenty and cheerfulness around his habitation, circulate through every part of the globe, and are a truer source of national wealth than the mines of Potosí, will find ample matter of gratification by pursuing the route I am about to describe.

I propose to lead him to Buckingham, Banbury, Edge-hill, Warwick, Coventry, Leicester, Derby, Matlock, Buxton, Sheffield, Leeds, Ripon, and Askrig: and to return through the wilds of Yorkshire, called Craven, and by Mansfield, Nottingham, Northampton, Woburn, and St. Alban’s.

Three miles beyond Uxbridge you leave the Wycomb road, and turning on the right go by the two Chalfonts, watered by a pleasant stream (which however deferts them in a very dry summer, as it did in 1781) between hills which rise on each hand, covered in many places with fine beech woods to Amerham. This was the estate of Ann Nevil, daughter of Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, and wife of Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who was killed in the battle of Northampton, in the 38th H. VI. fighting for that king, and was held by her after his death, as Dugdale tells us in one place*; but in another, he makes it part of the great estate of Ann Beaufort, sister and heir of the duke of Warwick (afterwards wife of Nevil, the stout earl of that place: whose lands were seized by Edward IV. on her husband’s defection, restored to her by Henry VII. and soon after conveyed by her to that king†. It was however in the hands of Henry VIII. who gave it to John Russell, created by him lord Russell, whose residence was at Cheney’s, not far from hence‡. In the last century, it became the estate of the Drakes; the present representative of that flourishing family has built an elegant seat a mile beyond the town, in the road to Aylesbury. His house stands on rising ground, which slopes gently to a bottom, in which a large piece of water was designed, but which has not entirely answered expectation. The ground about the house is adorned with beautiful groups of the most noble oak, ash, and beech, one of this gentleman’s sons is presented by him to the living, which, from its value, and the goodness and situation of the parsonage-house, is no bad establishment for a younger son, even of a family as wealthy as this is. The parsonage-house stands very pleasantly on the side of the hill, above the town, looking to the south, well sheltered by woods. In 1778, the church was cleaned, and new pewed, and Mr. Drake brought a window of painted glass from an old house of his, called Lamer, in Herts, and put it up in the chancel. In the upper part of it are two small figures, a Lamb and a Dove; below them are three; Faith, with a cross, Hope leaning on an anchor, and Charity suckling a child. Beneath are the twelve Apostles, in two rows. There is not one monument or inscription in the body of the church; but in the chancel are some for the Drake family, and one for Henry Curwen, a youth, who died at school at this place son of sir —— Curwen of Workington, in Cumberland. In a room over the family vault of the Drakes, is a monument for Mr. Montagu Drake, (the present gentleman’s father) with a whole length figure of him recumbent, his widow sitting at his feet, by Scheenmaker: opposite is a sarcophagus, of yellow or brown marble, with festoons of flowers in white marble on the borders, in memory of the late Mrs. Drake, of whom there is a small figure in white marble, kneeling, with six children behind.

† Warw. vol. i. 418, and Bar. vol. i.

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near this is a medallion, with a brass relief of Mr. Drake, jun. (said to be a strong likeness) in a Roman habit, leaning on an urn, which stands on a pillar, inscribed to the memory of his first wife, who died at the age of twenty. Underneath are these lines:

Cara Maria vale! veniet felicium aevum,
Quando iterum tecum, tim modo dignus, etc.

At Millenden was an abbey founded by Thomas de Millenden (as it was then written) in 1293.* It was one of the greater abbeys dissolved in 31 Henry VIII., John Stewell the abbot being allowed a pension of 30l. a year†. It is now the seat of Mr. Gooffrey.

A few miles from hence, on the left of the road, is Whiteleaf Cross, cut out in the south west side of a high chalky hill, and visible, from the Oxfordshire side of the country, at a great distance. It is near 100 feet in length, and 50 in breadth, at the bottom, but decreasing upwards to about 20 at the top. The transverse line is about 70 feet in length, 12 in breadth, and the trench cut into the chalk is about two or three feet deep. This, like the White Horse in Berks, the Red Horse at Edge Hill, and the Giant on Trendsle Hill, near Cerne Abbas, in Dorsethshire, is scourred out from time to time, but not at any regular periods. Mr. Wife attributes it to the time of Edward the Elder, supposes the Saxons to have had a fortification at Princes Riborough, which is just by; remains of which, he says, were visible when he wrote (in 1742,) and which the common people call the Black Prince’s Palace, and thinks this cross was cut in memory of some victory gained here. The name of a village called Bledlow, a mile or two off, he says confirms the idea of a battle having been fought hereabouts, Bledelaw or Bledlow signifying the Bloody Hill; as Bleden-down, in Somerfetshire, is so called from a bloody battle fought there with the Danes, in 845‡.

The way to it turns off at the end of Great Millenden, and leads by Hampden, the almost deserted seat of the ancient family of that name, the chief of which distinguished himself so much by his opposition to the levying of ship money, and who was one of the first to take arms against Charles I. and one of the first who fell in the contention. A sister of that Mr. Hampden married for John Trevor; and from them the present owner, Lord viscount Hampden, is descended. The last of the name, and the twenty-fourth hereditary lord of this place, gave it, with a good estate here, to Mr. Trevor, on condition he changed his name. When the barony of Trevor descended to him, he got the title of Viscount Hampden, that the name might still be preserved, but he lives chiefly in Bedfordshire. The house stands on high ground, and is a pretty good one; the floors are unpleasant, being mostly oak, rubbed bright, or brick. There are several portraits, but the servants know nothing of the persons represented by them. A whole length of Oliver Cromwell on the stair-case is easily distinguished. In the church, which is just by, a monument is erected for the last Mr. Hampden, on which various intermarriages of the family are represented in shields of their arms, hung on a tree. A road through some fine beech woods comes out on a downs, on the right of which is a tumulus, called Ellesborough Cop, from the name of the village below; the left hand road leads along the Icknild way (which is visible here, and retains the name for a considerable length, and is to be traced into Hants, or further) to the hamlet of

* Dugd. Mon. v. i. 542. but Camden, v. i. 310, says it was founded by the D’Oiliys; augmented by the noble family fornamed De Millenden.
† Harl. MS. 604. p. 94.
‡ Wife’s further Observations on the Vale of White Horse, p. 34.
Whiteleaf, where is the crofts. Just below are the two parishes of Monks Riborough, and Princes Riborough; the latter is a small town. The fortification which Mr. Wile mentions, seems to be the spot adjoining to the west end of the church yard. This was probably the manor house, which was moated round, but is now entirely destroyed; and it is likely was part of the estate of Edward the Black Prince, from which it took its name of Princes Riborough, to distinguish it from the next parish, (called Monks Riborough, from its belonging to the monks of Canterbury).

The living is very small, and has been augmented by Queen Anne's bounty, and the benevolence of Mr. Penton, then lord of the manor, which has been since fold to Mr. Grubb, whose seat is below. The great tithes are considerable. The land here is mostly very good; the common field lets from 7s. 6d. to 25s. an acre.

Near the church of Elleborough, on a round hill, is an ancient fortification, called Belinus's Castle, above which is an high hill, called Belinebury Hill. At Great and Little Kymbel are some remains of antiquity, and the name is supposed to be derived from that of the British king Cunobeline, whose two sons were killed in an action probably fought hereabouts.

Aylesbury, forty miles from London, is an indifferent town, in a rich fertile vale, to which it gives name, and which affords the finest pasture, and produces great quantities of beans and corn. It is the largest parish in the county, including in it Elleborough, Bierton, Buckland, Stoke-Mandeville, and Quarendon, all which were only chapels of ease to it. This was one of the four British garrisons taken by the Saxons in 571, under Cuthwulf, in the expedition he made to Bedford.

St. Osith, the foundress of the religious house of that name, in Essex, was born at Quarendon, but was beheaded anno 600, by the Danes, in Essex, from whence her body was removed to the church of Aylesbury; it continued here 46 years, and then was carried back again. Whilst it remained here, however, many miracles were performed by it, and a religious house was built in memory of her, where the parsonage now stands. I do not know whether this was the small house of Friers Minors mentioned by Dugdale, which in the survey, 26 H. 8. was valued at no more than 3l. 2s. 5d. per annum. Beside this, there was at the dissolution a house of Grey Friers, founded by the Butlers, afterwards earls of Ormond, temp. R. II. On the dissolution the conventual house was preserved, and given by Henry VIII. to sir John Baldwin, chief justice of the common pleas, who made it his seat, purchased the manor of the heir of the earls of Wilts and Ormond, to whom it had descended from the family of Fitzpier, earl of Essex; built a town hall, and was a great benefactor to the place. It was afterwards the seat of the Packingtons, who married a daughter of sir John Baldwin, but ruined in the civil war, in the last century. After the dissolution, there was dug up in this house an alabaster effigy of a man in armour, with these arms on his breast, a festoon between three leopards' faces, being the monument of sir Robert Lee, who died in the reign of Henry VII., and was ancestor of the earl of Lichfield. This was removed into the parish church, and now lies in the north crofs aisle, but shamefully scratched and disfigured.

The manor of Aylesbury belonged to the Conqueror, who made the church, with Bierton, &c. prebendal to Lincoln. This great abuse, appropriations, was often censured, but by means of the monks and the pope, maintained its ground till the dissolution.
of the monasteries. Robert Grossethead*, made bishop of Lincoln in 1235, saw the mischiefs arising from it, and endeavoured to reform the evil. He took away this church from the deanry of Lincoln, to which it had been long annexed, and collated a refiding rector to the full propriety of it. Richard de Gravesend, however, who came to see in 1270, made it again prebendal, as it still remains; but he had so much regard to the care of the parishioners' souls, as to ordain that the portion of the vicar should considerably exceed that of the prebendary, directing that the latter should have 30 marks, and the former, who should reside, 40, at the least, or 50 marks†. The inclosure of the common fields has raised the value of the vicarage from 60l. to 140l. a year.

Mr. Gladman, a former vicar, left his library to the church, and the parish fitted up a wainscot press for the books in the north choir aisle.

The grant of lands in this place by William I. shews what was the furniture of the royal bed-chamber in those days; the tenure was by finding litter or straw for the king's bed and chambers, whenever he should come that way, and providing him three eels in winter, and three green geese in summer, besides herbs for his chamber. But that this might not be too burthensome, it was not to be done oftener than three times in the year‡.

There is a handsome town-hall, where the sessions and spring assizes are held. In 1747, there was a great contest between this town and Buckingham, about the assizes; they had been usually held here, which is near the centre of the county, from the time of Henry VIII., when lord chief justice Baldwin, mentioned before, brought all public business hither; but about 1723, the summer assize was held at Buckingham, and continued so to be till 1747, when the judge removed it back to Aylesbury. The next year lord Cobham, and the Grenville family, who represented Buckingham in parliament, procured an act to fix the summer assize at Buckingham in future; not however, without violent opposition from sir William Stanhope, member for the county.

From Aylesbury go by Whitchurch, the tithes of which were part of the possessions of the abbey of Woburn; to the left of this is Oving, a seat of Mr. Hopkins, commanding a very delightful view of the vale, and greatly improved by him. A few miles further is the small town of Winflow; this place was given by King Offa, in 794, to the abbey of St. Albans§, and being made, with its members Granborough and Little Harwood, (heretofore chapellries to it) and some other places, of exempt jurisdiction, and appropriated to that abbey, became, on the dissolution, part of the diocese of London||.

Mr. Lowndes has a seat here.

The village of Padbury stands on the side of a little hill, from the brow of which is seen a pleasant valley below, with a stone bridge over a small river, and at a distance, Stowe emerging from its woods.

Buckingham, though seated on a knoll, is surrounded by other hills, and is nearly encompassed by the Ouse, which takes a bend round the hill on which flood the cattle, now entirely demolished. Edward the Elder built two castles here in 918, one on each side the Ouse¶; this was possibly the site of one of them; but there is no certain account when or by whom it was destroyed, though it is probable that it went to ruin on the attainder of the last duke of Buckingham, of the name of Stafford, in 1521. In

* The character of this excellent prelate is, that he was an awe to the pope, and a monitor to the king, a lover of truth, a corrector of prelates, a director of priests, an instructor of the clergy, a maintainer of scholars, a preacher to the people, a diligent searcher of truth, and most exemplary in his life. Willis's Cath. v. iii. p. 56.
† Kennett of Appropriations, p. 39. 60. ‡ Camden, v. i. 511.
§ Camden, v. i. 512. ¶ Willis's Cath. v. iii. p. 2. || Willis's Buck. p. 49.
1574, Queen Elizabeth granted to Edward Grimston the castle farm, two castle mills, &c. late the possession of Edward duke of Buckingham.

The town is not large, but includes some considerable hamlets. It was of note enough in the time of Edward III. to have one of the staples for wool fixed here, when that great prince, with a discernment beyond the genius of the age in which he lived, by prohibiting the exportation of unmanufactured wool, laid the foundation of a trade which has since been carried to a most amazing extent *. The making of lace is now the employment of this as well as of many other parts of the country; but the resort to Stowe is what enlivens the place.

The manor and borough have been the successive property of the families of Giffard, Clare, Breofe, Audley, and Stafford; were granted by Henry VIII. on attainder of the duke of Buckingham, to lord Marney, and on his death, without issue, to William Cary, esq. whose son, created baron of Hunsdon by Queen Elizabeth, sold to Brocas, whose son fold the manor, with the tolls of fairs and markets, to the corporation, who are now the owners †.

There was a church here early in the Saxon times, but it was dependent on King's Sutton in Northamptonshire, 14 miles off, and was supplied by a curate, put in by the vicar of that place, till about the year 1445, when a vicar was appointed, and an endowment made. His income has been since augmented by a donation of Dr. Perincheif, a prebendary of Westminster, who left a sum of money for that purpose in 1673, with which his trustees purchased 53 acres of land in this parish, and the tithe of them, formerly part of the prebend of Buckingham, and settled them on the vicar.

This King's Sutton, with Buckingham, and Horley, and Hornton, (two parishes in Oxfordshire) was made prebendal to Lincoln cathedral in the reign of William II ‡, and was the best endowed of any in the kingdom, except Masham in Yorkshire, being worth 1000l. per annum §, but was surrendered to Edward VI. and by him granted to his uncle Edward Seymour, duke of Somerset ¶.

The church, or chapel, became famous by being made the burial place of St. Rumbold, son of some Saxon king, whose name is not mentioned. He was born at King's Sutton, 1st Nov. 626, but buried here. He was canonized, and a shrine was erected for him ‖. History is silent as to the particulars of his life, or what extraordinary acts of piety he performed to occasion this honor; indeed it could not have much to say on the subject, for it seems this venerable saint died two days after he was born. His canonization, however, answered some purposes, for it occasioned great resort of pilgrims to the place **.

Under this patronage the church became a large and handsome building, and had a lofty spire of 100 feet high placed on a tower of 63 feet high. The spire was blown down in 1693, and never rebuilt ††; and in 1776 the steeple fell on the roof, and

* I had always understand that the exportation of goods manufactured from the raw materials of the country, was a clear gain of the improved price arising from the various branches of labour employed in that manufacture, and that it was true policy to keep those raw materials at home, to be worked up, instead of being exported raw, and worked up by foreigners; but the ingenious Mr. Anderson (a gentleman who in many things deserves attention) thinks the prohibition of exporting wool has been detrimental to us. See his Essay on the Means of exciting a Spirit of National Industry.


** He was a patron of literæ, and his seat still observed at Folkestone, in Kent, in the month of December, says Camden's Continuato, vol. i. p. 311.

†† Willis's Buck. p. 61.
beat it entirely in, leaving only the side walls standing. A handsome and elegant new church has been built on the castle hill, to which the late and present earl Temple have contributed most liberally, paying all the expence above £2000; the whole is calculated at £7000. It is built of white stone, got in the neighbourhood; that used in the spire was brought from Brill-hill. It stands north and south, (probably to form a better object from Stowe gardens) the entrance being at the north end next the town; at the south end is the belfry, with a spire on it, the whole height 158 feet. Over the north window are the earl's arms carved in stone, with his motto most appositely placed, Tempa quam dilesta! Over the belfry door are the arms of the town. The church is spacious, having three aisles and a gallery on each side. Ionic pillars supporting the roof, which over the middle aisle is coved; over the galleries is vaulted, with roiles on the points of the arches. Between the two doors at the north end is the communion table, where is an altar piece given by lord Temple, which he brought from Rome, and is said to have cost him £400. It represents two parts of our Saviour's history; in the foreground he is casting out a devil, in the back ground is his transfiguration. On getting the summer salaries fixed here, lord Cobham, in 1748, erected a gaol in the middle of one of the streets (which is there of considerable width) and commemorated the fixing of the salaries by an inscription over the door. It is an oblong square, battled and turretted at each corner, and built with stones taken from the remnants of the castle. A fire in 1725 burnt down great part of the town; but advantage was not taken of that misfortune to rebuild the streets in a handsome manner.

A chapel belonging to a school, founded to teach some boys Latin, has an arched door with zig-zag ornaments. The conscientious master takes the salary of £10. a year, but refuses to teach any scholars. Had a former master been of this disposition, Hill, the learned taylor, would not have had the opportunity of acquiring the knowledge of Latin. When an apprentice here, his desire of learning was so great, and the means of accomplishing his purpose so unequal, that it was by an expedient which few would have thought of, and fewer would have carried into execution, that he got the first rudiments of that tongue. He had in his possession a Latin grammar, but it was of no use without an interpretation; to obtain this, he went on errands for the school-boys, on condition they would English one of the rules for him. From hence he went on, and made himself master of Greek and Hebrew*.

From the end of the town the late earl Temple made a new road to his so much celebrated seat at Stowe. It runs in a straight line about two miles up to the Corinthian arch, on coming to which you turn on the right to an inn, where the horses may be left, or to which they may be sent back from the garden gate.

Stowe was formerly part of the possessions of the abbey of Olney, and belonged to the bishop of that place when Henry VIII., on the dissolution, erected the abbey into a bishoprick; but that capricious monarch, soon changing his mind, removed the foundation to Chrift Church. Stowe followed the fortune of the abbey, till Queen Elizabeth, having taken the estates into her hands, on a vacancy of the see of Oxford, granted this manor and estate, in 1590, to John Temple, esq.† (ancestor of the present earl) a gentleman of a very ancient family, seated at Temple-hall, in Lei-

* Spence's Parallel between him and Magliabeci. † Willis's Buckingham.
cestershire*. A park of about 200 acres was inclosed by his descendant Sir Peter Temple; whole son, Sir Richard, after the restoration, rebuilt the manor-house, and settled 50l. a-year on the vicarage, which in the hands of the abbots had been very poorly endowed. Those lazy and luxurious dignitaries paying no more attention to the due performance of divine service, than lay impro priators in general do now.

This gentleman’s son was created baron and viscount Cobham by George I. and dying without issue, left his estate to his second sister, Hester, wife of Richard Grenville, of Wotton, in this county, mother of the late earl Temple. He died in 1779, and was succeeded in title and estate by his nephew, son of his brother George.

To lord Cobham these gardens owe their beauty. He laid out the lawns, he planted the groves, he erected the buildings. The internal beauties are such, for extent and variety, that the elegant and picturesque scenes they contain, make amends for the want of those distant prospects which are the ornaments of some situations.

These grounds were laid out when regularity was in fashion, and the original boundary is still preferred on account of its magnificence; for round the whole circuit of between five and six miles, is carried a broad gravel walk, planted with rows of trees, and open either to the park or the country. A deep sunk fence goes all the way, and includes about four hundred acres. In the interior scenes of the garden few traces of regularity appear; where it yet remains in the plantations in any degree, it is at least disguised, and a basin, which was an octagon, is converted into an irregular piece of water, falling down a cascade into a lake below.

In the front of the house, which stands on the brow of a gentle rise, is a considerable lawn, open to the water, beyond which are two elegant Doric pavilions, placed in the boundary of the garden, but not marking it as such, though they correspond to each other; for still further back, on a rising ground without the inclosure, stands the Corinthishian arch, which is seen in the approach.

I shall not attempt to describe all the buildings, which are very numerous, but shall mention some of the principal scenes.

On entering the garden, you are conducted to the left by the two Doric pavilions, from whence the magnificent front of the house is full in view. You pass by the side of the lake (which, with the basin, flows about ten acres) to a temple dedicated to Venus, looking full on the water; and over a lawn, up to the temple of Bacchus, to which you are led by a winding walk. This last building stands under cover of a wood of large trees. The lawn, which is extensive, is bounded by wood on each side, and slopes down to the water, on the opposite side of which is the very elegant temple of Venus, just mentioned, thrown into perspective, by being inclined a little from a front view. Over the tops of the surrounding wood is a view of the distant country, terminated by Brill-hill, near Oxford†; and Quainton-hill, near Aylebury.

* Of this family was the famous dame Hester Temple, daughter of Mr. Sandys, of Latimer in Bucks; who, according to Fuller, lived to see more than 750 of her own descendants.

† Camden, v. p. 310, says, the Brill is a small country town (so called by contraction from Bury-hill) some time a royal villa of Edward the Confessor. His continuator derives the name from Bruel, a thorny place, and Brueer, a thorn; but the former is perhaps the most probable, if we consider that Brill is the name for the place where Caesar had his camp at Paneras.

From
From hence you crossthe lawn by the front of the house, which is nearly in the
centre of the gardens, dividing them as it were into two parts. In the latter division,
the tower of the parish church, boomed in trees, the body of it wholly concealed from
view, is one of the first things which strikes the eye, and you are uncertain whether it is
more than one of the ornamental buildings. Passing by it you enter the Elysian
Fields, under a Doric arch, through which are seen, in perspective, a bridge, and a
lodge in the form of a castle. The temple of Friendship is in sight; and within this
spot are those of Ancient Virtue and of the British Worthies, adorned with busts of
various eminent men, and inscriptions, mentioning their particular merits. Here is
also a rostral column to the memory of captain Grenville, brother of the late earl, who
was killed in that successful engagement with the French fleet in 1747, when Mr.
Anfon took the whole of the convoy*. In the bottom runs a stream, which, with the
variety and disposition of the trees dispersed over gentle inequalities of ground, makes
this a very lively and beautiful scene.

Close to this is the Alder-grove, a deep recess in the thickest shade. The water,
though really clear, is rendered of a dark blue colour by the over-hanging trees: the
alders are of an uncommon size, white with age; and here are likewise some large and
noble elms. At the end is a grotto, faced with flints and pebbles, in which the late earl
sometimes fuddled. On such occasions this grove was illuminated with a great number
of lamps, and his lordship, with a benevolence which did him honour, permitted the
neighbourhood to share the pleasure of the evening with him and his company, the
park gates being thrown open.

The temple of Concord and Victory is a most noble building. In the front are six
Ionic columns supporting a pediment filled with bas-relief, the points of which are
crowned with statues. On each side is a beautiful colonade of ten lofty pillars. The
inside is adorned with medallions of those officers who did so much honour to their
country, and under the auspices of his lordship’s immortal relation, Mr. Pitt, carried
its glory to so high a pitch in the war of 1755; a war most eminently distinguished by
Concord and Victory. This temple stands on a gentle rise, and below it is a winding
valley, the sides of which are adorned with groves and clumps of trees, and the open
space is broken by single trees, of various forms. Some statues are interposed. This valley was once flowed with water, but the springs not supplying a sufficient quan-
tity, have been diverted, and it is now grazed.

It has been observed that there is a particular moment when this temple appears in
singular beauty: when the sunset sun shines on the long colonade which faces the west,
all the lower parts of the building are darkened by the neighbouring wood; the pillars

* The character of this gallant officer was most amiable; he was of true courage and conduct; a humane and generous commander; beloved by his officers; esteemed as a father by his followers. His loss was lamented in some elegant English lines by Mr. (afterwards lord) Lyttelton; and by a Latin inscription on this column by lord Cobham. In the latter, the following lines,

Perier, dixit moribundus, omnino fatius esse
Quam ineritiae rem in iudicio filii;

relate to a known story, that the commander in chief threw out the signal for the line, and that the French fleet would have escaped, if sir Peter Warren, seeing the danger of losing the opportunity, had not, though second in command, made signals for a chase, refusing to take them down; he was well supported in this by captain (afterwards sir Peter) Deniz; captain Grenville; captain (afterwards admiral) Boscawen, and others. The commander finding Warren resolute, had magnanimity enough to alter his signal from that for the line, to a chase; and prudence enough to make no complaint of disobedience.
rife at different heights out of the obscurity: some are nearly overspread with it, some are chequered with a variety of tints, and others are illuminated down to their bases. The light is softened off by the rotundity of the columns, but it spreads in broad plumes on the wall within them, and pours full, and without interruption, on the entablature, distinctly marking every dentil. On the statues which adorn the points of the pediment, a deep shade is contrasted to splendor: the rays of the sun linger on the sides of the temple long after the front is overcast with the sober hue of evening, and they tip the upper branches of the trees, or glow in the openings between them, while the shadows lengthen across the valley.

On the opposite side of this vale is the Lady's Temple, on an elevated spot, commanding the distant views. Below is a stream, over which is thrown a plain wooden bridge. On another eminence, divided from this by a great dip, stands a large Gothic building, fitted up in that taste, and furnished with some very good painted glass.

The temple of Friendship is adorned with elegant marble busts of some whose friendship did real honour to the noble owner.

The scenes which have been mentioned are the most remarkable, but though beautiful, it must be confessed are inferior to the exquisite one which prevails itself from the Gothic building at Pain's-hill, in Surrey; or to several which are found at Mr. Southcote's, in that neighbourhood. In point of buildings, Stowe is unrivalled. The number of them has been objected to; but the growth of the wood, by concealing one from another, every day weakens the objection. Each may be said to belong to a distinct scene; and the magnificence and splendor of them, joined to the elegance of their construction, and blended with the variety and disposition of the ground, will always ensure the admiration and pleasure of the spectator.*

Leaving Stowe, some starved firs and pines, on each side the road, shew how much planters should attend to the manner of executing their work, and the choice of the kind of trees proper for the soil in which they are to be planted.

Pafs by Pinmore, and another village, and come to Aynho, where is the seat of Mr. Cartwright. Here was an hospital built for the entertainment of poor and sick passengers in the time of Henry II. by the Claverings (then called Roger Fitz Richard, and Roger Fitz Roger) who were lords of the manor. It was well endowed, and in 1484 was given by William earl of Arundell (then owner of the manor) to Magdalene-college, Oxford, to which it still belongs; but is now let out as a private house.† Ralph Neville, of Raby, who died in the beginning of Edward III. married the daughter of John de Clavering, and seems to have had this estate with her, as he obtained a charter for a market and a fair at this place, but it was limited over to John de Clavering, in fee. Yet his son Ralph died seised of the manor in 1 Edward III.‡

At the entrance of Aynho you cross the Portway, one of the via vicinalis leading from Flinton to Flinton; it comes out of the Akeman-street, at Kirtlington, in Oxfordshire, and is supposed by Dr. Plot to go to Venonis, or Cleveseter, but by Morton, to lead to Bennaventa, or Wedon, near which place is a gate called Portway-gate§. Bambury, however, (Branavis) seems to be in its line of direction.

* The reader will not be displeased if he should find that in this account of Stowe, I have made considerable use of a description given of it by one who was intimately acquainted with its beauties, the late Mr. Whatley.
† Bridge's Northamptonshire, v. i. p. 141.
At this end of the village, turning on the right hand, is the road to Astrop Wells, which are about two miles off, a little beyond the village of King’s Sutton (mentioned before) in which parish they are. The church has a fine spire, rising from a tower, the corners of which have been ornamented with pinnacles, but some of them are broken off. The well is in a bottom, and is chalybeate, possessing great virtues in the stone, gravel, dropy, and the beginning of a consumption; and the place has been formerly much frequented, but is now out of fashion. The lodging-houses are miserable. Near the spring an assembly-room was built by subscription some years ago, and is still used for that purpose in the summer by the neighbouring gentry. Dr. Short says, nature and art have combined to make this place a paradise of pleasure—I doubt it will require a warm imagination to discover in it any resemblance of what we suppose Paradise to be.

Come into the turnpike road from Oxford to Banbury, at Adderbury, where is a seat of the duke of Buccleugh, in a bad country, and surrounded by execrable roads. It once belonged to the earl of Rochester, so remarkable for the profligacy of the former part of his life, and for his sincere contrition at his death. Here are quarries of stone very full of cockles.

Banbury, the Branavis of the Romans, whose coins have been often found here, had a castle built by Alexander, bishop of Lincoln, in 1125; a fragment of one of its walls supporting a cottage, used as a pelt-house, is all that is left of it. Part of the ditch is now the high road. A Roman altar was found here, and placed in a niche under the sign of an inn, called from thence the Altar-stone inn*. Some years ago it was converted into a private house, and the altar was probably demolished. The church was (with more propriety) built by the same bishop, who is supposed to have been buried in the chancel, under a tomb on which is a mutilated figure, recumbent. The remnants of two other figures in the chancel, said to be those of judge Chamberlain and his wife, fished of fanaticism in the last century. The puritans were always numerous here; Ben Jonson makes one of those characters, Zeal-of-the-land Busby, a Banbury man; and it is mentioned in other dramatic pieces, as their resort. Camden speaks of it as famous for cakes and ale; and when Holland translated his Britannia without his consent, played him a trick; getting at the printer, he changed cakes and ale, into cakes and zeal, which alteration got Holland many enemies†. Round the wall on the outside of the church are a number of carved heads of men and animals. The building being in great decay, was repaired in 1686, at the expense of 500l. by Dr. Fell, the munificent dean of Christ-church, and bishop of Oxford‡.

The castle was built, as before observed, by Alexander, bishop of Lincoln, soon after his consecration, which was in 1123; and it continued to be one of the residences of the bishops (occasionally, for they had ten houses furnished in the diocese, besides one at Newark, and one at London) till bishop Holbech, on his appointment, Edward VI. conveyed this and about thirty manors, to the king and his courtiers. By the account of the endowment of this bishoprick, taken 26th Henry VIII. 1534, the estate here was valued as follows:

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* Stukeley’s Itin. cor. † Gough’s Topog. v. i. p. 29, 57.
‡ Willis’s Cath. v. iii. p. 425.
The impropriation of the rectory and advowson of the vicarage of Banbury, belonged to a prebend in Lincoln cathedral, called the prebend of Banbury; but in 1548 it was surrendered to Sir John Thynne, and dissolved. The estate was then reckoned of the clear yearly value of 46l. 6s. 8d. and was afterwards given by Queen Elizabeth to the bishopric of Oxford, in exchange for other lands, being then valued at 49l. 18s. 9d. a year*

After Edward IV. had obtained possession of the throne, an insurrection, which began in Yorkshire amongst the friends of the earl of Warwick (who was then in France, in great disgust at Edward's marriage) had very nearly destroyed him. The leaders of it marched towards London, and were met near Banbury by the earl of Pembroke and Lord Stafford. The latter entered the town first, and took possession of an inn, which the earl chose to have for himself, and ordered Stafford to quit; Stafford was so smitten with the charms of a pretty bar-maid whom he found here, that though forced to obey, he did it very unwillingly, and retired out of the town with his men in great discontent. Their enemies soon heard of the quarrel, and fell on Pembroke's troops early in the morning. Henry Nevill, one of their leaders, was taken and killed in cold blood, which so enraged the rest, that they fought with irresistible fury, and taking the earl and his brothers prisoners, they revenged Nevill's death by instantly beheading them here†.

This place was made a borough by Queen Mary, in return for their adherence to her against Lady Jane Grey, and from that time they have sent one member to parliament‡.

After the battle of Edgehill, the parliament had a garrison of 800 foot and a troop of horse in the castle, which was surrendered to the king in a few days after, and remained in his hands till he gave it up, with other garrisons, to the Scotch general§.

The navigable canal intended to be carried from Coventry to Oxford, is brought to this town, but is now at a stand for want of money. About five miles from hence, in the road to Southam, the canal is conveyed through a hill, by a tunnel three quarters of a mile in length, with a towing path on the side for horses; it is an exact circle, worked up with brick. There is a sulphur well here in the grounds of the Ram inn, and a chalybeate, called Bloxham new well, about a furlong from the town, on the west side, almost close to the brook‖.

Pなければ Wroxton Priory, now a seat of the earl of Guildford. It was founded by Michael Belet, an ecclesiastic in the reign of King John, for canons of the order of St. Augustin, valued in the survey, 26th of Henry VIII. at 78l. 13s. 4d¶. It was the estate of Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College, Oxford, and by him given to that foundation; of them it is held by the earl of Guildford, and is used by him as a residence, but whether there are any remains of the religious house, I do not know. A little further is Upton, a hunting seat of Mr. Child, the banker; and just beyond is the inn at Edgehill. This hill is properly so named, as, after passing a level country, you come at once to the edge of a steep hill, forming a natural terrace, some miles in length. At the foot of this lies the vale of Red Horse, so called from the colour of the earth, which is red, and from a rude figure of a horse cut in the turf, on the side of the hill, and kept scourged out. The origin of this is uncertain. It is smaller than the White Horse, in Berks, not so well shaped, nor so conspicuous. The scouring is usually performed on Palm Sunday, the day on which the great earl of Warwick fought.
fought the bloody battle of Towton, in Yorkshire, in 1461, when he killed his horse before the engagement determined to conquer or die. Mr. Wise conjectures it may have reference to that circumstance. Some lands are held by the tenure of seining it.

On the right hand of the inn, the hill extends about two miles; and at the farther end where it dips, King Charles I. went down from Edgcot, and met the parliament forces, under the earl of Essex, which lay the night before at Keynton, a town in the vale. Here was fought the first battle, when Cromwell is said to have behaved in such a manner far short of that courage which he afterwards exhibited; and when Prince Rupert, the king's nephew, prevented, by his inconsiderate pursuit, the gaining a complete victory. A pit, in which five hundred victims of that day were buried, is marked by a few small firs. Skulls, and remnants of weapons, have been often found.

Near this end of the hill, Mr. Miller (whose house, called Radway, is below) has built a tower and ruins, to imitate those of a decayed castle. The walk to this, along the edge of the hill, commands an extensive prospect, but which becomes still more extensive from the room at the top of the tower, to which you ascend by about sixty steps. The windows are ornamented with painted glass, brought from different places; amongst which are the arms of England, of the Isle of Man, and of the Stanley's, and some Scripture pieces. The ceiling is painted with the arms of the Saxon Kings, and of several gentlemen in the neighbourhood. From this room are seen Warwick castle, Coventry spires, the Wrekin in Shropshire, and many other distant objects.

Nearer to Warmington, is a camp of about 12 acres, of a square form, but rounded at the corners, which Mr. Salmon, in his new survey*, contends to be the Roman station Tripontium, mentioned in the 6th iter of Antoninus. To make it agree with that, he supposes Alcester to be Ilunavaria, and Warwick, Bennones. He seems to assign good reasons for removing it from Towcester, where Camden supposed it.

On the other side the inn, at the distance of about four miles, lies Compton Wynyate, an old seat of the earl of Northampton, in whose family it has been from at least the time of King John. The ride to it is on the side of the hill, for about two miles, and then into the rich, but dirty vale below. It is in a bottom, surrounded with hills, and is an irregular house, built by Sir William Compton, in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. with bricks brought from a ruinous old castle at Fulbrooke. The chimneys are formed in spires and zig-zags. Over the gateway, in the entrance, are the arms of France and England under a crown, with the griffin and greyhound for supporters, and on each side a rose under a crown; probably placed here on account of a visit made by the king, which is further remembered by the arms of England embling those of Arragon, found in some of the windows, (in which also are the Compton arms and crest) and by a gilt bedstead full of carving, said to have been used by the king when here. In the late general wreck, when this, with other of the castle houses, was stripped, and every thing sold by auction, this bedstead was bought by a farmer's wife for six guineas. Unhappy effect of a rage for parliamentary influence and for gaming! Almost equally destructive to the fortunes of the greatest families, the former is attended with the world consequences to society. A continued debauchery, introduces a habit of idleness, rarely got rid of; a disregard and contempt of the most sacred oaths, and a profanity of manners, which fit the unhappy wretches for the commission of every crime. Yet are these encouraged, without hesitation, by our nobility and men of fortune, often, as in the present instance, to their own ruin.

Strange infatuation! that a man of education and reflection, who would start at the com- mision of most crimes, or even at the supposition of his being capable of them, should, for the sake of a vote, sit on the bench an unconcerned spectator of the illiterate wretch below, at his instance, calling solemnly on the Almighty to attest the truth of what they both know to be a wilful and deliberate falsehood!

When this house was built, it is plain that the owner could not have a single idea of the beauty arising from a situation commanding either distant, or home views; indeed our ancestors appear to have scarce ever thought of them. But it lies in the middle of a noble estate, and was sufficient for the purposes of hospitality which did more real honour to the possessor, than the most elegant modern feat, where that is wanting.

This house was held for Charles I., and was besieged by Cromwell, the marks of whose bullets still appear in the gates, and was at last taken. The church (which has been rebuilt) was entirely ruined during the siege, and the family monuments destroyed.

Much has been written for and against the utility of great farms; but the argument against them, drawn from the consequent depopulation of the country, seems strongly enforced by an instance in this neighbourhood. At Chadlunt was a mansion-house, the seat of Mr. Newfam*, and ten farm-houses on so many farms, let all together at about 100l. a year. Not long since this estate was sold to Lord Catherlough; the ten farm-houses are pulled down, and all the lands and the mansion-house are let at 100l. a year to one farmer, who manages the business, as a grazier, with the help of two or three servants.

This was told me by my intelligent landlord at the inn, who mentioned the following price of provisions in his memory; veal from 1d. to 4d. a pound; two fowls from 10d. to 2s. pidgeons from 10d. and 14d. a dozen to 3s. butter from 3d. and 4d. a pound to 7d. and 9d. and cheese from 17s. a hundred to 24s. The monopoly of farms, however, is not the only cause to which the rise of provisions may be attributed.

This lord Catherlough was son of the famous Mr. Knight, the cashier and plunderer of the South-Sea company in the year of their calamity: his lordship built a tower in his grounds at Wotton, near Henley, in this county, and directed that his body should be buried there, and that those of his family who were buried in a vault, should be taken up and deposited in the same place, which was done.

Mr. Ladbroke has a seat at Idlecot, bought by the late sir Robert, of the heirs of baron Legge.

In this neighbourhood is dug a blue stone, which becomes very hard, and is used for barn floors, ovens, &c.

Leaving Edge-hill, go through Pillerton and Edington, and turning on the right, through Welleburn and Barmby, to Warwick. It is something round to go by Edge-hill from Banbury to Warwick, but the road by Keynton is so bad, that it would be worth the additional trouble, even if the prospect from Edge-hill was out of the question. From Edge-hill to Edington the road is tolerable; from thence to Welleburn, very good and from thence to Warwick, excellent.

- A family deriving their origin from Temple Newsam, in Yorkshire, but seated here from about the time of Henry VIII.
Warwick was a Roman station, called Praesidium, or, according to Salmon, Bonnaeae. and is situate on the banks of the Avon, and is a handsome, well-built town, risen with additional beauty from the ruins of a great fire, which, in 1604, burnt great part of the town, and destroyed the church as far as the choir. A collection of 11,000l. was made by a brief, and Queen Anne added 1000l.; with this they rebuilt the body of the church and the steeple in a very handsome manner, the tower alone costing 1600l. This tower is 117 feet to the battlements, and 25 feet more to the top of the pinnacles. Near the battlements the arms of the different earls of Warwick are cut in stone. It was finished in 1704, as appears by an inscription on the tower.

This church was founded before the Conquest, and was made collegiate by Roger de Neuburgh, earl of Warwick, in 1123, 23 Henry I. Sir William Beauchamp, lord Bergavenny, finished the slated choir begun by his father, rebuilt the whole body of the church, and was otherwise a munificent benefactor to it. In this choir was at that time a statue of the famous Guy; but in 13 Richard II. 1395, one Sutton, a carver, altered it, and cut on it the arms of the ancient earls of Warwick. Our lady's chapel was begun by the executors of Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, in 21 Henry VI., and perfected, 3 Edward IV. This building, together with the magnificent tomb for that earl (inferior to none in England, except that of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey) cost 248l. 4s. 7d. a prodigious sum, if reckoned by the value of money in these days. Some griefs as to the largeness of it may be made from the comparative price of an ox, and a quarter of bread corn, the former being then 13s. 4d. the latter 3s. 4d.† This chapel fortunately escaped the fire, and in it are the monuments of Ambrose Dudley, earl of Warwick; Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, and of Robert, his son.

This collegiate church was dissolved 37 Henry VIII., and it was the same year granted to the inhabitants of the town. The castle, the ancient residence of the earls of this name, stands on a rock, rising from the edge of the river Avon, which falls in a cascade under the window of the great hall. On the other side the river is the park, but the ground being mostly flat, and lying below the castle, it does not appear to advantage; the trees seem diminutive. By whom this pile was built, is doubtful; but the tower, called Guy's tower, was the work of Thomas Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, in the reign of Richard II. at the cost of 395l. 5s. 2d. The walls are ten feet thick.

From the Beauchamps, this estate passed by an heiress in the reign of Henry VI. to Richard Nevill (son and heir of Richard Nevill, earl of Salisbury) on whom that king conferred the title of earl of Warwick. This is the person who is called the stout earl of Warwick, and who had so great a lhare in the confusions of those unhappy times, sometimes taking part with the house of York, sometimes with that of Lancaster, and generally carrying success to the party whose cause he espoused.

The entrance into the castle is under a gateway, between Guy's Tower on the right, which is 12 angled, and Cæsar's on the left, which is of three circular segments, and this leads into the great court. In this court is a flight of steps up to a magnificent hall, 62 feet by 37, wainscoted with the original oak, but which was necessarily painted, as on fitting up the room it was rendered of different colors by being planed. On the left of this are the private apartments; on the right is a suite of rooms, all looking over the river into the park, consisting of a music-room; a noble drawing-room, wainscoted with cedar; a room lately used for billiards, now fitted up as a drawing-room; a state

bed-chamber and a dressing-room. This last is at the end of the castle, and looks into the garden; in it are several small portraits, amongst which are those of Anna Bullen, and her sister; and of Sir Thomas More, by Holbein; prince Rupert, and prince Maurice his brother, in armour, three quarters length, in one piece; Francis, earl of Bedford, the first duke of Bedford, and some others. In the drawing-room are portraits of prince Maurice, Richard earl of Warwick, whole lengths; and others, by Vandyck, &c. And over the chimney is that of Mr. Wortley Montagu, in his Turkish habit, by Romney. The original of Sir Philip Sydney is in the private apartments. Behind these rooms is a passage which leads to a neat chapel, in which is some good painted glass. Out of the hall is a dining-room, 42 feet by 25, and 18 high, built by the present lord in a space between the end of the chapel, and the flight of steps from the great court. At the upper end of this room is a whole length portrait of Frederick, late Prince of Wales; and at the lower end one of his princes, with the princess Augusta in her arms; and over the chimney a whole length of Sir Fulk Greville, lord Brooke.

In the porter’s lodge they shew several things which are said to have belonged to the famous Guy, earl of Warwick; such as his porridge-pot, his flesh-fork, his iron shield, breast-plate, and sword; his horse’s head-piece, his walking-staff, (which is nine feet high, and which they tell you was only two inches higher than himself) a rib of the dun cow, which he killed on Dunmore-heath in this neighbourhood, and some other things. Whether they ever belonged to Guy or not, some of them are of considerable antiquity, and the sword was reputed to have been his so long ago as the year 1400, when Thomas Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, by his will, gave to his son, and his heirs after him, the sword and coat of mail sometime belonging to the famous Guy*; and in 1 Henry VIII., that king granted the custody of his sword to one Hoggefon, yeoman of his buttery, with a fee of 11d. per diem for that service†, which was continued in Queen Elizabeth’s time‡.

James I. granted this castle to Sir Fulk Greville, ancestor of the present earl of Warwick, who laid out 20,000l. in repairing and embellishing it. The epitaph on his tomb is no more than this; “Fulk Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, councilor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney.”

Near the castle, towards the north east, was a place fenced with strong stone walls, called the Vineyard; in 3 Henry IV. by the bailiff’s accounts, wages were given to some women for gathering grapes there during the space of five days§. Whether this fruit was what we now understand by the name of grapes, has been a subject of much debate.

The Priory here was begun by Henry de Neuburgh, first earl of Warwick, after the Conquest, and finished by earl Roger, his son. On the survey 26 Henry VIII., it was valued at no more than 10l. 10s. 2d. above reprises, and was dissolved the next year. In 38 of that king it was granted to Thomas Hawkins, alias Fisher, who pulled down the old building to the ground, and built a very fair house, which he called Hawk’s-neft. His son sold it to Sir John Puckering, since which it has passed to the family of Wife, and has regained its old name of the Priory. Stukeley says, that two galleries, part of the original building, remain.

About a mile and half beyond Warwick, in the road to Coventry, is a house of the late Mr. Greethead, built on the edge of a high, perpendicular rock, at the foot of...
which flows the Avon, in a bend round a meadow. This place is called Guy’s Cliff, from a tradition that he spent the latter part of his life in retirement here, in a cave scooped out of the rock, which is shown. It was ancienly the residence of some hermits, who had a small chapel; a chaunter was afterwards founded by one of the earls of Warwick, and well endowed. It deserves the notice of antiquarians, if for no other reason, for having been the abode of the celebrated antiquary, John Rous, who was one of the chaunter’s priests, and here wrote his Chronicon de Regibus.

Proceed to Kenilworth, a long, scattering town, where the ancient ruins of the castle, afford the most striking instance of the insufficiency of human affairs! This place, the abode of barons, little less powerful than kings; which so long resisted all the strength of Henry III., and which was at last subdued rather by sickness and famine, than by the superior force of the royal army; which still retained its importance, and in the hands of Elizabeth’s favourite, Leicester, exceeded most of the royal habitations in magnificence; and which, from the thickness and structure of the walls, seemed to bid defiance to time itself, is now only a picturesque heap of ruins. Of the apartments, once graced with the presence of that queen, and of her court, with all the splendour which the princely owner could exhibit to entertain such a company, nothing but fragments of the bare walls remain! The Lake, which flowed more than 100 acres, is vanquished! The only habitable part is a part of the gateway, filled with the family of a dirty, slovenly farmer, in one of whose chambers is an alabaster chimney-piece, with the letters R. L. carved thereon; once the ornament of a far different apartment.

There was a castle here before the Conquest, which was demolished in the time of Canute, but another was built by Geoffrey de Clinton, chamberlain and treasurer to Henry I., this soon came into the hands of the crown. Henry III., granted it to Simon de Mountfort, earl of Leicester, who held it against the king in the great insurrection of the barons; and, after he was killed in the battle of Evesham, it was so gallantly defended by Henry de Hastings, whom he had appointed governor, that the king could not get possession till sickness and want of provisions compelled the garrison to surrender. The king then gave it to his son Edmund, earl of Leicester and Lancaster.

In the time of Edward I. was held here an assembly of 100 knights, and as many ladies, headed by Roger Mortimer. The knights entertained the ladies in the morning with hunting and martial tournaments, and in the evening with dancing. It is mentioned as extraordinary, that on this occasion the ladies were clad in silken mantles. They called themselves of the Round Table, to avoid contention about precedence.

In this place the unhappy Edward II. was kept prisoner, and here made the resignation of his crown (if it may be called a resignation) to his son, Edward III.

By a daughter and heiress of the Lancaster family, it passed to John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III. created duke of Lancaster, who, about the end of the reign of Richard II., began the ancient buildings now remaining, except Caesar’s Tower. Henry, his son, becoming king, it continued in the crown, till Queen Elizabeth granted it to Robert, lord Dudley, earl of Leicester. Charmed with the situation, he laid out 60,000l. on the buildings, and in enlarging the park; an amazing sum in those days! He gave a most splendid entertainment here to the queen and her court, at which were introduced every amusements of the times; amongst them bear-bating was not forgot*. A regatta was exhibited on the lake.

* Dugd. Warw. v. i. p. 236, and seq.

The
The story of this earl's concealed marriage, and of the consequent misfortunes of his noble and accomplished son, Sir Robert Dudley, are well known.

After that most iniquitous court, the Star Chamber, had stifled the proceedings which Sir Robert had instituted to prove his mother's marriage, and his own legitimacy, he resolved to quit the kingdom; but, as in those arbitrary days, he could not do it without the king's licence, (James I. he applied for, and obtained it. His estate however, mutilated as it was, was a tempting bait; he was ordered to return, and not obeying the mandate, was prosecuted in the Star Chamber, and easily found guilty, upon which this place was seized into the king's hands. The magnificence of the situation became the object of Prince Henry's With. A proposal was made to purchase it; commissioners were sent to make a survey, with special directions to find all things under their true worth. How well they observed their orders, may be seen from their report of the value, which they made to be about 38,000l. though from their return it appears, that the cattle flood on seven acres of ground, was in perfect repair, fit to receive his majesty, the queen, and prince, at one time; that the value of the woods amounted to 20,000l. and that the circuit of the cattle, manors, parks, and chase, lying round it, together contained 19 or 20 miles. Out of this 38,000l. 10,000l. was to be deducted as a fine for Sir Robert's contempt in not appearing to the summons; the wood (which though confessed worth 20,000l. they had valued at no more than 12,000l.) was also to be deducted, because Sir Robert's lady had a jointure therein, and if she outlived him, might sell it. After these defalcations, the prince most generously offered to give for this estate, the like of which for strength, state, and pleasure, they say was not to be found in England, the sum of 14,500l.*

Sir Robert knew too well what he had to expect from the justice of James, or his courts, and having determined never to return to England, agreed to accept that money. The conveyances were executed, though no more than 3000l. was paid at the time, (and which, by the failure of the merchant who was to remit it, never came to his hands) and the prince dying soon after, he never received any part of the remainder; and yet Prince Charles had no scruple of conscience about taking possession, as heir to his brother; nay, in his patent (when King) creating Sir Robert's mother Duchess of Dudley, he recognizes the whole transaction.

Perhaps a stronger proof of the inestimable blessings of a government by law, and of a trial by jury, can hardly be found; and the abolition of such a court, seems cheaply purchased by all the misfortunes and temporary confusion occasioned by the strugles against it in the time of this Charles.

The history of this family of Dudley, affords matter for other reflections. Edmund Dudley descended, or claiming to be, from a younger son of the lords Dudley, became one of the great instruments of oppression under which the people groaned in the time of Henry VII., and was at last given up to their resentments, together with Empson, and executed. His estate, however, was restored to his son, who getting into great favour with Henry VIII.; and Edward VI., was created viscount L'Isle, earl of Warwick, and duke of Northumberland. Inflatable in his ambition, he contrived to ruin the duke of Somerset and lord Thomas, his brother, uncles to Edward VI., and marrying his fourth

† Dugd. Bar. * ii p. 225. Some original letters relative to this matter. (one of which is signed by Prince Henry) are now at the Board of Green Cloth, St. James's; but though the failure in payment is so fully recognized by the letters patent, yet in an account of the prince's debts (now in that office) the money remaining due on this account is stated to be no more than 3510l. with 227l. fees charges.

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fon to lady Jane Seymour, induced that prince to appoint her his succéssor; but here ended his career. Mary prevailing, he was beheaded. On Elizabeth's accéssion, the good fortune of the family seemed to return; his eldest son was restored to the titles of L’Ile and Warwick, and his second son made earl of Leicester; but this sunshine was not of long continuance. The eldest son died without issue, and Robert, often in disgrace, and under strong suspicions of the most atrocious actions, died without leaving any child, except the unfortunate sir Robert, above-mentioned. Thus this family, rising upon iniquity, and in the course of about 50 years attaining almost to royalty itself, in nearly as short a time set in obscurity.

Whilst this castle was in the hands of the crown, there was a constable appointed, with a fee of 16l. 1s. 4d. and a keeper of the park, with a fee of 4l. 11s. 3d. a year*. Charles afterwards granted this castle to the earl of Monmouth; but Oliver gave it to several of his officers, who demolished the buildings, drained the great pool, cut down the woods, destroyed the park and chase, and divided the lands into farms amongst themselves.

On the restoration, Charles II granted a new lease to the earl of Monmouth's daughters, and afterwards gave the inheritance to Lawrence, lord Hyde, whom he created baron of Kenilworth, and earl of Rochester; from him it has descended to the lady of lord Hyde, lately created earl of Clarendon, who has given directions that what remains of the buildings should be carefully preserved from further damage.

Here was also a monastery for black canons of the order of St. Auguflin, founded by Geoffry de Clinton when he built the castle. At a survey taken 26 Henry VIII. it was valued at 533l. 15s. 4d. three years after it was surrendered, and the fine granted by the king to sir Andrew Flamok, whose grand-daughter and heir carried it in marriage to John Colbourn, esq. and he having bought some horses stolen out of the earl of Leicester's stable here (or pretended so to be) was so frightened by the earl, that he was glad to make his peace by giving it up to him on very easy terms†.

In this village is a manufacture of ivory and horn combs, and horn for lanterns, in which about 32 men are employed.

The farmers hercabouts begin to be sensible of the propriety of hoeing turnips, but cannot yet prevail on themselves to do it thoroughly.

Proceed to Coventry, an old ill-built town. It was made a corporation in 18 Edward III., the walls round the town were begun to be built in 29 Edward III. (1355) and were demolished after the civil war in the last century. The magnificent and beautiful church of St. Michael was founded about 1133, and given to the monks of Coventry, by Ranulph, earl of Chester. The steeple, as it now stands, was begun in 1373, and finished in 1395, by William and Adam Botoner, who expended 100l a year on it: the spire was added by two sisters, Ann and Mary Botoner, who also built the middle aisle in 1434. The tower is 136 feet three inches high; on that is an octagonal prism of 32 feet six inches, supported by eight springing arches; from the pinnacles within the battlements of the octagon issues a spire, eight square, each of them eight feet at the base, 130 feet nine inches high, making the whole height 300 feet. The whole length of the church is 293 feet nine inches, and the breadth, consisting of five aisles, 127 feet. The middle aisle is 50 feet high.†

† Dugd. War. v. i. p. 237. 242.
BRAY'S TOUR INTO DERBYSHIRE, &c. 355

The priory was founded by earl Leofric, in 1043, and stood on a descent below the
church-yard of St. Michael and the Trinity, (which two churches stand very near to-
gether in one inclosure) but is now totally destroyed, with its church, though the
bishop pleaded strongly with Cromwell to have had the church preserved, alleging
that it was his principal see and head church. Willis, in his history of mitred abbies,
printed in 1718, says, he thinks that Lichfield cathedral was built in imitation of this;
that at the entrance into the clofe where this church stood, at the west end, there was
a large arch which led to it out of the oat-market, and which then lately fell down;
that not far from thence was still standing the lower part of a great tower or steeple,
part of the west front, then converted into a dwelling-houfe; that on the south-fide,
next the two church-yards, stood a leffer tower, which had been demolished about 20
years before he wrote; that the foundations of the church were dug up about 50 years
before, and the site turned into a bowling-alley, afterwards into a garden, as it then
was; that the chief habitation of the monks was also turned into gardens, and that
several apartments were supposed to be buried under ground, as appeared by the door-
cases then visible at the end of the buildings next the river*. On the survey of Henry
VIII. it was valued at 731l. 19s. 5d. but deducting pensions, at 499l. 7s. 4d. clear,
and was surrendered in his 30th year. On digging foundations for houses, they have
found the old cloysters, and some other ruins, with many grave stones. Some years
ago some coffins were found, amongst which were two, supposed to be those of Leofric
and Godiva†. Stone coffins have been often dug up (one in 1780) but without any
inscriptions.

Soon after the conquest, Coventry, Lichfield, and Chester, were included in one dio-
ce; the site was removed from Lichfield to Chester, but Robert de Limey ob-
tained the custody of this monastery, and removed from Chester hither, when the
name of abbot was suppressed, and a prior had the rule under the bishop, and sat in par-
liament‡. Many bishops who resided here, filled themselves of Coventry only; but
afterwards an agreement was made, that this and Lichfield should choose their bishop
alternately, and make one chapter, and precedence in file should be given to Co-
ventry. Lichfield, however, seems to have now obtained the precedence, being gen-
erally named first.

The bishop had formerly a palace at the south-east corner of the cathedral church,
facing the north-east corner of St. Michael's church-yard. It has been long since de-
stroyed, but in 1547, a mean house in that place was sold by the name of the palace§.

The Grey Friers, or Friers Minors, escaped the dissolution of the leffer houses in 27
Henry VIII. (perhaps because they had no lands) but was surrendered in the 30th year
of his reign, and demolished, except the spire of their church (built about the time of
Edward III.) which now remains. The site of the house was granted to the corpo-
ratior.

The White Friers had a house built for them by sir John Poultney, (four times lord
mayor of London) in 16 Edward III. 1342||, but had no lands, and were not surrendered
till 30 Henry VIII.‡. The house was granted to sir Ralph Sadler, in 36 Henry VIII.
and soon after bought of him by Mr. Hales, who also purchased of the king St. John's
hospital and church, and divers lands belonging to the priory and other religious houses

‡ On the introduction of monks into a cathedral, the bishop was looked upon in place of the abbot, and
his sublinate was termed a prior.
here. He resided in the house of the White Friars, and maintained a school in the choir of their church, (having obtained a licence to found a school,) but some of the magistrates of the town finding that the church was not included in the patent, applied to Queen Mary, and obtained licence to make it a parish-church*, and obliged him to remove the scholars, which he did to St. John's hospital. After this they disturbed him in possession of the lands so purchased by him, under pretence of their being granted to found a school; this treatment made him lay aside a design which he had formed of establishing a college in this city, like those at Westminster and Eton. He, however, kept up the school as long as he lived, and by his will, in 15 Elizabeth, left an estate of the then yearly value of 43l. to the mayor, bailiffs, and commonalty, to maintain it, allotting to the master the manor house of the late master of St. John's hospital, and 20l. a year; to the usher a house within that hospital, and 10l. a year; an allowance for a music-master, and for repairs of the houses, and the surplus to be for the master and usher. This estate is now improved to 150l. a year, or more; and in 1731, the master's stipend was increased to 50l. a year, the usher's to 33l. 13s. 4d.

What becomes of the surplus does not appear†.

The cloisters, once so famous, is now entirely destroyed. It was built on the spot where one had formerly stood; was begun in 1541, and finished in 1544, by a donation of sir William Holles, lord mayor of London, son of Thomas Holles, of Stoke, near this city, ancestor of the Holles's, earls of Clare. It was six square, each side seven feet at the base, diminishing in three stories, 57 feet high. There were 15 niches furnished with statues, some of which were brought from the White Friars. The pillars, pinnacles, and arches, were enriched with statuary carving, the arms of England, of the founder, and of the trades and companies.

St. Mary Hall, on the south of St. Michael's church, was used by the several guilds for their feasts, and now for holding the almshouses, &c. Dugdale says, it appears to have been built in the time of Henry VI. A good deal of the painted glass in the windows still remains, but much defaced by the ignorant glaziers, who in repairing it from time to time, have revered and misplaced the arms, &c. Here is an ancient wooden chair, said to be that in which King John was crowned; some armour, used in their yearly procession, in memory of lady Godiva; a picture of that fair lady on horseback; some portraits of kings and queens, of sir Thomas White, Mr. Jeffon, and some other persons.

This sir Thomas White, in 1542, gave the corporation 1400l. which was laid out in the purchase of lands, late parcel of the priory, of the yearly value of 70l. and the same were settled on them in trust, to give 24l. a year to 18 poor men, and to lend 40l. a year to industrious young men of Coventry, to enable them to set up in trade; after a period of 30 years; the towns of Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham, and Warwick, were to have a sum of 40l. for the same purpose, in rotation. These towns received the 40l. in their turn, but knew nothing of great improvements made in the estate till about 1745, when an incidentally discovered by the corporation quarrelling among themselves about the division of it, a notice was given to the other towns by their clerk, who had been dismissed from the office of clerk of the corporation for infringing the laws against the corporation; but it was several years before these towns set out at the cost of the business, or the true value of the

* The church was not consecrated until 1590, when the vestry employed to build Mr. Bough-

† Account of the charities given to Coventry, p. 700.

lands. In 1705 they discovered that the rents amounted to near 80l. a year, besides fines for renewals; but four years afterwards it was found, that the clear rents were about 930l. a year; and a decree was made in 1710, that the corporation should account for more than 2000l. which they had received. Whilst this was carrying on, the corporation tampered with the other towns, and made a private agreement with them to put an end to the suit on receiving a small proportion of what was due; but the story beginning to be known, and it being found that the corporation let long leases to their own members and families at small rents, some public spirited gentlemen filed an information on behalf of the poor, to set aside the agreement, and to have the encreased rents applied in augmentation of the original donations. This was done accordingly, and it was decreed, that instead of 24l. annually divided between 12 men, 243l. 3s. should be divided between 61 men, 4l. a piece to 60 of them, and 3l. 3s. to the odd one, and that eight men should each have a loan of 50l. The corporation did not relish this at all, and the 2000l. could not be got from them; whereupon the court ordered that the estate should be conveyed to the Honourable William Bromley, esq. and other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and a feuittance issued against the corporation estates (upwards of 700l. per annum) to levy the 2000l. The money was at last raised by sale of part of their estates; and then, in 1722, they applied to the court of chancery to have the trust estates re-conveyed to them. This was opposed by the new trustees, and by the towns of Northampton, Leicester, and Warwick, on the ground of the great abuses committed by the corporation, and that there were at that time several persons amongst them who were concerned in the abuses, and others who were privy in them; the chancellor, however, in 1725, thought fit to order a re-conveyance, the several charities being augmented as by the former decree, and the corporation are now in possession of the estate.

Besides this, Sir Thomas White gave the town a further sum, to pay 40l. a year to two fellows of St. John's college, in Oxford, sons of freemen of this city; which college had been founded by him, or rather re-founded, after being quite gone to decay on its original foundation by Archbishop Chichele.

This man of charity gave a further sum of 100l. a year to 24 other towns in England, to be received in rotation, and lent to industrious young men, to assist them in their setting out in the world*. This was a mode of charity much in fashion in those days, and in the beginning of the next century; highly benevolent in its intention, it assisted the deserving and useful members of the community in that part of their lives when assistance would be most serviceable; and laying a foundation on which many ample fortunes have been built, it enabled them in their turn to exercise a benevolence which would be naturally excited by a recollection of that to which they owed their ability. In these days, however, it is too liable (in borough towns especially) to great abuses.

Mr. Jeffon, above-mentioned, gave the town 2000l. with which an estate in Gloucestershire was bought, the rents of which are to be applied in putting out apprentices, distributing bread, &c. and to lend 20l. a year to poor tradesmen. There are other charities to a large amount.

In 1768 an act of parliament was passed for making a navigable canal from hence to communicate with that which was carrying on to join the Trent and the Mersey, and the next year another act was passed to make a canal from hence to Oxford.

These were noble undertakings, which promised to be of the greatest service to the country; but useful as they were, they met with violent opposition. Amongst the ob-

* Ipswich charities.
jections to the latter, it was urged in the House of Commons, that it would injure the Newcastle coal trade, that great nurcery of seamen, on which our naval strength so much depends, by enabling Oxford and the neighbourhood to buy pit-coal cheaper than they could do sea-coal; so far will people go for an argument to answer a present purpose! Private interest, and perhaps private pique, unfortunately contributed to impede the work. The subscribers to the two canals could not agree on the place where they should join, and they are carried on in nearly a parallel line for a considerable length; this has contributed to exhaust their money without any use. The former is carried no further than about Atherstone, and seems at a stand; the latter has reached Banbury, as mentioned before, but the expense has already so greatly exceeded the estimate for the whole, that it is feared it will not soon be completed. Its being carried close to the town of Banbury, is said to have been attended with a great additional cost, which would have been much more usefully employed in extending it farther. It is also said that it should have commenced at another place, nearer Birmingham, where much better coals would have been got. The cost has been more than 200,000l. of which 150,000l. was subscribed, 50,000l. borrowed since, and a debt of some thousands outstanding.

Near Bedworth is a coal-mine of Sir Roger Newdigate (whose seat is not far off), from which he has made a cut to communicate with the navigation. He has here a wheel of 36 feet diameter, which throws out the water and draws up the coals at the same time. In the coal-mines here it is said, that large toads have been often found in the solid coal.*

Come to Nuneaton, a town so named from a nunnery of the order of Fontevrault, (in Poictiers) founded by Robert Boffiu, earl of Leicester, before 1161. In the houses of this order beyond sea, there were religious men as well as women, but subject to the government of the abbots or priors. This petticoat government seems to have been disliked in England, as there were only two more houses of this order in the kingdom, and there is no express account of any monk in any of them, but only of a prior at Nuneaton†. The earl's wife became a nun, and died here. By the survey, 26 Henry VIII. it was valued at 290l. 1s. 1d and was surrendered in the 31st of that king, and granted to Sir Marmaduke Constable, who is buried in the church‡, under a monument which was once a handsome one, but is now much defaced. In a field at the end of the town, going towards Atherstone, (on the left) are some remains of the nunnery; one arch is yet standing, but nothing more than the hewn stone is left at the top, and there are some fragments of walls. One arch lately fell down.

I did not take the direct road to Hinckley, but went towards Atherstone, in order to visit Manceter, a considerable Roman station. The village is about three miles from Nuneaton; in the way to it pafs over a hill, from the top of which is a good prospect. The church stands on an eminence, which Dr. Stukeley says, seems to have been a camp, having been intrenched very deeply. Near it is a neat hospital. On the left of the church is Oldbury, a large square fort of 30 acres, on a high hill, from whence is a very extensive view. Flint axes of the Britons, about four inches and a half broad, have been found near this place. Mr. Okeover has a seat here, which he is rebuilding in the area of the camp. The old house was a cell to the nunnery of Polelworth. Other camps, called Shugbury, Arbury, and Borough, are seen from hence.§

When you have passed through the turnpike, a little lane on the right leads down into the Watling-street, were, taking the right again, you cross the river Anker, (in its way from Nuneaton to Tamworth) and presently afterwards go through the old Roman city, which lies on both sides of the road, partly in Leicestershire, partly in Warwickshire. The field in the former is called Oldfield-banks, in the latter, Caflle-banks. It is 600 feet long, 200 broad on each side the road. Great stones, mortar, Roman bricks, iron, and many coins of brass and silver, and some of gold, have been dug up here. A bridge was building over the river when I was there.

Continue on the Watling-street till near Hinckley, when you come into the turnpike road, which leads directly from Nuneaton thither.

Hinckley is a market town just within the borders of Leicestershire, formerly distinguished by a castle, a large park, and a priory; now by the more humble, but much more useful, employment of the stocking-frame, of which about 1000 are here employed. The castle was built by Hugh de Grantmesnil, who came into England with William I. It stood near the east end of the church, but has long been entirely demolished. A good modern house, belonging to Mr. Hurst, is built on part of the site. The park has been disparked many years. In 1755, in a field near the Holy-well, six nobles of gold of Edward III. were found, two of which are in the hands of Mr. Whalley, of Hinckley.

The office of steward of England was given to this Hugh on his marriage, and made an hereditary office. It descended from him to his grandson Hugh, who held the honor of Hinckley by that service. His grandson died, leaving two daughters only, the eldest of whom married Robert Blanchmains, earl of Leicesters, and carried this estate to him. His son left two sisters, his coheirs, one of whom married the great Simon de Montfort, who was created earl of Leicesters in 1206, and possessed this honor and high stewardship. He, taking part with the French against King John, was stripped of his honors and estate; the latter were given to Randolph, earl of Chester, but the king retained the high stewardship; nor would Henry III. restore that when he gave back his other honors and estates to his son. The first Hugh de Grantmesnil founded here a priory of canons aliens, belonging to the abbey of Lire, in Normandy; this house was suppressed by Henry V. among many other alien priories. A house called the Priory, or the Hall, on the south side of the church-yard, stands on the site of it; what is now converted into several rooms, is in memory to have been one large hall. The centre was rebuilt in the year 1715, by Mr. Gerard, then owner, but the wings are of much older date. The garden is now made into a bowling-green.

On a mantle-piece in the kitchen is a strange ornament in a kind of baked clay, which tradition has erroneously called the “arms of three monks;” but a second, with more probability, calls them the signs of three houes, the Eagle and Child, the Rose, and

Itin. Cur. vol. ... p. 20. † 1790.
† Cafe of lady Willoughby, of Eresby, claiming the office of great chamberlain.
§ Mr. Nichols, in his history of Hinckley, p. 9, gives an ingenious and probable solution of the origin of this nick-name of Blanchmains; he supposes it might be derived from the white curf of the plow, which was to then a very common device, rather than from the beauty of his hands, especially as his son was in heat-infected with that malady, that he founded an hospital for it in Leicesters, the common fens being lately found at Saffron Walden, in Essex. I should add, that if the name which was days of hardihood, of the delicate colour of his hands, it was probably given in ridicule of what, in the would be considered as an effeminacy; but effeminacy was not his character.
Bull's Head, which were designed for the relief of pilgrims travelling through Hinckley, who were to receive a night's lodging, and something the next morning to help them forward on their journey.*

The priory possessed about 214 acres of land here; and not many years ago, on a trial about tythe, a monk from the abbey of Lira was brought over, and produced the original grant. This land and the church were given by Henry VIII. to the dean and chapter of Westminster, who are the present owners.

About five miles from Hinckley the battle was fought which placed the crown on the head of Henry VII., and which is commonly called the battle of Bosworth, but Sutton-field was the scene of it. Sir Reginald Bray, indefatigable in the service of the earl of Richmond, is said to have found Richard's crown in a thorn bush, the memory of which was preferred by a painting on glass in his house at Steane in Northamptonshire, which remained when Mr. Bridges collected the notes for his history of that county, if it is not still there. In his arms was added a thorn, with a crown in the middle †. The name of Crown-hill, which a place in the field still retains, seems to refer to this story; though commonly said to be the spot from which the earl harangued his army, there is more probability that it got its name from this circumstance.

Sensible of the services and of the abilities of Sir Reginald, Henry bestowed on him high honors and employments, and Steane was one of the estates with which that king very munificently rewarded an attachment which continued unaltered to the time of his death. It will be allowed me to repeat with pleasure, that in this situation, and in a reign the favorites of which are not generally well spoken of, his integrity procured him from historians the character of, "a very father of his country, a fervent lover of justice, and one who would often admonish the king when he did any thing contrary to right ‡." Nor is it less to his honor, that notwithstanding he took a liberty so seldom allowed, he never lost the favor of the king during the 17 years of his reign in which he lived.

In Stokefield, between Hinckley and Sutton, money has been lately found, supposed to have belonged to some who fell in that battle. The coins were sold to Mr. Warden, a mercer at Nuneaton.

A great variety of curious fossils and petrifactions have been found of late in a gravel-pit, about a mile from the town, in the road to Derby. Mr. Wells, of Burbach, and Mr. John Robinson, of Hinckley, have formed collections of them. Near the town is a spot from whence 50 churches may be counted.§

Leicestershire has not many gentlemen's houses of note in it, and not many matters of curiosity, but has much rich pasture, and feeds great numbers of cattle and sheep.

Go through Earl's Shilton, on the left of which is the seat of lord viscount Wentworth, and afterwards pass by Tooley Park, in Leland's time belonging to the king ‖, lately purchased of Mr. Boothby by Mr. Dodd.

A little before coming to Leicesters, cross the Roman soas way, and on the left of the bridge, at the entrance of the town, see the arch over the river which Richard III passed in his way to Bosworth. It is entire, but is not now used, a wall being built across one end of it Sq.

* Nichols's History of Hinckley. p. 33. † Bridges's Northamptonshire, p. 197.
‡ A more particular account of Sir Reginald is in the second vol. of the new edition of the Biographia Britannica.
§ History of Hinckley, c. 66. ‖ Itin. vol i. p 17.
¶ A view of it is engraved in Pick's Deed. Curiosa.

Leicester
Leicester is a place of great extent, being near a mile square, but the entrance from every quarter is disgraced by dirty mud walls. The market-place, however, is large and spacious, with a handsome building in it belonging to the corporation, where they have their feasts, and where music meetings and assemblies are held. The town hall is mean, and in an obscure situation.

It is a very old town, where Camden fixes the *Rata Coritanorum* of the Romans, of whom there are many traces found here. The old building, called Jewry Wall, at the west end of St. Nicholas church-yard, is supposed by Mr. Burton, to be part of a temple of Janus; this opinion has been controverted, though the antiquity is not questioned, and the number of bones of oxen dug up here, seem plainly to shew that it has been a place of sacrifice. The common name given to it, from the finding those bones, is Holy Bones. The length of it is about 28 yards, the height about nine; it is built of layers of rough forest stone, and brick or tile, the bricks of various sizes; some have been found to be 18 inches long, 15 broad, and two thick, the mortar between the bricks as thick as the bricks themselves; 17 strata of these have been counted on the side next the church, 13 on the other side. Near the middle, at five yards distance from each other, are two arches, which served for entrances, each about three yards wide, four and an half high. There are several holes in the wall in different strata, about six inches square, and some higher up, which are as large again, and go quite through the wall. On the inside are four arches, the two largest in the middle, in part answering the two on the outside. In the column between these two, appears the remainder of an arch work, which seems to be made for reverberating heat, and in all the inside the blackness of the stones and bricks gives plain indication of fire and smoke. In the arch on the south side, a small tenement has been built. Mr. Throoby says, this and the second and fourth arches are 13 feet high, 12 wide; the middle one four feet over; the fifth is 12 feet by six.

St. Nicholas's church is a very ancient one, and has had some of the materials of this old building employed in it, rows of Roman brick being very visible. The walls are of great thickness.

Several Roman coins in silver and copper, of Vespasian, Domitian, Trajan, Hadrian, Antonine, and others, have been found. A Mosaic pavement was discovered a few years ago on repairing a house (where now is a bath) near Richard's Bridge, but it was broken to pieces. That which represents the story of Diana and Acteon had better fortune, being carefully preserved, and now entire in a cellar of Mr. Worthington, in Northgate-street.

The town was nearly destroyed by Henry II, when he took it from Robert Blanchmains, who joined prince Henry in his rebellion against his father. "The plan of the town, as it stood before this demolition, (says Mr. Nichols, from a MS. of Mr. Ludlam) is easily to be traced. In the heart of the town, on each side the principal street, are a number of large orchards, separated not with one common fence, as usual, but a double fence; a wall belonging to each, with public ways between the two walls, called Back-lanes. These lanes were manifestly the streets, and the orchards the site of houses and yards destroyed and never since rebuilt. The traces of the town wall and ditch are in many places plainly to be seen. Dr. Stukeley's plan of Roman Leicester, is supposed to be a mere figment. There are vestiges of two Roman works, and no more; the mount near the river, as was their custom, and the ruins of a bath near

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* Throoby's Leicester, vol. i. p. 47.  † Burton, p. 147.  

St.
St. Nicholas's church. Two tessellated pavements have been found there, the latest and largest about 1750*.

There was a bishop of Leicester for about two centuries, viz. from about 679 to 885, when the see was translated to Dorchester, in Oxfordshire. The episcopal see was in St. Margaret's parish, the appropriation and advowson of which parish now form one of the prebendaries in the church of Lincoln†.

Besides St. Nicholas's, there are now three other churches, and it is said there were formerly five more. Of these, St. Peter was taken down in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the parish being small, and insufficient to maintain it, and it was united to All Saints. St. Leonard's had been rebuilt a little before the civil war, in the time of Charles I. and was taken down when the town was garrisoned, to prevent its being useful to the enemy‡.

Robert de Bellomont, earl of Leicester, founded a collegiate church near the castle, and dedicated it to our lady, placing in it a dean and canons§. It seems to have been refounded, or rebuilt, and the endowment much enlarged by Henry, duke of Lancaster, who established in it a dean, 12 prebends, 12 choristers, and other servants‖. To this church he presented, as an ineffimable relic, one of the thorns of our Saviour's crown, which had been given him by the king of France, and which was preserved in a stand of pure gold¶. This building, which was very magnificent, stood in the Newark, where Mr. Colman's garden now is, and was destroyed at the dissolution. Three of the houses belonging to the chantry priests remain; one of them was purchased within this century, for the vicar of St. Mary's, near the castle**.

The same duke Henry, in 1330, began the hospital adjoining to his church ††, but did not live to complete the buildings, as appears by letters patent of Henry IV. in the first year of his reign, who recites, that Henry, duke of Lancaster, his grandfather, had begun to build this church, and certain houses, walls, and edifices for the inclosing of the church and college, and the habitation of the canons, clerks, and poor people there living; and that John, duke of Lancaster, his father, had desired to complete the same, and that he was himself desirous of hastening the works, that he might have a share in the merits; he therefore assigns certain perquisites to provide workmen and materials for the doing thereof ‡‡. He provided for 100 poor and weak men and women, and able women to serve and assist the sick and weak. A few years ago this was a long, low building, of one story, covered with lead, in which were a range of places about the size of the pews of a church, and not much higher, covered at the top with a few old boards. Each of these was just large enough to hold something like a bed, and one chair, and was the habitation of a miserable pauper, who received 7d. a-week in money. This, with the charity-box, opened once a-year, and a small surplus of rent, amounting to a few shillings a-piece, was all they received. On one side of the room was a common fire-place for the men, on the other for the women; and there was a common kitchen, in which was a large pot, which they shewed as that of John of Ghent. A room inhabited by the nurses, was a little more decent, and they had a lodging room over it. The east end of the building

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* History of Hinckley, p. 10.
† Thosby, vol. iv. p. 89.
** Thosby, vol. i. p. 141.
†† Ibid. vol. iii. p. 139.
§ Dugd. Bar. vol. i. p. 84.
¶ Dugd. Bar. vol. i. p. 84.
was a chapel, in which was the following inscription; "Henry Grismond, duke
of Lancaster, and earl of Leicester. He was founder of this hospital in the year of our
Lord 1332, and since granted by charter, by our late gracious sovereign King James, to
be called the Holy Trinity, in the 12th year of his reign."

The building being gone to great decay, the rain getting in, and rendering several of
the boxes uninhabitable, his majesty gave a sum of money out of his privy purse for re-
building it, which was done in 1776, but not in a manner suitable to his majesty's ge-
nerous intentions. He augmented the income with 14l. a-year, and 54 men and 36
women now receive a weekly stipend of 2s. 1d. each.

In the church-yard of St. Martin is another hospital, built on the same plan, but on
a larger scale, the habitations being tolerably comfortable. It was founded by sir Will-
iam Wigforston, about the time of Henry VI. for a master, con-frater, 12 poor men,
and 12 poor women. The con-frater has a neat house adjoining, and reads prayers;
the poor men and women each have an apartment, and three shillings a-week. The
master, who never resides, has a salary of 200l. a-year, and the benefit of renewing
the leaves of a very considerable estate, which is reckoned worth 300l. a-year more.
Can he reflect on the situation of the paupers, and think the intention of the charitable
founder is answered †?

Adjoining to this is a small public library for the ministers and scholars of the town.
In Northgate-street is an ancient hospital for poor women, where, within a small
porch, is a circular arch, with a zig-zag ornament round it.

A handsome infirmary has been built in 1771 at one extremity of the town, and is
supported by subscription. In digging the foundations, many human bones were found,
supposed to be those of persons buried in a chapel called St. Sepulchre's, which had
been destroyed long before.

In St. Margaret's church is an alabaster monument for John Penney, once abbot of
the abbey here, afterwards bishop of Carlisle, in 1509. There is a whole length figure
of him in his episcopal habit.

In St. Martin's church is an epitaph for Mr. John Heyrick, who died 2d April 1589,
aged 76, expressing that he lived in one house with Mary his wife, 52 years, and in all
that time never buried either man, woman, or child, though he had sometimes 20 in
family. His wife lived to be 97 years old, and saw of her children, grand-children, and
great-grand-children, to the number of 143‡.

There

* Grismond was a lordship in Monmouthshire, which belonged to him, but why added to his name
here I do not know.
† Mr. Throsby, in his account of Leicester, says, he is informed the revenue is not so large; it will
not, however, be denied, that it is considerable, that the master does not reside or do any duty, and that
the poor are very tenderly provided for according to the present value of money.
‡ In the former edition I had mentioned another instance of longevity and remarkable vigour in this
neighbourhood, from the register of Keeym, or Keham, a few miles from hence; the book is in the hand-
writing of Mr. Thomas Samson the minister, and signed by him from 1567 till near the time of his death
in 1655. By this register it appears that he had eight children, born as follows, viz.

1. Joyce, baptized February 12, 1630.
3. Edward, baptized February 6, 1633.
4. Francis, baptized October 11, 1635.
5. Thomas, baptized November 1, 1637.
7. Susannah, baptized July 25, 1641.
8. Elizabeth, baptized October 20, 1644.
There is very little left of the castle, except the hall, now used for holding the assizes; near it is a large vault, which they call John of Ghent's cellar. He and the other dukes of Lancaster, resided much here whilst they were owners of it.

In a house inhabited by Mr. John Stevens, is a spacious room, lighted by a window, which is continued from one end to the other, and in which are 28 pieces of painted glass, some of saints, others of part of our Saviour's history, others the seven sacraments of the Roman church. Mr. Throsby conjectures it to have been a chantry belonging to Corpus Christi, or St. George's guild.

There were in the town three priories, and one house for religious of the order of St. Francis*.

The abbey of St. Mary de Pratis (so named from its being situate in the meadows near Leicester) was founded by Robert de Bellamont, surnamed Boslu, earl of Leicester, in 1143, for canons of the order of St. Augustin. He at length took on him the habit, and continued there 15 years. The abbots used to sit in parliament; but in the middle of the 14th century, an exemption was obtained, as from a burthen. Very different from the opinion of the present times! At this abbey cardinal Wolsey died in his way to London, having been arrested on a charge of high treason; the spot of his interment has been often searched for, under an idea that great riches were buried with him, but it has never been discovered. On the dissolution, it was granted to Mr. Cavendish, the faithful servant of the cardinal; in Queen Elizabeth's time it was poffeffed by the earl of Huntingdon, but was afterwards in the Cavendish family again, the countesses of Devonshire refiding there before the civil war, in which it was burnt by the royalists, and little left but the walls round the garden, part of the gateway, and porter's lodge. What remains of some rooms is of later date. The present duke of Devonshire's grandfather transferred it to Lord William Manners, from whom it has come to the present owner, Mr. John Manners.

Gilbert Foliot, the faithful friend of Henry II. (who was never to be terrifized from his allegiance by the threats or power of Becket) and Henry de Knighton, the historian, were abbots here.

\[\text{As he could not serve the cure before he was 22, the computation was, that he had served it at the birth of his}\]

\[\begin{array}{ll}
1^{st} & \text{child at least 67 years, and was then aged } 89 \\
2^{d} & \text{--- 69} \\
3^{d} & \text{--- 70} \\
4^{th} & \text{--- 72} \\
5^{th} & \text{--- 74} \\
6^{th} & \text{--- 76} \\
7^{th} & \text{--- 78} \\
8^{th} & \text{--- 81} \\
\end{array}\]

Mr. Samson was buried August 4, 1655, and it seemed that he was then at least 114 years old, and had been minister of Keym 92 years.

This I had inferred from an account I saw of it; but desirous of examining into so extraordinary a story myself, I have since been at Keham and seen the regisler. It is very true that it is signed by Mr. Samson, as minister, every year from 1563 to 1655, or thereabouts; but on inspection it appears, that from 1653 to about 1633 is nothing more than a transcript made by Mr. Samson from a former regisler, and attested by him at the bottom of each page by signing his name as minister, omitting to date his attestation. A circumstance corroborates this; he has added the names of his two churchwardens after his own, which are the same for the first 70 years, a thing which would be not much less marvelous than his own age. It may be further observed, that after 1633 (or thereabouts, for I do not recollect the exact year) there appears to be different churchwardens every year.

About half a mile south of the town, near the way to Elton, by the side of the race-ground, is a long ditch, called Rawdikes, which Stukeley calls a British Curfus. It is said Charles I. stood on these banks whilst his men took and pillaged Leicester*.

Camden speaks with some degree of uncertainty as to Leicester being the Roman station Rata; Salmon totally denies it†; and Horrsey affirms it‡: but in 1773 a military stome was discovered, which fixes it. About two miles from Leicester, on the fosse way which goes to Newark, (and which is now part of the turnpike road to Melton Mowbray) there was a kind of stepping block, little noticed; on removing the earth from the foot of it, was discovered a stome, to which it had doubtless served as a pedestal, on which was the following inscription:

\[
\text{IMP CAES D\textsc{IV} R\textsc{A}IAN P\textsc{A}RT I F D} \\
\text{R\textsc{A}IAN HADRI\textsc{AN AVG}} \\
\text{D\textsc{O}T M COS I H A RATIS H}
\]

This stome is two feet ten inches long, five feet five inches and an half in circumference; it is of a gritty fort, supposed by masons to be from a Derbyshire quarry. The letters in the upper line are four inches long, in the others but three. The second and third lines seem to have been continued further, some traces of letters being visible on the back part. The two strokes at the bottom probably denote the distance from Rata, with which it agrees.

Two or three miles from Leicester, on the left, some woods and a windmill on a hill, mark an old feat of the Greys, called Bradgate, built by Thomas Grey, marquis of Dorset§, and inhabited by that family till it was accidentally burnt down some years ago; but the park, six miles in compass, remains. It was the birth-place of the accomplished, but unfortunate, Lady Jane Grey. Near it is Groby, from which the family took a title; there was formerly a castle, which was destroyed entirely before Leland’s time. The above-mentioned Thomas began to build a house here, but did not finish it||.

About five miles from Leicester, on the left, is Temple Rotherley, or Rotherby, granted by King Stephen to Randolph, earl of Chester¶. It was afterwards a house of the knights Templars, from which it takes its name, but has been for a considerable time the feat of the Babingtons; some of the lands are extra-parochial. There are no monuments of any of the Templars in the church, but there are some old ones for the Kynghtons, Robert Vyntcent, esq. and for the Babingtons. On a railed tomb for a Kington, who died in 1487, is engraved his will, by which he founded an obit in this church. In the chancel are handsome busts of a Mr. Babington of the last century, and his wife, a daughter of Mr. Hopkins of Coventry, by whom he had twelve children at single births in less than thirteen years. The north side of the church-yard is

appropriated to the burials of the inhabitants of that part of Mountforrel which is within this parish. In the south side is an upright stone pillar, about 10 or 12 feet high, tapering from the bottom, on the west side of which is some tracery work carved; something of carving is to be seen in other parts. At the foot lie three flat stones, as if placed for supports. There is no tradition concerning it. Mr. Babington has the great tythes, and is entitled to a sum of money from every one making a purchase of lands within certain towns in what is called his foike. The common fields were inclosed in 1781.

On the right are Cossington, and Radcliff on the Soar, where is the Roman station called Vennomentum. Dr. Stukeley says, there is a vast long tumulus of an arch-druid, and derives the name of Cossington from Coes, a priest*. Camden’s Continuator considers it as Danish†.

Pass through Mountforrel, a long, ill-paved town; as far as the cross is in the parish of Temple Rotheley, other part is in Barrow, and the further end is in Quarndon. It stands at the foot of a remarkable hill, or rather rock; the stone in many places stands out bare, and is of such hardness as to resist all tools after it has been exposed to the air. Such pieces as can be got from underground are broken with a sledge, and used in buildings in the shape in which they are broken. He was formerly a castle, which belonged to Ranulph, earl of Chester, who came to an agreement with the earl of Leicester, in 1151, (16 Stephen) by which it was settled that Leicester should henceforth possess this castle, to be held of the earl of Chester and his heirs, on condition that he should receive earl Ranulph and his retinue into the borough and fort there upon occasion; and in case of necessity, that Ranulp himself should lodge in the castle. At the same time it was stipulated, that neither of them should erect any castle between Coventry and Donington, or between Donington and Leicester‡. On the rebellious behaviour of Robert Blanchmains, it was seized by Henry II. and retained, when he gave him back great part of his estate§. It seems to have remained in the hands of the crown till the 17 John, when that king committed the care of it to Saier de Quincy, earl of Winchester, who married one of the sisters and coheiresses of Robert Fitz-Parnell, son and heir of Robert Blanchmains||. Saier, however, who had received many other favours from the king, did not hold himself bound by any ties of gratitude, (which indeed seems to have had no force in those tumultuous times) but took part with the barons, who invited over Louis, the Dauphin of France, and placed a French garrison in this castle, giving the government to Henry de Brabroc. On the accession of Henry III. it was unsuccessfully attacked, as Rapin says, by the earl of Chester¶; but Burton and Dugdale say, it was taken by him, granted to him by Henry, and that he entirely destroyed it**. Some very small fragments of the foundation are to be seen on a round part of the hill, called Castle-hill.

It is well worth while to walk over this hill, instead of riding through the town. The rich meadows below, through which runs the Soar, and the rising ground on the further side of it, with the towns of Sileby, Barrow, &c. form a fine view. The meadows are very flat, and after heavy rains, the river spreads to a great width. At such times this hill is said to bear a resemblance to Gibraltar.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 689. § Ibid. vol. i. p. 687. ¶ Rapin, vol. i. p. 297.
** Burton. † Dugd. Bar. vol. i. p. 43.
In the street is an ancient cross, almost hid by a paltry building, enclosing the pedestal and part of the shaft, which is long and slender, of eight sides, fluted, and in the flutes are carved some heads, quaterfoils, and other ornaments. It is raised on three steps, and at each corner of the pedestal is a rude figure with wings. It is said there is an intention of taking it down. There is a small chapel belonging to this town.

Barrow, on the other side the river, was part of the great estate of the earl of Chester; and when that was divided between four sisters, this fell to the lot of Hugh de Albany, earl of Arundell, son of Mabel, one of the four, at which time there was a capital mansion here*. Afterwards it belonged to the knights templars†. The earl of Chester gave possessions here to the abbey of Gerendon‡. It has been always famous for its excellent lime, which is of such repute for water-works, that much of it is exported to Holland. It becomes so hard that it is said even to exceed the hardness of the stone above taken notice of. It lies in thin strata; the first under the earth is yellow, and below this are several others of blue stone, about six inches thick, and about two feet asunder. Both quarries are dug out, piled up in the form of a cone, and burnt. The burning one of these heaps takes up two days and three nights. The demand for it has increased within these few years in a very great degree. Two fossils have been lately found here, one with the impression of a fish, the other has the resemblance of a head of some animal. They were found in a bed of clay, near the surface of the earth. Some sea shells have been also found§.

At this place is an hospital for old batchelors and widowers; a foundation not very common.

On extending the inclosures in this country, many of the old ones are broken up, and it is found good husbandry so to do. They lime them, and in three or four years lay them down again. The lime for manure is chiefly burnt at Grace Dieu, some miles off, where was an abbey founded by Roosia de Verdon in the 27th Henry III.||

Pursuing the road, some hills covered with wood present themselves on the left, and near them is Swithland, the seat of Sir John Danvers, of a very ancient family, and possession of a large estate. There is here a slate quarry, the property of the earl of Stamford, but the slates are not equal in goodness to those of Whinforsland and Cumberland. More on the left the forest hills of Charnwood are seen, where coal is got. This forest extends about ten miles in length and six in width, and is now without a tree in the unclosed parts of it, though in the memory of an old man, known to one who was alive in 1727, a squirrel might have been hunted in it from tree to tree for six miles together, without touching the ground.

Come to Loughborough, an old market town, which has twice given the title of baron to the family of Hastings: The first time to Edward, third son of George, earl of Huntingdon, to whom the manor and title were given by Queen Mary, in reward for his powerful and timely assistance to her against his neighbour the duke of Suffolk, father of the lady Jane Grey. She conferred the garter, and several high posts on him; and such was his attachment to her, that on her death he retired from the world to an hospital which he had built at Stoke Poges, in Bucks, where he died without issue. Charles I. gave the title to Henry Hastings, second son of the earl of Huntingdon, for an equally faithful, though less successful, adherence to him; he also died without


8
issue*. In 1781 the title was given to Alexander Wedderburn, Esq. on his being made chief justice of the Common Pleas; a gentleman whose abilities at the bar and in the senate are well known. The manor was given by Edward IV. to William Haftings, his faithful adherent, who assisted him in his escape from Middleham, and now belongs to his descendant the earl of Huntingdon. This William was rewarded with the stewardship of a great number of manors, was made constable of Leicester, Donington, and Nottingham castles, ranger of Leicester Forest, and the parks called Leicester Feyth, Barow Park, and Fooley Park, warden of Shirewood, chief forester of Needwood and Duffield, and surveyor of that honour, and had grants of the manors of Donington and Barow, and was made a baron†. In short, Edward seems to have thought he could never do enough for him. His attachment did not cease with the death of that king; he retained the same affection for his sons, and lost his life in consequence, Richard thinking it necessary to remove him out of his way. 'Tis pity that an example of such firm friendship should be stained by the inhuman murder of the unfortunate young prince, the son of Henry VI., (who was safely stabbed in cold blood at Tewksbury by this Haftings, and others) and by his connivance at leaft, at the beheading of Rivers and Grey, by Richard, at Pomfret castle. The story is well known, that as Haftings was going to that council in the Tower, from which he never returned, he exulted in the thought that his enemies were at that very time suffering at Pomfret.

A few years ago the river Soar was made navigable from hence to the Trent, which it falls into, near Cavendish bridge.

Mr. Meynell's famous fox-hunt established at Quarndon, (between Mountforrell and this place) is no small emolument to the town in the season. The hounds are kept by subscription, but that gentleman permits his servant to accommodate as many of his friends as his house will hold with apartments, where they are furnished with dinners, and all provisions, as at any public place. Many of those who attend the hunt, and cannot get apartments in the house, or are strangers, come to the inns, and great numbers of hunters are also kept here. The company on a field day is very numerous, and they go out with as much ceremony as to court, their hair being always dressed.

On the left of Loughborough is a neat white house of Mr. Tate, on the rising ground towards the forest. A little beyond is Gerndon Park, bought by Serjeant Phillips of the duke of Buckingham for judge Jeffries, but the serjeant liked the purchase so well, that he kept it for himself. The duke, however, cut down 5000l. worth of timber before he would execute the conveyance. One of the serjeant's family, who died a few years ago, left it to his widow for her life; she married Sir William Gordon, who now lives here. It was an abbey of the Cistercian order, founded by Robert earl of Leicester (the founder of Leicester Abbey) in 15 Henry II. and was valued at 159l. 19s. 1od.‡ on the survey by Henry VIII.§

A little farther, at Dihley, on a farm belonging to this estate lives Mr. Bakewell, whose improvements in the breed of cattle and in farming, are well known to every lover of husbandry. There is a small church or chapel here, formerly belonging to the abbey of Gerndon, to which this parish was appropriated¶, and it is now a curacy in the gift of Sir William Gordon.

Go through Kegworth, a large village with a handsome church; beyond this you may leave the turnpike road and go to Donnington Park, the seat of lord Huntingdon, and come into the road again at Cavendish bridge.

At the village of Donnington are some small remains of the castle, built by the first earls of Leicester, as Camden says*; but it afterwards belonged to Roger de Laci, constable of Chester, and on his death, in 15 John, was retained in the hands of the king, who, however, the next year, restored it to John, son and heir of Roger; Edmund, son of this John, had a grant of free warren, 35 Henry III., and Henry, son of Edmund enjoyed it, having a grant of a market here in 6 Edward I. On the death of Henry it descended to Alice, his daughter and heir, wife of Thomas, earl of Lancaster, and who, outliving her husband, gave up her right in it to the king in 16 Edward II. It remained in the crown when Leland visited it. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the property of Robert, earl of Essex, who sold it to the Hallings$. At this time the castle was destroyed and the house built. On the survey made by Henry VIII. an hospital here was returned worth 31. 13s. 4d. a year||. The park is about a mile beyond the village; the house is small, and has nothing in it worth seeing. Welfton Cliff, on the Trent, which runs below, has furnished a view for one of Smith’s prints.

Returning to the village, you come to the handsome bridge over the Trent, which is called Cavendish Bridge, from the Devonshire family, who built it in the room of a very inconvenient ferry which used to be here; the toll is taken the same as used to be at the ferry, and is half a crown for a chaise. The stone used in it, was brought from a quarry about three miles off.

Near this place the great Staffordshire navigation joins the Trent, and by means of that, and the duke of Bridgewater’s canals, there is a water carriage from Liverpool and Manchester to Hull. There is a branch from the Staffordshire, which goes off between Stone and Ridgley, by Wolverhampton and Kidderminster, to the Severn, and another to Birmingham.

These undertakings are truly stupendous, and strongly mark the spirit of enterprise, which is so much the character of the present age. The advantages to trade are immense, and in other respects are very great to the country through which the canals pass.

The first part of this great work may be said to have been begun by the Duke of Bridgewater about 1759; for the small attempts which had been before made on the Weaver and the Irwell, were carried on with so little spirit, as hardly to deserve notice. His grace has pursued the scheme ever since with unremitting attention. Instead of employing his time and money in the fashionable dissipations of the age, he gave up both to an undertaking great in the design, and most beneficial to the public in the execution, but attended with difficulties which would have been insuperable to one of less spirit or fortune than his grace, and to less abilities than those he was so fortunate to find in his workmen, amongst whom Mr. Brindley stands foremost. When a great fortune comes into such hands, such an application of it reflects additional lustre on the noble owner!

It was the duke’s great happiness to meet with a man of Mr. Brindley’s genius, which broke out like the sun from a dark cloud, he having been totally destitute of education; it was no less advantageous to the public, that under such a patron, Mr. Brindley was called forth and encouraged. He began this difficult work, but other very ingenious men have assisted in carrying it on, particularly Mr. Morris and Mr. Gilbert. Nor did Mr. Brindley, with a littleness too common, endeavour to conceal his discoveries.

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ries in mechanics; he has readily made them public, and has reared men whose abilities are now distinguished. The difficulties attending these undertakings only served to stimulate the managers, and their perseverance has overcome them all.

This navigation of the duke's begins at his coal-pits by Worley-mill, and goes to Manchester one way, and another by Altrincham and Haulton, to Runcorn-gap, on the Mersey, and crossing that river, to Liverpool, besides a cut from between Stretford and Altrincham to Stockport.

At Worley-mills, it is carried a mile and half, or more, under ground to the very places where the coal is dug, and by means of bridges, or rather aqueducts, is carried across the navigable rivers Irwell and Mersey. This subterraneous passage carries off the water from the coal works, which used to be drawn out by engines at a very great expense, and at the same time supplies water for the canal.

So far I cannot omit mentioning the duke's works, though out of the course of my present journey, as they gave birth to that great canal which I mentioned to fall into the Trent, near Cavendish Bridge. Of this I shall say a little more. It was set on foot in 1765 by earl Gower, and many other gentlemen of Staffordshire, and the neighbouring counties, under the direction of Mr. Brindley and Mr. Smeaton. The first estimate was 101,000l. afterwards enlarged to more than 150,000l. which was raised without difficulty. This canal extends from the Mersey to the Trent, communicating with the duke of Bridgewater's, and passes by or near Northwich, Middlewich, Burslem, Newcastle, Trenton, Stone, Stafford, and Burton, to Cavendish Bridge, besides having cuts to Litchfield and Birmingham, and is 28 feet broad, and four feet and a half deep in general. At Harecastle, in Staffordshire, on the borders of Cheshire, a tunnel twelve feet high, and eight or ten feet wide, is cut through a great hill more than a mile in length. Half a mile on each side this hill the canal is of an extraordinary dimension, which will be a reservoir for the water that flows out of the hill in great abundance, both ways, falling north and south. The expense of this cut was estimated at 10,000l. of the canal from the Trent to Harecastle, 700l. a mile, and from Harecastle to the other termination, 1000l. a mile.

From Cavendish Bridge, it is eight miles to Derby; this town furnishes several matters well worthy observation. It stands on the river Derwent, and has a very spacious market-place, in which is the town-hall, where the alizes are held, and an assembly room, lately furnished in an handsome manner by the duke of Devonshire. The tower of All Saints church, built in the time of Henry VIII., is lofty, and of excellent architecture. The body, which was rebuilt by Gibbs about 50 years ago, is large and uncommonly handsome. The iron screen before the communion-table, the work of a man now living, is of great lightness and beauty. A grave-stone, with the date of MCCCC, for John Lowe, a clergyman of this church, was lately dug up*. The monuments of the Cavendishes have no beauty in them, but one of them is for a most remarkable lady, Elizabeth, countess of Shrewsbury, who erected it in her life time. She was daughter of John Hardwick, esq. of Hardwick, in this county, and at length became co-heir to her brother. She was married very young, in the reign of Henry VIII., to a gentleman of the name of Barley, who died without issue, and left her a very considerable estate. She then married sir William Cavendish, who by his fidelity to Cardinal Wolsey in his fall, recommended himself to Henry VIII.; by him she had three sons, and surviving him, married sir William St. Lo, and becoming again a widow, had

* This church was collegiate, and at the suppression was valued at 38l. 14s. Mon. v. i. 1039. There was also a nunnery here, and some small foundations besides.
for her fourth husband George Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury. On each of the last marriages she took care to have large estates settled on her and her heirs; and having no issue by any of her husbands, except Sir William Cavendish, those estates, as well as her own, centered in her son William, created baron Cavendish, of Hardwick, and afterwards, by James I., earl of Devonshire. She founded and endowed well an hospital near the east end of the church, for twelve poor people, which has lately been rebuilt by the duke in an handsome manner.

Whether her former husbands led very easy lives with her, does not appear; but Camden, as quoted by Dugdale, tells us that the earl of Shrewsbury fared badly. In speaking of him, he says, that "in those ambiguous times (i.e. Queens Mary and Elizabeth) he so preferred himself against all outward machinations, calumnies at court, and the mischiefous practices of his second wife, for full fifteen years, as that he thereby deferred no less honour for his fidelity and prudence, than he did for his fortitude and valour*."

In the last rebellion the Pretender pushed forward as far as this town, and kept his court in a house belonging to Lord Exeter, the back of which looks towards the river; but meeting with a cold reception in England, he returned towards Scotland.

The famous silk mill on the river here, was erected in 1719 by Sir Thomas Lombe, who brought the model out of Italy, where one of this sort was used, but kept guarded with great care. It was with the utmost hazard, and at a great expense of time and money, that he effected it. There are near 100,000 movements, turned by a single wheel, any one of which may be flopped independent of the rest. Every time this wheel goes round, which is three times in a minute, it works 73,728 yards of silk. By this mill the raw silk brought from Valencia in Spain, Italy, or China, is prepared for the warp. At one end of this building is a mill on the old plan, used before this improvement was made, where the silk is fitted, in a coarser manner, for the cloth. These mills employ about 200 persons of both sexes, and of all ages, to the great relief and advantage of the poor. The money given by strangers is put into a box, which is opened the day after Michaelmas Day, and a feast is made; an ox is killed, liquor prepared, the windows are illuminated, and the men, women and children employed in the work, drested in their best array, enjoy in dancing and decent mirth, a holiday, the expectation of which lightens the labour of the rest of the year. It is customary for the inhabitants of the town, and any strangers who may be there, to see the entertainment; and the pleasure marked in the happy countenances of these people is communicated to the spectators, and contributes to the provision for the ensuing year.

The china manufactory is not less worthy of notice. Under the care of Mr. Duftberry, it does honour to this country. Indefatigable in his attention, he has brought the gold and the blue to a degree of beauty never before obtained in England, and the drawing and colouring of the flowers are truly elegant. About seventy hands are employed in it, and happily, many very young, are enabled to earn a livelihood in the business.

Another work is carried on here, which, though it does not employ so many hands, must not be passed without observation. The marbles, spars and petrifications, which abound in this county, take a fine polish, and from their great variety, are capable of being rendered extremely beautiful. Two persons are engaged in this business, and make vases, urns, pillars, columns, &c. as ornaments for chimney-pieces, and even chimney-pieces themselves.

* Dugd. Bar. v. i. p. 333.

A mile
A mile above Derby is Little Chester, the Derventio of the Romans. It was of the same size as Manceter, 120 paces long, 80 broad. Within the wall, in what are now pastures, foundations of houses have been found, wells curbed with good stone, coins, and earthen pipes. Remains of a bridge are said to have been seen near this place. A little beyond it is Darley Hall, a handsome house, the seat of Mr. Holden, to which there is a pleasant walk from the town. At this place there was a monastery of canons regular of the order of St. Augustin, founded in the time of Henry the by Hugh the priest, dean of Derby, who gave to Albinus, and his canons of St. Helen's, near Derby, all his land at Little Derby, to make there a church and habitation for him and his canons*. The priory of Derby, founded by Robert Ferrers, earl of Derby, temp. H. II. was translated hither†. At the suppression it was valued at 25l. 14s. 5d.‡ Some part of the walls are to be seen in an out-house, and in some cottages, and a building belonging to the mill below.

Though it is not doubted that the Romans had a station at Little Chester, yet there has been much doubt whether there was any road from thence to Chesterfield, or whether the latter was a station§. It was reserved for the industry and ingenuity of Mr. Pegge to ascertain these facts, the latter of which he seems to have done very clearly. He states the road to come out of Stafford-shire, over Eggington-heath, by Little-over, Nun-green, and down Darley-flade, to the river, where was the bridge; he traces it over Morley-moor, by Horley park; near a Roman camp on Pentrich common to Okerthorpe; near Kendall's inn at Alfreton, Shirland-hall, Highham, through Sretton (the name of which be-speaks its situation on a road†, Clay-crofts, Eglew farm, and Tupton-moor; from thence it points to sir Henry Hunloke's avenue, and directly to Chesterfield. Mr Pegge particularly describes several places where it was very visible in 1760 for a considerable length together, between Little Chester and Tupton-moor, but can trace it no further, the country having been long in tillage. He guesses the station at Chesterfield to have been Tupton, or Tupton-hill¶.

About two miles and a half from Derby, in the road to Buxton, is Kedleston, the seat of lord Scarfdale, which may properly be called the glory of Derbyshire, eclipsing Chatworth, the ancient boast of the county. It was built from the designs of Mr. Robert Adam. The front is magnificent and beautiful, the apartments elegant, and at the same time useful, a circumstance not always to be met with in a great house. It is the ancient seat of the Curzon's a family of great antiquity, wealth, and interest in this county. This house has been built by the present lord (created lord Scarfdale in 1761) partly on the spot where the old house stood, but the ground has been so much altered, that there is no resemblance of what it was. In the front stood a village with a small inn for the accommodation of those who came to drink of a medicinal well, which has the virtues of the Harrowgate water; a rivulet turned a water-mill, and the high road went by the gate. The village is removed (not destroyed, as is too often done) the road is thrown to a considerable distance, out of sight of the house, the scanty stream is encreased into a large piece of water, and the ground disposed in the finest order.

The entrance from the turnpike road is through a grove of noble and venerable oaks (something hurt by a few small circular clumps of firs planted amongst them)

* Dugd. Mon. v. ii. p 230. † Dugd. Bar. v. i. p 259. ‡ Mon. v. i. p 1039.
§ Salmon's survey, p. 540. || Roman Roads in Derbyshire investigated.
¶ This is the strongest sulphur water in Derbyshire at the spring head, but will not bear carriage.
after which, crossing a fine lawn, and passing the water by an elegant stone bridge, of three arches, a gentle ascent leads to the house.

The front, built of white stone, is extensive; in the centre is a flight of steps, leading to a portico, consisting of six Corinthian pillars, three feet in diameter, which support a pediment decorated with statues. On each side a corridore connects a pavilion with the body of the house, forming the two wings, the whole front being 360 feet. The steps lead into a magnificent hall, behind which is a circular saloon. On the left are a music-room, drawing-room, and library, and at the end of the corridore, the private apartments of lord and lady Scarfdale, and their young family. On the right of the hall are the dining room, state dressing-room, and bed-chamber, and another dressing-room, the kitchen, and offices.

On each side of the hall are eight fluted pillars of variegated marble of the country, and two at each end, of the Corinthian order, 25 feet high, two feet six inches in diameter. This room is 60 feet by 30 within the columns, 67 feet three inches by 42 within the walls, 47 to the top of the window; between the columns are fine antique statues in niches, over which are baffo relieves in compartments, crowned with festoons; the ceiling covered and richly ornamented with paintings and relieves in the antique taste; in the centre is a window, by which the whole receives light. The panels of the doors are of the paper manufacture of Mr. Clay, of Birmingham, highly varnished, and the paintings well executed.

The saloon is 42 feet diameter, 54 feet 6 inches high, 24 feet 6 inches to the cornice, crowned with a dome, which lights the room. Over the doors are four paintings by Morland, and there are some statues in niches.

The music-room is 36 feet by 24, and 22 high. In this room is the triumph of Bacchus, a large and capital piece by Luca Giordani, a fine head by Rembrandt, and other pieces by Baffan, Horizonti, &c.

From this room a corridore, hung with elegant prints, leads to the family apartments. The breakfast-room is painted from the antique in the baths of Dioclesian.

The grand drawing-room is 44 feet by 28, and 28 high, with a covered ceiling; the furniture blue damask. A Venetian window and four door-frames are ornamented with small Corinthian columns of alabaster. In this room, as indeed in all the others, are many capital pictures. Raphael, Claude, Guido, Cuyp, &c. are amongst the masters.

The library is of the same size and height as the music-room. In this room, over the chimney, is a piece of Rembrandt, which beggars all description. It is the story of Daniel brought before Nebuchadnezzar to interpret his dream, and contains eight or nine small whole length figures. The composed majesty of the king, who is seated in a chair of state; the astonishment and terror of his great men sitting near him; the earnestness of Daniel kneeling before him, and in short the whole piece is, beyond expression, striking.

From this room cross the saloon into the state dressing-room and bed-chamber, with a servant’s room behind. The two former hung with blue damask, the bed of the fame, with gold lace, supported by palm trees of mahogany, carved and gilt. The bedroom is 30 feet by 22, 20 high.

The dining-parlour is 36 feet by 24, 20 high, the ceiling adorned with paintings. The centre represents Love embracing Fortune, by Morland; four circles, by Zucchi, represent the four quarters of the world; and four squares, by Hamilton, the four seafons. The corridore on this side, which is used as a chapel, leads to a gallery overlooking
looking the kitchen, which is 48 feet by 24, and lofty, with this significant motto over the chimney, "Waste not, Want not."

The principal stair-case, leading out of the hall to the attic story at this end, conducts to eight apartments for visitors, most, if not all of which, have a bed-room, dressing-room, and servant's room.

The church, which is not at all seen in the approach, stands close to the west end of the house; the old pun of "wee shall" remains on the "dye-all."

From the principal front of the house, which is the north, the eye is conducted by a beautiful slope to the water, which is seen tumbling down a cascade, encircling an island planted with trees, and at the bridge falling over rough rocks, and then forming a large river, on which is a yacht. Below is a small rustic building over the well and bath, which are used by many persons, who are accommodated at an inn, built by his lordship in the road, and from which a pleasant walk through the park leads to the bath.

In the back front of the house is the pleasure-ground, stretching up to the edge of the rising ground, on which is a fine and extensive plantation, beginning to shew itself in great beauty. The walk is about three miles in the whole.

Of all the houses I ever saw, I do not recollect any one which so completely pleased me as this did, and the uncommon politeness and attention of the housekeeper who showed it, added not a little to the entertainment.

Go out of the park the same way, and turning on the left, go by Welton, Ayrton, and Wirksworth, to Matlock. From Welton, turning off to Ayrton, the road is good, and the country beautiful; the inclosures on the sides of the hills, which run in all directions, some in corn, some in pasture, form a very pleasing scene. From Ayrton to Wirksworth the road is very indifferent, but I believe it would have proved better if I had gone forward past Ayrton, instead of turning, as I did, on the right.

There is another way by Duffield, which leads into the turnpike-road from Derby to Matlock, by turning on the left on leaving the park, and then taking the first road on the right; but neither of these are good for a carriage, and the best way is to go back towards Derby into the turnpike road.

Pass through Duffield, a village where was formerly one of the castles of Robert Ferrers, Earl of Derby, which he held against Henry II. but was compelled to surrender it, and it was demolished. Whether there is any vestige of it now I do not know. There was then a forest called Duffield forest.

Soon after coming on this turnpike, begin to ascend the hills, which are in general barren on the outside, marked with heaps of rubbish thrown out by the miners, but interspersed with fine pleasant dales and woods.

This road leaves Wirksworth on the left, which is a pretty large town in a bottom, where is a great market for lead, and a hall is built for holding the miners' courts. This manor, with that of Ashburn, was given by King John to William Ferrers, Earl of Derby, whose descendant Robert left this and all his other great estates by his reiterated petition to Henry III. who at length seized them, and gave them to his son Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, from whom this descended to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and now remains part of that duchy. Here was formerly a very pleasant and pure warm spring, but in digging for lead they lost it, and have now two warm brooks, being old sluices made to drain the water from their works, which bring down much lead, though the works have been ended many years, and are not fit

† Arch. v. ii. p. 273.  
‡ Arch. v. ii. p. 285.
for drinking*. There are two chalybeate springs here, one in a meadow called Fifspool-flat, which is like Pymont water†. The rocks begin hereabouts to thaw themselves in a thousand romantic shapes.

At the bottom of a long hill, called Cromford, is a village of the same name; a large handsome inn was built here in 1778. The right hand road goes to Nottingham, the left to Matlock, crossing a little stream that comes from Bonfal in its way to the Derwent, which it falls into just below, after turning a mill for spinning cotton, invented by one Mr. Arkwright, who has a patent for it, and in conjunction with some other persons, carries on the business with great advantage to himself and the neighbourhood. It employs about 200 persons, chiefly children; and to make the most of the term for which the patent was granted, they work by turns, night and day. Another mill, as large as the first, is building here, new houses are rising round it, and every thing wears the face of industry and cheerfulness. A third is built at Bakewell, another at Calver. Mr. Arkwright was bred a barber, but true genius is superior to all difficulties, even those of education, and happily he found men of spirit to supply that money which he wanted to carry his schemes into execution. The undertaking amply repays them for their confidence.

The manor of Matlock, with those of Bonfal, Wirksworth, and many others, were part of the great estate of the Ferrers, earls of Derby; and in 16 Henry III. earl William obtained a charter of free warren in them, amongst others‡.

How different is the appearance of this place now, from what it was some years ago, when it was only noticed by the traveller as "the habitation of a few grovers, who dug for lead ore, and whose huts were not bigger than hogs' sty!"§ And yet, beautiful as it is now, that description was then a true one. The grandfather of a man whom I saw in 1780, worked at the first building over the old bath, and no carriage had then ever passed through the dale; indeed none could have passed, the rocks at that time extending too near the edge of the river. The waters became known about the year 1698, when the bath was built and paved by the reverend Mr. Fern, of Matlock, and Mr. Heyward||, of Cromford, and put into the hands of George Wragg, who to confirm his title, took a lease of it of the several lords of the manor for ninety-nine years, paying them a fine of 150l. and an annual rent of sixpence a-piece. He then built a few small rooms adjoining to the bath, which were but a poor convenience for strangers; but his lease and property were sold about the year 1730, to Mr. Smith and Mr. Pennell, of Nottingham, for near one thousand pounds. They erected two large commodious buildings, with stables, coach-house, &c. made a coach-road along the river side from Cromford, and opened a better horse-way from the bath to Matlock-bridge, which is now made a very good turnpike road. Mr. Pennell afterwards bought Mr. Smith's part, and dying about 1733, left it to his daughter. It is now the joint property of several persons‡‡.

The bath is twenty yards above the river, and from it to the top of the rocks on the well side of the house is 120 yards perpendicular, where stand some small cottages. From these are several grazes close on another ascent, which afterwards becomes steep and rugged, and rises almost to a level with the top of Maffon, whose summits is 250 yards above the Derwent. On the north and well sides of the bath rise Westuphills, twenty yards above the High Torr, on the lower and south part of which is a small

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† lb p. 276.
‡ Dugd. Bar. v. i. p. 262
§ England's Gazetteer.
|| Short, p. 80.
¶ By Fahrenheit's thermometer, the temperature of common water is 48°; Matlock bath 68°, Buxton 82°, vital heat 96°, King's bath, at Bath, 114°, boiling water 212°. Whitehurst's Theory, p. 169.

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grove.
grove, with dry meadows, houses, mines, &c. and above these is a rugged, stony ascent, on the top of which proud Maffon raises his lofty head, about one hundred fathoms above the summit of Matlock High Torr. On the west side of the bath is another steep and almost inaccessible ascent of crags and rocks, above which are some houses and inclosures, and at the top of them a plain, commanding a very large prospect, except on the north side, where it is bounded by Maffon*. From this plain are seen some parts of Staffordshire and Cheshire, with several towns, villages, &c.

All the warm springs spring up from between 15 and 30 yards above the level of the river; higher or lower the springs are cold, and only common water. There are several warm springs, besides a current of warm water from a mine called Balls-eye, which was a natural grotto formerly filled with ore, and produced very great quantities of lead.

All along this course of warm waters, from their first eruption down to the river, are vast heaps of petrifications†, which are soft before they are exposed to the air, and very light, but afterwards turn to a smoky blue colour, become very hard, and are used in building. Any strong acid dropped on them, raised a great fermentation, and turns them to jelly‡. Whilst the waters retain their warmth and motion, few or no petrifications are found, but when they begin to lose their warmth and motion, the petrifications are found.

All the warm waters dropping from the roofs of small grottoes hereabouts, form little pillars or prisms of various shapes, such as bones of all sorts, hartshorns, corals, and faint representations of some parts of animals§; but those above ground form another sort of petrifications, by incrustation at first, but it afterwards destroys the body upon which it is gathered, retaining the perfect shape of it, as mosses, graps, leaves, sticks, &c. There is a notion that the petrifying quality is not so strong now as it used to be.

The Bath water, and all these tepid springs, are very clear, and have no steam except in a cold morning, or in winter; nor do they throw up great bubbles of air like the Buxton waters‖, which contain more sulphur and mineral spirit‖.

These waters are lighter than Brifol water by near a grain in a pint, and are good in hectic fevers, want of appetite, and many other cases***.

Two miles south-west, is Middleton Bath, which rises close by the south side of Bonfal brook, at the foot of a very high, steep mountain, one mile from Middleton, two from Wirkworth; it is 16 yards long, seven broad, and two deep. It is continually bubbling up with great force, and immediately empties itself into the brook. It is chiefly used to cure mangeous horses and dogs, but is fit to be employed to much greater purposes††.

The entrance of Matlock Dale from Cromford, is by a passage cut through the rock, which makes a very striking appearance. From hence it is about a mile to the bath,


Dr. Percival has given the following comparative view of the different temperatures of Bath, Buxton, Brifol, and Matlock waters, measured by Fahrenheit's thermometer.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Water</th>
<th>Temperature</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bath</td>
<td>112°</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hot-bath</td>
<td>114½</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cross-bath</td>
<td>110°</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brifol Hot-well</td>
<td>76°</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buxton Bath</td>
<td>82°</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Ann's well</td>
<td>81°</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matlock</td>
<td>68°</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring</td>
<td>66°</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

See his experiments on the waters of Buxton and Matlock.
the road running by the side of the river, and the dale being in some parts so narrow, that there is little more than room for the road between the river on one hand, and the rocks on the other. In some places it spreads to a greater width; in all, it is a most romantic and beautiful ride. The river is sometimes hid behind trees, sometimes it glides smooth and calm, sometimes a distant fall is heard; here it tumbles over a ledge of rocks, stretching quite across, there it rushes over rude fragments, torn by storms from the impending masses. Each side, but particularly the farther one, is bordered by lofty rocks, generally clothed with wood, in the most picturesque manner. In many places where they seem to be quite perpendicular, and without any earth on them, underwood, ash, and other trees shoot up, growing to the common height.

At Matlock are two baths, the old and the new; the new is the first, is a handsome house, and the situation is much pleasanter than that of the other, but the old is much the largest house, and most frequented. Each of them has a bath. The company dine together in a large room at two, and sup at eight, after which there is music for those who choose dancing, or cards for those who prefer them. The charge for dinner is one shilling, and the fare for supper; every one drinks what he likes.

A little way from the old bath, a boatman is ready to carry over to the other side of the river, where he has made a walk on the bank, through the wood at the foot of the rocks, as far as the mouth of a lead mine, drained by an engine, which is worked by the river. In this walk two little streams are seen on the opposite side, hastening down the bank. One of them falls from a considerable height, but would have a better effect if the regular steps over which it tumbles, were taken away. Returning towards the landing place is an ascent to the top of the rock by about 220 steps, besides several gradual slopes; this is so well managed by different turnings, that though the rock is here almost perpendicular, little difficulty is found in gaining the summit; and the wood grows so close to the edge of the path, that there is no room for the least apprehension of danger. About half way up is a seat overlooking the river and country. At the top is a fine pale turmoor, flowing from the very edge of the rock down to a little valley, where a small bend of the river is seen, though from the situation of the ground, it appears to be a different one from that which you left below.

Turning to the right a rustic bench is found, from whence is a full view of the whole of that scenery, of which different parts had presented themselves before. A blind path across the enclosures, leads from hence to the cotton-mill.

Between the bath and the village of Matlock, the ride is equally romantic with the entrance of the dale; but, in one place the rock, from its superior height and boldness, has acquired the name of Matlock great or high Torr. It is said the perpendicular height is 140 yards. About half way up it is covered with underwood, without any great trees; the upper part is perpendicular, and almost entirely bare, only here and there is a small tree hanging out of a crevice. The river runs close at the foot, and by the intervention of a ledge of stone, forms a considerable cascade. The strata of stone here exactly correspond with those, on the opposite side of the vale; a proof that some violent convulsion has rent them asunder.

A little beyond this is the village; the houses scattered on the side of the hills and in the bottom, the bridge, the church, standing single, near the edge of a high rock, yet sheltered by trees, the meadows, the moving machinery of an engine for draining a mine here, and the barren hills in the Laintain, form altogether a most picturesque and delightful view.
About a mile from Matlock bridge, is a scene fit for the pencil of a Salvator Rosa. Take the road to Chesterfield, and at the turnpike go off on the right, over a common scattered with large grey stones, when a fineling house called the Lumbs, is soon seen. It stands on a point, from which the water falls a great height over the rudest rocks, and has worn a deep hollow, covered with fragments of stone, some of them very large, between which the current finds its way. At the bottom is a little mill, turned by a small branch of the stream, which is conducted by a channel made for that purpose. A little above this mill is the station for seeing the fall.

At this fineling house red lead is made by burning common lead a sufficient time, by which it is reduced in weight as much as 200 or 300 pound in a ton. On the stones in the common I saw a little of the rock mofs, which is found plentifully at Dolgelley, in Merionethshire, and carried from thence to Dublin, where it is used as a red dye.

Near Matlock bridge are two chalybeate springs, one by the side of the road to Bakewell, on the right hand rising the hill; the other, which is stronger, is under a bank in the road to Alfreton, by the side of the little stream which comes down from the fineling mill, mentioned above.

In the way to Bonfal some pieces of water have been lately formed by dams across the little stream, which runs down that bottom, and on one of them a large corn-mill is built.

There is a pleasant ride on the road to Nottingham, the river being on the right, and much wood on the sides of the hills.

On the top of the hill called Riber, which is above the church, is a stone, said to have been formerly a rocking stone, called in Cornwall a Logan-stone, but it is not moveable now; it has a round hole in the top, exactly resembling one which Dr. Borlak, in his antiquities of Cornwall, has given a print of, plate XI. fig. 4. It is not very large, and is placed on two other stones.

At Birchover (pronounced Bircher) are some very large rocking stones, called Routar-stones, in a most extraordinary situation, well worth visiting. The best way is to go through Winster, keeping the church on the left, when a road up the steep side of a hill on the right leads to Birchera, a small village, at the farther end of which are these stones in an inclosure*. They are a most wonderful assemblage of rocks, or rather huge stones, piled on one another, forming a hill, which runs in length for seventy yards, or more, from east to west, the north side and west end being nearly perpendicular. You go up at the east end by a moderate ascent, when prodigious maffles of stone present themselves, and a passage about six feet high appears, which formerly went under part of them, and came out on the north side, but the middle of it is now fallen in. On the north side, you find some immense stones, which form a kind of alcove, seeming as if scooped out for that purpose. Going up to the higher part are two rocking stones, which can be moved by the hand; one of them, suppose to weigh 50 tons, rests on two points of less than a foot diameter each, but there is now earth and grass collected, which cover the stone on which they rest, yet not so as to prevent its being moveable. On the highest stone of all, a round pillar of three joints, with a weather-cock at the top, has been let into such a hole as that which appears in the stone on Riber, mentioned above†.

* These must be what are lightly mentioned by Stukeley, without ascertaining the place; he speaks of two tumuli on the edges of opposite hills on entering the Peak country, and a hermitage by a great rock, called R. teliff, on the back of which stones are set up two and two, forming a celtic avenue.

† Mr. Rook fays, this is a rock-balcon, and that there are others here, Arch. v. vi. p. 111. where are several views of these rocks.
hill, a chair is cut, with two arms of very rude workmanship, and a seat for one person on each side of it. One of the uppermost stones measures 37 feet, or more, in length.

When seated in this chair, you see towards the right a single stone on an opposite hill; called the Eandle, or Anvil-stone; and to the right of that another, called Thomas's Chair; on this last there was a few years ago, a stone cut in shape of a chair, with a seat on each side, but it is now thrown down. Looking to the left, on the points of a high crag, are two upright stones, called Robinhood's Stride; a little to the right of them, at the other end of the range, terminating in a heap of loose stones, is Cratcliff Torr; south of Robinhood's Stride is Bradley, or Bradwell Torr, where is another shaking stone. This last is probably that which Dr. Borlase says he had heard of, as being four yards high, and twelve round. Of the two at Routar, he says, the largest is computed to weigh at least twenty ton, and it is on a karn twenty feet high.

At the foot of Routar, on the south side, is a house called Routar-hall, once the habitation of a gentleman's family, lately belonging to Mr. Eyre, of Derby, from whom it descended to the present lady Maflareene, his daughter; there is also a small chapel. From this house there is a way up to these stones, where part of them is seen in a most extraordinary position; the highest heap of them here forms a face to the west, where they hang over one another almost without support, in the manner of that described by Dr. Borlase in plate XI. fig. 5, but much larger. The guide would make you believe that the sacrifices were performed here, and that the marks of fire are still visible on these stones. I cannot say I could see it. The north side at this end consists of vast masses, piled on one another in the same manner, small stones seeming to have been put in to support the large ones. The heap goes further towards the west, but less high, and is terminated by a single square stone placed on some others.

It seems incredible that these stones should have been brought and placed here by any human art, as no engines now known would be equal to the task of bringing and placing them in the position in which they are now seen. Yet when one considers Stone-henge, which is beyond doubt the work of art; when we hear what masses of solid stone were carried to Paimyra, and raised to a great height, one cannot say it is impossible that this should be the work of human hands. Dr. Borlase observes†, that the ancients had powers of moving vast weights, of which we have now no idea; whatever knowledge was possessed, was possessed by the Druids, and they are supposed to have had so absolute a command of the people, that nothing would be wanting to effect what they might design. There are other certain marks of their having been in this neighbourhood. But, after all, may not this heap be the effect of that convulsion which has left such astonishing marks of its violence in this country; and might not the Druids, finding the stones here remove the surrounding earth, and use them as a place of religious worship, taking advantage of the uncommon circumstance of such large stones being moveable by so small a force, to make the multitude believe they were invested with supernatural powers?

Dr. Borlase describes a Tolvæn in Cornwall, and another in Scilly, to consist of a large orbicular stone, supported by two stones, between which there is a passage, and says they are both in the decline of hills, beneath a large karn of rocks, standing on two natural supporters: he adds afterwards, “Another thing is worthy of our notice

* Antiquities of Cornwall, p. 182.
† Ibid. p. 175.
‡ Rowland's Mona Antiqua, p. 67.
in this kind of monuments, which is, that underneath these vast stones, there is a hole or passage between the rocks: * whether this was used as a sanctuary for an offender to fly to, or introduce proselytes, novices, people under vows, or about to sacrifice into their more sublune mysteries, he does not determine.*

The stones on Routar do not seem to answer the description of a Toulmen, but that on Bradley Torr does; the passage, however, might be for a similar purpose.

Cratcliff presents a broad and very lofty perpendicular front of stones, wonderfully large, facing Winster and Elton; some of the upper ones are worn on the edges, as if jagged, and many of them are marked with ledges, probably occasioned by the rain washing away the softer parts: Mr. Rooke says there are four rock-bafons on the top. At the western end is a small cave in the rock, open to the south, which was formerly the habitation of a hermit. At the east end of it the figure of our Saviour on the cross was carved on the stone, and great part of it is still remaining. On the left of it is a niche. Facing the entrance was a seat, hewed out of the rock. A bed-place seems to have been separated from the rest, the holes remaining in which the posts were probably placed.

On the same range of hill, two stones standing upright in a direct line from one another, have got the name of Robinhood's Stride; they are also called Mock beggar-hall, from the resemblance they have to chimneys at each end of a manse-house, and which, on the north side particularly, might induce the poor traveller to make up to it in hopes of refreshment. Still more west of this, is another craggy rock, which, from the road to Elton, seems to hang almost without support.

About half a mile to the north of these rocks, on Hartle-moor, or Stanton-moor, is a circle of nine upright stones, called the Nine Ladies; a little west of this is a single stone, called the King; near this are several cairns, some of which have been opened, and bones found in them‡.

On Bircher-moor, towards Bakewell, I was told there is a similar circle, but the stones not so high as in the other†.

Going towards Elton, the guide showed me the top of what he called a pillar of eighteen or twenty feet in height, appearing between the Eandle-stone and Thomas's Chair, towards Bakewell; but at Bakewell I could not get any information about it.

About 200 yards north from the Nine Ladies, and a quarter of a mile west of the little valley which separates Hartle-moor from Stanton-moor, Mr. Rooke describes a circular work called Castle Ring. It has a deep ditch and double vallum; the entrance is very visible on the south-east side, where part of the vallum has been levelled by the plough. The diameter from N. E. to S. W. is 143 feet, from S. E. to N. W. 165 feet. As no coins or Roman utensils have been found near it, he says there seems to be grounds to suppose it a Britth, not Roman encampment. Some give it to the Danes, who secured themselves some time in Derbyshire, after they had driven out the Saxons, but its vicinity to many Druidical remains, seem to speak it Britth.

This gentlemen also mentions three remarkable stones, called Cat-stones, on the east side of Stanton-moor, at the edge of a declivity, looking over Darley Dale; and another near them, called Gorste-stone, derived from the Britth word Gorfed-dau, which

* Antiquities of Cornwall, p. 171, 175.
† Mr. Rooke says, there was found with bones a large blue glass bead, with orifices not larger than the tip of a tobacco-pipe
‡ Mr. Rooke mentions this as being on Hartle-moor, half a mile west of the Nine Ladies, and having now only six stones."
Dr. Borlase mentions as a place of elevation used by the Druids from whence they used to pronounce their decrees. He gives also a plan of a small circular work in the middle of Stanton moor, 16 yards diameter, and some remarkable rocks near the village of Stanton.

These things my miserable guide gave me no information of when I was there.

On the commons of Winfort are several barrows, chiefly of stone, but one of earth was opened about the year 1768, when there were found in it two glass vessels, between eight and ten inches in height, containing about a pint of water, of a light green colour, and very limpid. With these was found a silver collar, or bracelet, and other small ornaments, and one of filligree work, of gold, or silver gilt, and set with garnets, or red glass. There were also several square and round beads, of various colours, of glass and earth, and some small remains of brases, like clasps and hinges, and pieces of wood, as if of a little box in which the ornaments had been deposited*.

From Matlock there are many excursions to be made. That to Routar, which I have just mentioned; to Dovedale, and Mr. Porte’s, at Ilam; to Haddon-hall, Bakewell, Mr. Eyre’s, at Hassop, and Monfal Dale; to Hardwick-hall; to Chatworth, and from thence by Middleton Dale to Castleton, in the high Peak, and so to Tideswell and Buxton.

The road to Dovedale is by Middleton, leaving Wirksworth on the left; through Bravington, Bradburn, and Tiffington, into the turnpike-road from Bakewell to Ashbourn, about two miles and a half from the last place, coming into it at a little public-house called the Dog and Partridge; but the traveller must not depend on this house for refreshment. The road to Dovedale goes off the turnpike by this house: pausing a church on the left, and two or three cottages on the right, you turn on the right into a field, where there is no other track than what is made by the summer visitors; yet in the lower part of this, on the left, the entrance of the dale will be easily found.

Before I enter on a description of Dovedale, I must mention that at Bravington there is in a large pasture a rock, called Rainfter, spreading something like a turkey-cock’s tail. On the moor, on the right, is a rocky hill, called Harbury, from whence you see to a great distance. The moor is covered with rocks of a rough, ragged stone. On this common, some years ago, a Kyft-vaen was discovered by a farmer, who cut through the barrow to get stone; he broke part of the lid, but found it to troublesome that he deisted, and the rest of it remained perfect, and was visited by the gentleman from whom I had this information. I believe this is the same as is now to be seen on the top of Mininglew, near Bravington common, between Newhaven and Winfter. On this spot were several, three of them are now remaining, but partly hid by a plantation of trees, which is surrounded by a wall. They consist of large perpendicular stones set into the ground, and appearing some more, some less above the surface, some close together, others not so, and on the top of them is laid one large flat stone. The most perfect is about nine feet in length, and on the north side there is room enough to go down into it. Another less perfect is 3 feet in length.

To return to Dovedale; the walk between the rocks begins at a point, where the river Dove turns a corner of the projecting hills, one of which (on the left) is very lofty, and is called Thorpe Cloud. Here the horses must be left. Following the course of the stream, you come to the upper part of the dale, called Mill-dale, where there is a little public-house by a bridge, which leads towards Altonfield, and the great copper-
mine of the duke of Devonshire, called Eton-mine. If you mean to go thither, a guide must be got to take the horses round to the bridge.

Dovedale is in every part deep and narrow, the river running sometimes close to the rocks on one side, sometimes on the other, often barely leaving a foot-path. These rocks, on both sides the water, are of grey limestone, of every wild and grotesque variety of height and shape. Sometimes they stand single, like the fragments of a wall, or the tower of an old castle; sometimes they rise from a broad base in a kind of pyramid, at others, slender like a pinnacle; sometimes plain and perpendicular; sometimes huge masses hang on the upper part, almost without support, and seem to threaten destruction to any one who ventures beneath them. Yew, ash, whiteleaf, and other trees, grow out of the crevices, scattered in various parts, in one place forming a thick wood from the bottom to the top. Wood-pigeons, and a great number of hawks are found here; and there is a rabbit-warren, in which 3500 couples are taken in a year, the skins of which fell for about eight shillings a dozen.

After going up a little way, there is on the right a large natural arch in a rock, which stands out single, and has the appearance of a wall; this leads to a cavern in the rock behind, called Reynard’s-hall, and to another called his kitchen.

Towards the upper end is another large arch and a cavern, called Foxholes. Beyond this, a turn on the right leads to a farm-house, called Hanson Grange, but the stream will lead to Mill-dale. The rocks continue some distance further, and then are lost by degrees, a fragment peeping out here and there after the chain is discontinued.

The Dove rises near Buxton, in the parish of Altonfield, is here of various width, very clear, deep in some few places, but generally shallow, runs rapidly, and has many small falls, but none of consequence; the bed of it is sometimes overgrown with weeds, and the sides often so, which takes off much of its beauty. It here parts the counties of Derby and Stafford. Poachers take from five to twenty pounds weight of trout or grayling at a time, and carry them to Buxton or Matlock, where they sell them for sixpence or eightpence a pound. Cray-fish are also taken here.

On the top of the road, opposite the Foxholes, cockles, periwinkles, and other sea-shells are found; shells are also found petrified in the rocks, in several places. On the hill in the road from Ilam to Wetton, they are digging a crumbly red grit-flone, almost entirely composed of cockle and other shells. On a hill opposite Reynard’s-hall, in an old mine, a few entrochi are found in the flone; and in the wood beyond is a vein of ruddle, or red ochre, in chinks of the rocks, which is used to mark sheep with, and it will not easily wash out. In it are found crystals of a course red colour, of five points, less perfect than those found at Buxton, but harder. Lava is said to be seen about Thorpe cloud, and in other parts of the dale. From this hill the rocks on the opposite side of the river assume new shapes, and their shadows projected by the setting sun have a fine effect.

This scene is romantic and wild, with more of the sublime than the beautiful; but no one of curiosity who is in this part of the country can omit seeing it.

There is a way to go into this dale at the head of it, by going to Hanson Grange, which stands at one entrance, or to Mill-dale at another; but it cannot be found without a guide, who may be taken from Tissington, where is a seat of the very ancient family of Fitzherbert*. If this is preferred, the horses must be sent round to meet you at coming out, if it is intended to go to Ashbourn.

* The author of the famous law-book, called Natura Brevium, was of this family.

Leaving
Leaving the dale, on going out of the field turn on the right to Mr. Porte's, at Illam. His garden is in a bottom, surrounded by hills, and consists only of a walk round a meadow. The right hand hill is a rock, at the foot of which is the curiosity that attracts the traveller. The rivers Hamp and Manifold ingulp themselves at a considerable distance from hence, and from each other, the one near fix, the other four, miles off; the one running north, the other west, yet they come out of the rock in this place within 10 yards of each other, the former from a hole of about four feet deep, the latter from one of 1.4. They presently join their streams, and receiving that current of the Manifold which runs above ground from Wetton-mill, when there is too much water to be received by the swallows there, run under the name of the Manifold into the Dove, at no great distance. Some have affected to doubt whether the streams which break out in the garden are really distinct ones, or only different branches of the fame; but I was assured by a man of observation, that he has seen at different times one of them swelled by a sudden shower, the other remaining calm, and so of each of them. In this hilly country it is common for a heavy shower to fall in one place, when at a small distance it shall be fair weather.

In the rock above is a seat of which Congreve was very fond, and where it is said he wrote his Old Bachelor, a play thought at that time to be very witty. The opposite hill rives sleep and high, and is covered with a hanging wood, at the foot of which is the channel filled by the Manifold, when the cavity in the rocks at Wetton-mill will not carry off all the water, but dry in a season of drought. In this channel (up to the mill) are stones which flew a vein of pyrites, the size of a knitting-needle, crossing the stones in various directions. It is said that no others of the sort are found in the neighbourhood. From the upper end of this meadow a conical hill is seen, flat at the top, as if the point was cut off. It seems to stand singly, amongst a heap of rude, mithapen mountains, and forms a striking object.

In the garden is a curious engine for supplying the house with water, made by Mr. Chatterton, a very ingenious workman at Derby. There are two buckets which work themselves, one descending as the other rises, the full one emptying itself into a pipe, which conveys it to the house.

St. Bertram's well; his ash-tree growing over it, which the country people used to hold in great veneration, and think it dangerous to break a bough from; or his tomb in the church, which are mentioned by Plot; I did not hear of it at the place.

About four miles from Illam, in the way to Lepton-mine, is the village of Wetton, a mile from which is a mill, of which, and the rocks about it, Smith has engraved a view, amongst those he has given of this country. There is some scenery of rock and water, but it will scarce repay the trouble of a walk. In going to it you see on the left a large cavern in a high rock, but it has nothing to compensate the labor of going to, and descending from it. In the bottom, a little below the mill, the Manifold rushes into some channels in the foot of the rock, and runs under ground till it rises in the garden at Illam. The gardener proved the fact, by putting some corks into the river here, and fixing a net at the place of its emerging at Mr. Porte's, where he found them again.

Wetton is a very mean village, the inhabitants employed in mining. It is a poor vicarage of 20l. a-year, the church served about once a fortnight. This place belongs to the duke of Devonshire, and the land lets from 10 to 40 shillings an acre. The cart-
ing at Efton-mine is of much service to the farmers here, who earn a good deal of money by it.

That mine, which is a little beyond, is perhaps the richest copper mine in Europe. The hill in which it was found, is about 700 feet perpendicular in height. It was discovered about the year 1739, by a Cornish miner, who, passing over the hill, accidentally picked up a bit of the ore. The first adventurers, however, expended more than 13,000l. before they got any returns, and several of them gave it up; the second fett were more fortunate. After sinking a shaft of 200 yards deep, and driving an adit, they found great quantities of copper ore, which increased the lower they descended. At the end of their lease, the duke took it into his own hands, and for some years cleared eight or 10,000l. a-year; but in 1779 and 1780, the demand was so great on account of sheathing the men of war with it, (then first used) that he worked it to the extent of 30,000l.

This mine in its position differs from any yet discovered in any quarter of the world. The copper does not run in regular courses or veins, but sinks perpendicularly down, widening and swelling out as it descends, in form of a bell.

The miners work six hours at a time for one shilling; women, by task, earn from 4d. to 8d. a-day; girls and boys from 2d. to 4d. A great number are employed.

At the base of the hill is an adit, by which you may go a considerable way into the mountain, but to descend to the lower part requires a resolution which every one does not possess; and indeed it is a work of hazard to such as are not accustomed to that mode of travelling.

If too much of the day is taken up in this excursion, to return to Matlock with convenience, (which may be the case by going to Dovedale and Ilam only) very good accommodations may be had at Ashburn; and the celebrated picture of Raphael's, at Okeover, supposed to have been one of the collection of Charles I. may be seen the next morning.

The church of Ashburn was dedicated to St. Oswald, by Hugh de Patishull, bishop of Coventry, in 1241, as appears by an inscription on a brass plate, found on repairing the church some years ago, which is as follows; Anno incarnatione Dni Mcccxiijij, ke Maij dedicati eft hac eccia & hoc altare consecratum in honore fi Oswaldi regis & martiris a venerabili patre dno Hugone de Patishull Coventrensi Episcopo.

In the Harleian MS. n1486, fo. 49, b. is a copy of this inscription, (differing in a few letters only) which is there laid to be written in an old Saxon character, in brass, in Mr. Coke's house at Ashburn. There is no date to the memorandum.

It is remarkable that the bishop should be styled of Coventry only.

The manor of Ashburn with that of Wirksworth was given by King John to William Ferrers, earl of Derby.

Near Ashvern is Bentley, the seat of the Beresfords, who have enjoyed it from the time of the conquest. In the church is a monument for one of the family, who had 16 sons, eight of whom lost their lives in the glorious battle of Agincourt.

The ride to Bakewell is a very pleasant one, by the Great Torr and the village of Matlock. On crossing the bridge, keep the river on the left, which accompanies the road a considerable way, sometimes near, sometimes farther off; on the other side

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* The Gentleman's Magazine for 1769, p. 19, has a particular account of this mine.
† A fac simile of which is in the Gent. Mag. Sept. 1772. ‡ Dugd. Bar. v. i. p. 260.
of it a variety of hills rise in succession, various in form and colour, some pasture, some corn, some heath. The clergyman’s house at Darley, snug in the bottom, has a neat and cheerful appearance. On several of the hills plantations have been made, which are now getting up, and on others are natural woods. In different dales villages are seen, particularly Winsler, and innumerable cottages are scattered on the sides of the hills, which greatly enliven the scene. Culture is generally extended to the tops of the mountains; nor are even the masles of stone, which in many places lie so thick as seemingly to render all attempts of the plough fruitless, able to stop the hand of industry. The miners employ these hours which are not spent in subterraneous work, or necessary refreshment, and that skill which they acquire from their professions, in clearing the ground for the ploughs, and it repays the labor.

At Rooley bridge the right hand road goes directly to Chatsworth; the left, crossing the bridge, to Bakewell. About a mile on this side Bakewell, Haddon Hall presents its venerable front, on the side of a hill, overlooking the little river Wye, and some exceeding rich pastures, reckoned the finest in the country. The house is castellated, and consists of two courts, round which the apartments and offices are built. Over the door of the great porch, leading into the hall, are two coats of arms, cut in stone; the one is Vernon, the other is Fulco de Pembroke, lord of Tong, in Shropshire, whose daughter and heir married Sir Richard Vernon, and brought him a great estate. In the south front is a gallery, about 110 feet long, and 17 wide, the floor of which is said to have been laid with boards cut out of one oak, which grew in the park. In the middle is a large recess, with a window, and several other great bow windows. In one of them are the arms of England, circled with the garter, and surmounted with a crown. In another are those of the earl of Rutland, impaling Vernon with its quarterings, and circled with the garter. In the same window are the arms of the earl of Shrewsbury, also circled with the garter. In a corner of the first court is the entrance to the chapel, under a low, sharp-pointed arch. In the east window were portraits of many of the Vernon family, parts of which still remain, but a few years ago the heads were stolen from them. A date of Millesimo ccccxvij is legible. In the north window the name Edwardus Vernon, and his arms, remain; and in a south window is Willmus Truffell. In a dark part of the chapel stands the Roman altar, dug up near Bakewell, on which, according to Camden, is the following inscription:

Deo Marti
Braciace
Offitius Cæcilian
Prefect
Tro . . .
V S

The rooms (except the gallery) are dark and uncomfortable, and give no favourable idea of our ancestors’ taste or domestic pleasures; yet was this place for ages the seat of magnificence and hospitality. It was at length quitted by its owners, the dukes of Rutland, for Belvoir castle in Lincolnshire.

For many generations it was the seat of the Vernons. Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., used to visit Sir Henry Vernon at this place. Sir George, the last heir male, who

* Sir Henry Vernon married a daughter of John, the second earl of Shrewsbury. A very curious and accurate description of this house is given by Mr. King, in the 6th vol. of the Archaeologia, p. 346.
lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth, gained the title of King of the Peak, by his generosity and noble manner of living. His second daughter carried this estate in marriage to John Manners, second son of the first earl of Rutland, which title afterwards descended to their posterity. For more than 100 years after the marriage this was the principal residence of the family, and the neighbourhood did not feel the loss of their old patrons. So lately as the time of the first duke of Rutland, (so created by Queen Anne) seven score servants were maintained, and during 12 days after Christmas, the house was kept open with the old English hospitality. This nobleman was so fond of the country that he rarely left it, and when he married his son to lord Ruffell's daughter, made it an article in the settlement that he should forfeit part of the jointure if he ever lived in town without his consent. What would a modern lady say to such a stipulation! The character of this nobleman was truly great, and he received the noblest pleasure in the enjoyment of the love and respect of his neighbours, and the blessings of the poor. Can the fashionable round of dissipations, in the town in winter, at the watering-places in the summer, afford a heart-felt satisfaction equal to this?

Bakewell is at the foot of the hills; the church with a handsome spire standing on a little eminence makes a good appearance. The font in it is of great antiquity; and at the west end is a Saxon arch. In one of the chancels is a raised tomb for sir George Vernon and his two wives, with their figures at full length on it; and against the wall are two magnificent monuments of alabaster, one for sir John Manners and Dorothy his wife, daughter and coheiress of sir George Vernon; the other for sir George Manners and his wife, (who erected it in her life-time) and their four sons and five daughters, with all their figures. In the east chancel is a small raised tomb of alabaster, for John Vernon, son and heir of Henry Vernon, who died 12 Aug. 1477. The letters of the inscription were originally raised, but having been damaged, are now let into the slab, the old form of them being preferred.

In the church-yard is an ancient stone cross, said to have been brought hither from some other place.

The house which was formerly the Angel inn, and had a bath in it, is now a private house, and the bath is destroyed.

This place is now only a vicarage, worth about 80l. a-year, being an impropriation to the dean and chapter of Litchfield; but it is a very extensive parish, comprising seven chapels of ease, some of which are worth 40l. and 50l. a-year, or more, to which the vicar appoints: Buxton, 14 miles off, is one of them. At the reformation, as much land and tythes were sold off by the dean and chapter, at small reserved rents, as it is computed are now worth 3000l. a-year.

On the right hand of the bridle-road from hence to Chatsworth, is a square plot in a pature, with a tumulus in it, which is hollow at the top, a few thorns growing on it. This was part of the castle built by Edward the Elder, in 924*, which was of great extent, as appears by foundations occasionally discovered; but there is not now a stone of it to be seen.

From this spot is a delightful view of the town, the valley, the river, the meadows, and the opposite hills. Near the foot of the castle-hill, a copper bolt head,
an instrument discharged from some engine, was lately found, covered with a green
crust.

Near two miles beyond Bakewell is a village called Ashford in the Water; on rising
the hill beyond it (in the road to Tideswell) a wall guards a precipice on the left, from
whence is a most enchanting scene. The bottom is a narrow dale, called Monfall
Dale, running between the mountains on your left hand, and, opposite to the place
where you stand, winding round the corner of a projecting hill, and at length lost be-
hind another, which seems to close the vale. It is watered by the lively little river
Wye, which rising near Buxton, about 10 miles off, finds its way between the hills,
and runs through this dale, by Ashford, Bakewell, and Haddon Hall, into the Der-
went. The descent from the point of view is steep and abrupt; at the bottom stands
a farm-house, in a most picturesque situation, shaded by some trees, and just by is a
rustic wooden bridge over the stream, reeling on some rocks, and forming a communi-
cation with the opposite ground. The river runs through meadows mixed with a few
corn fields, sometimes of a considerable width, sometimes narrowed by banks orna-
mented with fine trees; widening again it runs round a small island; here it breaks
over rocks, there it steals softly along, and twisting in a thousand meanders, is at
length lost behind the point of a hill, but the found of a considerable fall of its waters
is heard. The side of the left hand hill, which is very steep, is in some parts of the
finest turf, in others covered with underwood, from the brow to the water's edge.
The projecting hill, which is opposite, is of green turf, and after rising to some
height, becomes nearly flat; its plain is adorned with single trees dispersed over it,
after which it rises again.

A horsemann may cross the water by the farm-house, and will find a track on his
left, by which he may pass through this little vale to Ashford, and so return to Bak-
well; and by going this way will gain a sight of the waterfall, which is well worth
visiting. The duke of Devonshire, who is owner of this fairy dale, has often brought
the duckies to enjoy the beauties of it. If you have an inclination to go up this dale,
and trace the stream towards its source, you come to a point of land, where the Wye
receives another little stream, which rises on Wardlaw Moor; on this last stream is
a place called Bright Pool, to which people sometimes go to bathe, though it is nothing
more than a part of the rivulet deeper than the rest; but the water of it is supposed
to possess some medicinal qualities. Higher up is a small fall of the current over the
rock, not worth the trouble of going through the bushes to see. At the point of land
above-mentioned, a gentleman to whom it was allotted on an inclosure, has made a
large plantation of lavender, peppermint, and other aromatic herbs, and set up a disti-
illery of them. This is called Creelbrook Dale, and if the wood was properly cleared
away, I am told it would be a Dove Dale in miniature.

At Ashford a considerable work is carried on in polishing black marble, dug there,
and brown or yellow brought from Money-afh, and other places, about three miles off.
About the year 1748, one Mr. Watson erected the mill for this purpose, the mechanism
of which is very ingenious, and was his own invention. The machines are moved by
wheels turned by the stream, and, in a level, and polished, different pieces at the same
time. The black marble takes so fine a polish that the slabs have the appearance of
looking glass. The grey is full of sea-shells, and resembles that found in some parts of
Suffolk.

Two miles from Bakewell, in the Sheffield road, is Hasslop, a handsome seat of Mr.
Eyre, in whose family it has been from the 13 Henry VII. when it was purchased by
his
his ancestor of sir Robert Plompton, of Plompton*. He pursues a plan begun by his father, of making large plantations of trees. The walks in them are pleasant and well kept. He has built a green-house and hot-house.

Of all the amusements which a plentiful fortune enables a man to enjoy, there is perhaps none so rational as that of planting. It is not only a present pleasure, but a future profit; not only a private advantage, but a public benefit. Instead of decaying, like the works of art, a plantation improves with years, and the longer a man lives, the greater the beauty and value of his woods. Nor is it for posterity only that the planter works, many sorts of trees may be cut for profit in the compass of a moderate life; neither is the pleasure derived from it confined to himself, every passenger partakes of it. Let any one who has travelled through the uninclosed counties lay how cheerful, after passing a long tract of common field land, is the appearance of the few homesteads around the little village, their hedges adorned with trees, and sheltering the cottages of the inhabitants!

Hardwick Hall, a noble old seat of the duke of Devonshire, is about ten miles from Matlock. The way is, through the village, turning on the right when over the bridge, and then the road inclines to the left. Pass some barren commons, and over an exceeding hilly road, into a rich country. At about ten miles the hall is seen on a high hill, like a castle in the midst of a wood. It was brought into the Devonshire family by the countess of Shrewsbury (mentioned at Derby) who built it near the spot where the old manion stood, part of which is still remaining; but much of it was pulled down, and the timber used in building the present house at Chatsworth. In Kennett’s Memoirs of the Cavendish Family, he says, that one of the rooms in this old house was of such exact proportion, and such convenient lights, that it was thought fit for a pattern of measure and contrivance of a room in Blenheim; but he does not say what room. William earl of Devonshire, great grandson of this lady, resided here, and by his weight and influence contributed very much to the revolution. King William raised him to the title of duke, and honoured him with the highest employments. He was a firm and steady patriot; the inscription which he ordered for his tomb is remarkable:

Williamus dux Devon
Donorum Principum fidelis fabditus,
Imicus & Invitus tyrannus.

The house is built of stone, dug out of the hill on which it stands, and has a lofty tower at each corner, and a spacious court in the front. Going through a large hall, a grand stair-case leads to the apartments on the first floor.

At the head of the stair-case is the chapel and the dining-room, in which are several family pictures.

The countess of Shrewsbury in a close black dress, a double picked ruff, long chain of five rows of pearls, reaching below her waist, sleeves down to her wrists, turned up with small picked white cuffs, a fan in her left hand, her hair brown.

Charles Cavendish, brother to the third earl of Devonshire.
Charles Cavendish, brother to the first duke, taken when he was asleep.
William, the first duke, in armour.
Sir Harry Cavendish, brother to the second duke.
John lord Burleigh, son to Ann, countess of Exeter.
Elizabeth, countess of Devonshire.

* Harl. MS. No. 1486. fo. 49.

A head,
A head, by some called that of Erasmus, but the Cavendish arms are on it, and other arms, in single shields.

Robert Cecil, third son to William, second earl of Salisbury, a small whole length. Lord treasurer Burleigh.

Sir William Cavendish, the husband of this lady, at 42, in a fur gown, long picked beard, whiskers, small flat cap, glove in his left hand.

One of the countess's husbands (which of them is not known) in black cloaths and cloak, large plaited ruff, small picked beard and whiskers.

A head, said to be of sir Francis Bacon.

Over the chimney are the countess's arms, in a lozenge, and underneath are these words; "The conclusion of all things is to fear God, and keep his commandments. E. S. 1597." From this room a passage, open to the hall, leads to the drawing-room, which is wainscotted about six feet high, and above that hung with tapestry. In this room is a picture of the countess, where she appears in a more advanced age than she did in that which is in the dining-room; the dress is black, the same chain of pearls, a large ruff with hollow plaits, a kind of figured gauze veil comes over her hair to the forehead in the middle, but leaves the sides of her hair uncovered, and hangs down behind; her hair is here of a golden colour. Quere, therefore, as the hair in the other portrait is brown, whether they are both meant for her. From this picture Vertue engraved his print of her. Over the chimney are her arms, in a lozenge, with two flags for supporters, and underneath are these lines, alluding to the great fortune she brought;

Sanguine Cornu Corde Oculo Pede Cervus et aure
Nobilis at claro pondere nobilior.

Beyond this are three bed-rooms, in one of which is a bed worked by the Queen of Scots, when she was here under the care of the earl of Shrewsbury; it is in silks worked on canvas, and then set on black velvet. The chairs and hangings are also by her. In the latter is a figure adorning the cross, and 12 whole lengths, females, with the names over them, of Consensis, Artemisia, Pictas, Chastity, Lucretia, Liberality, Perseverance, Penelope, Patience, Magnanimity, Zenobia, Prudence. Another flight of stairs leads to the state apartments. On the stair-case here is a whole length of the first duke on horseback, in an embroidered coat, a large wig, and a feather in his hat.

The state room, in which the first duke used to have his levees, is very lofty, 63 feet long, 33 wide; and at the upper end of it is a chair of state, under a canopy. It is hung with tapestry to some height, over which is colored stucco, representing the court of Diana, hawks, dogs, &c.

The state drawing-room is hung with tapestry. Over the chimney is the story of Abrahan offering up Isaac, in the same sort of stucco as in the last room.

Adjoining to this is the state bed-room, and the bed-room of the Queen of Scots. Over the door her arms are carved in wood, with M R in a cypher, and round it, Marie Stewart par la grace de Dieu Royne Descieff Douarie de France. Crest, a lion; motto, In my d'fens.

Another bed-room.

A gallery, about 195 feet in length, extends the whole of the east front, with windows in square recesses projecting beyond the wall. In this gallery are a great number of portraits of royal and noble personages, many of them hurt, and some entirely destroyed by damp.
On the left hand going in is a whole length of Queen Elizabeth, in a gown painted with serpents, birds, a sea horse, swan, ostrich, &c. her hair golden.

James V. king of Scots, æt. 28, Mary, his second wife, æt. 24, in one piece.

Sir Thomas More, in a fur gown, and black cap.

Henries IV. VI. VII. VIII.

William, second earl of Salisbury.

Mary the First of England.

The countes of Shrewsbury, a half length, a black gown faced with ermine, a ruff with small plaits, three chains of pearls, interpersed with gold ornaments, not hanging very low; her hair yellow.

Edward VI.

Sir William Cavendish, as in the other room, æt. 44.

Henry VIII.

Thomas Hobbes, æt. 89.

Cardinal Pool.

James I. when a boy, in a very awkward dress.

Henry VIII.

One of the Cavendishes, 1576, æt. 25.

Queen Elizabeth.

Stephen Gardiner.

James I. æt. 8. a° 1574, a hawk on his hand.

George Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, æt. 58, a° 1580.

Maria D. G. Scotie piissima regina, Franciae Doweria anno etatis regni 36 Anglica captivae 10.

Amongst those next the windows, which are almost defaced, are Arabella Stuart, lord Darnley, sir Thomas Wyatt, and King Richard the IIIId.

The duke sometimes spends a few weeks here in the summer, and indeed the situation is a very noble one.

To make the excursion to Chatsworth, the pleasteft, though not the nearest ride, is by Bakewell. Turning on the right hand in the town, cross the river, and ascend the hill by a bridle road, going by the site of the castle, mentioned before; this hill is very steep, but from the side of it the town, the river, and the meadows, present a very pleasing landscape. From the descent on the opposite side, Chatsworth is seen in the bottom, with its woods and numerous additional plantations made by the late duke, the tops of the lofty and barren hills shewing themselves behind it. It does not appear to advantage from hence, as the vale is so narrow, that the lawn in the west front is hardly distinguished, and the woods behind seem to rise close to the house.

At the entrance of the park a handsome house is built by the duke for his chaplain (who has the living of the place) on the spot where the inn, called Edenfor (pronounced Enfor) inn, lately stood; and the inn is removed to the left of the village, in the road from Matlock (which passes through part of the park) to Basset and Tidswell. In the way to the house, cross the river Derwent, by a very elegant stome bridge of three arches, erected by Mr. Paine; the sculpture is the work of Gibber; those in the niches of the piers are of statuary marble, the others of stone from a neighbouring quarry. On the left of this, by the river side, hid by trees, is the remain of an old square tower; mosted round, called Mary Queen of Scot's bower, or garden, from a garden which there used to be on the top of the tower, in which she probably was allowed to amuse herself.
So much has been said of this house, at a time when there was no house in the country to be compared with it, that it is no wonder if the visitor is disappointed. It was built in the reign of William III. and is certainly magnificent, but you look in vain for those beautiful productions of the pencil, which now so frequently adorn the seats of our nobility and gentry; a few whole length portraits in one of the state apartments are nearly all you see. The chapel is elegant, and there is a good deal of the exquisite carving of Gibbon, who lost his life here in putting it up, by a fall from a scaffold: in the library, which is seldom opened, are a few antiques. The manner in which you are shewn the house, does not prejudice you much in its favour. Nor can I say any thing in praise of the garden, as it is now kept; the conceits in the water-works might be deemed wonderful when they were made, but those who have contemplated the water-falls which nature exhibits in this country, and in various parts of the kingdom, will receive little pleasure from seeing a temporary stream falling down a flight of steps, spouted out of the mouths of dolphins or dragons, or squirited from the leaves of a copper tree. The little current in the wood above, which descends in a perpetual rill from the reservoir on the hills, would, if properly exhibited, furnish a much more pleasing scene, though it could not be said to be in the file of the house, magnificent. The walks which lead to the highest part of the wood, are close, without openings to let in views of the country, or of particular objects, and yet in many parts the underwood is cut down for use, close to the walks, which has a very disagreeable appearance. At the point of the wood is a building, called the Hunting Tower, probably intended to furnish a sight of the hunters on the surrounding hills, but it does not now answer the purpose, the trees being in some parts grown so high as to intercept the view. It is a square, with a rounded tower at each angle, two stories above the ground floor, the top leaved, about 90 feet high in the whole. There is a better view to the west and north, before coming to it, than there is from the building itself, owing to the growth of the trees, and a very fine one this is. The house, the park, the river, the kitchen-garden (of six acres) lie immediately below; beyond is Mr. Eyre's, at Hafrope, with the plantations about his house; Batslow, Stony Middleton, distinguished by the smoak of its lime-kilns; and Stoke-hall, with the barren hills called Batslow-barrow, forming a contrast to the other cultivated parts.

By a view of Chatworth, taken by Knuyff, and engraved by Kip, about the year 1709, it appears that the wood extended only to the foot of the hill where this tower stands, except that there were two small round clumps near the farther end; though the whole is now covered, and many of the firs are of considerable size, so that the prospect was then clear and uninterrupted. From hence the date of the plantation may be nearly ascertained.

Above the wood is level ground, in which is a large nursery of firs, oaks, &c. removed hither from the warmer nursery below, by way of being hardened for the still colder climate of the bleak hills, which rise beyond, and where the duke is making a plantation of about 120 acres. He plants about 20 acres of it in a year with Scotch fir, oak, and larch, of three years old. The ground is trenched a foot or 16 inches deep, the turf thrown at bottom, the earth on that, and then the trees are planted at about three feet distance. This work is done from Christmas to April. By being planted small, the roots get good hold of the ground before the wind has much power over them, and afterwards they shoot with great strength.

It is on these hills that the reservoir is made which supplies the water-works and the house; it contains about 16 acres.
Return by a boundary walk near the outside of the present woods, and cross the rill from the reservoir, which descends very swiftly for about 100 yards to the water-temple, and might be shewn to much advantage. Pass by some pieces of water to the grand canal, which is 325 yards long, and 25 broad, and is on the spot where originally stood a hill, which was removed to open a view to the country. Here are some fine trees, and from hence Bafslow-barrow shews its naked top over the house. A wood on the high parts of it, not hiding the whole of the ground (or rather rock) would have a good effect, but it is not the property of the duke. From the end of this canal there is a noble terrace walk leading to the house, separated by a balustrade from a walk in a shrubbery below, which is parted by a funk fence from the park, and has a fine slope down to the river, with a view of that and the bridge. The balustrade and the underwood spoil that view from the terrace.

The great stables are magnificent and well contrived. The west and north fronts extend 202 feet; the centre part of the south front contains standings for twenty-one horses; there are two stables for seven hunters each, and two for three each; a three stall stable for stallions; a farrier’s shop, other workshops, lodges for the domesticus, and different offices adjoining. Besides this, there is stabling for thirty-fix horses in the buildings adjoining to the house. These stables and the bridge were built about 1760.

The alterations made in the grounds by the late duke, were under the direction of Mr. Lancelot Brown*.

In returning to the inn, you may go on the right hand, when over the bridge, and from some round clumps of trees see all that side of the park. A new gate is made here, which comes out just by the inn.

By going to the high ground on the left side of the park, above the road from Matlock, that part is seen to advantage, and it is the most beautiful, the trees being finer, and better dispersed.

However little the noble owner may be inclined to lay out his money in disposing his grounds according to the modern, simple and beautiful style, he is not backward, when he is here, in distributing it to the distressed. The poor, the widow, and the fatherless, blest that providence which has bestowed such wealth on one so ready to relieve their wants.

The landlord of the inn at the park gate is an intelligent, sensible man, and can furnish very good accommodations.

To see the Peak, &c. a lodging will be wanted either at Castleton, or at Tidswell; the latter is much the most comfortable, and the usage at the George’s is very civil, in a plain style. If the traveller dines at Edenfor, he should sleep at Tidswell, and go to Castleton in the morning.

The road to either, from Edenfor inn, is by Middleton-dale; cross the river by a bridge at Bafslow, another at Calver, and then come to Stony Middleton, where the unual figure of the church, or rather chapel, which is an octagon, strikes the eye. Over the town is seen the smoak of the numerous kilns, used for burning the rocks into lime for manure, by means of which the most barren of these hills are fertilized. These kilns are built at the foot of the rocks, from which the stone is got to be burnt; they work only in the summer, except one, which is constantly employed in burning lime for a smelting cupola here. It takes up two days to burn a kiln; the lime is drawn out at bottom, and sold for two-pence a strike, or bushel. The men earn from eight

* Paine’s Plans, &c.
BRAY'S TOUR INTO DERBYSHIRE, &c.

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to ten shillings a week. Small carts bring a load of slack (the small part of the pit-coal) from about Sheffield and Chesterfield, and receive for it a load of lime. Three strike of lime are considered as a load, and from 40 to 50 loads are laid on an acre. Coals are sold here for 6d. per hundred weight.

The lime-stone is one mass of shells, all of the cockle and oyster kind.

The chapel is a chapel of ease to the church of Hatherage, was rebuilt in 1759, and is very neat in the inside.

Land rents from a guinea to 50 shillings an acre. Little wheat or barley is grown, but large quantities of barley and malt are brought from Wirksworth and Mansfield, for the Manchester carriers, who come hither to receive it.

In this place is a tolerable inn, called The Man in the Moon—and on the north side the town there is a bath, called St. Martin's, nearly as hot as that at Buxton, bubbling up continually like that; it is enclosed by four walls, but is open at the top, and has been used by poor people with good success in rheumatic cases. Near this a drinking warm spring rises out of a rock, and falls on the earth below, having no baofon to receive it. There are also three perpetual warm bubbling springs on the west side the church-yard. These warm waters, like those at Matlock, are perpetually. There is also a chalybeate spring here.

In the lead-mines on the other side the mountain, above these springs, and about two fathoms above the lead ore, was a bed of Boulder-stones, any one of which being broken, is found to contain from half a pint to a gallon of soft bitumen, like Barbadoes tar; it melts before the sun or fire to oil. There were also several springs in the mines, that took fire with a candle, and would burn a week or fortnight; and all the water drilling through this stratum of Boulder-stones will take fire, and burn many days. This bed was continued between two and three miles along Hucklewedge, with its burning waters. The first discovery of these stones happened by a workman's breaking one of them; the outside was only a shell of stone, filled with a soft matter, in which he stuck his candle, which burning down to this substance, it melted and burnt, and was then a fine clear balsam, without smell, except thrown into the fire. When cooled, it hardened like fine fat, and at first was used for greasing boots and shoes, but was found to shrivel them up.

On the north side of the mountain, opposite these springs, is a mine which cannot be worked, for in picking or striking the ore, the sudden shaking of the metal gives such a violent motion to the sulphur, that it makes an explosion like fired gunpowder, so as great lumps rise and fly about.

This is the entrance of Middleton-dale, through which the turnpike road runs. It is a narrow valley, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, which seem to have been rent by some great convulsion of nature; they are mostly bare, or with a few scattered bushes, or trees. In confirmation of the opinion that the rocks have been torn asunder, it has been observed that the veins of lead in the mines on one side, have corresponding veins in the same direction, on the other. A streamlet runs down by the side of the road, great part of the way. Where the road turns off to Eyam (pronounced Eme) Mr. Longstone has placed a seat on the summit, has planted some trees, and made a grotto with spars, &c. found in the neighbourhood. One Bennetson earns a livelihood here by collecting them, and has a number of specimens at his house.

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* Short, p. 96.
† Short's History of Waters, p. 94. 102.
‡ Ibid, p. 380.
§ Qu. If this is the rock oil, or fairies butter, mentioned by Mr. Pennant, in his Tour in Wales, 1773, p. 421.
|| Short, p. 97.
yard of Eyam is a stone cross, suppos'd by an eminent antiquarian to be Danish. At the time the great earthquake happened at Lisbon, on November 1, 1755, about ten in the morning, the rocks were so much disturbed in the mines here, that soil, &c. fell from their joints or fissures, and the workmen heard violent explosions, as it were of cannon. They fled to the surface for safety, but on venturing down, found nothing material had happened.

There are here some remarkable caverns. One of them is called Boffen-hole (Boffen signifies a Badger), but the chief is Bamfirth-hole, in Charlesworth, a little west of the former. The following is Dr. Short's description of it:

"Charlesworth lies at the foot of a very steep rock, ninety-three yards high, and five yards above the level of the brook; its entry is six yards high, and eight wide, when you walk on for fifty-two yards, and then come to an impassable deep stagnant lake. This cave reaches quite through the mountains, and opens into Eyamdale, which is above half a mile. By another of its grottos it opens near Foolow, which is a mile and half, passing under Eyam church.

Forty-four yards above this is the entry into Bamfirth-hole, 49 yards from the top of the rock, and as much from the small brook; the entry is five feet high, then descending, one shoulder foremost for forty yards, you rife up for thirteen more, all this way not being above a yard wide. At last you climb a steep six feet high, and enter into the middle of a large cave, where are great variety of stalactitious petrifactions. Leaving the cave behind, and going 25 yards forward, you are introduced into a most magnificent room, nine yards wide, and two high, its roof, floor and sides all shining with endless numbers and varieties of beautiful transparent statues, with several regular ranks of fine pyramids, and other curious figures, some upon pedestals, others reaching the roof, others reaching from the roof to the floor. In the middle of this room is a baofon three yards long, and two wide, on each side of which is a stately pillar of stalactites, one fine polished marble, and another in the middle upon a pedestal; through the bottom of this is a very small passage a few feet down, into another entry, to several other caves still lower. The roof of this vault is beautifully adorned with all kinds of shells, here generated and generating, of sundry colours, and no less beauty and variety, interwrought with many other curious figures. A little beyond this is a fine stone pillar supporting the roof. On the right hand of this cave are openings into two others, at ten yards distance. I went 360 yards into this cave, the same entertainment and curiosity all along, and many other caves going off on all sides, and saw no end of them, they going on under the whole mountain."

Minerals are found in the fissures, and between the lamina of limestone, never in the solid substance. The vein is frequently intercepted by what is called toadstone, blackstone, channel, or cat dirt, which runs between, and cuts off all communication between the upper and lower fissures in the limestone, but being dug through, the vein is always found below it; it is however sometimes of great thickness, from six feet to 600.

Between Grange-mill and Darby-moor there are found the following strata;

1. Millstone grit - 120 yards.
2. Shale or Shiver† - 20
3. Limestone - - 50

* Whitcufft, p. 189.  † Short, p. 95.
† Shale is a black laminated clay, containing neither animal nor vegetable impressions, and rarely minerals; but has iron stone in nodules, and sometimes stratified. Springs issuing from it are of the chalybeate kind.
4. Toadstone - - - 16 yards.
5. Limestone - - - 25 fathoms.
6. Toadstone - - - 23
7. Limestone - - - 30
8. Toadstone - - - 11
9. Limestone not cut through.

In Tiddfwell-moor, 600 feet have been sunk in the toadstone, without finding the end. Mr. Whitehurst conjectures this toadstone to be lava, and to have flowed from a volcano, whose funnel or shaft did not reach the open air, but disgorged its contents between the strata in all directions. He describes it to be a blackish substance, very hard; containing bladder-holes, like the scoria of metals, or Iceland lava, and having the fame chymical property of retisiting acids; he says, some of its bladder-holes are filled with spar, others only in part, and others quite empty; that this stratum is not laminated, but consists of one entire solid mass, and breaks alike in all directions; that it does not produce any minerals, or figured stones, representing any part of animal or vegetable creation; nor any adventitious bodies enveloped in it, but is as much an uniform mass as any vitrified substance can be supposed to be; neither does it universally prevail, as the limestone does. It is not found in the mines at Eyam, Foolow, and Ashover, though they are sunk near fifty fathoms in the limestone; nor in Rak-mine, near Tiddfwell, and some other places. In confirmation of this opinion, and of its having been once a liquid fire, he observes, that a stratum of clay lying under it in Mosley-mere mine, near Winster, of about four feet thick, is burnt a foot deep, as much as an earthen pot, or brick; that it is perfectly similar to Iceland lava in its appearance and chymical quality; that it is variable in its thickness, not universal, and fills up fissures in the stratum beneath. From the depth which has been sunk on Tiddfwell-moor without finding the bottom, he thinks that might be a mouth of the volcano. As a further proof of there having been some most extraordinary convulsion of nature in this part of the kingdom, he mentions the confusion in which the strata lie in the mountains of Derbyshire, and moorlands of Staffordshire, adjoining, which appear to be so many heaps of ruins, particularly in the neighbourhood of Ecton, Wetton, Dovedale, Ilam, and Swinham. They are broken, dislocated, and thrown into every possible direction, and their interior parts are no less rude and romantic, for they universally abound with subterraneous caverns and marks of violence. The banks on the east side the river Derwent, from Crich-cliff twenty miles up the river, are covered with fragments of flone, probably ejected from their native beds by subterraneous blasts. At Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, blocks of limetone of four or 500 weight each, are dug up, yet there are no quarries of the kind nearer than four or five miles.

Middleton-dale terminates on the mountains of the Peak, bleak, open, and bare of trees; but even here the spirit of cultivation has introduced the plough. The extensive hills are divided by flone walls, and oats are produced.

Pafs by Wardlow turnpike; at a small distance on the left is a village of that name, through which the road runs from Bakewell. In making that road in 1759, the workmen took out of an adjoining field a heap of flones, that had been there time immemorial, and without any tradition concerning it, though manifestly a work of art. On removing them, places were found where the bodies of 174 or more persons had been deposited on flat flones of about seven feet fix inches long, placed on the surface of the

* Whitehurst, p. 51, 52.
ground; small walls of two feet high were raised on the sides, and on these other flat stones were laid, but they extended only to the breast, except the two capital ones, which were walled up, and covered from head to foot, in the form of a long chest. On removing the rubbish, many jaw-bones and teeth were found undecayed, but none of the larger bones of the body. The heap of stones that covered them was circular, 32 yards in diameter, and about five feet high; the stones forming the coffins appeared plainly to have been taken from a quarry about a quarter of a mile distant. A part of the circle was vacant, but probably not so originally, as several bones and teeth were found in that space.

The Rev. Mr. Evatt, of Ashford, who communicated this account to the Royal Society, thinks this monument not to have been very ancient, less so than a wall which is there, and encloses the field, because that wall cut off a part of the circle, and the part so cut off was as level as the rest of the field; and he apprehends that in building the wall, they would not have taken the pains to remove the stone in order to carry the wall straight. I confess I should draw a different conclusion from the position of the wall, and should think it more likely that they would carry the wall straight, (especially as the stones removed furnished materials for it) than that the monument should be thrown up on both sides of such a wall, and be intersected by it.

About a mile and a half beyond Wardlow turnpike, Tidswell is seen on the left, and two roads turn off on the right; the nearest, which is a turnpike road, goes from Tidswell to Sheffield; the farther leads by an old broken wall, and a few houses, called Little Hucklar, to Castleton, a town at the foot of that hill where is the famous cavern called the Devil's A——.

The well at Tidswell, mentioned as one of the wonders of the Peak, is at a distance from the town, and ebbs and flows at uncertain times; after great rains, several times in an hour; in dry weather, perhaps not once a week*. Eden-hole, another of the wonders, is about three or four miles off, but by no means worth seeing; it is nothing more than the mouth of a very deep chasm in the earth, walled round, to prevent cattle from falling in. Cotton says, he founded 884 yards, and found no bottom, but it is said now that the plummet flops at 160 yards. Short, from the found of stones thrown in, calculates it to be 422 yards.

A small clear stream runs through the street at Tidswell; except two or three houses, the buildings are mean, but the church is large. In the chancel is a flat stone in memory of John, son of Thomas Foljambe, mentioned as having done much towards building the church. The date is 1358. There is also a raised tomb (on which bread is given away every Sunday) for Sampson Meurrell, with a date of 1388; and another for Robert Purfield, described as prior of Gisburn abbey, prebend of Rotherham, and bishop of Hull, who died 1579. He was a native of this town, and surrendered the abbey to Henry VIII, who allowed him a considerable pension. He was afterwards made provost or prebend of Rotherham college, in Yorkshire; and in the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, was made archdeacon of Nottingham, and suffragan bishop of Hull, under the archbishop of York, and had other dignities. Refusing to take the oath of supremacy to Queen Elizabeth, he was deprived of his archdeaconry, and other spiritualities, in 1560, whereupon he retired to this his native place, and founded here a grammar school, adjoining to the church-yard, and an hospital for 12 poor people; and also founded a grammar-school at Gisburne§.

* His expression is, "to carry it.† Short, p. 34. ‡ Ibid. p. 33.
§ Wood's Athenae Oxon.
In the south transept of the church is a tomb, with whole-length figures of a man and woman, their names not known.

Return about a mile of the road passed over in the way to Tidswell, and then turn off by the broken wall mentioned before.

The descent of the hill to Castleton is long and steep. A fine vale is seen below, in which is a town with a handsome spire, seeming to be the object of your journey; but at the point of the hill, a short turning to the left leads by a still steeper road to Castleton, which appears on turning this point; the other town is called Hope.

At this point are some objects to be attended to. The vale below is of considerable width, fertile, and divided into corn-fields and pastures, watered by a rivulet, which shews itself here and there. On the range of hills which rise on the opposite side, (and stretch away on the left to Castleton, terminating in a point called Mam-Torr) near to Hope, is a pointed knob, almost circular, round which is a trench; and nearer to Castleton is another, less conspicuous; the former is called Win-hill, the latter Loose-hill, from the event of a battle laid to have been fought between two parties posted here, but who they were, or when it happened, the people cannot give any information. At a dip of these hills, near Hope, the entrance of another dale is seen, which runs behind them, and is called Edale. Mam-Torr is distinguished by an abrupt precipice of brown stone, with a large area on the top, inclosed with a double trench, running up to the edge of it. The vulgar story is, that this hill is continually crumbling, without being diminished, and it was therefore reputed one of the wonders; they call it the Shivering hill, from the shivers of stone brought down by the frost. That it is diminished, and most visibly so, I shall mention more particularly by and by.

A more wonderful thing here is a rich lead mine, which, though it has been worked much longer than any other which is known, (perhaps from the time of the Danes being here) still abounds with one, and furnishes employment for about one hundred people.

Castleton is a small, poor town, at the foot of a hill, which rises with a very steep ascent, the castle standing at the top of it. This hill is separated from one which rises still higher, by a deep and narrow valley, called the Cave, or Cove, which runs on two sides of it; another side is defended by the tremendous precipice which hangs over the entrance of the great cavern; but there is a narrow neck of land at the south-west corner of the castle, which runs over the mouth of the cavern, and joins to a pasture called Calow Pasture; so that the castle was only accessible by the steep ascent from the town, or by this neck of land. It was, however, little calculated for defence, except against any sudden assault, being too small to hold any great number of men, and there are no marks of there having been any well in it; and unless they had some contrivance to get water out of the cavern below, (of which there is no trace) it does not appear how they could be supplied, if an enemy was in possession of the town.

It was, however, used as a fortification by the barons in King John's time, and was taken from them in the 16th of that king, by William Ferrers, earl of Derby, (great grandson of Margaret, daughter and heir of William Peverel) who held the governorship of it six years. In the 7 Henry III. the custody of it was given to Bryan de l'Ile, a person much trusted by Henry. It was again granted to him in the 13th, and again in the 16th of that king. The valley winds amongst the mountains for the length of a mile, being mostly narrow at the bottom, but opposite the castle was 200 yards over.

* Dugd. Bar. v. i. p. 16s.  
† Ibid. v. i. p. 737.  

Tradition.
Tradition says, that this castle was built by William Peverell, natural son of the Conqueror; who once spent a Christmas here. Mr. King thinks it of much earlier date, but it is certain that Peverell had it at the time of the survey, by the name of the Castle of Peke, with the honor and forest, and 14 lordships in this county, besides a great many in Nottinghamshire, and other countries*. It seems to have been sometimes called the Castle of Hope, as John, earl of Warren and Surrey, was made governor of that castle in 28 Edward I. and it is not known that there was any one in that place. In 4 Edward II. John, the grandson and successor of this earl, had a grant of the castle and honor of Peke in Derbyshire, with the whole forest of High Peke, in the ample manner as William Peverell anciently enjoyed the fame before it came to the king of England by escheat†. Peverell is said to have held a grand tournament here, at which a king of Scotland and prince of Wales were present. This castle and forest appears to have been part of the fortune given with Joan, sister of Edward the IIIrd. on her marriage with David, prince of Scotland‡.

The common opinion is, that the stone with which this castle is built, was brought from a place called Bur-tor, near Hucklow, by Batham-edge, down Calow-pasture, and was conveyed over a ditch of 50 feet wide, and 12 deep, formed by a point of land shooting out from the pasture into the valley, called the Cave, by a drawbridge near the side of the Isthmus, to the point of the hill on which the castle stands. That the stone was brought from Bur-tor is indeed certain, for besides the almost insuperable difficulty of bringing it from the other side, the stone here is found on examination to be of the same sort as that used in this building.

The path from the town to the castle is carried in traverses, to break the steepness of the ascent. A large area, called the castle yard, was inclosed by a stone wall, running across the hill from east to west, from the cave to the cavern, and from north to south, along the side of each of those places, so as to meet the keep which stands at the point of a rock, jutting over the mouth of the great cavern, about 261 feet above the water which issues from thence. This wall, towards the town, is still 20 feet high in some places, but the ground within is mostly level with the top of it. A little distance from the east end of it is a part which is higher, and projects four or five feet from the wall, the top seeming to have been embattled. Between this and the north-east corner the foot of the wall is supported by a stone buttress; near the north-west corner, the wall is also higher, and in it was a door, or perhaps window, as there is no appearance of steps on the outside. From this corner up to the keep, the wall along the edge of the precipice is 10 or 12 feet high. The entrance to the castle yard was at the north-east corner, where was an arched way, as appears by the south side of the arch still remaining.

The walls of the keep, on the south and west sides, are pretty entire, and at the north-west corner are now fifty-five feet high; but the north and east sides are much shattered. On the outside it forms a square of 38 feet two inches, but on the inside it is not equal, being from north to south 21 feet four inches, from east to west 19 feet three inches. As I can depend on the accuracy of my friend, who measured it, this difference must be accounted for from a difference in the thickness of the walls, which in general are near eight feet. It consists of two rooms only, one on the

* Dugd. Bar. v. i. p. 436.  † Ibid. v. i. p. 81.
‡ A. xi. E. Ill. Eliz. que fuit ux Tho—Menerell tenuit die quo obiit terciam partem unius messuagii & 10 acr terre cum pertinentiis in Wormhull in com. Derby de Johanna regina Angliz, [but this must be a mistake] ut de castrlo de pecco per feriantiam vid. per homagium & per serviciem inveniendi unum hominem cum arcu & sagittis in forcella ipfius regine de alto pecco. Harl. MS. 3223. fo. 101.
ground floor, and one above, over which the roof was raised, not flat, but with gable ends to the north and south, the outer walls rising above it. The ground floor was about 14 feet high, as well as can be discovered from the rubbish now fallen on the bottom; the other room was 16 feet high. There was no entrance to the lower room from the outside, (what is now used as an entrance being only a hole broke through the wall at the corner where the staircases is) but a flight of steps led to a door in the south side of the upper room, the door being seven feet high, and about four and a half wide. It is said these steps are remembered to have been there, but are now quite destroyed. The places where were the hinges of the door, remain, and on one side is a hole in the wall, in which the bar to fasten the door was put. It is now called the bar-hole, is made of squared stone, and goes 12 or 14 feet into the wall; on the other side is a hole to correspond with it. In this room is one narrow window over the door, one in the north, and one in the east side; in the north-east and south-west corners, are two places which have the appearance of privies; in the south-east corner is a narrow winding stair-case, now in a ruinous condition, which led down to the room below, and up to the roof. Descending this stair-case, the lower room is found to have been lighted by two windows, or loops, one in the north side, the other in the east, each of them being seven feet high, five feet five inches wide on the inside, but narrowing to about four feet high, and seven inches wide on the outside. The walls are composed of small lime-stones and mortar, of such an excellent temper, that it binds the whole together like a rock, faced on the outside and inside with hewn grist-stone. Part of that on the outside, and much of it on the inside, is still pretty intire; but the sandy part of some of the stones has crumbled away, so as at first sight to exhibit an appearance of very rude sculpture; but within a quarter of an inch of the mortar, at the joints, the stone is entire, which may be owing to the effect of the well tempered mortar on such parts as come in contact with it. In further confirmation of this opinion, I am assured, that at Bur-tor there is a stratum of stone which moulders away in this manner. On the outside there is no appearance of any such thing; may we suppose the weather to have hardened the stone there? Within side there is in the wall a little herring-bone ornament. This castle was used for keeping the records of the miners' courts, till they were removed to Tutbury castle in the time of Queen Elizabeth. An intrenchment, which begins at the lower end of the valley, called the Cave, inclosed the town, ending at the great cavern, and forming a semicircle; this is now called the town ditch, but the whole of it cannot easily be traced, having been destroyed in many parts by buildings and the plough. Here, at Burgh, and at Hope, are some chalybeate springs.

The celebrated cavern well deserves to be seen, and is visited without danger, and with much less trouble than may be imagined by those who have not gone into it. A rock on the left of the entrance is 75 yards and a quarter high; and directly from the castle wall to the ground, is eighty-nine yards and an half; the precipice, which slopes down all the way on the left hand from the castle, is above 200 yards long, that on the right 100. The mouth, in which are a few huts of some packthread-spinners, is 40 yards wide, and 14 high. At 150 yards from the entrance you come to the first water, the roof gradually sloping down till it comes within about two feet of the surface.
surface of the stream which passes through the cavern; this water is to be crossed by lying down in a boat filled with straw, which is pushed forward by the guide, who wades through the water. You soon come to a cavern, said to be 70 yards wide, and 40 high, in the top of which are several openings, but the candles will not enable the eye to reach their extent. After crossing the water a second time, (on the guide’s back) you come to a cavern, called Roger Rain’s Hole, because there is a continual dropping of water from the roof. At this place you are entertained by a company of fingers, who have taken another path, and ascended to a place called the Chancel, considerably higher than the part you stand on, where, with lights in their hands, they sing various songs. The effect is very striking. In the whole, the water is crossed seven times, but stepping-stones are sufficient, except at the two first. In one place, the stream is lost in a quicksand, but emerges again. At the distance of about 750 yards from the entrance, the rock came down so close to the water, that it precluded all farther passage; but as there was reason to believe from the sound, that there was a cavern beyond, about four years ago a gentleman determined to try if he could not dive under the rock, and rise in the cavern beyond; he plunged in, but, as was expected, struck his head against the rock, fell motionless to the bottom, and was dragged out with difficulty. The man who shews this place, has been at much trouble and some expense in blowing up the rock, to open a passage to this supposed cavern, but finds that he has mistaken the course, and now means to try in another part. He treated us with an explosion, which rolled like thunder. The water which is found here, is supposed to be that which is ingulphed by the side of the turnpike road, three miles from Castleton, in the way to Chapel in Frith, just by a farm-house.

On coming out of the cavern, after having been so long absent from day-light, the first appearance of it has an effect beyond description; I know not whether a comparison of it with the break of day under a grey sky, interspersed with fleecy clouds, will convey an adequate idea, but no one can see it without feeling a most pleasing sensation.

At the foot of Mam Torr is another cavern, called Water Hull, into which the good-natured Ciceroni will probably endeavour to prevail on the traveller to descend; the descent, however, is very dirty and difficult, and there is not any thing at the bottom worth seeing. They get out of it some blue-john, used by the polishers for making vases, &c. and petrifactions, amongst which are some exactly resembling the bones and shells of fishes of various sorts, cockles, oysters, pelecypods, patellæ, and the nautilus; bodies like the vertebrae, snails, flars, skrews, and various fricated figures, and pieces of the capsule of insects, like those of butterflies.

I was told by one who had been in it, that there is, at some distance on the other side of the castle, a cavern in a mine, which if it was not for the very great difficulty of access, would be well worth visiting; from his description it seemed to resemble, in miniature, the famous grotto of Antiparos, in the Archipelago; but, like that, would require an uncommon share of resolution in the visitor.

The hills on the different sides of the town produce stone of very different quality. Thoé on the south, on one of which the castle stands, furnish a stone which is burnt into lime, and is used for a manure; thoé on the north yield a grit-stone fit for building. The hill on the north appears brown and barren when viewed at a distance, but is, in fact, very good pasture; the Yorkshire drovers bring their cattle here in the beginning of May, and keep them all the summer, paying about thirty shillings a head for their feed. It is not very easy to ascend this hill, but it is worth the labour; Castleton dale spreads as you ascend, and on gaining the summit, a sequestered valley, called
called Edale, opens to the eye in a beautiful manner; it is wide and fertile, the inclosures running up the sides of the hills, and yearly increasing. Other small dales come into it from between other hills, and their verdure is contrasted by the brown tops of the yet uncultivated ridges. Near the end of one of these is the principle part of the village of Edale, and an humble chapel, without spire or tower. A rivulet runs down by it, shewing itself in many places, and by the noise of its fall, directs to a mill placed in a little grove: Two or three other clumps of houles, and small tufts of trees, and another streamlet falling into this, enliven the scene. From hence various other dales branch off to what is called the Woodland of Derbyshire, through which no high road has yet been made. This tract is of great extent, but much of it has been cleared of late, and the plough introduced by the Duke of Devonshire, to whom it mostly belongs.

Oats is the only corn they sow on the hills, which they do three years together, if the land is in good condition, otherwise but two, and then lay it down into grazing for six or seven years. When they break up new ground on the hills, they used to lime it only, which is found to kill the heath, and produces a new, sweet grazing; but they now generally denshire (i.e. pare and burn the sward), plow it for turnips, then sow oats and grazed-feed. Some put on lime after it is laid down into grazing, others in the turnip crop.

The hill which I have just mentioned as dividing Castleton-dale from Edale, consists of a long ridge, terminating towards the west in a broad end, one point of which is called Mam Torr, or the shivering mountain, the foot of which is about a mile from Castleton. On the top of this hill is good mould, two yards deep, then clay three-fourths of a yard; after that a bed of shale, and a row of ironstone, in their turns, for about 20 yards, but the ironstone always thickest, being often a yard, the other not half so much; then begins an intermixture of shale, and a mixt flone, between ironstone and gritflone, in beds of the same thickness, which continues to the foot of the Torr. These strata lie horizontally, in the most exact order. In the upper part it is perpendicular, but in the middle it slopes. On the top it is about 60 yards broad, at the bottom of the running shale, about 400 yards*. West from this is a similar breach in the hill, but smaller, called Little Mam Torr. The perpendicular height of the largest, as measured by a friend of mine, is 456 feet; of the least, 243 feet; but the top of Mam Torr is said to be near 1000 feet above the level of Castleton valley. On the top and sides of this hill is a camp, supposed to be Roman, of an oblong form, running from N. E. to S. W. the broad end being to the south west, where Mam Torr forms one point, Little Mam Torr the other; the smaller end is to the north east; on the ridge which continues on towards Loosehill. There has been a double trench all round it, but the south corner is broken off by the falling of the earth at Great Mam Torr, and the west by that at Little Mam Torr. The summit of the hill is not level, but runs in a ridge nearly from west to east, along which is built a stone wall, as a pasture fence, now dividing the camp into two parts. The ascent to it is very steep every way, except at the north-east end, where the ditch crosses the ridge. The principal entrance seems to have been at the west corner, very near the top of Little Mam Torr; but there is a track of an old road leading from Mam Gate, up the north side of the hill, to a gate of about four yards wide at the small end of the camp opposite to the other gateway. There is a third of the same width, towards the north-west side, going down to Edale. Near the north-east corner is a good

* Short, p. 31.  
† Whitehurst, p. 153.
spring. At the south-west end are two small mounts within the camp. The trench
is about 16 feet wide at bottom, and incloses something more than sixteen acres of
ground, the whole circumference being about 1200 yards.

At the foot of Little Mam Torr, near Mam Gate, is a field called Hills Pasture,
taking its name from a number of small hillocks irregularly dispersed about it. On
the level ground, amongst these, the foundations of several buildings were discovered a few
years ago, which were grown over with grass; the stone was taken up and carried
away, to be used in other places. The person employed about it says, that the walls
were in general from 18 inches to two feet in thickness, composed of stone, which did
not seem to have been hewed smooth with a chisel, but dressed with a pick-axe, just
sufficiently to make them bed together, without any mortar or cement. There were
several door thresholds, but no appearance of any stones marked with fire, to indicate
chimneys. These buildings were of various shape and size; one of them was circular,
about 24 feet diameter, with an opening for a door-way on the south side; about eight
feet west of it was a small building, containing three sides of an oblong square, one end
being open. The whole enclosed by a wall, something in the shape of a triangle, but
not regular; the longest side about 50 yards. Near this were two other buildings,
nearly square, wider at one end than at the other, the smallest end being 12 feet, the
other three sides 18 feet each; the small end of one was to the south, of the other to
the west; the size of these was exactly the same. At a little distance from the wide
end of each, is a heap of stone and rubbish, overgrown with grass, of about six feet
long, and one high. There were two other buildings considerably larger, of irregular
shape.

Whether these had any relation to the camp, I do not know. Nothing was found
to shew the purpose for which they were originally intended, nor is there any remem-
brance of their being in any other state than they were found on this occasion, nor any
tradition concerning them.

From this camp a ditch is carried down the south side of the hill, crosses the valley to
Micklow-hill, about three miles off; and from thence, S. E. by S. crossing the Bath-
ham-gate, and a stream that rises at Bradwell, and runs by Brough, it goes in a
straight line to Shaton, or Bradwell-edge, about three miles more. It is called the
Grey-ditch, and possibly was a Pretentura, or fore-fence of the Romans*. On the
side of Mam Torr Hill it is very visible; in the valley it is lost in many places, the
plough having destroyed it; but from Micklow-hill to Shaton-edge, it is plainly seen.
The slope or front is towards Brough; it is about 20 feet high, and 12 broad at top.
There is no tradition concerning it, but pieces of swords, spears, spurs, and bridle-bits,
have been found on both sides, and very near it, between Batham-gate and Bradwell-
water. Just where it crosses the Batham-gate, on the east side of it is a large limestone
rock, called Idintree, or Edentree. It is said that a King Eddin had a houle here, but
perhaps it is unnecessary to say that nothing of it remains now. About a hundred yards
north of this rock is a faltith spring, very clear and cold, of a purgative quality; many
poor people have used it for bathing and drinking, and found it useful in scrobutic and
ulcerous complaints. This spring runs into Bradwell-water, at a part of it vulgarly
called Birdswath, a little before it joins the Nooc. Perhaps the true name relates to
this station, and is, Burgh-wath.

On the point of land formed by the junction of these two small streams, was the
Roman station called Brough, or Burgh. The road called Batham-gate, went from

* Similar to that mentioned in Morton's Natural History of Northamptonshire, p. 526.
hence to Buxton, and is plainly to be seen for about a mile from Brough, running a
considerable part of the way in a parallel line with the present road to Smadale, the
hedge of a field on the right hand standing on it. After crossing Grey-ditch, it makes
a turn to the north-west, probably for the more easy ascending the hill, which is long,
and steep, and it is then only discovered by the plough till it comes upon the More,
about three quarters of a mile on this side Bathom-edge, where it is plainly seen; and
on the Buxton side of the edge it is again visible for about a mile, in a direct line to-
wards the inclosures at Chapel in the Forest, and is again found by the plough near
Buxton, at which place Mr. Watson found, in 1772, a Roman station, not noticed
before, but he does not describe it. Where it is most entire, it measures eighteen
feet over, and is composed of a small chinty, flinty gravel, different from the natural
soil, and such as is found on Bradwell and Tidwell-mores. It is raised in the middle,
like the modern turnpike roads.

The place at Brough, called the Castle, lies a little to the north of this road, having
a communication with it from the south corner. Many foundations of buildings lying
on every side of this spot, have been turned up by the plough, but it has been so well
levelled within these few years, that none are now to be seen; the stones have been
used in building houses and walls in the neighbourhood. Some perfect ones were in a
wall enclosing the field; they were of brown grit-stone, the shape of a wedge, about
eleven inches long, nine broad at one end, six at the other, and about five thick.
Between the castle and the river bricks have been taken up, but none on the other side
of the water; on the other side, urns have been found. Mr. Pegge says, that in
1761, he saw the rude bulks of Apollo, and another deity, in stone, which had been
discovered in the fields here; that a coarse pavement had been dug up, composed of
pieces of tile and cement, in the lower of the two fields called Halsfed, at the conflu-
ence of Bradwell-brook and the Noe, where were the apparent marks of an oblong
square building, the angles of which were of hewn grit-stone. He also found the
fragment of a tile, on which the letters O H, part of the word Cohors, were re-
mainning.

In a field at the confluence of the two streams, it is in memory that a double row of
pillars crossed the point of land, but they have been entirely destroyed some time.
Old people say they were of grit-stone, and that three persons could walk abreast be-
tween them. At a gate by the road side, just before coming to the mill, on the left
of the gate I saw a bale, and part of a column of brown stone.

There have been frequently found pieces of swords, spears, bridle-bits, coins, and
pieces of pavement, composed of small bits of brick and pebble stones, strongly cemented
with lime, great numbers of whole and broken bricks, with letters on them, and tiles.
John Wilton, esquire, of Broomhead-hall, near Sheffield, is said to be possess’d of
several specimens of the bricks, one of them entire, eight inches long, seven and three

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* Arch. v. iii. p. 247.
† Mr. Pegge’s account of the Roman roads in Derbyshire, which I have seen since writing the above,
says, that at the Dan of the Forest (i.e. Chapel in the Forest) a few yards within the lane, called Hern-
stone-lane, it enters the inclosures on the left hand, where we could discern its course in the month of June
very plainly, by the different colour of the grass, till it entered that straight lane that goes to FairfieId.
Afterwards it winds to the left hand, towards Fairfield, and proceeds by that village to Buxton, where it
finally ends. He observes, that there is no trace of a road to the north or north-east of Brough, and
therefore concludes that it was only for a communication between that place and Buxton. But Mr. Wat-
on, in his account of Melandra-castle, in the parish of Glossop, in Derbyshire, says there is a road to it
from Brough, which is called the Doctor’s-gate, and that it goes from thence to a place in Yorkshire,
called the Doctor’s Head, where it joined the great Roman way from Manchester to York.—Arch.
v. iii. p. 247.

3. 2 quarters.
quarters broad, one and three quarters thick, with the letters C. H.* very fairly impressed in the middle; and a broken one, on which the letter C. remains. He is said to have also the rim of an urn, found here, with these letters on it \[ \text{VIR} \quad \text{VIV} \quad \text{TR} \] being in smaller characters; and a piece of a patera of fine red earth. About seven or eight years ago there were found two large urns full of ashes; the urns were well preserved, and were sent to some gentlemen in London. Another was found two years ago, full of ashes, of the colour of fern ashes; the man who found it, broke it to see what it was made of. A piece of it I now have. A few years ago there was turned up by the plough a half-length figure of a woman, with her arms folded across her breast, cut in a rough grit-stone. It was sold to a gentleman near Bakewell.

In the spring 1780, there was found at the north corner of the castle a baking flone, such as is now used in the country for baking oat-bread.

Opposite to the Station, on the south side of the Bradwell-water, are a few houses, retaining the name of Brough; where the streams join is a mill, and a little below it a bridge, leading towards Sheffield, over the river which retains the name of the Noe.

The common people say, that King Peverell had a house at Brough; this King Peverell means William Peverell, mentioned before; his father, in the second year of his reign, gave him Nottingham castle†.

On examination, a gentleman tells me, it does not seem that there have been any fortifications on Will-hill and Loose-hill, though the tradition is, that a bloody battle was fought near them by two armies, which encamped thereon, but when, or by whom, is not known. The appearance is nothing more than some ditches; whether used for fences, or a slight temporary defence, I know not. There are heaps of earth raised by the rubbish thrown out of some stone quarries. It is not known that any instruments of war have been found here; but about the year 1778, or 1779, on removing a large heap of stones, a little to the eastward of Winhill-pike, an urn was found under them; it was made of clay badly baked, the workmanship very rude. It is said to have been made like a flower-pot, about half an inch thick at top, not so much in the middle, the sides scratched, as plasterers do their under-coats, thus, \[ \text{\|\|\|} \] other part with slanting strokes only, thus, \[ \text{\|\|\|\|} \]. It stood on the surface of the ground, the top covered with a flat stone, and over it the heap of stones was rudely piled up in the form of a hay-cock. It is not remembered whether ashes or bones were found in it. Some parts of it are in Mr. Wilson’s possession.

About a mile north-east of the Netherbooth, in Edale, what was called a Druid’s Altar, was destroyed a few years ago, for the sake of the stone.

It was in a rough, heathy pasture, called the Nether-more, on the summit of a hill, descending on three sides to the depth of a quarter of a mile, but on the fourth side is a level ground of 30 or 40 acres, at the end of which, and at the foot of another mountain, is a ditch, the slope or front of which is towards that other mountain, and is about eight feet; the top, or crown, is about five feet broad, the bottom about six feet. This ditch is about 660 yards long, a rivulet crossing each end of it. The altar

* Qu. If not C O H.    † Dugd. Bar. v. i. p. 436.
was circular, about 66 feet diameter, composed of rough stones of various sizes, rudely piled together, without mortar or cement, in the form of a hay-cock, about 18 feet in perpendicular height. The top was hollow, in the form of a basin, about four feet deep, and six feet in diameter; the stone on the inside of this basin was black, and much burned, as if large fires had been often made in it. There is not the least appearance of any tool having been used on the stones, but they seem to have been taken from the surface of the hill on the other side the ditch, where there are now lying great quantities of loose ones of the same sort. What is in the ground immediately about the altar, differs in hardness, grit, and colour. As much has been carried away from this pile, as has built a pasture wall 40 roods long (seven yards to the rood) six feet high, 20 inches thick at the bottom, and 10 at top, but some hundred loads yet remain. No part of the earth at bottom has yet been cleared, so that it is not known whether there is any thing under it, which would lead to a discovery of the use for which it was intended, but other similar ones have been removed entirely, and nothing found.

The basin at the top, and the marks of fire, would seem to shew that this was a beacon, but the hill on the other side the ditch is higher, and being so near, would have been used for that purpose, especially as the stone used in the construction was to be carried from thence to this place. The ditch too was certainly meant for more than a common pasture fence, if indeed any fences were made for cattle on the tops of hills in early times.

A few years ago a large stone lying on the side of the hill, on the right of the village of Edale, was removed, and under it were found 15 or 16 beads, about two inches diameter, and the thickness of the stem of a large tobacco pipe; one was of amber, the rest of glass, some black and white, others of different colours. Most of them were sent to Cambridge. These were amulets, used by the Druids; Pliny says, they wore them as a badge of distinction, and tells a very ridiculous story of the manner of taking them; but according to Camden (or his continuator) there is a like superlition about this matter still subsisting in most parts of Wales, throughout all Scotland, and in Cornwall. He says, it is there "the common opinion of the vulgar, that about Midsummer Eve (though in the time they do not all agree) it is usual for snakes to meet in companies, and that by joining heads together and hissing, a kind of bubble is formed, like a ring, about the head of one of them, which the rest, by continual hissing, blow on till it comes off at the tail, and then it immediately hardens, and resembles a glass ring, which whoever finds (as some old women and children are perfumed) shall prosper in all his undertakings. The rings thus generated "are called Gleinen Nadroth; in English, snake-stones. They are small glass amulets, commonly about half as wide as our finger rings, but much thicker, of a green colour usually, though some of them are blue, and others curiously waved with blue, red, and white." He adds, that some quantity of them, together with some amber beads, had been lately discovered at a stone-pit near Garvord, in Berks, where a battle had been fought between the Romans and Britons. He thinks they were used as amulets by the Druids.

The opinion of the Cornish is somewhat differently given by Mr. Carew, who says, "the country people in Cornwall have a persuasion that the snakes here breathing upon a hazel wand, produce a stone ring of blue colour, in which there appears the yellow figure of a snake; and that bealts which are flung, being given some water to drink wherein this stone has been foked, will recover." Some of them have been found in Northamptonshire†.

* Cam. v. ii. p. 64. † Survey of Cornwall. p. 216. ‡ Morton's Natural History, p. 499.
Dr. Borlase mentions what is said by these authors, without telling us whether the notion still continues, but it seems as if it did.

The top of the hill, on the left of the village, is full of bogs, the other hills hereabouts are found.

Castleton, is a royal manor, leased to the duke of Devonshire. Lady Massarene has considerable property here, and particularly a lease from the crown of a large tract of ground which has been inclosed, and is now good land.

A level is driving through a hill between the castle and Mam Torr, in the King's Fields, which is carried on in the manner of the duke of Bridgewater's, at Worleymill, and under the direction of Mr Gilbert, his manager there; but the canal here is all under ground, and is only used to convey the rubbish of it as it is dug, to a place where it may be got rid of; at first this was done by conveying it to the mouth of the shaft, and drawing it up in buckets, but they have since found cavities in the rocks under ground, large enough to take off any quantity. The shaft is sunk about ten yards deep, and by conveying the water into chafins in the rock, they avoided the necessity of carrying it through the grounds of the freeholders. A flight of wide stone steps leads down to the water, which is literally a subterraneous navigation, no part of it being above ground. Eight men are employed, who work about a fathom in a week; in 1777 they had finished about 400 yards, and had about 500 more to do. The expense is about 50 shillings a yard, but no difficulty, no danger, no expense, can damp the ardour of undertakers in this business. Between Matlock and Rooleley one is carrying on through the hill near Darley-bridge, towards Yowlgrave, which had cost 10,000l. when scarce a third of it was done. This is through a rock of such hardness, that tools will scarcely touch it, and the whole is performed by the procés of blasting with gunpowder; and even this is so impeded by the great quantity of water and moist, that the powder must be inclosed in tin pipes.

By the custom of the miners, any one who finds a spot unworked, which he thinks likely to produce a vein of lead, though in another man's field*, may put down a little wooden cross, called a Stoter, and enter his name with the proper officer, who sets out a certain number of meers (a meer is twenty-nine yards) and he is then at liberty to work it, sink pits, and lay the rubbish about sixteen yards on each side as he proceeds. If he does not work it, and another has a mind to try his fortune, he goes to the officer, tells him such a spot is not worked, and defies him to nick it; the officer, with a jury of twenty-four, who are sworn for the purpose of attending to this business, go to the spot, cut a nick in the cross, and give notice to the first undertaker, that they shall go again at such a time, for the same purpose. If no notice is taken, they go a second and third time, after which the property is vested in the new adventurer, subject to the same rules.

The lead ore, when brought out of the mine, is broken with heavy hammers on a stone, called a knock-stone, and is then put into a wooden sieve, and rinced in a large tub; the ore falls through, and leaves the lighter rubbish, which is skimmed off, thrown out at a hole in the wall, and thence taken to the biddle, where it is rinced again by a small current of water, the lead falling to the bottom. What is carried down by the current, is washed once more in the same manner, and the deposit here, which is almost

* A remarkable case of this sort has happened lately. The owner of a field employed a man by the great, to get stone in his field. The latter employed labourers by the day, who found a vein of lead. This man, the labourers, and the owner of the field, made their separate claims; in the Barmote Court it was adjudged to the man who took the work by the great, the day labourers being only considered as his tenants.
as fine as flour, is called telland. The beating and first ricing is done by women, who work nine hours in the day, and earn about seven pence. The men earn about eight shillings a week.

After all this is gone through, an officer, known by the name of the Barmister, comes on behalf of the lord of the manor, and takes the proportion due to him, which is, in some places, every tenth, in some every thirteenth, in others every twentieth or twenty-fifth dieth; till this is done, none can be removed or sold. A dieth, or hoppet, is a peck, or sixteen pints in the High Peak, and fourteen in the Low; nine dishes make a load, and four of these a horse load. When the dues are thus taken, the ore is carried to the smelting-house, and run into pieces, two of which are called a pig, and weigh about eleven stone. Sixteen pieces make a fother, the weight of which is different according to the market it is designed for; to London, nineteen hundred and a half; to Hull, twenty-four hundred; to other places, the medium between these two. The price is, however, the same, and this difference in the weight is made to answer the expense of carriage, which is paid by the seller. On an average the fother is worth 13l. 1s. The lead is mostly carried to the navigation near Rotherham, or to Chesterfield, to be sent to market.

Pieces of ore of about the size of nutmegs, are called bing; a smaller sort, pecky; in a still smaller state it is called finithum. Some years ago the miners contended, that toll was not to be taken of this last; but as they had it in their power to reduce as much as they pleased to that size, and would have annihilated the toll, the duke of Devonshire, who is leefee of the crown throughout the High Peak, tried the question, and succeeded. By this determination he is entitled to the thirteenth dieth of the whole, but he takes no more than a twenty-fifth, except occasionally, to affect his right. Mr. Rowlfs, who is leefee of the crown in the Low Peak, has had the same dispute, but takes the thirteenth.

The ore is run into pieces, either in smelting-houses, or cupola's. The latter were introduced about 1730, and are considered as less prejudicial to the health of the workmen, than the former, but smelting-houses are still used. The smoke of the lead produces palpies, consumptions, the byon, which resembles a quinsy, and a disorder in the bowels, called the belland, and which affects cattle that feed on the grases or heaths contaminated by the smoak; it gives a sweetness to the herbage, and makes them eat it greedily, but the proprietors of the smelting-houses are often forced to pay damages for cattle which are killed by it.

A charge of lead which is 18 hundred weight, takes up from seven to ten hours in smelting. Two men are employed about it, the pay of the first is 1s. 3d. of the second 1s. For such trifling sums do men undertake such unwholesome employments!

Differences between miners are tried at the Barmoor Court, which is held about Lady-Day and Michaelmas, and at any intermediate time, if required. At the general courts, a jury of 24 working-miners is sworn, who are summoned when a special court is called, and twelve make a jury to try the cause. A special jury of holders of mines may be had, if demanded. On complaint to the court, the twenty-four view the matter in dispute, and give their opinion; if either party is dissatisfied, a trial is had before the steward of the court, who is the judge, and council often attend. If the verdict is not satisfactory, the matter is removed to Westminter-hall; in cases of importance this is generally done.

People often undertake to drive a sough, to carry off the water from their own, or others', mines. If they relieve the mine of another, they are entitled to a certain proportion
portion of all the ore got in that mine after it is cleaned; sometimes so much as one-sixth. If, in carrying on the work they hit on a vein of lead, they frequently find that it is within the meers of some other miner, and then they are obliged to account for the produce.

Six miles beyond Tidswell is the little village of Fairfield, (a chapelry of Hope) and a mile beyond that is Buxton, whose bath has been celebrated from the time of the Romans, and to this day continues to afford relief to the afflicted. He who is racked by the gout or rheumatism, or deprived of the use of his limbs by those painful disorders, here finds his cure, and hangs up his votive crutch.

It is seated in a bottom, and the resort of company to the bath has made it grow into the size of a small town; but it is, as mentioned before, a township of Bakewell.

The bath is at a house called The Hall, is of a temperate heat, equal to new milk, or that of one’s own blood; it is in a room ten yards long, five and a half wide, and about the same height. There is a stone bench along one end and side of it, for the use of the bathers, and at each corner are steps to go down into it. It is 26 feet six inches long, 12 feet eight inches broad, four feet nine inches deep at one end, and six inches less at the other. The bottom is paved with smooth flags. On the backside lies a rock of solid black limestone, or a kind of bastard marble. The two chief springs rise up through this rock, but several lesser springs rise up all over the bath, through chinks in the rock, and the seams in the pavement. The surface of the water is covered with a steam, which, however, does not rust iron. The level, by which the bath is emptied, was made by Mr. White in 1697, at which time he made the outer bath, where the old kitchen stood; he also made a fough, to carry off the cold springs, that they might not rise in the bath, and chill the water. The outer bath is seventeen feet long, ten feet two inches wide, and four feet six inches deep, and is filled from the inner bath. The springs will fill them both in two hours and eight minutes.

That the poor might not be deprived of the benefit of these (and Bath) waters, by the severe laws made in Queen Elizabeth’s time for regulating the poor, and confining them to their own parishes, and yet that this might not be made a pretence for idle vagabonds, it is provided, in an act made in her 39th year, that none coming hither, or to Bath, should beg, but should have relief from their parishes, and a pass from two justices, fixing the time of their return.

The water is sulphureous and saline, yet not fecid, but very palatable, because the sulphur is not united with any vitriolic particles, or but very few saline; it tinges not silver, nor is purgative, by reason the saline parts are in such small proportions. If drank, it creates a good appetite, and is prescribed in scorbutive rheumatism, and consumptions.

St. Anne’s well, which furnishes the water that is drank, is on the other side of the late turnpike-road, under a small stone alcove, built by Sir Thomas Delves, who had received a cure here; but that is now taken down, and a more elegant one built in its room. St. Anne had formerly a chapel dedicated to her in this place.

This bath was used by the Romans, and the remains of their road are visible at Fairfield, pointing towards the station at Burgh, or Brough, mentioned before. In Dr. Leigh’s time, a wall was to be seen cemented with red Roman plaster, close by St.
Anne’s well, with the ruins of the ancient bath, its dimensions, and length; he says, the plaster was red, and hard as brick, a mixture not prepared in those days, and appeared as if it was burnt, exactly resembling tile*. This well rose into a stone basin, within a Roman brick wall, a yard square within, and a yard high on three sides; this wall was destroyed in 1709, when the arch over that spring was built by Sir Thomas Delvcs. About 1697, as Mr. White was driving up a level to the bath, 50 yards east of St. Anne’s well, and 14 north of Bingham spring, the workmen found, buried deep under the grafs and corn-mould, sheets of lead spread upon great pieces of timber, about four yards square, with broken ledges round about, which had been a leaden cistern, and not unlikely that of the Romans, at least of some ancient bath, which had been supplied with water from Bingham well. The first good house for the accommodation of visitors, was built not long before 1572 (when Dr. Jones published a treatise on these waters) by the earl of Shrewsbury. This was demolished about 1670, by the then earl of Devonshire, and a new house built. At this time a regifter of cures, which had been long kept here, was destroyed, with all the votive crutches, which hung on the walls.

Bingham, or Mr. Leigh’s well, is a very strong, warm spring, rising out of the black limestone, in a very dry ground, about 63 yards south, and south-east of St. Anne’s well. It is not always equally strong, but in a great drought discharged 1758 gallons of water in an hour$. There is in the same close a hot and cold spring, 20 yards south east of St. Anne’s; and a little east of this, on the east side of a stone wall, is another small, flow, hot spring, which mixes with a cold one, rising up close by it. Another warm spring rises in the stream of the level, which carries the water from the bath; and on the south of this stream rise two other warm springs||.

Dr. Short computes, that the four warm springs together, throw forth in a year 97 millions, 681 thousand 860 gallons of water, exclusive of the waste that gets out of the bath, the strong spring in the middle of the bath level, what rises in the hot and cold spring, and the two small warm springs in the low ground, with several other oozings of warm water in different places, the whole of which added, might nearly double the quantity‡.

On the north side the brook, opposite to the hall, is a chalky-slate spring, which, mixed with the water of St. Anne’s, or Bingham well, is a gentle purgative*.

Besides the hall, there are two large houses on the hill for the reception of company, the White Hart, and the Eagle, with some other smaller ones; but so great has been the retort for many years, that the duke of Devonshire, who is owner of the bath, has at length determined to provide still further accommodation. He has accordingly begun to build in the bottom, near the hall, and is about to erect another inn, a large assembly room, and some private houses, which are to form a crescent. The foundations are laying (1786), and in digging them, another warm spring has been discovered, in which the water bubbles up with considerable force; near it was found the corner of a building of squared stone, supposed to have been the work of the Romans. It might have been supposed, that as the present bath is not near large enough to accommodate the company conveniently, and a greater retort must be expected when the buildings are completed, they would have gladly availed themselves of this additional bath; unfortunately they have not. A grove of trees, which could ill be spared, has been cut down, to make

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* Leigh, b. iii. p. 42. † Short’s Mineral Waters, p. 23. ‡ Ibid. p. 49.
room for these alterations. The turnpike road is turned, so as not to go between the hall and the new building, as it used to do, but now goes round the crescent, and comes into the town at the top of the hill. The stone used in these buildings is got on the duke’s estate, about two miles off, and makes a handsome appearance.

The duke’s expense is calculated to be from 30 to 50,000l. but this is much short of what was originally proposed to have been done. A wide street was to have been built in the front of the hall, (which was also to have been much enlarged) with a colonade on each side up to it, and the whole was to have been made commodious and magnificent. The avarice of an individual prevented the execution of the plan; a small field of two acres, which was not the duke’s property, lay intermixed with what was his, and without it the work could not be carried into execution. The owner thought he might avail himself of this circumstance to any extent, and that the duke must buy whatever price he should set on it; he demanded 2000l. for his two acres. He was offered 1200l. or more, but refusing it, the design was changed, and the present plan adopted in its room. By this means his two acres remain of the original value of any other two acres near the place, which must be rated very high, to make them come to much more than 100l. Disappointed in that scheme he is now trying another; he is finking to intercept the hot spring, which he fancies rises in his ground, and descends from thence to the hall.

The curate of the place reads prayers at the hall twice a day, and a subscription is made for him. Here, as at Matlock, a shilling a piece is paid for dinner, and the same for supper. Whoever happens to be at the head of the table, collects one shilling from every new comer on his first appearance, for the benefit of the poor; the same is done at the other houses, and the whole amounts to a handsome sum in the season.

The situation of this place is the reverse of Matlock, the scenery of which you look for in vain. The hills are dreary, and the summit of one does little more than shew the summit of another equally bare. The Wye, which runs from hence by Bakewell, is in its infancy, being formed by the junction of three small springs a mile west from the hall.*

About half a mile from Buxton, on the right of the Ashbourn road, is a large hill, where they get limestone, and burn it into lime, which is more fit for manure than building, outer walls especially; for being exposed to the air and weather, it soon moulders, and peels off†. Lower down, nearer the bath, are different sorts of stone, the lime from which becomes so hard after working, that it becomes as hard as stone, and is not injured by air or weather. Of the limestone here, there are nine or ten different sorts, some of which lying nearest to the hall, are very full of sulphur, and being broke or struck with a hammer, smell strongly of it. Most of the jet black fort are of a very irregular figure, full of great knobs, or lumps, the least bit whereof broke off, sends forth an insufferable smell; it contains much solid bitumen, and seems as though it were forcibly melted sulphur and stone powder, thrown up by the vehement of a subterranean fire, and condensed under the earth’s surface. This is an observation made by Dr. Short†, before the idea was started of volcanoes being to be found in a great number of places where there is no tradition of any. This gentleman observes, that most of the limestone in the Peak abounds with shells of cockles, oysters,

* Short, p. 24. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.
and escalops, but none so much as this place and Stony Middleton; he contends, however, that they are not real shells, but only resemblances of them*. There are seven or eight kilns worked in the summer, which burn from 120 to 300 horse loads in two days, fold at 4d. or 4½d. the load. It is sometimes carried away in small carts, which hold about four horse loads each. Five men join in taking a kiln, and give 5l. a year rent for it. They work at the mines in the winter. The heaps of rubbish from the kilns, which are scattered over the sides of the hill, grow into a firm confluence, and in them the workmen scoop out habitations, which must be comfortably warm, as there are no crevices to let in the air. At the distance of a mile from hence, or less, on the Staffordshire side, the foil changes, and instead of a limestone rock covered with verdant turf, the surface is heath, under that a black, moory soil, and under that a brownish earth, full of loose, crumbling stones; lead in some places, some iron-stone, and some sulphur†; and a little farther are coal-pits, where coal is got, which is used in burning the lime.

Under this hill is the cavern called Poole’s Hole, reputed one of the wonders of the Peak; but no one who has seen the cavern at Castleton, will find it worth the trouble of going into. The entrance is by an arch, so low, that you must stoop at going in, but it soon rises to a considerable height. There are hollows, which are called by the names of Poole’s chamber, cellar, &c. and the droppings from the roof form masses of stone, which may be supposed to represent fret-work, organ and choral-work, the figures of animals, a chair, slices of bacon, &c. When Mary, Queen of Scots, was at Buxton, she went as far as a pillar, which has ever since gone by her name, and few go farther; but beyond this is a steep ascent for near a quarter of a mile, which terminates near the roof in a hollow, called the Needle’s Eye, in which a candle being placed, it represents a star. The passage is rugged, slippery, and difficult.

Near this cave are found hexagonal crystals, the angles and sides complete, but of a bad colour, none quite transparent, and not so hard as Bristol stones; their points scratch glass, but presently break off. In the year 1756 a gentleman in his walks observed some little risings on the rocks, which appeared like ant-hills; he opened some, and found they consisted of a perfect arch, drawn up, as he imagined, by the exhalation of the sun; in them was first formed a thin bed of dirty coloured spar, and upon that a regular cluster, or bed of these crystals†. Dr. Short says, all these are formed in the winter, and the more stormy and colder that is, the larger and harder the petrifactions.

About a mile from Buxton, in the Ashbourn road, on the left hand, is a hill, called Staden Low, marked by a thorn growing on the top. Between the road and that is the square vallum, with the circle adjoining, mentioned by Dr. Stukeley. The ground there has been inclosed and ploughed since he visited it; but though the plough has levelled the banks, the shape was as clearly to be distinguished in 1779 as it ever was. It was then a field of oats. He supposes the circle to have been for shews, and says, it is 160 feet diameter. The vallum he speaks of in one place, as being 50 feet on each side, but revisiting it, he calls it 100, the ditch inward. On the point of the circle, farthest from the square, he says, there was a little semicircular cove of earth. He speaks of barrows on the tops of the hills§; but perhaps means two beacons, which are on the points of two hills not far off.

Under Staden Low, to the north, the rocks between which the river runs, form a tremendous precipice, called the Lover’s-leap; the particular history from whence it got this name I do not know, nor did I hear of any modern exploit of the fort. This, with the Marvel Stones, Chee Torr, and the Druids’ Temple near Newhaven, are all the things within a morning’s ride from Buxton which I know of.

To go to the Marvel Stones, after passing through Fairfield turnpike, take a by-road over the common, on the left, and keep the road to Chapel in Frith a little way, then take a lane on the right, which points straight to a part of the turnpike road from Manchester, by Chapel in Forest and Tidswell, to Sheffield, over which the Bathom-gate on the moor above, is plainly seen in a line to the edge of the hill. About three miles from Buxton, and two before coming to Chapel in the Forest, these stones are in a pature on the right of the road, on the side of a small hill inclining to the south. It is a rock of about 180 feet long, and 80 broad in the widest part; it does not any where rise more than three feet above the surface of the ground. The face of it is deeply indented with innumerable channels or gutters, of various length, breadth, shape, and depth; from nine inches to 30 feet long; from five inches to five feet wide. There are also a great number of holes, some round, some of an irregular shape, from the size of a small bason to that of a large kettle; after rains these are full of water, till exhaled by the sun. The channels, or gutters, generally run north and south, but none of them go quite across the stone; there is always some seam or ridge of the rock terminating the channel, and in a few inches another channel commences, which is also crossed by another seam or ridge. These seams or ridges are from four inches to four feet broad, but there can hardly be found four feet square without a hole or a channel. The stone is not jointed, or of a loose kind, but one hard, firm rock. At the east and west ends are a great number of irregular shaped stones, standing a few inches from each other, the interspaces filled with earth, which is covered with grss; perhaps, if the earth was removed, it would be found that these are parts of the same rock.

This, I believe, is what Dr. Stukeley means, when he mentions having heard of some marvel stones near Hope, which he supposes to have been druidical, but did not sec; if he had, he would not have formed that supposition, the whole being certainly the work of nature.

From hence, looking over the moor towards Tidswell, a white heap is seen, called the Tong, where, under earth and stones, quantities of human bones are found; and in a pasture, called Perry, in this Peak-forest, a very great quantity has been discovered under a bank several yards in length; they are in general four leg. There is another of these collections of bones in a pasture, called Harrod-low, in the same forest, and one on Wormhill-moor. There is no tradition concerning them that I can learn.

Chapel in the Forest is a little village, in the road from Manchester to Tidswell, and is so called from being seated in what was once the Peak-forest. There is a farm-house in a good clump of trees (almost the only ones) said to have been a lodge; now called the Chamber. Near the village is a large flat, once covered with water, the middle now grown up with rushes and flags, called the Forest Dam. A Miss Bower, who lately died here, left her harpsicord to the church, with a salary of about twenty pounds a year for a man to play it, and find coals to air it, for which use a chimney is built. A house for the musician is building, the parsonage decaying. Her mother lengthened the church at the east end, and made a very handsome stone front there, with a Venetian window,
window, fashed. She also designed a monument for her daughter, but dying before it was put up, it is not finished. This chapel was famous for the celebration of marriages before the act took place.

Chee Torr lies on the right of the road from Buxton to Tideswell, about five miles from the former. At the fourth mile-stone you leave the turnpike, and go under the wall of a plantation, to the village of Wormhill. Here is a good house belonging to Mr. Bagshaw, whose elder brother ornamented his grounds and the village green with many plantations. An honest shoemaker has opened a summer coffee-house here, and will be your guide to the rocks. Descending a very steep hill, you come to the river Wye, at a place where it receives two additional springs in its way to Bakewell, and where its current takes up nearly all the space between the rocks, which seem to have been forced adunder. One of them is said to be 360 feet high; it does not appear so high as Matlock Great Torr, but it is perpendicular, and not broken by trees. This valley (if it may be so called) is winding, and you do not see the whole at once.

A mile to the left of a public house, called Newhaven, 11 miles from Buxton, in the way to Ashbourne, is a circle of stones, supposed to be of the Druids. A circular bank of earth, raised to a considerable height, encloses an area of about 50 yards over; towards the east, or south-east, it is much higher than in the other parts, that part of it being formed by a large barrow. The ditch is within sde. On the area was a circle of stones, all of which are thrown down; whether they are all there I cannot say, but I reckoned them to be 32, adding such pieces as appeared to have been broken off by the fall, to those which they seemed to have belonged to when entire. In the centre are three large stones, also thrown down. The entrance is at the north, or north-west side, and seems to lead to these three stones. They are of the same sort of rock as the marvellous stones at Smalldale, and were probably brought from a quarry, which there is of this kind, about three miles off. It is not easy to form a conjecture of the original height or size, as they are all thrown down, many, if not all, broken, and some seem deeper buried in the earth than others, but perhaps seven or eight feet may be about their length. I am inclined to think there was but one circle, and that what, in one place, gives the appearance of a second, or inner circle, is only occasioned by the fragments broken off the larger ones in their fall. West or south-west of the great barrow, is a smaller one, at a little distance from the bank, called Arbourlow; from it many others are seen on the tops of the adjacent hills, and one very large one about half a mile off, called Endlow. In this last, ashes and burnt bones have been found. They all have a barrow on the top, and wherever there is a barrow, the hill is called a Low, with some addition prefixed to it.

From Buxton, returning to Tideswell, take the road to Sheffield, over the high and barren moors, of which there is a long succession. By going through Stony Middleton, one very long and steep hill is avoided. Passing the river at Grindledford bridge, the first ascent is through a scrubby wood of oaks, called Yarncroft, where a stream rushes down a deep woody glen on the left. On gaining the top, see the rude and rough ridges of rock on the moor on the left, called Millstone Edge, from the millstones dug there.

On this moor are some things well deserving to be seen, though little spoken of. The traveller hastens from so dreary a spot, and does not think of its affording any entertainment; and indeed he ought to take a guide, if he means to look for what I am about to mention, left he should get into a bog. At the top of the hill above Yarn-
cliff, turn on the left, and on the point of a hill called Great Owlar-Torr, is a heap of large stones piled up one against another; on the top I found three rock-basins perfect, and one which had been broken off. Not far from this a vast stone is seen peeping over the edge of a hill, and appearing to be placed on a smaller; on going to it, I found it to be one very great stone, perhaps 20 feet high. There is a broad base to the height of six or seven feet, the body then becomes smaller, and is covered with a cap, hanging over, so that you cannot get on the top.

To the right of this is a fortification, called the Carle's Work, but of what people or age is not known. It may seem to have some resemblance of the huge and shapeless structure of stones, mentioned by Tacitus to have been raised by Catracetus, when he headed the Silures against the Romans. On its first appearance, a stone wall of eight or nine feet high, seeming to be pretty regular made, is seen crossing a neck of land, lying higher than the adjoining part of the moor and which is full of loose stones. On coming to it, the stones which compose the wall are found to be very large, but regularly piled, and covered at the back with a sloping bank of earth. Keeping to the right hand, the ground is of an irregular shape, inclosed by a fence of stones, rudely placed; sometimes a great stone, in its natural position, forms the defence, in other places smaller ones are piled between, or on, large ones. In the side which looks towards Chatsworth, is an entrance to gateway, opening inwards, with two flanks. The wall first mentioned looks towards Great Owlar Torr. Instead of returning to the turnpike road, you may go forward, and come in at a smelting mill, to another turnpike road, which comes from Castleton, by Hatherage, to Sheffield. Here was a rocking-stone, very lately destroyed by the barbarous hands of an ignorant turnpike surveyor, or mason. Hatherage lies a little below, on the left, on the sharp descent of the hill. The church stands at the upper end of the town, and is a handsome one, with a good spire; above it is a place called Camp-green, being a high and pretty large circular mound of earth, inclosed by a deep ditch.

After passing some miles over these barren moors, begin to descend towards Sheffield.

This town has been for some centuries famous for the iron trade, which is here carried on in various forms of work to an astonishing extent. The rivers Sheff and Dun meet near the town, but the navigation does not come quite up to it; however, it is used to carry the goods to Hull. It is reckoned that there are 40,000 inhabitants, all industrious and fully employed. The number of smiths and cutters living in these parts in the time of Henry VII. is noticed by Leland; and the cutters of Riallamshire (the name for this part of Yorkshire) are by act of parliament, 21 James I. The grinders have high wages, owing partly to their skill, and the nicety requisite in finishing edge tools, partly to the danger of their employment from the breaking of the stones, which sometimes fly in pieces from the velocity of their motion. The breaking of a stone used to be almost certainly fatal; but the danger is now greatly lessened by placing a strong band, chained with a very thick iron chain, over that part of the stone which is next the workman; by this means, if it does break, it can only fly forwards. These grinding stones are turned by a set of wheels, which are moved by one water-wheel, and have different degrees of velocity; that of thefinisher is such, that the eye scarce sees it move.

A great deal of business is done in silver, and in plating with silver; the former is likely to be much increased by their getting an assay in the town, which they and some

* Gordon's Tacitus, v. 2. p. 54, 55.
other places obtained in the year 177. Before that they were obliged to send all their silver goods to London to be assayed and marked, which was attended with much expense and loss of time.

Here is a silk mill on the model of that at Derby. A new church was built about 30 years ago. Thomas lord Furnival, in 54 Henry III. obtained licence to make a castle of his manor house at Sheffield; and his grandson, in 24 Edward I. had a charter for a weekly market at his manor of Sheffield. By a daughter and heir, this estate, with many others, went into the family of Nevill, in the beginning of the reign of Richard II. and not long after to an only daughter, married to the famous John Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury. His descendants refided here, had a great estate, and were liberal benefactors to the town. Earl George, who, as mentioned before, had the custody of Mary, Queen of Scots, has a noble monument, which he erected in his lifetime. In the inscription thereon, he speaks of the Queen of Scots being in his custody for 16 years, from 1568 to 1584, and that her entertainment was attended with great expense, and an anxiety not to be expressed. The funeral of earl Francis, who died at this place in Oct. 1560, was very magnificent, according to the custom of those days. After the service, there was a great dinner at the castle for every one who would come, of three hundred and twenty messes of meat, (besides three for the table of the then earl, who attended the funeral) each mess consisting of eight dishes, two boiled, four roast, and two baked. What was left was given to the poor. Fifty does, and twenty-nine roe deer, were killed for this entertainment. The whole ceremony is given in Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, v. ii. lib. vii. p. 17. The burial place is in the great church, where there is a noble monument for earl George, husband of the Countess, mentioned at Hardwick.

Gilbert, the grandson of earl Francis, died in 1616, leaving three daughters and coheirs, of whom Alice married Thomas, earl of Arundell, and brought him this and the Workop estate. From this earl of Arundell it descended to the late Duke of Norfolk, who gave the seat to the earl of Surrey, (son of the present Duke) who is now the owner.

The castle was razed by order of parliament, after the death of Charles I.

Barnstaple is the next stage, before which the woods of the marquis of Rockingham are seen on the right, and on the left is Wenth with castle, formerly called Stainborough, the seat of the earl of Strafford. I did not go to this, but the following is Mr. Arthur Young's account of it:

"The new front to the lawn is one of the most beautiful in the world; it is surprisingly light and elegant; the portico supported by six pillars of the Corinthian order, is exceedingly elegant; the triangular cornice, inclosing the arms, is as light as possible; the balustrade gives a fine effect to the whole building, which is exceeded by few in lightness, unity of parts, and that pleasing simplicity which must strike every beholder.

"The hall is forty by forty, the ceiling supported by very handsome Corinthian pillars, and divided into compartments by cornices elegantly worked and gilt, the divisions painted in a very pleasing manner. On the left hand you enter an anti-chamber, twenty feet square, then a bed-chamber of the same size, and thirdly, a drawing-room of the like dimensions; the pier-glass is large, but the frame rather in a heavy style. Over the chimney is some carving, by Gibbons."
"The other side of the hall opens into a drawing-room, 40 by 25. The chimney-piece is exceedingly elegant; the cornice surrounds a plate of Siena marble, upon which is a beautiful festoon of flowers in white; it is supported by two pillars of Siena, wreathed with white, than which nothing can have a better effect. The door-cases are very elegantly carved and gilt. Here are three fine flabs, one of Egyptian granite, and two of Siena marble; also several pictures.

"The dining-room is 25 by 30. Here is the portrait of the great earl of Strafford, by Vandyke.

"Going up stairs (the stair-case by the bye is so lofty as to pain the eye) you enter the gallery, which is one of the most beautiful in England. It is one hundred and eighty feet long, by twenty-four broad, and thirty high. It is in three divisions; a large one in the centre, and a small one at each end; the division is by very magnificent pillars of marble, with gilt capitals. In the spaces between these pillars and the wall are some statues.

"This noble gallery is designed and used as a rendezvous room, and an admirable one it is; one end is furnished for music, and the other with a billiard-table: this is the file in which such rooms should always be regulated. At each end is a very elegant Venetian window, contrived (like several others in the house) to admit the air by sliding down the pannel under the centre part of it. The cornices of the end divisions are of marble, richly ornamented. Here are several valuable pictures, amongst which is Charles I. in the Isle of Wight, by Vandyke.

"Lord Strafford's library is a good room, 30 by 20, and the book-cases handsomely disposed.

"Her ladyship's dressing room is extremely elegant, about twenty-five feet square, hung with blue Indian paper; the cornice, ceiling, and ornaments, all extremely pretty; the toilette boxes of gold, and very handsome.

"Her reading closet is excessively elegant, hung with a painted fatten, and the ceiling in Mosaics, festooned with honey-fuckles; the cornice of glafs painted with flowers; it is a sweet little room, and must please every spectator. On the other side of the dressing-room is a bird closet, in which are many cages of singing birds: the bed-chamber, twenty-five feet square, is very handsome, and the whole apartment very pleasingly complete.

"But Wentworth castle is more famous for the beauties of the ornamented environs, than for that of the house, though the front is superior to many. The water and woods adjoining are sketched with great taste. The first extends through the park in a meandering course, and wherever it is viewed, the terminations are no where seen, having every where the effect of a real and very beautiful river; the groves of oaks fill up the bends of the stream in a most beautiful manner, here advancing thick to the very banks of the water, there appearing at a distance, breaking away to a few scattered trees in some spots, and in others joining their branches into the most solemn brownnesses. The water in many places is seen from the house, between the trees of several scattered clumps, most picturequely; in others, it is quite lost behind hills, and breaks every where upon the view, in a file that cannot be too much admired.

"The shrubbery that adjoins the house is disposed with the utmost elegance: the waving slopes dotted with firs, pines, &c. are excessively pretty: and the temple is fixed at a beautiful spot, as to command the sweet landscape of the park, and the rich prospect of the adjacent country, which rises in a bold manner, and presents an admirable view of cultivated hills.

"Winding
“Winding up the hill among the plantations and woods, which are laid out in an agreeable taste, we came to the bowling-green, which is thickly encompassed with evergreens, retired and beautiful, with a very light and pretty Chinese temple on one side of it, and from thence across a dark walk, catching a most beautiful view of a bank of distant wood. The next object is a statue of Ceres, in a retired spot; the cascade appearing with a good effect, and through the divisions of it, the distant prospect is seen very finely. The lawn which leads up to the castle is elegant; there is a clump of firs on one side of it, through which the distant prospect is seen, and the abovementioned statue of Ceres is caught in the hollow of a dark grove with the most picturesque elegance, and is one among the few instances of statues being employed in gardens with real taste. From the platform of grass within the castle walls (in the centre of which is a statue of the late earl who built it) over the battlements, you behold a surpising prospect on which ever side you look; but the view which pleases me best, is that opposite the entrance, where you look down upon a valley, which is extensive, finely bounded by rising cultivated hills, and very complete in being commanded at a single look, notwithstanding its vast variety.

“Within the menagery, at the bottom of the park, is a most pleasing shrubbery, extremely sequestered, cool, shady, and agreeably contrasted to that by the house, from which so much distant prospect is beheld; the latter is what may be called fine, but the former is pleasingly agreeable. We proceeded through the menagery (which is pretty well stocked with pheasants, &c.) to the bottom of the shrubbery, where is an alcove in a sequestered situation; in front of it the body of a large oak is seen at the end of a walk, in a pleasing style; but on approaching it, three more are caught in the same manner, which, from uniformity in such merely rural and natural objects, displeases at the first sight. The shrubbery, or rather plantation, is spread over two fine slopes, the valley between which is a long, winding, hollow dale, exquisitely beautiful, the banks are thickly covered with great numbers of very fine oaks, whose noble branches in some places almost join over the grass's lawn, which winds through this elegant valley; at the upper end is a Gothic temple over a little grot, which forms an arch, and together have a pleasing effect; on a near view this temple is found a light, airy, and elegant building. Behind it is a water, sweetly situated, surrounded by hanging woods, in a beautiful manner; an island in it, prettily planted; and the bank on the left side rising elegantly from the water, and scattered with fine oaks. From the seat of the river God (the stream by the by is too small to be sanctified) the view into the park is pretty, congenial with the spot, and the temple caught in a proper file.”

Mr. Young concludes with properly acknowledging the true politenes of lord and lady Stafford, in permitting strangers to have easy access to a sight of this place; and execrates, as every one must do, the insolent pride of nabobs and contractors, who accidentally becoming possessed of fine seats, refuse that gratification to all who are not of their present acquaintance.

Lord Strafford has built some ruins near the road, which may perhaps have a good effect from the house, or grounds, but they appear very indifferently to a traveller.

Barnsley is a small town, black from the coal-mines and iron-works round it, from whence it has got the name of Black Barnsley. Yet, contradictory as it may seem, thread is bleached here; some coarse linen for shirts and checks is wove.

In the village of Sandall is a small school by the road side, the most builder of which has only placed the initials of his name, C. Z.; he says in the inscription, that it is designed to teach English and the Christian religion, the too great neglect of which he remarks, and, if I remember right, with an apostrophe!”
At this place was a castle, built by John, the last earl Warren, who having no issue by his wife, in Edward II., by special grant, gave the inheritance of all his lands to the king and his heirs, amongst which, this castle and the manor of Wakefield are enumerated; ten years after the king granted it to him for his life*. In Edward III., on the death of Thomas, duke of Lancaster, Henry being found to be his brother and heir, the king, taking his homage, commanded his escheator north of Trent, not to meddle with the castle of Sandale, manor of Wakefield, &c. whereunto John earl of Warren laid claim, they being, by consent of both parties, to remain in the king's hands, to be delivered to Henry†. Yet, in the 20th year of that king, this earl Warren settled this castle on Maud de Nereford (his concubine) and on John and Thomas, his sons by her‡. It, however, afterwards came to the crown, and was given by Edward III. to his fifth son, Edmund de Langley, from whom it descended to Richard, duke of York, the competitor of Henry VI. and who, between this place and Wakefield, fought the battle with Henry's queen, in which he lost his life. He had appointed his army to rendezvous here, but was followed suddenly by the queen before his forces were collected; too gallant to bear the thoughts of being braved by her at the gate of his own castle, he fell out, was defeated, and killed. Mr. Thoresby had a ring which was found in this place, and supposed to have been his. On the right hand of the road, between this and Wakefield, on the spot where he fell, a stone cross was erected, which was destroyed in the late civil war.§

On the bridge over the Calder, at the entrance of Wakefield, stands a chapel, built by Edward the IVth; it belongs to the poor, was lately converted into a warehouse, and is now let to an almsman. In the front are remains of some groups of figures, and other ornaments. Possibly it might have some reference to this battle, or to the murder of the young earl of Rutland, put to death in cold blood near the bridge, by lord Clifford, a young man whose barbarity stained the lute of the victory, and gained him the name of The Butcher. He paid dear for it afterwards, as did the queen, for her weak and unworthy insults to the body of the gallant York. This lord was killed in the battle of Towton, and his sons, then quite infants, would have been sacrificed to the manes of Rutland, if their mother had not preferred them, by sending the youngest beyond sea, and concealing the eldest at the house of a shepherd, where he was brought up as a peasant, without education, and remained in that state till the settlement of Henry VII. on the throne, made it safe to discover him. His estates were in the mean time in the hands of his enemies, but he then got reparation of them‖.

In 1756 a number of groups, in wood and alabaster, were found in the roof of a house in the market-place, supposed to have belonged to the chapel on the bridge, or to Sandall castle. One of them represented St. William, archbishop of York; another the martyrdom of St. Amphibalus; Moses and Aaron, David and Solomon, Christ and the twelve Apostles, Paul, John Baptist, the three Magi, St. Anne teaching the virgin, a mitred figure, supposed the patron saint of the chapel, the martyrdom of St. John the Baptist in the cauldron, with Polycarp and Ignatius, the Roman magistrate and the executioners. They were about twelve inches high, painted red, and gilded. St. Anne was three feet high, and in the best style, whence this might rather be conjectured to be the patron saint, or principal figure¶.

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* Dugd. Bar. v. i. p. 81.
† Ibid. p. 783.
‡ Ibid. p. 82.
§ When Leland made his notes, Sandall castle belonged to the king. 11iv. v. i. p. 55. A view of it, from a draught in the dutchy office, has been engraved by the Society of Antiquaries.
‖ Dugd. Bar. v. i. p. 343.
This town is handsome and well built, and has long been noted for the clothing trade. There is a good bridge over the Calder, which was made navigable so far about 1698. Amongst other eminent men whom this place has produced, was the Pindar who distinguished himself as the antagonist of the bold Robinhood.

The road from hence to Leeds, is through a country black with coal-pits, and the smoak of the fire-engines and glass-houses; but the land is good. At Leeds the clothing trade, that staple manufacture of the kingdom, which employs such innumerable hands, and which is a more genuine source of wealth than the mines of Peru, is seen in all its glory. The cloth used to be exposed on stalls in the street, but in 1758 a large hall was built by subscription of 1589 clothiers, each of whom had a spot assigned him in it for sale of his cloth. The payment was three guineas each; and if the stall is fold, no larger premium is permitted to be taken. A new hall is now finished on a still larger scale, over the centre of which is an assembly room. It is almost incredible how business is done here on the cloth-market days, which are Tuesdays and Saturdays. The neighbourhood is full of the country houses of the rich clothiers.

About three miles off are the ruins of Kirkstall-abbey, a lately Gothic building, in a vale watered by the river Aire. It was of the Cistercian order, founded by Henry de Lacy in 1157, and was valued at the dissolution at 320l. 2s. 1d. The gateway is walled up, and converted into a farm-house, the arch plainly appearing. The abbots' palace was on the south. The middle, north, and south aisles of the church remain, with nine pillars on each side, but the roof of the middle aisle is gone. Places for six altars, three on each side the high altar, are visible. At the west end is a turret, with steps up to it, leading to the roof of the south aisle, overgrown with grass. The tower, built about the time of Henry VIII. is pretty entire*; part of an arched chamber, leading to the cemetery, and part of the dormitory, remain. The wall under the east window is broken down, and there is no door at the west, so that there is a passage through the whole building, and this being always open, the cattle use it for a shelter, and make it very dirty. It is pity the noble owner (the duke of Montague) should not pay so much regard to this structure, and the purposes for which it was originally designed, as to prevent this abuse of it. One fees with veneration these mouldering remains of the piety of our ancestors; and, if it were only for the picturesque scenes which they exhibit in their present condition, one cannot but lament that they should want the little care which would preserve them very long from further destruction.

Near this place are said to be remains of some Danish works.

It is said that there was a Roman pottery two miles from Leeds, at Hawcaster-rigg, on Blackmore, and that there are some vestiges of a Roman town at Adel†.

Go to Harewood, where is Gawthorp-hall‡, the seat of Mr. Edwin Lascelles, formerly that of the Galcoignes, late of the Boulter§. At the village of that name, are some remains of the castle, once belonging to the Curi's, demolished in the late civil war.

Mr. King, who has taken very great pains in investigating the remains of ancient castles, says, that what remains of this appears to have been chiefly built about the time of Edward I. and to have been completed in that of Edward III. The entrance is by two portals, in the first of which is the groove for the portcullis. In the apartment

* January 27, 1779, three sides of this tower fell down, and only the south side of it remains. Gough's Topography, v. ii p. 470.
† Phil. Trans. No. 222, p. 319; and No. 282, p. 1285. ‡ Now called Harewood-house.
§ Of whom John Boulter, esq. is spoken of by the authors of Magna Britannia, in 1731, as a person of great piety and benevolence.
over the second, is a large door way, which has three coats of arms over it; the first and third contain a lion rampant, being the arms of Aldburgh, charged on the breast with a fleur-de-lis, to distinguish the branch which possessed this castle from the elder; the second contains an orle, being the arms of Baliol. What is very extraordinary, this great arch only leads into the small room in the upper part of the tower of entrance, where there could not be any communication with the grand entrance below, and it seems unconnected with any other parts, except that little room, and the galleries in the wall. This little room is supposed to have been the chapel; in the freeze round it are 12 coats of arms cut in stone, amongst which those of Aldburgh are repeated three times; Sir William de Aldburgh became possessed of this castle by gift of Robert de Infula, or De l'Isle, lord Lisle, of Rugemont, in 38 Edward III. on his marriage with a daughter of that lord. Sir William had one daughter and heir, who married Sir Richard Redman, in the reign of Henry IV. From this repetition of the arms of Aldburgh, when only one of that name possessed the place, Mr. King thinks the date of this part of the building, at least, may be fixed to the time of that Sir William, and he conjectures that the rest was built by Robert de Lisle, in the reign of Edward I. The Redmans continued owners to the time of Elizabeth.

On the ground floor of the castle, is the appearance of a tomb, a thing not easily to be accounted for in such a place. In the end walls are marks of a high-ridged roof having been let in, over the state apartments, but beneath the high parapet wall, so as to leave room for a platform on each side upon the leads above, secured by the parapet, which might be for the purpose of placing warlike engines*. The same has been observed at Castleton.

In the church is a monument for that upright and firm judge, Sir William Gascoigne, who could not be prevailed on to pronounce what he thought an unjust sentence against Scrope, archbishop of Canterbury, when arrested for an insurrection against Henry IV. and who so nobly supported the dignity of the bench, by committing the prince of Wales (afterwards Henry V.) for a contempt in court. To the honor of the prince, he submitted to the law, and to the honor of his father, he commended the judge. He died in 1412. There is also a curious tomb for the Redmans, some time lords here. Mr. Lascelles built a range of neat houses in the village, intending to establish a riband manufactory; unfortunately it did not succeed, but the attempt does him honor.

About half a mile from the village is the Hall, which he has lately rebuilt on a new spot of ground. It is a large, elegant house, standing on an eminence, and from the south front overlooks a piece of water in the bottom. The gallery extends the whole west end of the house, and is seventy-seven feet and an half long, by twenty-four feet and an half wide, and twenty-two high. The politeness of the family, in most obligingly permitting us, as travellers, to see the house on a day on which it is not usually shown, must not be passed without mention; it gave additional pleasure to that arising from the sight of a place finished with so much taste.

At Knareborough are some remains of the castle, standing on a high abrupt bank, overlooking the river Nid, which runs at the foot of it. It was built soon after the Conquest by Serlo de Burgh, uncle by the father's side to Eulphace Vefcy; it came afterwards to be the seat of the Estotevilles, a daughter of which family married Hugh de Moreville, one of the four knights who slew Thomas Becket; and he, in her right, held this castle, and fled to it with his assistants in that act: they remained here 7th
for a year, but submitting to the church, were pardoned on condition of performing a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre.

After this it came to the crown, and was given by Henry III. to Hubert de Burgh, his faithful adherent, but the adviser of his arbitrary measures. It againcheated to the king, and was granted by Henry III. to his brother Richard, earl of Cornwall, whose son Edmund dying without issue, it was given by Edward II. to his favourite Piers de Gavestone. On his death it came once more into the royal possession, and in 44 Edward III. was granted to John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, and has belonged to that duchy ever since.

In 1399 Richard II. after his deposition, was removed hither from Pickering castle, and from hence carried to Pontefract castle, where he ended his days.

The townsmen defended it for Charles I. after the battle of Marston-moor, in the most spirited manner, and at last being compelled to surrender, had leave to go where they pleased. Lilburn, who commanded for the parliament, destroyed all the buildings within the castle walls, and the materials and furniture were sold. The south front of the keep is partly standing, and is about 43 feet high, between two round towers, which are placed one at each corner. These towers are solid stone work, except that one of them has a small window and a loop, with very narrow passages leading to them; the lower part of that in which is the loop, is a vaulted room, now used as a prison, which has no communication with the inside of the keep. The ground floor seems to have been used as store-rooms. Adjoining to one of the towers is a small door, opening into an apartment which has no communication whatever with the inside of the keep; in this room the records of the forest have long been kept. By the side of this little door were the steps leading to the door of the apartment on the second floor; this door is ornamented with tracer work, so as to have some appearance of a window. Under these steps is a door to the vaults below. The great room on the second floor, appears to have had an arched roof of stone work.

At the bottom of the town, across the bridge, is the famous dropping well, falling from a rock of limestone of coarse grain (which is nearly insulated from the neighbouring bank, from which it slipped down about the beginning of this century) in a perpetual stream of many strings of water, of a petrifying quality. The river runs below, and for some miles goes through a deep valley, wooded on the sides, sometimes to the water's edge. There are three other wells here; the sweet spa, or vitrioline well; the flinting, or sulphur well (which tinges silver with a copper colour, owing to its having the addition of a vitriolic salt); and St Mongah, or Kentegera's well. This St. Mongah was a Scottih saint.

A mile from Knaresborough, near Grimble-bridge, is a place called St. Robert's Cave, in the time of king John the habitation of a hermit of that name, son of one who had been twice mayor of York, but he disliking the world, left his patrimony, and after having been a short time a monk at Morpeth, retired to this place. This gave rise to a religious foundation by Richard earl of Cornwall, of the order of the Holy Trinity for redemption of captives. It was surrendered by the prior 1539. The cave is dug in the rock above the river Nid, and has been lately made remarkable by the discovery of a murder, committed there about fifteen years before by one Eugene Aram, a man, who, without education, had acquired a considerable share of learning.
by intense application; his defence is perhaps as masterly a performance as has been often seen on such an occasion, and would have done honour to a better cause.

About two miles from Knareborough is Plumpton, an old seat of an old family of that name, which flourished from the Conquest till the middle of the present century, when this place, with an estate of seven hundred pounds a year, was bought by Mr. Daniel Lascelles. He designed to have built a house, which he began, made his kitchen garden, and formed a pleasure ground in a romantic spot, but then desisted, and went to live at Goldsworth, another purchase of his, two miles off. The company at Harrogate, which is at a small distance, have the advantage of what has been done, a visit to these gardens being one of their excursions.

Mr. Lascelles found in a bottom near the house, a small piece of water, with a number of rocks standing up in detached pieces of various forms; he enlarged the water considerably, forming various bays between the rocks, and covering the tops of them with greenward, shrubs, and flowers, often leaving the sides quite bare. The walks are carried sometimes between, sometimes by the side, sometimes on the top of these rocks, which present themselves in a variety of shapes. The autumnal crocus grows wild in the pastures here in great plenty.

Not far from hence is Copgrave, where is a memorable epitaph, similar to that of Mr. Heyrick, mentioned at Leicester. It is for John Wincupp, who was rector thereof 54 years; pious, charitable, and peaceable; never sued any, nor was sued; lived 52 years with his wife, had six children, and a numerous family (boarding and teaching many of the gentry) out of which not one died in all that time; himself was the first, July 8, 1637, in his 86th year.

The forest of Knareborough is now inclosed; the land, lately of little use, is now converted into arable and good pasture. The family of the Slingebys, still flourishing here, were made rangers of this forest in the time of Edward I. Their seat is at Scroven-hall, a handsome house, with very pleasant walks, and fine views.

Go from hence to the little town of Ripley, and lodge there. Here is a seat of Sir John Ingleby, whose family has resided in this place for ages. It is famous for the birth of Sir George Ripley, the celebrated chemist, who lived in the 15th century, and is said to have discovered the philosopher's stone. Near this place were found, in 1734, two pigg of lead, inscribed, Imp. Cæs. Domitiano Avg. cos. VII., one of which is now in the hands of Sir John Ingleby.

The next day pass by a new house, built by Mr. Messinger, late owner of Fountain's abbey, and so to Ripon.

At Ripon was a monastery, built by Wilfrid, archbishop of York, a prelate, who presuming on his great wealth and power, behaved with such insolence to Egfrid, King of Northumberland, that he deprived him of his fee; and despising the authority of the Pope, to whom Wilfrid had appealed, put him into prison, for daring to appeal to a foreign power against him. On the death of Egfrid, he made his peace with Alfred, who succeeded to the crown, and obtained a restitution of his fee of York; but the same insolence produced a second banishment: he now found favour with Ethelred, King of the Mercians, who made him bishop of Leicester; but his behaviour here was such, that he was not long after degraded. Such, however, was the merit of his appeal to Rome, that it made a faint of him.

* Camd. v. ii. p. 95.  † Phil. Trans. N. 459, p. 560; and Gough's Top. v. ii. p. 464.
† Leland, Itin. v. i. p. 76.
Before Wilfrid’s foundation, there had been a monastery of Scots here, of whom Eata, abbot of Melros, was chief. It stood in a bottom, a small distance from the minster. An abbot of Fountaynes got a grant of the chapel, part of which he pulled down, and rebuilt it, intending to have made it a cell to his abbey; when Leland visited this place, a chantry priest was maintained there, and he observes, that there were three crofles standing in a row at the east end of the chapel garth, of very ancient workmanship, and monuments of some notable men buried there*. He observes, that woollen cloth used to be made in the town, but idleness was then fore encreased, and cloth-making almost decayed. Wilfrid’s building was entirely demolished by the Danes, but was re-edified by Odo, archbishop of Canterbury†. This place was in such favour with Athelfstan, that he granted a charter, by which, amongst other privileges, all St. Wilfrid’s men were to be believed in all courts by their Yae and Nae‡. At the dissolution, the whole of the revenues were seized into the hands of the crown. In 1604 a petition was presented to Anne, Queen of James I. for settling a college here, in the manner of an university, for the benefit of the borders of England and Scotland§. She approved the plan, but it was not carried into execution; however, James refounded the church, making it consist of a dean, subdean, and six prebendaries, allowing them 247l. per annum from the former prebendal lands.

There is now a collegiate church with three steeples, or towers, large, but very plain. The spires have been long since blown down. This church suffered much in the civil war in 1643, but has been well repaired since. Under the church is a narrow, winding passage, called St. Wilfrid’s Needle, heretofore supposed to have been a trial of female chastity, such as had made a slip, not being able to go through.

The manor was granted by Queen Mary to the see of York, to which it now belongs. Here is a free grammar-school, founded by Queen Mary in the third year of her reign, and well endowed. There is also a blue-coat hospital, founded about 1672 by Zacharias Jepson, an apothecary of York, for the maintenance and education of twenty orphan boys, or the sons of poor freemen of the town, who are taken care of from the age of seven to sixteen; and any two of them who may be deemed fit for the university, are to have an exhibition of 10l. a year each, for seven years, at Cambridge. Such as are apprenticed at Ripon, have 5l. given with them. The estates are vested in ten trustees.

The market-place is very large, having in the centre an obelisk of free stone, 82 feet high, on the top of which is a bugle horn, the arms of the town. Having suffered much by the weather, it was rebuilt by Mr. Ailsabic, in 1741. It was formerly the custom for the Vigillarius, or Wakeman (who seems to have been the chief magistrate till James I. granted a charter to the town, making it a corporation, consisting of mayor, recorder, 12 aldermen, and 24 aldermen to order that a horn should be blown every night at nine o’clock, and if any house or shop was broken open or robbed, between that time and sunrise, the loss was to be made good by the town, for which purpose each household paid four-pence a-year, or, if he had a back door to another street, eight-pence]. The horn is still blown, though the tax, and the benefit arising from it, are discontinued.

At this town, in 1695, were found many Saxon coins, namely, of their brass stica’s, whereof there were eight to a penny. They were of the latter race of the

kings of Deira, or rather the Subreguli, after Egbert had reduced it to be part of his
monarchy*.

Two miles from Ripon is a sulphur well, called Oldfield Spaw. It lies between two
hills, near an old abbey, in a very romantic situation, reminding Matlock; it was dis-
covered about the end of the last century. The spring is always of the same height,
not affected by rain or drought, but boils up with great noise against a change of
weather†.

About four miles east of Ripon, towards Boroughbridge, is Newby, the seat of Mr.
Weddell, on the banks of the Ure. The situation is low, but the grounds are laid out
to the best advantage; and whatever is wanting without, is amply made up within
the house, which is disposed and furnished in Adams's best manner. There are a few good
pictures of the first masters, and such a collection of statues, busts, bas-relievs, urns, far-
cophagus's, and antique marbles, as few houses in England can shew; amongst the sta-
tues, the Venus holds the first place.

A little way from this town is Studley Park, the seat of the late Mr. Aislabie. The
gardens were begun about 60 years ago by his father (who married the heiress of the
Mallory's an ancient family) and have long been celebrated as the finest in the north of
England. They are at a small distance from the house, in a valley, in which are several
pieces of water, too much in the old, formal style, supplied by a little stream, which comes
from Fountain's abbey; the hills on each side are covered with woods, in which are
interferred several temples and buildings, so placed as to form excellent points of view
from the different walks which are carried along the sides and tops of the declivities.
The late owner was at last enabled to make the place compleat by the addition of this
abbey, which it was many years before he could obtain. It stands at the upper end of
a vale, which commences at the termination of the old gardens, and is finely wooded
on each side; through this runs the stream, which at the turn of the hill is formed into
a beautiful piece of water. Before this purchase was made, only an imperfect view of
the abbey was caught from one of the seats, much interrupted by the trees, which
flood immediately before it; these are now cleared away, so as to give a full sight of the
magnificent ruins.

This celebrated abbey was founded in 1132, by Thurstan, archbishop of York, for
monks of the Cistercian order, and was built with stone taken from the rocks in the
adjoining hill. Some yew trees remain in the wood, said to have been planted by the
first monks. By degrees they obtained very large possessions, and had an amazing
quantity of plate, cattle, &c. Just before the dissolution, their plate at 4s. 4d. per oz.
was valued at above 700l. they had 2356 oxen, cows and calves; 1326 sheep; 86
horses, and 79 swine. Their revenues amounted, according to Burton, to more than
1100l. a year, at the dissolution. William Thurstan or Thirlstane, the last abbot but one,
was afterwards hanged at Tyburn, together with the abbot of Jervaulx, or Joreval, and
four others, who had been concerned in the insurrection under Ake, in Yorks-
shire, called the Pilgrimage of Grace, one object of which was a restoration of the

This abbey, with others, was granted to Sir Richard Gresham, who sold it to Sir
Stephen Proctor, whose daughter and heiress carried it into the family of Melfenger, of
one of whose descendants it was lately bought by Mr. Aislabie. The ruins are very con-
siderable; the walls of the church, a large and lofty tower, part of the cloisters

* Camd. v. ii. p. 94, 95.
entire, and of the dormitory over them, and of the kitchen and refectory, &c., still remain. The stream runs under one end of the cloisters, and is there arched over.

The church and town of Ripon make a fine termination of a view from the park.

About five miles from Studley, Mr. Aislabie made some walks, and erected some buildings in a sequestered and most romantic place, called Hackfall.

A little rivulet, which rises on Greville-thorpe-moor, runs into a deep, woody glen, and forms at the entrance three or four small pools, and in issuing out of them, makes so many little cascades, judiciously varied in their forms. It then hastens with precipitation to the river Eure, at the bottom of the dale, rushing over heaps of stones and pebbles which obstruct its passage, and make a multitude of falls, continually differing in shape and size. On the right rises a very steep hill, covered with underwood to the top, through which is a waterfall of considerable height; on the left, the walk is formed under a shade of lofty trees, growing on a steep bank. At the bottom of this walk is a small, plain building, called Fisher’s Hall (from the name of the gardener) from whence is a view of the river Eure*, whose noise had been before heard, roaring over great heaps of stones, torn from the adjoining rocks in its fury, when swelled with rains. It runs here in a bend, round a point of high land on the opposite side, clothed with a hanging wood from the brink to the water’s edge, but is soon lost between the woody hills.

Returning back a little way, a path to the right leads through a fine wood of lofty trees, which reach from the top of the high, abrupt hill, then being on the left, to the river side. In some parts the wood has been cleared, to vary the ground with spots of greensward, leaving a few scattered trees. In one of these spots a rustic building is placed, looking on a considerable water-fall, the top of which is hid by the over-hanging boughs; this runs into a bason, in which a high fountain plays out of a rock placed in the middle. Keeping near the side of the river, it shews itself in various views; the opposite bank generally covered with wood, but in one place presenting a lofty perpendicular face of bare rock. The same sort of rocks appear in the hill on the left, the trees being thinned to shew them. Near the end of this walk, a slender rill drops from an impending bank, through the stem of a tree, into the river.

Turning now to the left, ascend the hill which overhangs the path you have followed, and from various stations have various views of the river and country. The spire of Masham church is a beautiful object from several places. The views of the country become more extensive as the ground rises, till coming to a building on the brink of a precipice, and on the highest part of the hill, a noble scenery opens. In the bottom several reaches of the river are seen at once; the hanging wood on its farther bank, a particular green meadow on its summit, farm-houses, gentlemen’s seats, cultivated land, the church of Tanfield, with its bridge over the water, the churches of Topcliffe and Thirik, York Minster, the whole bounded by Black Hambledon, and other hills in the horizon, on one of which the White Mare of Weeton Cliff, or White Stone Cliff, is visible in a clear day, compose this beautiful landscape. The building which affords this prospect appears from different parts of the walk to be a ruin, but has two neat rooms in it, where, or in

* This river runs to Hull, but loses its name a little below Boroughbridge, at Otobeurn, where the little brook called Oufe, runs into it, and gives name to its further course. It receives in its track the Swale, the Nid, the Darwent, &c.
† A mark in a hill, like the White Horse in Berkshire, Whistle-trode, in Bucks, &c.
Fisher's Hall, Mr. Aiflalie sometimes dined, or indulged his friends with the liberty of doing, and for this purpose kitchens are built near.

Proceeding onward, a new view opens of the principal waterfall mentioned in the first walk, but it here appears to come from a much greater height, than it did when seen before, the upper part not being visible there. From hence you come to the place at which you first entered.

From Hackfall it is three miles to a little town, called Masham, the market-place of which is uncommonly spacious, built on three sides, but the houses so low and mean, that it has the appearance of a deserted place. The church is at the end of the south side, remarkably neat. In it is a very handsome monument for Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, who died in 1617, and his lady; he was descended from a co-heir of the lords Scroope, of Masham, one of whom was beheaded for a conspiracy against Henry V. There is another good monument for Mr. Danby, to whose family the manor belongs, and whose seat is at Swinton, in the road to Masham. The great tythes are the property of Trinity college, Cambridge.

The manor of the rectory of this place was the endowment of a prebend in the cathedral of York, and perhaps the richest in the kingdom. In 1534 it was valued at £36l. a year. In 1546 it was resigned by Robert Peterton, then prebendary, who conveyed it to Chancellor Wriothesly, and his heirs, and it has been ever since a lay fee.*

Mr. Danby's improvement of the moors, which lie behind his house in immense tracts, is so observable, and so worthy of imitation, that too much cannot be said of it. He has a colliery, which employs many hands, and the cottages of the workmen are scattered about on the moors. Some years ago he gave leave to the cottagers to inclose a field contiguous to their gardens, that they might, if industrious, raise their own corn. A few examples had great effects, and now there is not a colliery without a little farm, from four to twenty acres, on which he keeps a cow or two, and raises corn. The hours of work in the colliery are few, and leave sufficient time for the cultivation of this land. This scheme has introduced a spirit of industry, in lieu of the idleness which used to prevail after the work in the coal-pits was finished for the day, and fixes the men, who before this, on the leafy disfurl, used to run from one colliery to another.

Mr. Arthur Young mentions a most extraordinary instance of industry in one of these colliers, named James Crofts, who has reclaimed nine acres of moor, much incumbered with stone, the whole of which, in the incloset and cultivation, has been performed by his own hands, with the help of one Galloway; for years he spent 20 hours of the 24 in unremitting labour. Mr. Young was so struck with the spirit of this poor man, (who seems to have been unaccountably neglected by Mr. Danby,* notwithstanding his own turn for improvements) that he most humanely proposed a subscription to raise a fund for enabling him to proceed in the improvement of a larger tract. What a loss to the public, that such a genius for agriculture should be cramped, and for want of a fund, less than is often spent in the capital on a single dinner!

By the side of the road, three miles before coming to Middleham, are some remains of Joreval abbey. It was originally begun in 1144 by Peter de Quinciano, a monk of Savigny, of the Cistercian order, in a different place, and was then called the abbey of Fors, Wenley-dale, and Charity, and sometimes Joreval; but 11 years

afterwards was removed hither, when it got the name of Joreval, i. e. Eureval, from the river Eure running near it. Adam Sodbury, the last abbot, was one of those who were attained in 1539, probably for having been concerned in the Pilgrimage of Grace, which was stirred up by the clergy, as mentioned before. At the dissolution it was valued at 455L 10s. 5d. according to Speed, and 234L 18s. 5d. by Dud- dale, and was granted to Matthew, earl of Lenox, and lady Margaret, his wife. It now belongs to the earl of Aylebury, who has a large estate hereabouts. Stone coffins have been dug up in the burial grounds, and converted by the farmers into hog-troughs; in the coffins have been found cloth and ribbons, retaining their natural colours. The walls have been pulled down to make farm-houses and fences, and to repair the roads.

At the foot of the right-hand hill stands Danby, the seat of Mr. Scroope.

Pass a handsome bridge over the Cover, which runs out of Coverdale, and joins the Eure a little below. In this dale are some remains of Coverham-abbey, or Priory, founded about the 14th John by Ralph, son of Robert, lord of Middleham. He removed hither some canons of the Premonstratensian order, from a house at Swaneby, founded by Helwiafa, his mother, daughter and heiress of Ranulph de Glanville, the famous chief justice, and he and several of his descendants were buried here. It was one of the latter abbeys surrendered 27 Henry VIII. having then in lands, &c. 207L 14s. 8d. a year, but reduced by pensions and expences to a clear income of 160L 18s. 3d. In 4 Philip and Mary, it was sold by commissi oners of the crown to Humphry Orme. It stands on the north side of the rapid brook of Cover, in the dale called from it Coverdale, and in a dismal situation; notwithstanding which, an owner of the name of Wray, erected from the ruins a dwelling-house adjoining to the spot. A few years ago two statues, larger than the life, were dug up here, in the habit of knights templars, in a cumbent posture, ornamented with foliage and animals, but of most rude workmanship.

From the bridge, having the Eure on the right, see the lofty fragments of Middleham-castle, overlooking the town. Large pieces of the walls have fallen down, and the mortar seems less durable than it is generally found in those ancient buildings. Alan the 1st. earl of Brittany and Richmond, gave this and other manors to Ribald, his younger brother, who possessed it at the time of the Conqueror's survey. Robert, his grandson, erected this castle about the year 1190. On his death, in the 54th of Henry III. it descended, with the forest of Coverdale, to Mary, one of his daughters, who married Robert de Nevills, in whose family it continued till seised by Edw. IV. who had been imprisoned here under the care of the archbishop of York, brother to the great earl of Warwick, but made his escape either by the carelessness or design of his keeper; if it was the latter, the king made him a very ill return, when a few years afterwards, under pretence of visiting him at his seat at the More, or Motte, in Hertfordshire, he seised all the plate which the archbishop had got there of his own, and had borrowed of others, in order to entertain him the more magnificently. Still worse, he kept him in prison at Calais four years, in which time he was so ill-fed, that he died soon after being released. The outer part was built or rebuilt by one of the Nevills.

The only son of Richard III. died young at this castle, and from that time it is not mentioned in history. The late earl of Holdernesse was clothed of it, as his family

§ Dugd. Bar. v. i. p. 52, 53.  || Ibid. p. 506.  ¶ Leland's Itin. v. i. p. 76.
had long been; but in the beginning of the last century, it was inhabited by Sir Henry Lindley*.

From hence is a fine view of the dale, with the winding river, the villages and woods, and over them it extends to a great distance towards the east. The entrance was on the north side, next the town; some part of a moat appears on the south and east sides. At a little distance on the south side are two artificial mounts, midway between which and the castle, is a remarkably distinct and loud echo†.

The town of Middleham stands on high ground, overlooking the beautiful valley called Wenfleydale, from a village in it of that name, the church of which Lord Scroope had a licence to make collegiate in the 1 Henry IV. But it does not appear that he carried his design into execution. The dale is of considerable width, lying between two hills, adorned with several villages, and is watered by the river Eure, which runs through it with many windings. From Middleham the passage over the river is by a ford; but after rains you must return as far as Coverbridge, or go up as high as Wenfley; but to see the most of the vale, the way is to go by Coverbridge, and through the villages of Spenythorne, Armby, Leyburn, and Wenfley. The meandering of the river through the most verdant pastures, whose hedges are filled with trees, the scattered villages, the hanging woods, the contrast of the bare hill-tops, form all together a most captivating scene. From a ridge of rock above Leyburn, the whole is viewed to great advantage. At Armby is a fall of water, which after rain, is considerable.

In Wenfley church is a curiously carved pew, brought from the monastery of St. Agatha, near Richmond, which formerly belonged to the lords Scroope of Bolton. On this is still legible the name of Henry lord Scroope, carved on the wood, in text hand, with other inscriptions, now much broken‡.

In the middle of the dale stands Bolton-hall, and at some distance, under a fine grove, Bolton-castle. The present house was built by Charles, marquis of Winchester, created duke of Bolton by William III. He was a man of the most extraordinary disposition; sometimes he would not speak for weeks together, at others he would not open his mouth till such an hour of the day, when he thought the air was pure§. We have lately heard of a hunting by torch-light in France, to amuse the king of Denmark when there, but it was not a novelty, having been practiced by this gentleman. But with all these oddities he was a man of deep policy, and played his cards with great art in the difficult times of Charles II., James, and William.

A pillar on the hill, which fronts the house, commemorates the gratitude of a former owner, who buried under it a race-horse, by whose speed he recovered the estate, which his destructive passion for gambling had once lost. It may serve as a useful memento.

By marriage of a natural daughter of Emanuel, Lord Scroope, (created by Charles I., earl of Sunderland, who had no legitimate issue) this estate came to an ancestor of the present owner. In the house are a few portraits of that family; amongst them is one of Henry, lord Scroope, one of those noblemen who signed the famous letter to the pope, threatening that if he did not permit the divorce between Henry VIII., and queen Catherine, they would reject his supremacy. The estate round this mansion is very

* Grosse. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. § Burnet's History of his own Times, sub anno 1699.

considerable.
considerable, with many lead mines in it, from which the duke receives one fifth of the smelted lead, and has no farther trouble than to carry it to market.

Bolton castle was built by Richard, lord Scroope, the honest and spirited chancellor of Richard II., but whose ancestors had an estate here at least as early as 24 Edward I. Leland says, it was 18 years in building, and the cost 1000 marks a year, which makes 12,000l. He says that the timber used about it was mostly fetched from the forest of Eggleby, in Cumberland, by relays of ox teams placed on the road. He mentions chimneys made in the side of the walls for conveyance of the smoke, as a thing he had not been accustomed to see. He also mentions an astronomical clock being here.

The castle is of a quadrilateral figure, the greatest length being from north to south, but no two of its sides equal; the south is 184 feet, the opposite 187, the west 131, and the east 125. It has four right lined towers, one at each angle, but neither their faces nor flanks are equal; each of the former measuring on the north and south sides 47 feet and an half, and on the east and west only 35 feet and an half; the latter vary from seven feet and an half to six feet. In the centre between the two towers, both on the north and south sides, is a large projecting right-angled buttress or turret; that on the north side is 15 feet in front, its west side 14, its east 16; on the south side the front is 12 feet, its east nine, its west 12.

The grand entrance was in the east curtain, near the southernmost tower; there were three other doors, one on the north, two on the west side. The walls are seven feet thick, 97 high. It was lighted by several stages of windows. The chief lodging rooms were in the towers. The cast and north sides are mostly in ruins, the west part is in good repair. One of the towers, which was the principal object of attack in the civil wars, fell down in the night in November 1761.

Mary, Queen of Scots, was confined here under the care of lord Scroope in 1568, but was soon removed to Tutbury castle, in Staffordshire. Her chamber is shown.

In the civil wars this castle was gallantly defended for the king by col. Scroope, but at length surrendered on honorable terms.

In this parish lived that singular instance of longevity, Henry Jenkins, who died December 8, 1670, aged 169 years. After he was more than 100 years old, he used to swim in the rivers, and was called upon as an evidence to a fact of 140 years past. He was once a butler to lord Conyers, after that a fisherman, and at last a beggar.

In the road from hence to Askrigg and Richmond, are the falls of the river Eure, called Atte-scarre (from the rocks between which the river runs) corruptly Aysgarth Force, or the Force, which are less known than they deserve to be, and which, indeed, exceed any expectation that can well be formed of them, and any description which I can give.

Crook the river at Bolton-hall, and the right hand road leads to a small public-house near Aysgarth church; here the horses may be left. Go down a sharp defile to the bridge, turn on the right, and soon quitting the high road, go on the right again, through a little wood; and over three or four fields, by a blind path, to the bank from whence the principal fall is seen.

* Mr. King, in describing the very ancient castle of Conisborough, in Yorkshire, which he attributes to the Saxons, mentions a chimney formed in the wall, which must have been co-eval with the building.
† These measurements are taken from Mr. Grose's very elegant work, to which I am indebted for much information.
The romantic situation of the handsome church of Aysgarth, on an eminence, solicitarily overlooking these cataracts, (says the ingenious Mr. Maude, chief agent to the duke of Bolton here,) the decency of the structure within and without, its perfect retirement, the rural church-yard, the dying sounds of water amidst woods and rocks, wildly intermixed with the variety and magnitude of the surrounding hills, concur to render this scene at once awful and picturesque, in a very high degree.

The falls that are above the bridge, are seen on descending to it, but are seen to greater advantage on the return. You there view them through a spacious light arch, which presents the river at every step in variety of forms. On the left is the steeple, emerging from a copse.

From the bridge the water falls near half a mile, upon a surface of stone, in some places quite smooth, in others worn into great cavities, and inclosed by bold and shrubbed cliffs; in others it is interrupted by huge masses of rock standing upright in the middle of the current. It is everywhere changing its face, and exhibits some grand specimens before it comes to the chief descent, called The Force.

The whole river, which is of considerable breadth, here pours down a ledge of irregular broken rock, and falling to a great depth, boils up in sheets of white foam, and is some time before it can recover itself sufficiently to pursue its course, which it does at last with great rapidity. No words can do justice to the grandeur of this scene, which was paid by Dr. Pococke to exceed that of the Cataracts of the Nile, nor is it much less difficult for the pencil to describe it; I do not think that the very accurate and judicious Mr. Pennant (excellent as his plates in general are) shews half its magnificence.

The bridge has on it the date of 1539, which is probably a stone of the old bridge, the present one seeming of much later date.

Returning back to the bridge you have a full view of the falls above it, as mentioned before, and here your horses may meet you, for if you go to the public-house you must return and cross the river again to go to Akrigg.

This place is in a bottom, and for a mile or two before coming to the descent of the hill, the road runs along the edge of a steep declivity on the left, guarded by a stone wall. On the side of this bank is an old house of Mr. Weddell, called Nappa-hall, which he has quit for Newby, near Ripon. This was formerly the seat of the Medcalfs, so numerous a family, that Camden says Sir Christopher Medcalf, the chief of them, went with 300 horses, all of his family and name, and in the same habit, to receive the justices of allize, and conduct them to York.

When here, I ought to have gone to Richmond, a few miles off, a town delightfully situated on the Swale, where is a castle built by Alan, earl of Bretagne, nephew of William the Conqueror. The late earl of Holderness had a seat here, which he sold to Laurence Dunstan, who, by that and a subsequent purchase, obtained the representation of the borough.

Akrigg is a small town, with decent accommodation at the George. The inhabitants are employed in knitting flockings, of which they make great quantities.

In this neighbourhood are some remarkable water-falls, two of which called Mill Gill, and Whitfield Gill, are within an easy walk from the town. Another called Hardrow-forse or lofs, is five miles off.

The course of a small stream leads up a meadow to Mill Gill, where the water has forced a passage of two or three yards in width, through the rocks, and falls down perpendicularly about 16 yards; seen from below, it has a considerable effect, the rock appearing to have been perforated merely to give it way.

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BRAY'S TOUR INTO DERBYSHIRE, &c. 431

Higher up the same stream, is Whitfield Gill, where the stream coming to the edge of a rock, has a fall of 22 yards; but this can only be seen from the high ground, the bottom being scarcely, if at all, accessible.

From the hill above this place, the river Bain is seen running from Semerewater, by a little village, called Bainbridge, into the Eure. This piece of water is about a mile square, and lies about three or four miles from Askrigg. At the junction of these two streams, there was a Roman garrison; and upon the hill (which they call Burgh) are the ground-works of an old fortification, about five acres in compass; and under it, to the east, the tracks of many houses were visible in Camden's time. He found there a fragment of a Roman inscription, in a very fair character, with a winged victory supporting it; from which he conjectures, that the fort was formerly called Brachium, which had been made of turf, but was then built of stone and mortar; and that the 6th cohort of the Nervii was garrisoned here. They also seem to have had a summer camp on that high hill, hard by, which is called Ethelbury. A statue of Aurelius Commodus, the emperor, was dug up here (in Camden's time) in the habit of Hercules, his right hand armed with a club. At Gigglewick, a mile from Settle, is a well, which ebbs and flows much oftener than that at Tidwell. In this neighbourhood, are several remarkable caves, of which we had such imperfect information, or rather hints only, that we did not visit them. A full account of them, has been lately given in a pamphlet, called "A Tour to the Caves," to which I must refer for a particular description; but shall just mention the names of some. The route seems to be from Askrigg to Ingleton, between which places, is Hurtlepot, a round deep hole, 30 or 40 yards diameter, and as much in depth, to the surface of a deep black water; Ginglepot; and Weathercoat cave, in which is a subterranean cataract. Three miles before coming to Ingleton, a few yards out of the road, on the right, the river Weate or Greta, gushes out of several fountains, all within twenty or thirty yards of each other, having run about two miles under ground, though making its appearance in two or three places within that distance. Near Ingleton, is Yordas-cove, in the vale of Kingdale.

Ingleborough is a very lofty hill, the name of which is derived from the Saxon, and signifies a rocky hill-side station; on the top, was a beacon, erected by the Roman garrison at Overborough, five miles distant, and was extremely well adapted to that purpose, being itself seen at great distances, and commanding a view of many other hill-tops. It is a mile in height, 3987 yards above the level of the sea, the base near 20 miles in circumference. The ascent is at the beginning even and gradual, but becomes, by degrees, more rugged and perpendicular, and is at last so steep, that it is with difficulty you get up, and it is only in some places that you can do it at all. The top is level, almost a mile in circumference, having the ruins of a wall round it, and of the beacon. On this spot races have been run; but the rock is so scantily covered with earth, that little grass grows on it. From hence there is a most unbounded prospect. Near the top, on the east side, is a stratum of stone, like the Derbyshire marble, full of entrochi; white sea shells are found in the black and brown marble, which is dug here. A number of springs rise on the sides of this hill, some near the summit, which fall into holes or chafins when they come to the limestone, and passing under ground some way, burst out again towards the base. Some of these caverns may be descended, and the passage pursued to a great distance; some of them are dry, others having a continual run of water, such as Blackside Cove, Sir William's Cove,

* Camd. v. ii. p. 118. † Gent. Mag. 1761. p. 127. 148. † Tour to the Caves Atkin-
Atkinson's Chamber, &c. Johnson's Jacket-hole resembles a funnel in shape, and is very deep; a stone thrown into it makes a rumbling noise, and may be heard a considerable time. There is another called Gaper-Gill, into which a stream falls, and after a subterraneous passage of upwards of a mile, breaks out again near Clapham, and at last joins the Lon or Lune, which runs by Lancaster*. Towards the foot of the hill is Double Cave, something like that of Weathercoat. In a pature, called the Sleights, near the turnpike road, are two large heaps of small round stones, a quarter of a mile from each other, called by the country people, the Hurders; the stones in the neighbourhood are limestone, but these are sandy, gritty stones; they are thrown precariously together, without appearance of workmanship, and yet cannot be supposed the work of nature. One of these heaps is computed to contain 400 of this country cart loads; and there are other heaps of the same sort up and down the country. Near Chapel in Dale, are Catknot-hole, and Greencrode-cave; the latter at the bottom of a hill, called Whemside, near the road from Wintercote to the dale of Dent. A little way from the village of Selfide, and two miles from Gearstones, is a deep hole, called Alum-pot. The high hill of Penegent is not far from the little town of Horton, above which is a grotesque amphitheatre of rock, called Dowgill-fear. A mile or two off, on the base of Penegent, are Hulpit, and Huntipit-holes, each having a stream (or beck) running through it; and what is most extraordinary, these brooks cross each other under ground, without mixing waters, the bed of one being on a flat above the other; this was discovered by the muddy water after a sheep-washing, going down one passage, and the hulks of oats which were sent down the other. They emerge, one at Dowgill-fear, the other at Branfill-head. Near Settle, is Giggleswick-fear, and the ebbing well; and from hence you may go to Malham. This well, at Settle, ebbs and flows four or five times in an hour, to the height of near six inches. It rises at the bottom of a prodigious ledge of rocks; runs with a plentiful stream; is inclosed in a quadrangle of stone flags, of about two feet square; and had formerly proper outlets for the current, to enable the spectator to distinguish the degrees of its rise and fall with more exactness. 

On the tops of the hills herabouts, fires are lighted on (I think) the first day of August, the remains of a custom, the origin of which is now unknown.

We, however, for want of this information, returned to Aysgarth, and went through Bishop's Dale to Kettlewell. This dale is a narrow valley between two lofty hills, with still less of the cheerfulness of the sun, than Wenley Dale can boast; so little, indeed, that they do not attempt to raise corn; but their inclosures are fine pastures, and they breed many cattle. In it are two hamlets, called Thorby and Newligen, both in Aysgarth parish, though at a good distance from the church.

Mr. Maude mentions a fall of water, in a deep wood at Heaning, (a house belonging to Miss Harrison,) in this dale, about two miles from Aysgarth church, and in the road; this we searched for to no purpose, nor could we get any information from the country people. There is a small stream running down a deep woody glen, but it is so overgrown, that it is not possible to follow the water; and the precise situation not being described, it may be easily missed.

That gentleman slightly mentions another fall in Bishop's Dale, called Foss Gill, which deserves more particular notice. Near the upper end of the dale, after crossing a small brook, with a farm-house on the right, a fine sheet of clear water is seen pour-
ing down the right hand hill over a rock, between a few hanging trees; looking farther up, other falls are seen above it, and on examination, it is found to come from the top of the hill, which is near a mile high, in several breaks: the first seen, is about 30 yards; and one above it, 40. To see this in the best way, leave the horses at the farm-house, which is just passed, and walk across the meadows to the foot of the fall, and from thence climb to the upper ones. It will well repay the pains.

At the end of Bishop's-dale, come out on a wild dreary moor, and ascend a very long, steep hill, on the top of which are some black and dismal peat moors; the descent is as steep into Wharfdale, at a village called Buckden. A road from this place to Askrigg, across the moors, is begun, which will be much nearer, but will not make amends to the traveller who seeks amusement, for the lofs of the ride by Aysgarth and Bishop's-dale. Wharfdale, is so called from the river Wharfe, which riles in the mountains above, and is here only a small stream, but widens as it proceeds; and, after a course of 50 miles, falls into the Ouse, near Tadcaster.

Kettlewell is a little town in this dale, leading into the wild mountainous part of Yorkshire called Craven, and has some small inns. Walter Grey, archbishop of York, (temp. John) was owner of a moiety of the manor, and from him, it descended to the lords Grey, of Rotherfield*. In 6 Henry IV. it was part of the estate of Ralph Nevill, earl of Wiltmote, who had a grant of free warren in his lordship of Kettlewell, with liberty to impark 300 acres of land there; and soon after, he had a grant of free chase in all his demesne lands at this place†.

In 1686, the inhabitants of this place and Starbottom, a village in the road to it, were almost drowned by a sudden and violent flood. The rain poured down from the hill with such violence, for an hour and half, (the hill on the side opening and casting up water into the air, to a great height,) that it demolished several houses, and entirely carried away the stones with which they were built, filling up the meadows with them, and gravel‡.

From hence the road to Malham (pronounced Maum) has the river on the left, and a high range of rocky hills on the right. At about three miles, is a very lofty crag, hanging, as it were, over the road; it is called Killioe-crag, (spelt Kilnsey) from the village of that name just beyond.

At this village, in order to have the ride over the hills, and to go directly to a large piece of water, called Malham-tarn, leave the road, turning out of it in the village on the right; after passing through two gates, come to an inclosed pasture, where an old direction-post has left its inscription, and going in at the gate, leave the more beaten track, and cross the field, towards the steep side of a hill, on the right, where a piece of gravelly road goes straight up, and is very visible at some distance. Pursuing this, and a track which, though little used, is easily to be distinguished, and runs in nearly a straight line crossing several large inclosures divided by stone walls, you come to the water. This ride is truly wild and romantic; nature here fits in solitary grandeur on the hills, which are lofty, green to the top, and rise in irregular heaps on all hands, in their primeval state of pasture, without the least appearance of a plough, or habitation, for many miles. In the summer they afford good keep for cattle, great numbers of which are taken in to feed from April or May to Michaelmas, when the owners generally choose to take them away. The pasturage of a horse for that time, is 14s.; a cow, 7s.; a sheep, 1s. 6d. Many of these pastures, which are of great extent, have been lately divided by stone walls, of about two yards high, one yard wide at the bottom, levelling to a

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foot at the top. A man can make about seven yards, in length, of this in a day, and is paid from 20d. to 2s. The stones brought and laid down for him, cost about 7s. more.

The Tarn has nothing beautiful in its shape or borders, being bare of trees, and every thing else to ornament it, except two or three small houses on the farther extremity, but there is a very particular circumstance attending it; at one corner it runs out in a small stream, the only outlet from it, which, in a very short space, rushes in full current into a heap of loose stones, and is there lost. At the distance of a mile it issues out again, at the foot of a stupendous rock, 200 yards high, called Maum-cove.

The road to Maum is nearly in a straight line (inclining to the left) from this ingulph, your back being to the water; but the Cove is not seen from the road, though it is very near it. From the village, following the stream upwards, you come to the magnificent front of it, which is something in the form of an amphitheatre, almost plain, but has two or three ledges, like galleries, along the face of it, wide enough, for one who has a strong head, to walk on with safety. At the foot of it, a current of water issues out, which is probably the same as is lost near the Tarn; but, in floods, the subterranean passage is not able to give vent to all the water; and, it is said, that a cataract then pours down from the top of the rock.*

But this is not the only object of attention which Maum has to present. A little mile from the village, in the direct road from Kettlewell, is a small dale called Gordale, hemmed in with rocks. Through this runs a stream, the water of which is very clear, but passing over a bed of yellow earth of the colour of ochre, it tinges the stones with a deep yellow; this is thought to be a marly earth, but, unfortunately, is so situated, as not to be come at for the purposes of husbandry. Following the current you are led into a corner where the rocks hang over on each hand, in terrific majesty; and from about half way up, the stream falls over great fragments of them. Going up as far as is practicable, the water is seen gushing out through the stone from a greater height. This is a little stream which was crossed in going over the hills to the Tarn, and is ingulfed at a small distance from this place, where it broke out, after a great thunder-storm, about the year 1733.

The stone of the hills about Maum, is burnt into lime, of which six pecks, each containing 16 quarts, are delivered at the kiln mouth for 7d. It takes up a week in burning, and when it begins to be calcined, the lowest stratum is drawn out at the mouth, and more stone and coal put in at the top.

From Maum, where little accommodation can be had, a few miles bring the traveller into the great road leading from Settle to Skipton, at which last place is a very good inn called the Black Horle. Nearly where these roads meet, is the present extent of the canal from Leeds to Liverpool, on the Yorkshire side. They began at the Liverpool end at the same time, but it wants 50 miles of meeting. This is another of those great undertakings, which reflect so much honour on the present age, and will remain a lasting monument of skill and opulence. The extent will be more than 100 miles, 41 in Yorkshire, and 65 in Lancashire; passing through a country abounding, in one part with limestone, in another with coal; which will, by this means, be exchanged with great mutual advantage.

At Skipton, the castle stands at the upper end of the principal street, and, with a considerable estate, belongs to the earl of Thanet, as heir of the very ancient family of

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* Tour to the Caves. p. 33. This author calls the height 100 yards; we were told on the spot, that it is 400.
Clifford. The entrance is by a gate-way, and the whole is fitted up in the style of a castle, though little of the old one remains. It was originally built by Robert de Romely, lord of the honour of Skipton, and passing by females through several families, the honour and castle were granted, in 1309, to Robert de Clifford, a Herefordshire baron. Hen. Clifford, earl of Cumberland, defended it gallantly for Henry VIII. (with whom he had been brought up, and by whom he was much beloved) in the great Yorkshire rebellion under Aike, though he was defetred by 500 gentlemen, whom he had retained at his cost. In 1648, it was dismanted by the parliament, because it had been held by a loyal garrison; after which, it was repaired, in its present form, by that very extraordinary lady, Anne, countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, sole heiress of the Clifords. At the farther end, is an octagon room on the ground floor, and another of the same shape over it; the tapestry is very singular, representing the punishment of different vices. In one of the apartments is a curious picture, in shape of a screen of three folds, with the genealogy and history of the Clifords, of which I shall beg leave to transcribe the following account, from Mr. Pennant's very valuable work.

"In the centre, is the celebrated George Clifford, earl of Cumberland, the hero of the reign of Elizabeth; and his lady, Margaret Russell, daughter of Francis, second earl of Bedford. He is drest in armour, spotted with stars of gold, but much of it is concealed by a vest and skirt reaching to his knees; his helmet and gauntlet, lying on the floor, are studded in like manner. He was born in 1558, and by the death of his father, fell under the guardianship of his royal mistress, who placed him under the tuition of Whitgift, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury. He applied himself to mathematics; but soon after leaving college, he felt the spirit of his warlike ancestors rise within him; and for the rest of his life, distinguished himself by deeds of arms, honourable to himself, and of use to his country, in not fewer than 22 voyages against Philip II., who felt the effects of his prowess against the invincible armada, against his European dominions, and his more distant ones in America. He was always successful against the enemy, but often suffered great hardships by storms, diseases, and famine. The wealth which he acquired, was devoted to the service of the state; for he spent, not only the acquisition of his voyages, but much of his paternal fortune in building ships; and much also he dissipate by his love of horse-races, tournaments, and every expensive diversion. Queen Elizabeth appointed him her champion in all her tilting matches, from the 33d year of her reign; and in all those exercises of tiltings, turnings, and courtes of the field, he excelled all the nobility of his time. His magnificent armour, worn on those occasions, (adorned with rosettes and fleurs de lis) is actually preserved at Appleby castle, where is, besides, a copy of this picture. In the course of the life of a soldier, sailor, and courtier, he fell into the licentiousness, sometimes incident to the professions, but, as the inscription on the picture imports, the effects of his early education were then felt, for he died penitently, willingly, andChristianly.

His lady stands by him, in a purple gown and white petticoat, embroidered with gold. She pathetically extends one hand to two beautiful boys, as if in the action of

* Rapin.
† At an audience, after one of his expeditions, the Queen, perhaps designately, dropped one of her gloves. His lordship took it up, and presented it to her; she graciously desired him to keep it as a mark of her esteem. Thus gratifying his ambition, with a reward that suited her avarice. He adorned it with diamonds, and wore it in the front of his high crowned hat, on days of tournaments. This is expressed in the fine print of him, by Robert White.
dissuading her lord from such dangerous voyages, when more interesting and tender claims urged the presence of a parent. How must he have been affected by his refusal, when he found that he had lost both on his return from two of his expeditions, if the heart of a hero does not oft time divest itself of the tender sensations!

"The letters of this lady are extant in MS. and also her diary; she unfortunately marries without liking, and meets with the same return. She complains greatly of the coolness of her lord, and his neglect of his daughter Anne Clifford; and endured great poverty, of which she writes in a most moving strain, to James I. to several great persons, and to the earl himself. All her letters are humble, suppliant, and pathetic; yet the earl was said to have parted with her, on account of her high spirit.

"Above the two principal figures, are the heads of two sisters of the earl, Anne, countess of Warwick, and Elizabeth, countess of Bath; and two, the sisters of the countess, Frances, married to Philip, Lord Wharton; and Margaret, countess of Derby. Beneath each is a long inscription. The several inscriptions were composed by Anne Clifford, with the assistance of Judge Hales, who perused and methodized for her the necessary papers and evidences.

"The two side leaves, shew the portrait of her celebrated daughter, Anne Clifford, afterwards countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery; the most eminent person of her age for intellectual accomplishments, for spirit, magnificence, and deeds of benevolence. Both these paintings are full lengths: the one represents her at the age of 13 standing in her study, dressed in white, embroidered with flowers, her head adorned with great pearls. One hand is on a music-book, her lute lies by her. The books inform us of the fashionable course of reading among people of rank in her days. I perceived among them, Eusebius, St. Auguffine, Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, Godfrey of Bologne, the French Academy, Camden, Ortelius, Agrippa on the vanity of the occult sciences, &c. &c. Above are the heads of Mr. Samuel Daniel, her tutor, and Mrs. Anne Taylor, her governess; the last appearing, as the inscription says she was, a religious and good woman. This memorial of the instructors of her youth, is a most grateful acknowledgment of the benefits she received from them. She was certainly a most happy subject to work on; for, according to her own account, old Mr. John Denham, a great astronomer, in her father's house, used to say, that the sweet influence of Pleiades, and the bands of Orion, were powerful both at her conception and birth; and when she grew up, Dr. Donne is reported to have said of her, that she knew well how to discourse of all things, from predestination to stica-silk.

"In the other leaf she appears in her middle age, in the state of widowhood, dressed in a black gown, black veil, and white sleeves, and round her waist is a chain of great pearls; her hair long and brown; her wedding-ring on the thumb of her right hand, which is placed on the Bible, and Charron's book of Wisdom. The rest of the books are of piety, excepting one of distillations and excellent medicines. Such is the figure of the heroic daughter of a hero father, whose spirit dictated this animated answer to the insolent minister of an ungrateful court, who would force into one of her boroughs, a person disagreeable to her.

"I have been bullied by an usurper; I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shall stand.

"Anne, Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery."

"Above her are the heads of her two husbands, Richard earl of Dorset who died in 1624; an amiable nobleman, a patron of men of letters, and bounteous to distressed worth. The other is of that brutal simpleton Philip earl of Pembroke,
Pembroke, the just subject of Butler's ridicule, whom she married six years after the death of her first lord. Yet she speaks favourably of each, notwithstanding their mental qualities were so different; these two lords, says she, to whom I was by the Divine Providence married, were in their several kinds, worthy noblemen as any in the kingdom; yet it was my misfortune to have crosses and contradictions with them both. Nor did these want malicious ill-willers to blow and foment the coals of diffention between us, so as in both their life-times the marble pillars of Knowle in Kent, and Wilton in Wiltshire, were to me but the gay arbours of anguish, insomuch as a wife man, who knew the inside of my fortune, would often say, that I lived in both these my lords great families, as the river of Roan, or Rodinus, runs through the lake of Geneva, without mingling any part of its streams with that of the lake.

"But she was released from her second marriage by the death of her husband in 1650, after which the greatness of her mind broke out in full and uninterrupted lustre. She rebuilt, or repaired, six of her ancient castles; she restored seven churches or chapels; founded one hospital, and repaired another. She lived in vast hospitality at all her castles by turns, on the beautiful motive of dispensing her charity in rotation, among the poor of her vast estates. She travelled in a horse-litter, and often took new and bad roads from castle to castle, in order to find out cause of laying out money among the indigent, by employing them in the repairs. The opulent also felt the effect of her generosity, for she never suffered any visitors to go away without a present, ingeniously contrived according to their quality. She often late in person as sheriffs of the county of Westmoreland; at length died at the age of 86, in 1676, and was interred at Appleby. Her great possessions devolved to John earl of Thanet, who married Margaret, her eldest daughter by the earl of Dorset.

"Here are four heads of this illustrious countess, in the states of childhood, youth, middle, and old age."

Mr. Pennant says, that the picture shewn as that of Fair Rosamond, is fictitious.

Lord Thanet is availing himself of a rock of limestone at the back of the castle, but at the expense of the trees there. A cut is made from it to the navigable canal; which runs close by the town, and the stone is put into boats at once.

On the steeple of the church is an inscription, signifying that it was repaired by lady Clifford, countess of Pembroke, in 1655, after it had been ruined in the civil wars. In the church are inscriptions on plain stones, in memory of the three first earls of Cumberland.

Near this place are some sulphur-wells; one called Broughton-Spaw, in the road between Skipton and Coln, another about a mile off, called Crickle-Spaw; and two at Skipton, called the Old and New Wells.

From Skipton ascend a long, steep hill, called Romaldmoor, at the descent of which again meet with the Wharfe, now considerably enlarged, which runs near the road the rest of the way to Otley. On the opposite side is a very handsome house of sir James Ibbetson, not quite finished. Pass also an old seat of the ancient family of Vavasor.

At Otley is a bridge of five arches over the river, so narrow, that two carriages cannot pass, but it is widening. From it is seen a new-built seat of Mr. Fawkes, called Farnley-hall, at no great distance.

At the end of the town, going to Leeds, is a hill called the Chevin, (which is a British word, signifying the ridge of a mountain) as steep and long as that from Skipton,
but presenting a very different view; that looks down on a meagre valley, this affords one of the most beautiful prospects that is any where to be seen, or that imagination can form an idea of. The hill itself is healthy and bare, rising on the right hand high over the road, and is rough with rude masses of stone, but below is a wide and rich vale, extending many miles, the river Wharfe meandering through it, and shewing itself in a broad stream in various and long reaches. The town of Otley, sir James Abbotton's, sir Vavasor's, Mr. Fawkes's, and other seats, are dispersed in it; the hedge-rows are ornamented with trees, the inclosures are corn fields, or verdant meadows. The dark mountains about Skipton are seen behind; opposite, and towards the right, the hills about Knaresborough and Harrowgate shew their tops. An exceeding fine clay culivated the scene, and it was with reluctance that I took my leave of it.

The approach to Leeds, on this, as on the other side, is marked with the villas of the opulent inhabitants.

A few miles from Leeds is Temple Newsome, the seat of lord Irwin, whose ancestor, sir Arthur Ingram, purchased it about the end of the reign of Henry VIII. of Matthew, earl of Lenox, father of the unhappy lord Darnley, who was born here. Sir Arthur built the present house, in which there is a capital collection of pictures.

About six miles from Pomfret is Medley, the seat of sir John Savil, earl of Mexborough, (an Irish title) said to be fitted up in so rich and elegant a manner, as to be well worthy of seeing.

Passing through Barnsley again, turn off on the left to see the marquis of Rockingham's seat, called Wentworth Castle. It may not be amiss to mention that there is no inn at the place, scarce an ale-house, but as it lies between Barnsley and Rotherham, the traveller, who is apprised of it, will not find himself under any difficulty.

The house has a magnificent and extensive front, 600 feet long, but it was placed by the marquis's father in a most unfortunate situation, looking directly on a large hill, rising immediately before it, which obstructs the view of the water, and the most beautiful ground in the park. Much money has been expended in removing part of this hill, but with little effect, and to remove the whole would cost half as much as to rebuild the house. The stables are also directly before the windows, but these will be pulled down, as the marquis has built a fine court of new ones, for 84 horses, at a little distance. The portico of the house is particularly elegant.

The hall is a very noble one, 60 feet square, 40 high, with a gallery 10 feet wide running round the whole. This is supported by 18 Ionic pillars, which are incrusting with a palle, called Sciol, exactly resembling marble. Above the gallery are 18 pilasters of the Corinthian order. There is a suite of rooms to the right of the hall, and another to the left, the latter not finished. The gallery at the end of the house, is 150 feet by 18, and there are a great number of other apartments, but few pictures. In one of the bed rooms is a curious cabinet of ivory, tortoiseshell, and ebony. The library has many books, but not in order, and there is a collection of medals, reputed a capital one. In the anti-room of the marquis's bed-chamber, in the attic story, is the famous picture by Vandyke, of the earl of Stafford and his secretary.

About a mile from the house is a plantation of six acres, laid out in walks, in which is a houee for occasional entertainment. From hence an avenue leads to an amphitheatre, below which are ruins to represent an ancient religious house.

In the park there are many fine points of view; but these things are trifles when compared with the advantage which the public, as well as individuals, derive from

* An obelisk was erected in 1780 in memory of the trial and acquittal of admiral Keppell.
his noble and spirited improvements in husbandry. He was at great expence, and took infinite pains to remove long subsisting errors and prejudices (no where more deeply rooted than in the bosoms of farmers, and no where more prevalent than in this country), but had the satisfaction of seeing his endeavours crowned with success. His draining of wet lands, his cultivation of turnips, and introduction of the hoe, without which they were of little or no service; the new instruments which he brought into use, and the improvement of the old ones, will bring him the most lasting honour. He set the example on land which he took into his own hands; and he had one farm managed in the Kentish husbandry, another in the Hertfordshire, by men whom he brought from thence, in order to form the better opinion on the merits of each, carried on under his immediate inspection.

Proceed to Rotheram, famous for its iron works so long ago as Leland's time; they were once gone to decay, but now flourish as much as ever. Mr. Walker has a manufactory here, in which every process is gone through, from the rough iron flone, to the polishing the instruments. The iron ore, and the coal with which it is worked, are both dug near the town. They have also a pottery, and burn lime, so that there is plenty of employment for the inhabitants. In this town a college was founded by Thomas Rotheram, archbishop of York (who probably took his name from hence) in the time of Edward IV. for the purpose of teaching singing.

Near this town are the fine ruins of Roch Abbey.

From Rotheram ride by Kiveton, an old house of the Duke of Leeds, which being little inhabited does not make a cheerful appearance. The hall is 50 feet by 30, painted by Sir James Thornhill. There is a drawing-room 24 feet square, a dining-room 36 by 25, another drawing-room 25 feet square, a saloon 54 by 34, a vestibule 23 feet square, and another drawing-room 33 by 31. Here are many pictures; amongst the portraits, there are in the anti-room, the earl of Worcester by Holbein, the marquis of Montrose by Vandyke, the king and queen of Bohemia, and lord Cecil. In the second drawing-room are the earls of Strafford and Derby, by Vandyke; Erasmus and Sir Thomas More by Holbein. In one of the dressing-rooms is Philip II. of Spain by Titian. In one of the bed-chambers Charles I. on horseback, by Vandyke; and in another the duke of Florence and Machiavel. In the last drawing-room is Alderman Hewett, (lord mayor of London in the time of queen Elizabeth, whose daughter and heir married Sir Edward Osbome, ancestor of the duke,) the earl of Strafford and his secretary, and the earl of Arundel, by Vandyke.

This family was ennobled in the person of Sir Thomas Osborne, created by Charles II. baron of Kiveton, and earl of Danby. He was an active minister of that king, very unacceptable to the commons, who being disappointed in their first impeachment, pursued him with a bill of attainder, on which he surrendered himself, and lay five years in the Tower before he could obtain his liberty, though he was never brought to trial. He took a considerable part in the revolution, and was by king William created marquis of Carmarthen, and duke of Leeds.

Ride through Kiveton-park, and by Mr. Hewett's at Shire-oaks, to Worktop, to which priory Shire-oaks was formerly a grange.

From hence to Mansfield the ride is through Worktop and Wellbeck parks, the seats of the dukes of Norfolk and Portland, which are separated only by a small common.

Worktop manor is about half a mile from the town, and was anciently the estate of the Lovetots, or Luveots, a great family, who in 3 Henry I. founded a priory here for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. In the reign of Henry II. it passed by
by a daughter and heir to the Furnivals,* from whom it descended in like manner, 6 Richard II., to Thomas de Nevill†. He left two daughters and coheirs, one of whom married the great John Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury (as mentioned at Sheffield) and carried Workhop into that family. Francis, earl of Shrewsbury, had the priory given him on the dissolution, in exchange for other lands‡. The manse-house was rebuilt with great magnificence by George earl of Shrewsbury. Gilbert, his son and successor, died in 1616, leaving three daughters and coheirs, of whom Alethea married Thomas earl of Arundell, (ancestor of the present duke of Norfolk) and brought him this, and the Sheffield estate.

This nobleman was grandson of the duke of Norfolk who lost his life by the jealousy of Elizabeth, rather than by any crime of his own, and by means of that attainer had only the title of Arundell, which belonged to him in the right of his grandmother the coheir of the Fitz-Alans. He made that noble collection of antique statues and marbles, a part of which is now one great ornament of the university of Oxford, being presented to it by his grandson Henry. They were originally placed in Arundell-House in the Strand; and when that house was pulled down, some of them were left there, and were much damaged by the carelessness of the workmen; a great part of these were purchased in that condition by Sir William Fermer, and sent to his seat at Easton Neston in Northamptonshire, where they continued till 1755, when the countess of Pomfret presented them to the university. Some of the broken fragments were begged by one Cuper, an old servant of the family, and carried by him across the water to the place called from him Cuper's Gardens, where they continued a considerable time; but being accidentally seen by Mr. Freeman, of Fawley Court, near Henley on Thames, and Mr. Waller, of Beaconfield, were purchased by those gentlemen and carried to their seats. Others of these remains were buried in the foundations of the houses at the bottom of Norfolk-street, and in the gardens of Arundell-House; one of the statues was found in a cella by Mr. Aislable, and carried to his seat in Yorkshire. Others were carried by the duke of Norfolk to a piece of ground across the water which he got for that purpose; but being there neglected, they were at length covered with rubbish brought to raise the ground. About 1712, in digging foundations for some buildings intended to be erected on the spot, some parts were dug up, and laid on the ground, where the earl of Burlington heard of, and begged them. He carried them to Chiswick, and one piece of bas-relief he placed in the pedestal of an obelisk, which he erected there. Some years after this, Lord Petre desired to make farther search after what were so buried, and found six statues, without heads or arms, some of a colossal size, the drapery of which was thought to be very fine; these were sent to Workhop.

Besides these marbles, the earl had a curious collection of cameo's and intaglio's, which the duchess, who was divorced, and afterwards married to Sir John Germain, carried with her§. These were, I think, sold at Mr. Langford's a few years ago, on the death of lady Betty Germain. Another part of the collection of curiosities was sold at Stafford house, near Buckingham Gate, in 1720.

The character which lord Clarendon gives of this noble earl, as if, though willing to be thought a scholar, he was in reality almost illiteratæ, feebris utterly improbable; and his lordship gives a most ill-natured turn, to what may more properly be called an instance of true magnanimity: on the accession of Charles, the earl (who was a protestant) had spoken very freely in the House of Peers of the favourite Buckingham, and

was by the king sent to the Tower, without a charge of any crime, and kept there till the house refusent it as a breach of his privilege, and refusing to proceed on any business till he was discharged, compelled the king to release him, which he at last did, without giving even a hint of that "most just cause" for which he pretended to detain him. Lord Chancellor in giving his character, amongst other things says, "that he lived towards all favourites and great officers, without any kind of condescension, and rather suffered himself to be ill-treated by their power and authority, (for he was often in disgrace, and once or twice prisoner in the Tower) than to defend in making application to them." But he might with much more propriety have imputed this to the high spirit of a virtuous nobleman denying dignity from the most illustrious defeat, and justly despising the Sovereign, Buckinghame, and other mighty ministers of the time; and as to his imprisonment, his lordship might have said, that conscience of his integrity, and of the flagrant violation in his person of the rights of the peace and of the law, he seemed to make any unbecoming submission to obtain that freedom of which he had been entitled.

A few years ago the old manor-house was entirely burnt down, with all the furniture and pictures. The late duke began a new one on a plan which would make the most magnificent palace in England, if completed. The present hall, which is only one side of an intended quadrangle, is not unworthy the residence of the first peer in the kingdom. The front is of white stone, extending more than 400 feet in length, and is elegant and grand. In the centre is a pediment, with six Corinthian pillars supporting a pediment, on the corners of which are three statues, and in the centre of it an emblematical carving, referring to the greatness and family of the family. A balustrade, adorned with urns, runs along the top of the house. This is to the north, and was designed for the back; in it are ten rooms below, and twelve above, with twenty-six in the attic story. In the south side are two galleries, one used for breakfasting, the other for a billiard-room. The grand drawing-room is 53 feet by 30, and is hung with Gobelin tapestry, representing the various copies of men, plants, and animals of the different quarters of the globe, well drawn, and of the most lively and beautiful colours. The dining-room is 40 by 24. The ball-room is large and handsome, the iron rails light, and the painting in fresco on the panelling is striking; the figures are so relieved, that they perfectly stand out from the wall. It is the performance of one Hayns, a Fleming.

The pictures, which are here, were brought from other seats; there is no catalogue of them. The following are the chief:

The earl of Arundel, and lady Ailethe Talbot, his wife, sitting, and looking at a globe. From this picture a print has been engraved.

A whole length of this earl, sitting, painting to his statues.

A whole length of the earl of Surr, with et. 23, in an embroidered waistcoat and short breeches, a cloak on, a collar of the order of the garter, a garter on his leg, a short sword with a gold hilt, a glove in his hand.

A half length of him in another room.

A good portrait of Charles I.

Cain and Abel.

A duke, with his staff as lord high-treasurer, and another staff as earl marshal.

Another in a robe faced with ermine.

A whole length of the earl of Nottingham, who commanded against the Spanish Armada, in a long gown reaching to his heels.
The late duke's father, who was lost at sea, a young man.
The late duke, by Reynolds, the colour (as usual) gone.
Cardinal Howard, and several other family portraits.
Near the house is a flower-garden, in which is a large green-house, well filled with
exotics. The bowling-green is a very spacious one, surrounded by most beautiful
lofty firs, feathered to the very ground. At a small distance is the pleasure-ground,
and an extensive menagerie, in which the late duchess had a numerous collection of
birds.

In the fruit-garden are variety of hot-houses and hot-walls, all new built by the late
duke.

The park is about eight miles round, with a noble boundary of wood.

The priory of Worksop was founded by William de Luvetot, with the consent of
Emme his wife, in 31 Henry I. for canons regular of the order of St. Augustin†.
He, with his son and grandson, the last male of the Furnivals, Joane, wife of Thomas
Neville, her husband and daughter, and John, grandson of the first earl of Shrewsbury,
are some of the illustrious persons who have been buried in this church. On the dis-
folution it was valued at 302L 6s. 10d. or 239l. 10s. 5d. clear; and was granted in
33 Henry VIII. to Francis, earl of Shrewsbury (descended from the founder). The
west end of the priory church is now used as the parish church, standing at a small
distance from the town, on the east side of it. It consists of a nave and two side aisles,
the pillars, which are alternately round and octagonal, supporting circular arches, or-
namented with quatre-foils; there are two rows of windows above them, placed alter-
nately, one over the arch, the other over the pillar. At the east end of the south
aisle is a tomb defaced, and three large statues in a recumbent posture, two of them
men, one a woman, brought from some other place, now lying on the ground.
There is a very antique wooden cover to the font. The west door has a circular
arch, and on each side is a lofty steeple. Some broken walls remain at the east
end of the church, but not in a straight line with it. On the north side, a few frag-
ments of walls have been converted into small houses, some of them joining to the
church. In the meadows below, many foundations were discovered on rebuilding
the mill, about the year 1774. The gate-house remains; a room over it is
made use of for a school. Next the street, on each side the gateway, is a niche, the
statues gone; on each side of the window above is a large statue in a niche, and one
over it.

In 1547, the appropriation of this place (amongst others) was given to the see of
Lincoln, in exchange for many manors conveyed by bishop Holbech§.

The navigation from Chesterfield to the Trent, goes by the bottom of the town,
and has reduced the price of coals from 7d. or 8d. to 4d. per hundred.

On the west side of the town is a circular hill, inclosed with a trench, except on one
side, where there is a steep bank, going down to a branch of the little river. This was
the site of the castle, which was "clene down" in Leland's time‖.

A visit to Wellbeck abbey and Bolsover castle, may be conveniently made from
here, and will employ a day; after which you may go from Worksop, through
Clumber Park, Thoresby Park, and by Rufford to Nottingham; or may go by
Wellbeck to Mansfield, and from thence by Newstead, (once the beautiful seat of

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†: Thoroton's Notte.
§: Wills's Cath. v. iii. p. 37.
]] Itin. v. i. p. 84.
‡: Camden, v. i. p. 439.

lord
lord Byron, but now desolated by him* and by the late Sir Charles Sedley’s, to Nottingham.

The ride to Welbeck is through the duke of Norfolk’s park, and part of the plantations made by the late duchess: a small common only parts it from the duke of Portland’s.

This house was founded by Thomas le Flemman, in the reign of Henry II. for canons of the Premonstratensian order, that is, the order of St. Austin as reformed. The abbot had the superiority of all the houses of this order in England.† It was valued at the dissolution, at 298l. 4s. 8d. or 249l. 6s. 3d. clear.§ It was granted, on the dissolution, to Richard Whalley|| but became afterwards the estate of Sir Charles Cavendish, youngest son of Sir William by the courtsey of Shrewsbury; he married one of the daughters, and, at length, sole heir of Lord Ogle; which barony descended to their son William, who was also honoured with the titles of baron Cavendish of Bolsover, vicount Mansfield, earl, marquis, and at last duke, of Newcastle. He was author of the treatise on horsemanship, and built the riding house here, since converted into a stable, now restored to its original use. This gentleman took a most active part in favour of Charles I. and, perhaps, suffered more in his fortune by that means, than any one besides, his losses being computed at 941,303l. This was the only one of his parks that was not ruined in the civil war; and was savaged by the good management of the gallant Sir Charles Cavendish, the duke’s younger brother‡. His grandson dying without issue, his grand-daughter Margaret, married to John Hollis, afterwards created duke of Newcastle, became heir to this estate: she left only one child, a daughter, who married Edward, afterwards earl of Oxford, whole daughter and heir married William, duke of Portland, father of the present duke. Nothing of the abbey remains in the present house, except some arches in the cellar.

The hall is fitted up with Gothic arches, of plaster or woodwork on the walls, above which are painted in compartments, a number of manage horses, in various attitudes. From the hall you are shewn a suite of five bed-rooms, in one of which is a whole length of Charles II. when very young, in armour. The dining-room is 59 feet by 36, the ceiling coved: in this room are the pictures of

Sir Hugh Middleton, the gentleman who ruined himself, and benefited the city of London so much, by bringing the new river to Ilfingto, to supply it with water. He has short grey hair, a ruff, turn-up lace ruffles.

An original of Thomas earl of Strafford, by Vandyke, a whole length.

Col. Digby, his lady, and two children.

William Cavendish, first duke of Newcastle, the faithful and active friend of Charles I. He is drest in black, slashed sleeves, a large fall-down lace ruff, a gold hilted sword, the garter on his leg, black roses in his shoes.

Matthew Prior.

"In the anteroom is a picture of Archbishop Laud, in lawn sleeves, his hair short.

Newstead priory was built by Henry II. for canons of the order of St. Austin, and has been the seat of the Byrons ever since the dissolution when it was given to Sir John Byron, being valued at 219l. 18s. 6d. or 167l. 7s. 11d. clear. The west front of the church is standing, with four turrets, and adjoins to the house. The park was once finely wooded, but the present owner, in spite of his son, has cut down all the oaks. There is a good piece of water, with a cascade; but, stripped of its surrounding groves, its beauty is gone.

¶ Collins’s Historical Collections, p. 43.

The
The drawing-room has some French looking-glasses of great size.

The breakfast-room seems to have undergone no alteration since the house was built; but the principal rooms have been fitted up by the present duke, who has also made much alteration in the park. In one part of his designs he has been unlucky; he made an extensive lake, and threw over it a magnificent bridge of three arches, the centre arch being a span of ninety feet, the two side ones seventy-five each, but it fell down almost as soon as completed, and has not been rebuilt.

The park is about eight miles round. In it are many noble old oaks, and the venerable one called Greendale oak, (of which several prints have been published) with a road cut through it, is still to be seen with one green branch. The stumps of those branches which have been cut, or broken off, are guarded with leaden plates to prevent the wet from getting in, and occasioning further decay. In another part of the park, (nearer the gate which goes in from Workop) is a remarkable tree, called the Seven Sisters, from its consisting of seven stems springing up from one root; one of these, however, is now broken off.

About three miles from hence is a place called Creswell-crag, a place where the rocks have been rent afunder in some violent convulsion, which would appear striking before those at Matlock, Middleton-dale, &c. have been seen, but which exhibits only a miniature picture of those more magnificent scenes. On asking the way to it, one of the duke's attendants took a horse, and rode with us to it, by a road (rocky and bad) which we should hardly have found without a guide. This was such a piece of civility as cannot be mentioned without particular pleasure, nor should it be forgot that he refused to accept any gratuity.

Three miles further, through the village of West Elmdon, and by a very rough and stony road, came to the little town or village of Bolsover, at the end of which is a castle bearing the same name, seated on the brink of a hill, overlooking a great extent of country. This castle was seized on by the barons, who rebelled against King John, and was taken from them by William Ferrers, earl of Derby, in the 16th of that king; and he being appointed governor, held it for six years; and in 19 Henry III. again had the custody of it*; but Bryan de Uffle, a steady adherent of Henry, had been appointed governor of it twice in the mean while†. On the death of the last earl of Chester, without male issue, Ada, wife of Henry de Hafting, one of his sisters, had this manor as part of her allotment‡. Leland speaks of the castle as being in ruins in his time. The present building is nothing more than a house, as ill-contrived and inconvenient as ever was formed. By the arms carved in stone over the door, which are those of Cavendish, with a crescent for difference, empaneling Ogle, it is to be supposed, that it was built by Sir Charles Cavendish, mentioned at Wellbeck, and descended, with that estate, to the duke of Portland, the present owner; the outer court, in which are stables and offices, is large, and walled in; within that is a smaller, also walled in, and paved, in which stands the house, built of brown stone, square, and lofty. A flight of steps lead through a passage into a hall, not large, the roof supported by stone pillars, and from thence into the only room designed for habitation on this floor; in the centre of it is a pillar supporting an arched roof, in the manner of that at Christ Church in Oxford, but much less light. Round this pillar is a plain circular table, used to dine on. Up stairs is one room moderately large, and within its is a very small one, which, from an old-family, and a few of old china standing on it, seems to have been used as a drawing-room. In the large room are several coats of arms painted,

...Cavendish espaliering Ogle, and in different places the latter is painted alone. The
rest of the rooms are very small, and not numerous. The floors of all are plaster.
From the windows in general, the prospects of the country are rich and extensive, reaching
still farther from the leads on the top of the house. Beneath, at a small distance, lies Sutton, with its park, the seat of the late Mr. Clarke; farther off the lofty towers
of Hartwick are seen among the woods.

What was wanting in these rooms seems to have been supplied by a range of
building, which is now ruined, standing on a noble terrace, commanding a mag-
nificent prospect in its full extent; the side walls and the floor of the apartments,
which were entered from the terrace by a grand flight of steps, are all that remain,
the roof having been taken off long ago. It is said these rooms were fitted up for
the reception of Charles I. who, having visited the earl of Newcastle (as he was
then called) at Welbeck, in his progress into Scotland in 1633, was so well pleased
with the magnificent entertainment he met with, that a year or two afterwards he
made him a second visit with his queen; on this occasion he gave up Bollower for
their majesties' lodging, and spared neither industry nor cost to add splendor to the
entertainment, which cost him above 14,000L. Ben Johnson was employed in fitting
such scenes and speeches as were proper on the occasion, and all the gentry in
the country were sent for to wait on their majesties. This place was seized by the
parliament after the duke went abroad, and was sold and begun to be pulled down,
but was then bought by Sir Charles, the duke's younger brother, and restored to
the family.*

In the church is a noble monument in memory of the first Sir Charles Cavendish,
set up by his widow, (the daughter of lord Ogle) and his two surviving sons. On the
south side of the church is an additional building as a burial-place for the family, on
the battlements of which is cut in capital letters the motto of the family, CAVENDO TUTUS.
On one side are the Cavendish arms, on the other those of Ogle. Others of the family
are buried in it. This church was given by William Svers, earl of Derby, in 36 Hen.
III, to the canons of Derby (near Derby).†

Return to Wantop, and take the road to Chumber-park, the seat of the duke of
Newcastle; it is a creation of his own, begun little more than twenty years ago, be-
ing originally a rabbit-warren. It is now a park of near thirteen miles round, filled
with many and large thriving plantations, and having a very good house, most elegant-
ly fitted up and furnished. The front is of white stone, brought from a quarry on his
grace's estate about five miles off. The offices are in a very spacious court on the left
of the house.

In the common drawing room, is a large and very fine picture by Teniers,
some most beautiful female heads, in crayons, by Hoare, and a piece of game by
Rubens.

In the great drawing-room, is a most capital picture of Rembrandt by himself; a
tion and boar by Rubens; and other good pictures.

In the common dining-room, are two fine hunting by Rubens; the Kit-cat club, and the
Prodigal Son, by Domenichino.

The library is a large fine room, furnished with a great number of books in splendid
bindings. From a small anti-room belonging to it you go into the dressing-room to
the state-room, in which is a portrait of the late Mr. Henry Pelham, in his gown, as
chancellor of the exchequer, the late lord Lincoln (his grace's eldest son) a whole-

* Collins's Collections, p. 23, 24, 16.  † Dugd. Bux. v. i. p. 262.
length by Hoare; the late duke's father and mother; the present duke's father and mother; the late and present duke.  

The state bed-room was not completed.  

In the breakfast-room is a portrait of the first earl of Lincoln.  

The great dining-room is a noble one, looking to the water and the bridge; in it are four large and most capital pieces of game by Snyders, with figures by Rubens, who in one of them has introduced himself and two of his wives. Over the chimney is a piece of game, by Wenix.  

Cross the bridge, and through another part of the park to Thoresby, the late duke of Kingston's, which is very near to it.  

This is rather a comfortable house than a magnificent seat. The entrance is in the basement story into a hall, adjoining to which are a breakfast-room, a dining-room, and drawing-room. A pair of stone stairs leads out of the hall to the next story; at the top of the first flight they divide into two, and lead into a circular room lighted by a large sky-light in the roof, and having a gallery which runs round it at the height of feet, in which are the doors of the bed-rooms. The sides of this room are of the same composition as is used in the hall at lord Rockingham's, resembling yellow marble; on the sides are pillars and pilasters, mostly white, but some resembling verd antique. The floor is of the same composition. Out of this room you go into a large drawing-room hung with pictures, prints, and drawings; on the right is a small library, on the left a very elegant drawing-room. The duchesses made some gardens with covered arbors, in the German taste. There are some pieces of water near the house, on one of which is a large vessel for sailing. We were told that the park is thirteen miles round.  

At Palethorp, adjoining to the park, is a good inn, and three miles farther is the little town of Ollerton, with a good inn in it.  

From Ollerton it is two miles to Rusford, a large old seat of sir George Savile, the approach to which is through the avenues of large limes, beeches, &c. Here was an abbey of the Cistercian order, founded by Gilbert, earl of Lincoln, in 1148. On the dissolution the house and site, with about 1000 acres of land, three water-mills, and the fishery, were granted to George, earl of Shrewsbury. The clear value was then 246l. 15s. 5d. Dugdale's valuation is 176l. 12s. 6d. Speed's, 254l. 6s. 6d. Sir George Savile married Mary, daughter of George earl of Shrewsbury, grandson of that earl to whom it was granted. King James and Charles the First used to come hither in order to hunt in the forest of Shirewood.  

From a large hall you go into a handsome dining-room, and on the same floor is a drawing-room, a billiard-room, and a bed-room. In the billiard-room is a picture of Buckhorde, the poor wretch who some years ago was so well known for his readiness to engage in a boxing-match, in which he would often come off conqueror in the end, by surging his antagonist to beat him till he had exhausted his strength, after which he would beat him in his turn.  

Up stairs is a gallery, 38 yards long and 12 broad, in which are many valuable portraits.  

Lord and lady Coventry.  

A portrait of a young man, with the following inscription round the frame; "Le seigneur H. D. paroit fon vie naturell en service du Prince a Seintquenten avecque  

* I do not recollect whether the famous picture of Sigismunda, sold in sir Luke Schaub's sale for upwards of 400l. is at this house. It, however, belongs to the duke, and is not less remarkable for its original merit, than for Hogarth's attempt to rival it.  

† Thoroton's Nott. p. 433.
honour & l'amour du foldaux and du monde." There are smaller letters by the side of the head, of which I could only discover so much as that he was 20 and an half years old.

Sir George Saville, grandfather of the present.

Earl of Halifax with his two wives, and first wife's father.

The earl's father, in a buff coat and iron breast plate, with long lank hair, his wife and four daughters.

Gilbert, earl of Shrewsbury, a whole length, his face fresh-coloured, small black whiskers; he has on a black cloak over a grey habit, short trunk hofe, a blue riband hanging round his neck down on his breast, a George pendant thereon, a short silver-hilted sword.

Duchess of Northumberland.

George, earl of Shrewsbury, a whole length, his beard rather long and inclined to grey, a black cloak laced with gold, and faced with a broad white border, black cloaths, short trunk hofe, puckered ruffles, a ruff round his neck, a short gold-hilted sword, the garter on his left leg, a glove in his right hand.

Sir Henry Sidney (a three-quarter piece) with black whiskers and beard, a stern look.

Duke of Northumberland.

Over this is Robert earl of Essex.

Over the door king Edward the Vith.

In a small room is a fettee and some chairs worked by an aunt of sir George from prints of the Harlot's Progres, some of them well copied.

In the attic story are a very great number of bed-rooms. In one of them is a good portrait of a youth reading; in another a head of Jedediah Buxton.

In another is a picture of Anna Bullen on wood; but she does not appear so handsomne here as Holbein has made her in one which is preserved at Lofely, in Surrey.

From Ollerton the ride is over the forest to Nottingham; but beyond Rufford, sir George Saville has made many large plantations of trees. Further on, a considerable tract has been inclosed, and is now under the plough, but the soil is a very poor land, bearing however tolerable barley.

Four miles before coming to Nottingham is the little village of Red-hill.

Nottingham is a fair, well-built, populous town. Here was formerly a strong castle, in which the Danes, in the time of the Heptarchy, held out a siege against Buthred, king of Mercia, Alfred and Ethelred his brother, kings of the West Saxons.

Soon after the Conquest, William either repaired this fortress, or built a new one on the same spot, in the second year of his reign, probably to secure a retreat on his expedition against Edwyn earl of Chester, and Morcar earl of Northumberland, who had revolted. He committed the custody of it to William Peverell, his natural son, who has by some been considered as the founder. It stands on a steep rock, at the foot of which runs the river Leen.

It has been mentioned before, that Peverell had a grant of the Peke in Derbyshire, which is now included in the honour of Peverell; courts for that honour are held at Belford, two miles from Nottingham, in which causes, as far as the value of $10. are tried twice in the year before the deputy of lord Middleton, who is high steward, and in whose name writs are issued. At Belford is the gaol; the keeper has a bowling-green, which is frequented by the gentlemen of Nottingham, and his prisoners are permitted...
to wait on them, so that their confinement is not very rigorous. They are here intended to their greats, as in the courts of Westminster-hall.

Edward IV. greatly enlarged the castle, but did not live to complete the buildings he begun, which were finished by Richard III. It went to decay in the time of Henry VII. and VIII.

Deering, in his history of Nottingham, seems to explode very justly the story of the place called Mortimer's Hole having been made as a hiding place for him, and from his description of it shews that it was meant as a private passage to the castle, to relieve it with men or provisions in a siege. It is one continued stair-case or defile, from the castle to the foot of the hill, without any room or even a place to sit down on, but with holes cut to let in light or shoot arrows from, which now furnish views of the town and country. It was formerly guarded by seven gates in it, placed at different distances*. It was by this passage that Edward III. got into the castle and surprized Mortimer and the queen, and from his being carried away through it, it has its name.

It was granted by James I. to Francis earl of Rutland, who pulled down many of the buildings; but it was still of so much strength, that Charles I. in 1642 pitched on it as the place for beginning his operations of war. He set up his standard first on the walls of the castle, but in two or three days removed it to a close on the north side of the castle without the wall, on a round spot, after which it was for many years called Standard Close, and since, from the name of one who rented it, Nevils Close. Where the standard was fixed, there stood a post for a considerable time. It is a common error, that it was erected on a place called Derry Mount, a little farther north than the close just mentioned; this is an artificial hill raised on purpose for a windmill, which formerly was there†. The castle was afterwards sequestrated by the parliament, and the trees in the park cut down.

This castle was so strong that it was never taken by storm. After the civil war, Cromwell ordered it to be demolished. On the restoration, the duke of Buckingham, whose mother was daughter and heir of this Francis earl of Rutland, had it restored to him, and sold it to William Cavendish duke of Newcastle. In 1674 he began the present building, but died in 1676, when the work was not far advanced. However he had the building of it so much at heart, that he left the revenue of a considerable estate to be applied to that purpose, and it was finishe by Henry his son. The expense was about 14,000l. His statue on horseback in white marble, is in the centre of the front, which looks towards the town; it is carved out of a single block of stone brought from Donnington in Leicestershire, and was the work of one Wilton, who married lady Puffey, a lady possessing of a considerable jointure; she got him knighted, and during her life he was spoiled for an artist, but not having made provision against her death, when she died he was forced to return to his former occupation‡.

This Henry had one son, who dying without issue, the estate came to John Holles fourth earl of Clare, who married one of his daughters, and was created by king William duke of Newcastle; he having no issue male, settled it on his nephew Thomas Lord Pelham (son of his youngest sister). This gentleman took a most zealous and active part in favour of the present royal family, by whom he was held in the highest esteem. He was created duke of Newcastle upon Tyne by George I., and of Newcastle under Lyme, with remainder to his nephew Henry earl of Lincoln, by his present majesty, who was so sensible of his services that when he was dismissed from his places

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* Deering's Nottingham, p. 171, 173. † Ibid. p. 177.
‡ Ibid. p. 186, 187.
he was offered a large pension, but, with a truly noble spirit, he refused it; though instead of amassing wealth by means of his great employments, he had spent a princely fortune in supporting the interest of the crown, and, by living in so splendid a manner as to do honour to the places he held. He also died without issue, and settled this estate on his nephew Henry earl of Lincoln, now duke of Newcastle, the present owner.

In the park, west of the castle, and facing the river Leen, are some remains of an ancient building (if it may be so called) cut and framed in the rock. Dr. Stukeley gives it, as he does most things, to the Britons. Many other ancient excavations have been found in other parts of the rocks.

The frames for knitting stockings were invented by one William Lea, of this county, about the beginning of the last century; but he, not meeting with the encouragement he expected (as a feat too common with the first inventors of the most useful arts) went with several of his workmen to France on the invitation of Henry IV. The death of that king, and the troubles which ensued, prevented attention being given to the work; Lea died there, and most of his men returned to England. Other attempts were made to steal the trade, without better success; and it has flourished here ever since, and is now carried on to a very great extent.

At this town the duke of Devonshire, who had a few days before declared at Derby for a free parliament, the earl of Stamford, lord Howe, lord Delamere (afterwards earl of Warrington) and many other gentlemen, had a meeting on the landing of the prince of Orange, and here took their final resolution of joining him.

About two miles off is Clifton, the seat of a very ancient family of the same name, which has resided here many hundred years. The approach is through a long avenue, one side of which is planted on a steep bank, at the foot of which runs the Trent. The whole slope is covered with fir and elm, which were planted there about the year 1740, being then large ones, as the gardener who assisted in planting, told us. The present Sir Gervase had begun to modernise his house, but broke off on the sudden death of his lady, which happened about three years ago. The gardens were on the side of a hill rising above the house, and consisted of many slopes, one above another, ascended by flights of stone steps, and had many yew hedges; at the top was a large bowling-green, beyond that is a walk through a wood, leading to a summer-house, which looks over the river Trent in the valley below, and commands the distant country.

One of the alterations in the house will be a very pleasing one; the room designed for lady Clifton's dressing-room is to the south, opening on the right and left of a bow-window into a green-house. This is making a green-house of some use; it is very common to see it placed at such a distance from the house as to be seldom visited, especially at that time of the year when it would be most pleasant, from the want of verdure and warmth elsewhere. When the trees have lost their leaves, the ground is covered with snow, and nature seems retired within itself, can any thing be more agreeable than to step from a parlour, at once into the midst of a verdant grove, and the gentle warmth of summer? This is, in some degree, to realize a Persian tale; yet few have availed themselves of the idea.

There are some monuments in the church for the family.

From Nottingham it is near three miles in the Derby road to Wollaton-hall, the seat of Lord Middleton, which stands on a knoll, and makes a magnificent appearance, at
considerable distances. It is square, with a square tower at each corner, adorned with pinnacles. The body of the house is a lofty single room, rising high above the rest, and having a round tower or pavilion at each corner, rising above the whole, but rounded off at the bottoms. The views through several villa's in the woods below are fine. So far may be seen, but strangers are not permitted to see theinside, even when the family is absent; a piece of pride or gloomy inhospitality, which for the credit of our country is rare. This house was built by Sir Francis Willoughby in the time of queen Elizabeth.

Go by Bradmore and Bunny to Loughborough, and so to Leicester.

At Bradmore the spire of the church remains, but the body has been down some years, and the inhabitants go to the neighbouring church of Bunny, or Boney, where Sir Thomas Parkyns has a feint, in the front of which is an old gateway in decay, built in a particular and heavy stile. This family have been liberal benefactors to the poor: by the church-yard gate is a school, built by Sir Thomas Parkyns about the year 1700, and four rooms at the end for four widows. Lady Ann Parkyns endowed it with 16l. a year, to which Sir Thomas added 5l. a year. In the church is a monument for that lady, mentioning her virtues and charities, and her having procured queen Anne's bounty for the vicarage. There is also a monument for Sir Thomas, her son, who is represented standing in a posture for wrestling, and in another part he appears thrown by Time, with the following lines written by Dr. Freind.

Quem modo flavifii longo in certamine, tempus,
Hic recubat Britonum clarus in orbe pingii.
Jarn primum itatus; prater te vicerat omnes;
De te etiam victor, quando refurgit, erit.

The inscription underneath takes notice of his wife's fortune, and the estates he purchased; that he rebuilt his farm-houses, was skilful in architecture and medicine, and that he wrote a book on wrestling, called The Cornish Hug Wrestler.

This gentleman was remarkable for his skill in that exercise; he trained many of his servants and neighbours to it, and when those manly (though now thought unpolished) diversions were in fashion, he exhibited his pupils in public with no small eclat. By his will he has left a guinea to be wrestled for here every Midsummer-day, and money to the ringers, of whom he also made one. He displayed his learning in several curious inscriptions; over a feint by the road side, Hic sedes Viator fi, tu defeuis es ambulando. The honour of a visit from a judge on the circuit, was commemorated at the horseclock by Hinc Justiciarius Dormer equum assignare solebat.

In the church is a monument, with the date of 1603, for Richard Parkyns, esq. his wife, four sons, and four daughters.

About a mile before Loughborough is Cotes, an old house, once the seat of a gentleman who was ruined by his loyalty in the civil war, and the last of whose family died some years ago in a work-house. Alderman Pack of London, an Oliverian, bought it, and it now belongs to his descendant, whose house is a few miles off. On the restoration the alderman was in some danger, but Charles borrowed 10,000l. of him, and intimated that if he valued his safety he would not ask for re-payment. He took the hint; the king kept the money, and he his life.

From Leicester to Market Harborough there is little that is to be noticed. Sir George Robinson's seat is at a small distance on the right. Harborough stands in the extremity of the county. The church here is supposed to have been built by John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, about the year 1370, by injunction of the pope, as part of his
penance for maintaining a criminal conversation with Catherine Swinford, afterwards his third wife. From the ground to the crofs stone which finishes the steeple, is 154 feet.

In this neighbourhood is the celebrated water of Nevil Holt.

On leaving this town you enter Northamptonshire, and pass the seats of Mr. Hanbury at Kelmarsh, Mr. Scawen at Maidwell, Sir Justinian Isham at Lamport, Mr. Rainsforth at Brixworth, the earl of Strafford at Boughton, and Mr. Freemore’s near Northampton.

Northampton stands on a gentle ascent, at the foot of which runs the river Nene, which is navigable. It has been supposed that the Roman station of Eltonor, was here or hereabouts. Their coins have been taken up near Queen’s crofs. In Salcey forest an ancient paved road has been found; and Lathbury, a mile short of Newport Pagnell, is conjectured to have been Letocetum, another of their stations.

Northampton has been the scene of many notable actions, in those times in which the power of the barons was little inferior to that of the kings. Parliaments were frequently held here till the time of Richard II. early in whose reign they were discontinued. This place was a favourite seat of the clergy, who had many religious houses in it, and in the reign of Henry III. an attempt was made to remove the university from Oxford hither; but the scholars taking a very active part with the barons against the king, he sent them back to Oxford. A like attempt was made at a transplantation from Cambridge, but the design was soon given up. That king granted the farm to the inhabitants of the town in the 11th year of his reign, reserving a rent of 120l. a year. Edward III. granted 66l. 13s. 4d. part of this, to his free chapel of Windsor, to be paid by the bailiffs of the town. Henry VIII. soon after his accession, released 22l. a year further part of it. The castle was built by Simon St. Liz, earl of Northampton, in 1084, the river running at the foot of it on the west side; most of what remained of it was pulled down, with the walls and gates of the town, soon after the restoration; a small part of the outer walls still serves as a fence to the area of the castle, now a field. In the meadows near the monastery of Delapre, was fought one of the bloody battles between Henry VI. and the earl of Warwick, in which the king was defeated with great slaughter. It was garrisoned by the parliament against Charles I. Tradition says, that the wide ditch on the northern side of the town, which waswcoured out and widened by them, was originally made for a defence against the Danes, who, however, fixed themselves here, and made many incursions into the neighbourhood. Hunborough, a military work a mile south of the town, was raised by them. The figure is rather oval than circular, with a single ditch, and double bank, inclosing about an acre of ground, the ditch 12 feet wide, the entrance on the south. It is on a high hill, commanding the country a great way; the form agrees with others incontrovertibly Danish.

In 1675 almost the whole town was destroyed by fire, but afterwards rebuilt in a handsome manner, for which purpose large collections were made, and the king gave 1000 ton of timber towards the church of All Saints; and to the town, seven years of its chimney money. This was much owing to the generosity of James Compton, earl

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* Gent. Mag. 1765, p. 283.
† At Pinford is an ancient entrenchment called Barrow-Dyke; and near the town a tumulus, called Longman’s hill.—Morton, p. 54.
‡ Morton’s Nat. Hist. of Northamptonshire, p. 503, 504.
§ Bridge’s History of Northamptonshire, p. 425.
¶ Harleian MS. 1505, fo. 197.
**** Morton, p. 536, 538.
of Northampton, who interested himself warmly in it; though the town had little reason to expect so much, having used his family very ill in the civil wars. The west front of the church of All Saints is adorned with a portico, having a flat roof, supported by 12 Ionic pillars, over which is a balustrade, and in the centre a statue of Charles II. An inscription underneath commemorates his bounty.

The churches of St. Peter, St. Sepulchre, and St. Giles, are of great antiquity, especially the former, which indeed is very deserving of notice, but is too much out of the way, that males apprized of it a traveller may be many times at Northampton without seeing it. It stands at the end of the west street, opposite the castle, and seems to be a perfect remain of the Saxon building. On going into the church-yard, the body is seen higher than the north aisle, a row of small circular arches appearing on the outside of it worked into the wall, the whole length from east to west. At the west end is a tower, at each corner of which three round pillars joined together in three stories, diminishing as they rise, form a buttress; over the door is a large circular arch, and over that other arches filled with tracery work in the stone, one above another. The inside consists of a nave and two side aisles, each side of the nave having eight circular arches adorned with zig-zag work. Some of the pillars which support the arches are plain, the alternate ones are surrounded with a band about the middle of them. At the west end of the nave is a large circular arch, with several circles of zig-zag over it.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre is on the north side of the town, on the Harborough road; and was probably built by the knights templars after the model of that at Jerusalem. The body is circular, the roof supported by eight massive pillars; it seems that this was the original building, and that the east and west ends have been added since.

St. Giles's church standing at the east end of the town, has a circular zig-zag arch over the west door.

The cellarium of the county hospital was originally a subterraneous chapel.*

On the wall of a house at a wharf called Thames Wharf, are four figures of men fighting, two and two, carved in the stone; one has a sword, another a knotted club.

A little on the east of the town a medicinal well was found in 1703, which was very serviceable in the stone; it rises at the foot of the hill, in a stratum of clay, with some vitriolic pyrite inclosed in it, and is a little lighter than the Aftrop water†.

In the field on the east of the town, an excellent tobacco-pipe clay has been dug in large quantities; whether it is now exhausted I do not know. It did not lie in one continued stratum, but in separate parcels‡.

A large manufacture of shoes, and another of stockings, have been long carried on here. The inhabitants are numerous, and, unhappily, every freeman, resident or not, and every resident, free or not, has a vote in the election of members of parliament for the town; their numbers and their infamous venality in 1763, will be long remembered and severely felt by some noble families in the neighbourhood.

A few years ago the town was entirely new paved, in a very handsome manner, at an expence of ten thousand pounds.

Mr. Bouverie has a handsome house and park in the meadows on the south of the town, and has made considerable plantations, reaching up to the Queen's Crofts.

* Gough's Topography, v. ii. p. 40. † Merton, p. 279, 284. ‡ Ibid. p. 70.
Six miles off is Castle Ashby, the seat of the ancient family of the Comptons, earls of Northampton. It is a large structure, surrounding a handsome square court, with a beautiful screen, the work of Inigo Jones, bounding one side. Mr Pennant discovered in a garret, thrown by as lumber, the original portraits of the great John Talbot earl of Shrewsbury (to distinguished in the wars in France in the time of Henry VI.) and of Margaret his wife.*

About five miles to the west of the town is Althorp, an old seat of the Spencers (now earls) built in the shape of an half H. It stands low, and in the approach you go through, and across, those straight avenues of trees, which were once deemed the lines of beauty. The rooms are not large, except the library and gallery, the latter of which is 138 feet by 20. In this is a collection of portraits, hardly perhaps exceeded by any in the kingdom, not only in point of number, but of beauty. The famous beauties of Hampton Court are far short of those which the pencil of Cornelius Johnson, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, &c. have placed here. A small piece of Henry VIII. by Holbein (in this gallery), a small round portrait of that matter by himself (in the picture closet) and a boy blowing a lighted brand, are reckoned of very great value. Here is the head of Sir Kenelm Digby, by Cornelius Johnson. A few years ago part of the roof fell in, and did much damage to the house. In one of the roofs is a table for play, which seems to be the original of the E. O. tables.

Not far off is Holdenby-house (a flight of which is caught from the Welford road) built in the reign of Elizabeth by Sir Christopher Hatton, descended from an heir of the ancient family of Holdenby. It was a work worthy of that great man. It was for a time the prison of Charles I. and is now in ruins.

In the road from Northampton to London, on the hill about a mile from the town stands one of the crosses built by Edward I. in memory of his queen, and now in good preservation She died at Herby, near Lincoln, on a journey which she was making with him to Scotland; and in every place where her body was rested in its conveyance for interment, he erected a cross. It was repaired in 1713, and again in 1760. It is divided into three stories; the two first are octagonal, the first 14, the second 12 feet high. In every other side of the second, within a niche, is a female figure, crowned, about six feet high, with canopies over their heads, supported by two Gothic pillars, which are surmounted with pinnacles. The upper story is eight feet high, and has only four sides, on each of which is a dial. On the top is a cross. On the western side of the lower story are the arms of Great Britain, with queen Ann's motto, Semper eadem.

A little beyond this the road divides; the direct one goes by Stony Stratford, the left by Newport-Pagnell. Taking the latter, pass by Horton, a seat of the late earl of Halifax, since his death bought by Sir Robert Gunning. In the church is a fine monument of William lord Parr, uncle to Catherine, the last queen of Henry VIII. and of his lady, a Salisbury, by whom he got this estate. One of their daughters married a Lane, and carried it into that family, from which it passed to the Montaguces.

After passing through the village of Stoke-Goldington, or the right is an excellent house called Goathurst, belonging to Mr. Wright, who's ancestor (a son of Sir Nathan, lord keeper in the end of the reign of king William and beginning of queen Anne) purchased it in 1704 of the heirs of the Digbys. Sir Everard Digby became owner of it by marriage with the heirs of Mulsho; his share in the Gunpowder-plot,

* Journey from Chester, p. 310, 311.

and
and ignominious end, are well known; but he had settled this estate so that it descended to his son Sir Kenelm, so justly celebrated for his learning and other qualifications. There are several portraits of the Digbys and others, and two brass busts of Venetia, the wife of Sir Kenelm. The father of the present owner removed a village which surrounded it to a little distance. The church was neatly rebuilt under the will of the Mr. Wright, who purchased the estate*. There is a monument in it for the lord keeper, who was buried at his seat at Caldecot, near Atherstone, where a monument remains, but his body was afterwards removed hither.

On the other side the river Ouse, which waters the valley, is Tyringham, the old seat of a very old family of that name, which passed by a daughter, towards the latter end of the last century, to Mr. Backwell, whose descendant now enjoys it. One of the family, who was rector of the place, and a prebendary of Worcester, suffered severely for his attachment to Charles I., and probably lost his life. He and his two nephews were seized by a party of dragoons from Aylesbury, and carried to that place, but in their way were cut and wounded by the soldiers with the most wanton barbarity. Mr. Tyringham's arm was obliged to be taken off, and it is supposed that he died in consequence of it†. At the entrance of Newport a causeway has been thrown up, and a bridge built, in a place which used to be impassable in floods, except by a bridge belonging to a private person, who extorted what he pleased from the distressed traveller. He generally inflicted on a crown for a coach or waggon before he would turn the key, and there was no refusal, for the road by Stony-Stratford was not then made. At last the commissioners of the turnpike road roufed themselves, and determined to buy it for the use of the public, or to build another. The proprietor sold it with great reluctance. A horse-path is now always open, and a carriage-way when there is a flood.

Newport-Pagnell is so called from its ancient owners the Paganelts or Paynells, who became possesseť of it in the reign of William II.‡, and had a castle here§, which was demolished by order of the Parliament in 1646. Ralph Paganell founded the priory of Tifford as a cell to the abbey of Marmontier, in France, for monks of the Cluniac order. It paid a pension of 40s. to the abbey of Conches, in Normandy, the reversion of which, after the death of Humphry duke of Gloucester, was settled by Henry VI. on his college of Eton. The priory was one of those granted by the pope, 20 Henry VIII. to cardinal Wolsey towards the endowment of his colleges at Oxford and Ipswich. It lies on the left of the town, and a handsome white house has been built on the site. The present possessor lately buried his wife in the garden, as being consecrated ground.

The town stands on a point of land, one side of which is washed by a stream called the Louell, or Lovett, running out of Bedfordshire by Fenny-Stratford, and here meeting the Ouse, which runs on the other side in its way to Bedford, Huntingdon, and Lynn Regis, where it falls into the sea.

Here, and in the neighbourhood, great quantities of thread lace are made, and a rich cheeſe fold on the spot at 18d. a pound, and another sort, something like Cottenham, at 6d.

The church was an impropriation to the priory. In the north aisle of it, in 1619, was found the body of a man, whole and perfect, laid down, or rather leaning down, north and south; all the hollow parts of the body, and of every bone, as well ribs as others, were filled up with solid lead. The skull with the lead in it weighed 30 lb. 6 oz. Some of the larger bones were sold to a plumber**, but the skull is now in the

* Pennant's Journey from Chester, p. 538.
† Dugd. Bar. v. i. p. 431.
‡ Leland, v. i. p. 21.
§ Ibid, v. i. p. 685, 1037.
|| Dugd. Mon. v. iii. p. 200.
** Nicholls's Bibli.-Topogr. No. 2. p 156.
library of St. John's college, Cambridge*. By what means this could be accomplished, or for what purpose it was done, is not to be discovered; but similar things have been found in the chancel of Badwell Ash, near Walhams in the Willows, in Suffolk†, and at Axminster in Devon‡.

An hospital founded by the Someries, about 1280, for three poor men, and three poor women, was re-founded by Queen Anne of Denmark, (queen of James II.) and adds something to the stipend of the vicar, who is matter§.

Near the church-yard is another alms-house, founded a few years ago by Mr. Rivis, a linen-draper at Charing-croft, for ten poor widows, and endowed by him in his lifetime with 15l. a year for each of them.

Leaving Newport, there are some beautiful meadows on the right. The country grows light and sandy as we draw near Woburn; this used to make the road very heavy, but it has been something mended. To avoid them in some degree, it is now carried over, or rather through, a hill, the top of which has been cut away to make a passage. From this hill, which is now planted with small firs, is a fine view of Woburn, the park, and plantations, made by the late duke of Bedford. About a mile from hence Fuller's earth is dug. In the town is a free-school, founded by Francis, first earl of Bedford, and a charity school for 30 boys and 15 girls, supported by the benevolence of this family.

The late duke almost entirely re-built the seat on the spot where the old one stood, and which was the site of the abbey, though it might have been placed to much greater advantage on the higher ground. Some of the rooms have been finished since his death. The house is a large quadrangle, enclosing a spacious court, and is built of white stone; the principal apartments are towards the town, looking over some pieces of water.

On pulling down part of the abbey in 1744, a corpse was found with the flesh so firm as to bear cutting with a knife, though it must have been buried at least 200 years. Some time after, on pulling down part of one of the walls of the abbey church, a stone coffin was found, which consisted of several loose stones set in the ground, and a very large oblong Purbeck stone was dug up, which had been ornamented with brass; under it were some bones. In sinking a cellar six more stone coffins were found, one of which was very large, being in the inside six feet eight inches long; they all had a place shaped for a head, and all, or most of them, had two or three holes at the bottom, their covers made of several stones. Near them two pots or urns were found, which probably contained the bowels of two of those who were buried there. On a skull belonging to some bones which lay in a stiff blue clay, there was some black cloth, which might be the cowl of one of the monks. Pieces of shoes were also taken up. A large piece of a body had the flesh remaining, which looked white both on the outside and inside, as if lime had penetrated its substance, and it was tough when cut with a knife. Another stone coffin was afterwards dug up, on which was the following inscription∥:

\[\text{EAOXINXNIBIY} HOM\]

* Gough's Topogr. v. i. p. 316.
† Gent. Mag. 1748, p. 214.
§ Pennant's Journey from Chester, p. 343.

Entering
Entering the court, the stables on the left are made out of the cloisters, the pillars and vaulted roof of which are still seen, the pillars forming the stalls for the horses. This part, with three rooms in the basement story on the north side the house, are all the remains of the ancient building. The apartments are numerous and elegant, many of the ceilings in compartments, richly gilt; but the room called the music room, finished since the duke's death, far surpasses the rest. The wainscot and ceiling are adorned with festoons and other devices, gilt, from a design of Sir William Chambers, in the lightest and most elegant taste. The pictures are many, and many of them extremely fine. A vision of our Saviour to Ignatius Loyola, in one of the small rooms; the head of Rembrandt by himself; Joseph interpreting the baker's dream, by the same; the inside of a church, where the effect of the light is most remarkable; a landscape of Claude's in the drawing-room, and another in the dressing-room, are such as must strike every one's attention. The picture gallery, 100 feet long by 16 wide, is filled with a great number of portraits, mostly of the family. One of the mother of the first counts, over a door at the farther end, is a most beautiful one.

This abbey was founded by Hugh de Bolebec, in 1145, for monks of the Cistercian order. The last abbot, refusing to surrender it to Henry VIII. was hanged on an oak, yet standing in the park, near the bridge, and from thence called the Abbot's Oak. In 1 Ed. VI. the abbey was granted to lord Russell, descended of a very ancient family in Dorsetshire, and advanced to that dignity by Henry VIII. by whom he had been much distinguished, and honoured with great employments. The park is ten miles round, contains more than 3000 acres, and is full of noble woods of venerable oaks. From a hill at the north end is a most extensive prospect. There is a plantation of evergreens, of 200 acres, made by the late duke out of a rabbit-warren, and at the end of it is the lower water.

To the activity and indefatigable zeal of Francis and William, earls of Bedford, in the last century, it is owing that the very extensive tract called the Bedford Level, lying on the borders of the several counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Lincoln, Northampton, and Huntingdon, containing not less than 300,000 acres, then almost entirely useless, has been drained and brought into a state of bearing the most plentiful crops of corn. This was a noble undertaking, highly beneficial to the public, and only to be carried on by those of equal perseverance and wealth. The confusions of the civil war nearly ruined all that had been done before; but the spirited endeavours of William, earl of Bedford, restored and completed what his ancestor begun. The repairs are, however, necessarily attended with great expense, and all their precautions cannot guard against sudden and violent floods. The generosity of the late duke was never more clearly shewn than on one of those occasions, which happened a few years before his death; it will be long remembered with gratitude by his tenants.

About a mile from Dunstable, is a large round area of nine acres, called Maiden-Bower, or Madding-Boure, surrounded with a ditch and pretty high rampire, which Dr. Stukeley insists is a British work, though the Roman road, and the number of Roman coins found in it, seem to give it to that people. In 1770, and since, many copper coins of Antoninus and Constantine, with many small ornaments of bridles and armour, were found in a down near Dunstable, digging for gravel. This Maiden-Bower consists of a vallum, nearly circular, thrown up on a level plain. The inner banks are

* Itin. vol. i. p. 115.
from eight to fourteen feet high*. Tottorhno castle, west of this, on the point of a high hill, is seen far off. There are several barrows or tumuli on the hills here; five called the five knolls are together on a high prominence. Beneath this camp, on the north side of the hill, is a quarry of stone, white as chalk, which is so soft as to be easily cut, and is got out in large blocks, but hardens on being exposed to the air. Lord Grimston uses it in building his new house at Gorhambury.

A little to the left, in the bottom, is Eaton Bray, which was in early times the residence of my ancestors. Part of what was the mansion-house in the time of Henry VIII. remains. It is now the property of Mr. Beckford.

Dunstable was the station mentioned by Antoninus under the name of Magioninum, Magiovinium, and Magintun†, and stands on the intersection of the Walling-Street, and the Iknild-Street. At this intersection stood one of the crosses erected by Edward I. as mentioned at Northampton, which has been for some time destroyed.

This town is said to have been built by Henry I. to represent the insolence of a gang of daring robbers, who infested the neighbourhood, then overgrown with wood‡, and that it had its name from one of the chiefs; but it is more probable that it is named from the Saxon Dun, a hill, or the old Gaulish or Britis Dunum, the situation being hilly and mountainous§. Certain, however, it is that that king granted extraordinary privileges to this place, equal in some respects to those of London, the inhabitants not being liable to be called out of their own court, the king's justices coming specially to Dunstable, and having a jury of the place. But the exercise of this jurisdiction was sometimes attended with danger, when the power of the barons was too great for the law; in 1224, whilst the judges were thus employed here, Fulk de Breant, who had been fined by them for various outrages and injuries which he had done to his neighbours, sent his brother from Bedford castle to seize them; two of them were so fortunate as to escape, but the third was taken and carried to Bedford, where he was very ill-treated‖.

It has been often observed that the man who has never known sickness, has never known the value of health; it may be said in like manner that a people who have never seen the course of justice interrupted, or force successfully opposed to the execution of the law, do not know half the value of being protected by it. History, in describing the miseries attendant on such violence, holds up a picture to our view, the contemplation of which, contrasted with our present situation, ought to inspire us with the highest veneration for our ancestors, who secured us such a system of equal laws, and with the most ardent desire to preserve them, and the peaceable execution of them. Henry also built himself a house here, called Kingsbury, the site of which contained nine acres, and here it probably was that the play of St. Catherine was performed, as mentioned by Mr. Warne in his history of English poetry. He kept his Christmas here in 1129, with his whole court, and received at the same time the embass from the earl of Anjou‡. The name of the house is still retained, but from the habitation of a king, it is converted into that of a common farmer. Henry built the church and the priory, (the prior of which sat with the judges when they came) and gave it much of his land, but reserved the house for his own use; this, however, was afterwards given to them by king John.

Tournaments were often held here, and the kings occasionally honoured the priory with visits, which he would readily have excused. He also had some troublesome neighbours in the friars’ preachers, who had a small house in this place, and by their industry in preaching set an example which the monks did not like to follow. By the Annals of Dunstable it appears that these religious were engaged in frequent law-suits with their neighbours, and they have left some memorandums of presents usefully bestowed on such occasions on persons who were about the judges, and in treating the juries. They had lands in the Peak in Derbyshire, and had a grange at Bradburne there. The people of Dunstable were much in their power, yet often had spirit enough to refuse their impositions, and once being grievously oppressed were about to have defaced the place, and built new habitations out of the prior’s jurisdiction.

At this house Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, and the bishops of London, Bath and Lincoln, sat to enquire into the legality of the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catharine of Arragon, who had been first married to his brother; and she, who then resided at Ampthill, in this neighbourhood, refusing to appear, the marriage was declared null, in conformity with the opinions of the various universities, divines, and canons, who had been consulted.

On the dissolution, the revenues of the priory were valued at 344l. 15s. 2d. Henry intended to have made this a bishop’s See; and had fixed on an endowment of 114l. 6s. 3d. a year, but his wants getting the better of his piety, his estates were applied to other uses, and this bishopric with some other intended ones, came to nothing.

There was here an hospital for lepers, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene.

Little remains of this priory, except part of the west end of the church, which is now used as the parish church. A stone coffin serves as a groundfill to the west door. There is a round arch over the principal door, which has been much ornamented, but is a good deal defaced, though part of a chain encompassing it is still seen, perhaps in allusion to St. Peter ad Vincula, the church being dedicated to him. In it are several neat monuments for the families of Mayfie and Chew, in whom a charitable disposition seems to have been hereditary, but shews most conspicuously in Mrs. Jane Cart, one of them. She, together with Mrs. Ashten and Mr. Ayntomeb, founded a school (which is at the entrance of the town) for the education, clothing and apprenticing 45 boys, and 15 girls, and settled on it 153l. per annum, pursuant to a will expressed by Mr. Chew, their ancestor, before his death. Adjoining thereto Mrs. Cart, in 1723, built an almshouse for six poor persons, and left a fund for distributing bread every Sunday; and other charities in this place, before giving the surplus of a considerable estate to be divided amongst poor clergyman and their families. Mrs. Ashten built an almshouse in the west STREET for six widows, who receive about 8l. a year a piece, and farming. Mrs. Blandine Maare built a neat lodge, as she calls it, for six poor gentlewomen near the church-yard, and gave them 12l. a year each, to which the interest of 100l. has been since added by another lady. There is also a monument for Mrs. Dickenton, esq., late lord mayor of London. Mention is made of a woman here who had 19 children at five births; viz. three times three, and twice five.

Dunstable is remarkable for a neat manufacture of straw, which is flavoured of various colours, and made into boxes, hats, toys, &c. On the downs are taken great quantities of larks. It has been said that there are no wells here, and that the inhabitants are supplied by rain-water and the ponds in the town, but it is not true; there are wells,
though deep. The country hereabouts is chiefly open, and produces great quantities of corn. The chalk-hills are part of that range which runs across the kingdom here from east to west, as another does from the Thames through Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, into Hants, furnishing a most valuable manure, the want of which in the northern parts is in some measure supplied by a limestone.

Market-street, according to Stukeley, is the Forum Diana of Richard of Cirencester*. The counties of Bedford and Hertford meet at this place; the left hand row of houses (in going to London) being in Herts, in the parish of Cadendone; the right in Bedford, in the parish of Studham. Here is a small neat chapel, and a school endowed with about 10l. a year by Mr. Coppin (predecessor of the present owner) whose seat, called Market Cell, is just by, and was formerly a nunnery, built by Geoffrey, one of the abbots of St. Alban's.

This place was first inhabited by one Roger, a hermit, who returning from the Holy Land was conducted to it by three angels, and here passed the rest of his days in great sanctity, but not without great disturbance from the devil, who used to play many pranks with him; he once let his cowl on fire whilst he was at prayers, but the good man finished his devotions before he would extinguish the flame. One Christiana, a plain woman, was so much captivated with his fame, that she determined to live with him; she went, and he found a little corner of his cell in which he locked her up. She lived there four years, but not in a very comfortable manner, as she had only a stone to sit on, and her master never suffered her to flit out, nor fear to speak, lest any of those who came to visit him, should be scandalized; for though in truth he never once saw her face, and only talked to her of religious matters, they might have thought differently. After he died, and Christiana succeeded to the whole cell, and to all his sanctity. Galfrid, an abbot of St. Alban's, struck with the report of her piety, built her a house, and endowed it for the maintenance of her and some other holy idlers, though the convent murmured at this application of their revenues. However, he seems to have borrowed the ground on which he built it of his neighbours, as the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, in 1145, confirmed the same to Christiana and her successors, at a rent of three shillings.

Hamfray Boucher, bane son to the late lord Berners, (says Leland) did much cold in translating the priory into a manor place; but he left it nothing ended†.

Passing through Redburn, a small town full of inns for the reception of the numerous waggons which frequent this road, come to St. Alban's, rich in antiquities, where, after the lapse of so many ages, there still remains very much of unquestionable antiquity to gratify the researches of the curious antiquarian, and where he is not under a necessity of referring to conjectures, often unsatisfactory to himself, often to his readers.

This town rose out of the ruins of Old Verulam, originally a British, afterwards a Roman station. Considerable fragments of the Roman walls still remain, although great quantities have been taken away at various times for various purposes; sometimes to affix in erecting other buildings, sometimes merely to repair the roads. Here Cæsar obtained a victory over Calibelian, and this was the scene of Boadicea's victory and cruelty, when she massacred 70,000 Romans and Britons who adhered to them.

About the beginning of this century, some human bones of an extraordinary size were found near an urn, inscribed Marcus Anteninus, in the place of the Roman camp.

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* Account of Richard of Cirencester, p. 41, 43.
† Dug Mon. vii. p. 350.
‡ Leland vol. i. p. 54.
near this town. They were measured by Mr. Chelfelden, the celebrated surgeon, who observed that if all the parts bore a due proportion, the man must have been eight feet high*

The Roman bricks are of two sorts; the red are of a fine colour and close texture, the others have a red case over a black, vitrified substance. It has been conjectured that the former were probably baked in the sun, the latter burnt in the fire, but I doubt much if the sun ever gives heat enough to answer the purpose. The black part resists a file, and will bear a polish†.

In the walls which went nearly round the old city the Roman bricks are interlayed in separate courses, between courses of flints. The quantity of mortar between the bricks is nearly equal to the thickness of the bricks themselves. Four layers are discernible, the lowest has four bricks, the next three, and the two uppermost two each. The distances between the courses of bricks, which are filled up with flints and mortar, are two feet eight inches. The bricks are of unequal thickness, from three inches to an inch and quarter; their lengths are also various, from eighteen to twelve inches. The Romans had no exact moulds for their bricks, there being a great difference in the size of those which have been found in several parts of this kingdom‡.

The abbey church is seen on an eminence, from which-ever side you approach the town. This noble and venerable remain of ancient piety and religious magnificence was happily preferred at the dissolution, being purchased by the inhabitants of the town for 400l. It has been used by them as a church ever since, and has twice supplied a place for the courts of law, when the judges adjourned from Westminster-hall on account of the plague; but it had a narrow escape, a few years ago, from falling a sacrifice to avarice and mean spiritedness. The repairs which had been made at different times were found expensive, and a scheme was formed to pull it down and build a smaller church.

This abbey, which was one of the mitred ones, and in point of rank and wealth was one of the greatest in England, (and was thought not unworthy the acceptance of Cardinal Wolsey after he had obtained the archbishopric of York), was founded by Offa, king of the Mercians, in 793, on the spot where the bones of St. Alban, who suffered martyrdom in 293, were discovered. The materials of the walls of Old Verulam have been employed in building the steeple, and a considerable part of the church.

In the most eastern part stood the shrine of St. Alban, which was adorned in the richest manner. The stone screen at the communion-table is a very light and elegant piece of work, set up by John de Whethamstede, who was chosen abbot in 1434; he took for his arms three ears of wheat, in allusion to the name of the place from whence he was called; and they are carved in divers places in this screen. The centre is modern work, a crucifix, which originally stood there, being removed. The brasses of the grave-stones are all either broken or destroyed, except those of one of the abbots in the choir, which are perfect, the stone having been turned upside down to preserve them from the ravages of the parliament army, by which the others suffered so much. About 70 years ago the flairs were discovered which lead to the vault where the body of Humphry, duke of Gloucester, uncle to Henry VI., was found in a leaden coffin, preserved entire by a pickle. That of his brother, the duke of Exeter, was found at St. Edmond’s-

* Phil. Trans. 1711, p. 436.
† Arch. v. ii. p. 187.
‡ Ibd. vol. ii. p. 184, 185.
Lury, in Suffolk, a few years ago, preserved in the same manner, but was most shamefully mangled by the workmen and a surgeon there.

The west end of the choir has a noble piece of Gothic workmanship for the ornament of the high altar. In the middle of the centre aisle is a remarkable reverberation of sound from the roof, which is painted throughout with devices and the arms of the benefactors, the colours of which, though certainly of some ages standing, are remarkably fresh. The arms of the principal contributors to the repair in the last century, after the havoc made in the civil wars, are in the choir.

At the east end is a place which has been used as a school, and is part of the church, but the communication with the choir is cut off by a wall. Near the west end of the church is the old gateway of the abbey, now used as a prison.

Between the abbey and Old Verulam was a large deep pool, now a meadow, which belonged to the castle of Kingbury, situate at the west end of the town, where the king and his nobility often to divert themselves with sailing in large vessels, the anchors and other tackle of which have been found here. Upon those occasions they refitted to the abbey, which was attended with so much expense to the monks, that they purchased the pool of King Edgar, and drained it.

On the dissolution the revenues were valued at about £250. Soon after, King Edward VI. gave the town a charter of incorporation, and granted them the patronage of this church.

The church of St. Michael was built by the Saxons in the tenth century, with the same sort of tiles as were used by the Romans, and has probably many Roman tiles worked up in it, taken from the neighbouring walls of Verulam; but it is conjectured that the tiles which are used here and in the abbey church are not all Roman, the nature of the several parts of the work, and the hardness of the Roman tiles, rendering it necessary to make tiles of different forms and dimensions, for such parts as were required to be neat and exact. And it appears on near inspection, that most of the tiles were moulded on purpose, particularly for the newells of the stairs, and the small round pillars, which were all made in circular moulds*. In this church is a monument for Sir Francis Bacon, with a fine figure of him in white marble, sitting in a chair.

In the meadows on the right (going to London) are some remains of the nunnery of Sopwell, founded about 1140, by the same abbot who founded that at Market-street, as mentioned before. The nuns were governed by the rule of St. Bennett, and were to keep silence in the church, the refectory, and the dormitory. A hard task this! Henry VIII. kindly set their tongues at liberty, and granted the building to Sir Richard de Leigh, by one of whose daughters it passed to the Sadlers; a daughter of that family carried it to Saunders, who in the last century sold it to Sir Harbottle Grimston, to whose descendant the lord viscount Grimston, it now belongs. There was once a mansion house, now nearly pulled down, which has not been inhabited since the time of the Sadlers. A considerable manor belongs to it. It is said that Henry VIII. was married to Anna Boleyn at this place.

In this town was one of the crosses set up by Edward I., but it is now destroyed.

Earl Spencer has a house in the town, which was the old duchess of Marlborough's, and the interest of the borough is divided between this family and that of lord Grimston, whose seat, called Gorhambury, the residence of the great Sir Francis Bacon, is

Arch. vol. iv. p. 86.
at a small distance. The present owner is building a magnificent house in the room of the old one, not on the same spot.

The representatives of the borough have lately made the inhabitants a very welcome present, which the dry summers we have had has rendered particularly acceptable. They have sunk two wells for public use, which are 30 or 40 yards deep, but the contrivance for winding up the buckets is such, that it is done with great ease. The expense was about 200l.

This place has been the scene of many notable actions. Here the earl of Lancaster, and others of the nobility staid, expecting an answer to their message to that weak, misguided prince, Edward II., requiring him to banish the Despencers, to whose councils the oppressions, under which the kingdom groaned, were attributed. The king returned a haughty answer, but was soon afterwards obliged to comply.

Two bloody battles between the houses of York and Lancaster were fought here; the first in 1455, when the duke of York, assisted by the earl of Warwick, defeated Henry, and took him prisoner; the other in 1461, on Bernard’s-heath, when the queen, aided by the northern barons, defeated the earl and retook the king, but stained the victory by the cruelty she exercised on the prisoners.

The reflections arising from the fate of the many gallant men who lost their lives in the intestine feuds of those days, are truly melancholy. The most ancient and splendid houses were ruined, the kingdom ravaged, and the people equally oppressed which ever side prevailed. Agriculture was neglected, of course a scarcity ensued, and that produced pestilential diseases, which completed the misery. Nor were the concomitants of that noble struggle for liberty which the barons had heretofore made, and when the present inconveniences were compensated by the sublimate advantages; the horrors of this war was occasioned by a weak woman attempting to govern on one side, and ambitious nobles struggling for power on the other. The conduct of most of the leaders shows that they acted from that motive, or from a still worse.

How happy are we in these days, did we but know our own happiness, when the noise of war is only heard from a distance, and loses its terror in its passage across the ocean; when the aristocratic tyranny of the noble is no more, and when the meanest peasant enjoys his little property in safety, secure in the protection of equal laws! May we prize this situation as we ought to do! may we never feel the miseries of civil dissensions; and may no enthusiasm, profaning the benevolent religion he impiously pretends to support, succeed in an attempt to draw that sharpel of all swords which superstition has happily been so long obliged to carry under his cloak, that it has rusted in the scabbard!

Being now come almost within sight of London, I take my leave of the reader, satisfied if my endeavours to amuse him have not been altogether fruitless.

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**SUBTERRANEOUS CASCADE.**

A singular natural Curiosity, recently discovered in Derbyshire, is thus described by an ingenious Traveller.

"The only remaining object at Castleton was the great Speedwell Level, lying to the south of the road called the Winnets, at the distance of a mile from the town. Being provided with lights and a guide, who expects five shillings for his trouble, we descended a flight of stone stairs, about one hundred feet below the surface of the ground, and found ourselves in a subterraneous passage, seven feet high, and six feet wide, through which flowed a stream of water. Here was a boat ready for our reception, formerly used, when the mine was worked, for the purpose of bringing out the ore. As we proceeded slowly along the current, impelled by our guide, who gave motion to the boat by pushing against some pegs driven into the wall for that purpose, we began to contemplate this great example of man's labour, and at the same time to lament, that it had been exerted in vain. This level, it seems, was undertaken by a company of
of speculators, about five and twenty years ago, who drove it into the heart of the moutain, 3750 feet, at an expense of 14,000l. by the ceaseless labour of six men and three boys, who were employed upon it 11 whole years, at a contract of five guineas per yard. The veins, however, which the level intersected, were not sufficiently rich to answer the expense of pursuing them after they were found; therefore, having followed their speculation for ten years, they were obliged to relinquish it, and content themselves with letting the level to a man for 10l. per annum, who took it in order to gratify strangers with a sight of this subterraneous wonder. Whilst employed in putting questions to our conductor on the subject before us, our attention was excited by a distant murmur, which gradually increased upon the ear, and at length swelled into a stunning noise, exceeding the loudest thunder, and conveying the idea of a stupendous river, throwing itself headlong into an unfathomable abyss. Nor had fancy painted an unreal picture, for on reaching the half-way point, a scene was unfolded to us tremendous in the extreme. Here the level burst suddenly upon a gulph, whose roof and bottom were entirely invisible, a sky rocket having been sent up towards the former, above 600 feet, without rendering it apparent; and the latter having been plummed with a line 400 feet, and no bottom discovered. A foaming torrent, roaring from the dark recesses, high in the heart of the mountain, over our heads to the right, and discharging itself into this bottomless cauldron, whose waters commenced at 90 feet below us, produced the noise we had heard; a noise which was so powerfully increased on this near approach to it, as entirely to overwhelm the mind for a short time, and awaken that unaccountable feeling which creates desperate courage out of excessive fear, and almost tempts the spectator to plunge himself into the danger, whose presence he so much dreads. The prodigious depth of this abyss may be conceived from the circumstance of its having swallowed up the rubbish which a level, 1800 feet long, of the dimensions above given, produced; as well as sixteen tons of the same rubbish cast into it every day for three or four years, without any sensible lessening of its depth, or apparent contraction of its size. Indeed many facts concur to prove, that it is connected with the Castleton cave; and naturalists are now of opinion, that the whole country from hence to Elden-hole, exhibits a series of caverns, extensive and profound, uniting with each other, and thus becoming joint partakers of whatever either of them may receive. A conveyance apparently perilous, but perfectly secure, is formed over the chasm we have described, by a strong wooden framework, through which the water passes. Beyond this the level continues about 2000 feet farther; but as the effect of a second approach to the abyss (which must be again taken in returning) is much lessened by the prior visit, and as nothing occurs worth observation in the remaining half, we found we had extended our voyage to no purpose, to the termination of this last wonder of the Peak. Warner's Tour through the Northern Counties of England, and the Borders of Scotland, 2 vols. 8vo. I. 1 & c.
AN ESSAY ON THE ORYCTOGRAPHY OF DERBYSHIRE, A PROVINCE OF ENGLAND, BY THE CELEBRATED MINERALOGIST, M. FERBER. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Preface of M. Ferber.

MY chief object in publishing this work is to present to the public a series of mineralogical observations, which I have made on one of the most interesting counties of England.

My readers will, perhaps, censure me for not having quoted a great number of English authors, who have written before me on the natural history of their country, and for not having availed myself of several memoirs contained in the Philosophical Transactions, which relate to the subject on which I treat; but all these works, which I had overlooked at London before I undertook the journey to Derbyshire, afforded me but feeble assistance, and appeared in general of such little importance, that I thought it would be rendering a service to naturalists, only to present to them what I had myself beheld and examined.

I lie under great obligations to Mr. Whitehurst, watch maker, at Derby, to whom Mr. Franklin was so good as to address me. This ingenious man, who, by an unexampled assiduity, has obtained the most accurate physical knowledge of his county, not to mention the talents he possesses as a mathematician, was of the greatest service to me. It is to his advice and instruction that I am indebted for a great number of facts which probably would have escaped me, if he had not himself taken the trouble of directing my observations.

He also introduced me to Mr. Burdett*, a learned geographer, from whom I received the most exact ideas relative to the position of the places I intended to visit, and every information I could with concerning the natural geography of Derbyshire.

I frankly confess, that without the assistance of these two persons, I should frequently have been at a loss to account for a great number of phenomena which were new to me. I was not aware, till then, that homogeneous mountains, and all the stratified mountains which I had examined, the internal structure of which I was perfectly acquainted with from the inspection of the mines, did not afford any example similar to what I, for the first time, saw in Derbyshire.

The great diversity of the beds, and their disposition often capricious, which I had not observed in any country, very frequently perplexed me, and I am convinced that the most skilful mineralogists will experience the same sensations.

The surface of Derbyshire is not less affected by this singular organization of the soil; the Peak, the most elevated part of this county, affords some picturesque views of great beauty; many authors have spoken of them in terms of admiration; and well executed engravings have been given by several English artists.

Life of the principal works which treat of the Natural History of England.


* Among other excellent maps, Mr. Burdett has published a map of Derbyshire, entitled, “Survey of Derbyshire,” 3 sheets, 1762—67.

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ESSAY ON THE ORYCTOGRAPHY OF DERBYSHIRE.

Natural Geography of the Country.

The surface of England is, in a great measure, composed of various beds of earth and stones, which rise in hills of very gentle acclivity, and every where cover the primitive mountains. There are very few summits of granite or schistus breaking through this natural crust of the earth, particularly in England, properly so-called. The highest mountains of primitive formation are seen in the northern parts of Scotland; but they will bear no comparison with the lofty Alps of Swizerland.

Every thing seems to indicate that the level country surrounding these mountains, owes its origin to beds of earth deposited by the waters which formerly covered its surface; the marine substances, discovered within these beds, clearly prove that the liquid, capable of depositing such considerable bodies, can only have been the ocean itself.

Now if it were possible to lift up at once the various beds of which the level country is composed, in order to discover the primitive mountains on which it rests, we should soon behold the greatest part of England inundated by the sea, since the primitive mountains are in fact below its level; this country would then appear in its primitive state, and the works in which nature has employed ages, would in a moment be annihilated.

Let us, in other respects, account for the formation of secondary mountains in the manner which best suits us, or date their existence from the creation of the world; let
us argue whether their various beds owe their existence to the insensible decrease of the sea, or to successive depositions; we shall always be compelled to acknowledge, that, wherever we find a vast extent of land disposed in beds, it has been effected by the water which formerly covered the surface. Transient and local inundations may wash away portions of mountains, and convey them into the valleys; but such an operation will never give rise to beds of sufficient extent to form the surface of a whole country. The marine substances, which are almost always found in these beds, present no difficulty to me; on the contrary, their presence and still more their position serve to strengthen my opinion.

According to our idea of the precipitation of earthly particles contained in any liquid, supposing the liquid always in a state of perfect repose, beds produced by this means should assume a position perfectly horizontal, even when the foundation or the primitive mountains, upon which these particles are deposited, are of an inclined and rugged surface; the beds will only differ in bulk.*

In fact we see many stratified mountains, of which the various beds are perfectly horizontal; they commonly appear under the form of hills of little height, with rounded summits, and of tolerable extent: of this description are the mountains in great part of Germany, Brabant, Flanders†; and those on the coast of France opposite to England‡; in the latter country, the mountains of Staffordshire§, Oxfordshire¶, Yorkshire∥.

* Nothing better explains this phenomenon than the operation of chemistry called washing; the vessel used for this purpose may gradually swell out, or terminate like a cone; the earthly particles will always be precipitated in equal beds, be the liquid in ever so small a degree of rest.

† All the mountains I observed in my journey from Holland to France, through Brabant and Flanders, are merely hills, such as I have described above. The environs of Brussels appear hilly; but these heights are only calcareous hills, or heaps of sand, which the waters have deposited in beds. Near Valenciennes are considerable beds of pit-coal, resting on a black argillaceous schilfus. In the country of Namur, the same substances are observed; a bog iron-ore in beds is also worked there. In the environs of Paris the hills are composed of calcareous flint, free-flint, or gyphum.

‡ From Paris to Amiens, I met nothing but hills of sand, and an argil of a bright yellow: beyond Amiens, near Flixecourt, and thence to Calais, in the defiles between the hills, underneath the argil, which is about four feet thick, there is observed a calcareous earth, of a greyish colour and very friable, in beds nearly horizontal. Silex, in pieces of a kidney form, is found in great quantity in this earth; their position is likewise nearly horizontal; but a circumstance that clearly proves this arrangement to be only owing to water, is that the largest pieces of silex, and consequently the heaviest, are found in the lower beds, and the lighter in the upper. Most of them are round, some of an oval form; they have all a whitish crust, which is another proof that they had not their origin in the place where they are actually found. It is, however, a fact, that, at a very great depth below this friable earth, a calcareous stone is often found, compact, of tolerable hardness, and frequently chalk, full of silex in kidney-form pieces, which, according to every appearance, have had their origin in the chalk itself. Having crossed the channel, on the whole coast of England, and from Dover to London, I observed the same organization in the beds.

§ Staffordshire is remarkable for considerable beds, which are either calcareous or argillaceous; they are full of petrifactions, among which the entomolithus paradoxicus, which is found near Dudley, is worthy of observation. This county also possesses valuable coal mines. The copper mines of Eton belong to the duke of Devonshire. At Utchelher, or Uxeter, there are forges which deserve attention.

¶ In Oxfordshire, the vegetable earth, which is very argillaceous, rests on a bed of calcareous earth, of a grey or white colour, which contains a great quantity of silex in kidney-form pieces, disposed in horizontal beds. In proportion to the depth, this earth becomes more solid, and is insensibly changed into white chalk; besides petrified silexes, which are here found in great number, I have observed prickles of the sea hedge-hog, and pieces of the skull of this worm. The chalk mountains of Gravefend, in the county of Kent, have the same conformation with respect to their beds as those of Oxfordshire; but to the present time we are unacquainted with the substance forming them for base.

∥ The metallic veins of Yorkshire, which are rich in lead and copper, are met with in calcareous flint, black argillaceous schilfus, or in free-flint, (green) which seems in this part to be composed of small grains of quartz; the veins running through free-flint are the richest.
the duchies of Cumberland, and Northumberland*, constantly present the same form.

But if, in many stratified mountains, we find the beds to have an inclined or oblique position, if we observe ruptures in the different banks, or considerable derangements in the interior of these mountains, we must naturally attribute it to posterior catastrophes, among which must be reckoned the gaps or clefts to which the beds, left uncovered by the retreat of the waters, and drying up, were exposed; earthquakes, partial inundations, changes in the course of rivers, which, hollowing out new channels in the lower beds, naturally occasioned the upper ones to sink in.

In Derbyshire the position of the beds is seldom horizontal; they nearly all lose themselves obliquely, and scarcely ever preserve the same direction. There are some parts where a portion of the beds has preferred its original position, while the other part is sunk in the valley. The beds which remain firm, and which appear to have been separated by a violent convulsion, are not unlike steep rocks; so that the elevated part of Derbyshire, which is called the Peak, may appear to an observer of little skill, rather as a country of granitic mountains, than a country of secondary formation. Nevertheless, upon a closer examination of the beds which compose these mountains, we shall easily discover that their primitive position was horizontal, and that it is to posterior derangements alone that they owe their present figure.

From the city of Derby northwards, towards Lancashire and Yorkshire, the land gradually rises, and forms the upper part of the country, called the Peak†, where the winters are longer and more severe than in the plain. Following these apparent mountains on the Peak, we may easily perceive that they anciently formed a continual chain, which has since been broken off in several places; this observation will become more evident on descending into the ravines, where we find all the beds uncovered, and we shall be struck with the perfect analogy between the beds which are sunk down, and those which are elevated. The Derwent, one of the most rapid rivers of England, together with the sea, has most probably contributed to the revolutions which this country has anciently undergone, and of which history does not afford the slightest trace. We are therefore compelled to have recourse to hypotheses, which might be formed on this subject, the more so as the present state of the country will afford sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the observer.

The superior beds, in nearly the whole of England, are calcareous, and this substance is found under different modifications; it is found in the form of earth or stone; its variations are infinite, both in respect of colour and size, and the manner in which it is found blended with other substances.

In order to form a clear and accurate idea of the beds of Derbyshire, it is necessary to divide them into two classes, a division which nature herself seems to have established.

* In the duchies of Cumberland and Northumberland, the hills are formed by beds of free-stone, black schistus, and lime-stone, which is also in this part the deepest bed. The copper mines of Cumberland are remarkable for native dentritical copper, which is sometimes found. This country also possesses iron mines; the mineral is found under the form of argillaceous ore.

† The Peak is considered by the people of the country as a miraculous object, and many authors have spoken of seven wonders belonging to this mountain; the celebrated Hobbes has described them in the following verse:

Ædes, montis, Baratrum, binus font, antroque bina.

A very accurate description of the Peak may be found in the following work; *A Tour through Great Britain*, vol. iii. p. 58, &c.
The first class comprehends the beds which are common to the whole country, and which might be called ancient or universal beds: they are found everywhere in the same order, with the exception of some of the superior beds, which have undergone a slight alteration.

The second class comprehends the accidental beds, that is to say, the beds which are always found above the ancient beds, and which are consequent to posterior formation: they differ in nearly all the provinces. The ancient beds are found in the following order:

1. Freestone (greet or grit). Its thickness is subject to great variation. It is commonly white or reddish, of a close grain, and tolerably hard; small grains of quartz are observed in it, which appear to be cemented by an argillaceous sub stance. This stone is employed in the making of highways, and for grind-stones. I observed, in the high road between Wirksworth and Cromford Moor, in a heap of this free-stone, groups of vitreous spar, in small cubes, in a matrix, which I conceive to be a gypseous indurated earth; this spar probably came there by accident, perhaps from one of the neighbouring lead-mines; for the free-stone did not appear to contain any extraneous substance.

2. Black argillaceous schistus or slate†, (fhoale). Its thickness is from 140 to 150 yards, measured in the mine of Yatesstoope near Winster. They could not inform me whether this schistus contained petrifactions or impressions of plants, although it perfectly resembled that which covers the pit-coal throughout Derbyshire, and which abounds with them. The miners call this schistus by different names, according to the difficulty they find in working it; they term it fhoale, hard-beds, penny-fhoale, and black-beds. In the midst of this schistus, there are sometimes found considerable fragments of lime-stone, black, and of a fetid smell, which is commonly beneath the schistus: I verified this observation near Wensley, in the environs of Winster, where the high road is cut through this schistus, and where all the beds are uncovered.

3. First calcareous bed (the first lime-stone). Its thickness is from 35 to 50 yards. In the environs of Ashford this stone is of great hardness, and does not contain any petrifactions; it is used as black marble. The softest parts of this stone, particularly those exposed to the air, exhale a disagreeable smell when rubbed, and consequently are a true flint-stone. I saw the same stone worked between Snitterton and Winther, which contained no petrifactions, although it commonly abounds with them, particularly in bivalves†. Near Wensley, the common filex is found in kidney-form pieces, and in little fragments about two inches thick, as also at Ashford, where these fragments are of a

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† Mr. Whitehurst calls it millstone-grit: according to this author, the thickness of the bank is 120 yards; he says that it is composed of rounded grains of quartz, and small fragments of the same substance, where the irregularities of the fracture are still very visible. See Inquiry into the original State and Formation of the Earth, &c. by John Whitehurst. London, 1778, 4to. p. 147. (Note of the French translator.)

‡ Mr. Whitehurst calls it shale, or shiever, and the thickness of the bank, according to him, is 120 yards; he confirms what M. Ferber says concerning the impressions of vegetables. The springs which rise in this schistus are all of a ferruginous nature. P. 148. (F. Tr.)

§ Among the petrified bivalve shells, which are found in great quantity in this bed, are observed many ammies, the originals of which no where exist in the seas surrounding England:

Near Ashford, Mr. Henry Watson has discovered in the same stone, an impression of a crocodile, in a good state of preservation.

Mr. Whitehurst moreover tells us, that this stone is often intersected by very thin beds of flate. P. 149. (F. Tr.)
more considerable bulk. It should be observed that the silex of Wenley, which is found in the midst of black lime-stone, adheres strongly to it, while that observed in the chalk of Oxfordshire and on the sea shore, has no adhesion to this substance. The silex which serves for stone-ware, of which there are several manufactures in Derbyshire, comes from the coast of Norfolk.

4. First bed of toadstone (*toadstone, dunstone, blackstone in England, whinstone in Scotland.*) The name of toadstone has been given on account of its black colour, specked with white*. This stone, like those of the same species, which we shall mention hereafter, does not contain any ore, and throughout Derbyshire cuts the veins of metal: the base is argillaceous, more or less indurated, for some pieces appear to be only an indurated argil, while others approach the jasper in hardness. This stone is overprovided with little grains or globules of calcareous spar, the size and form of which vary; some are so small, that to the naked eye they are lost in the black substance of the stone itself; some are as large as a pea, and even as a bean. I have assayed this stone with acids, which dissolved with ebullition, the parts of calcareous spar, without altering the substance of the stone itself, which after the assay was of sufficient hardness to scratch glass, although being struck with a steel, only emitted some faint sparks. The substance of this stone, being stripped of all its calcareous parts, appeared to me refractory before the blow-pipe; with the assistance of salt of tartar, I converted it into a blackish scoria; which seems to indicate a siliceous principle, though it does not possess the hardness of siliceous stones.

The thickness of the first bed of this stone is commonly from 14 to 16 yards; but what proves the great variation in the thickness of these beds is, that in Blackbillock, a very considerable mine near Tideswell, a well has been dug of 160 yards in depth, in this stone, without passing through it. In the same mine, about 800 fathoms in the principal well, towards the south, the thickness of the *toadstone* has been found to be of 40 yards, and towards the north, about 300 fathoms from the same place, it was only three yards.

5. The second calcareous bed (the second or the grey lime stone). Its thickness is 33 fathoms; there are two kinds, the one soft, which being rubbed, yields a fetid smell; it is used for the most part to make lime; the other harder, which is used for

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* M. Jars says because it is pretended that living toads have often been found in it. *Voyage Metall., tom. i. p. 546.*

† M. Faupjas de St. Fond, who has just published an excellent work on trapp, has proved that certain species of toad-stone contained metallic veins; as the species cited by M. Faupjas is known under the name of *cat-dirt* at Castleton, and as he has been in the mine himself, there remains no doubt whatever of the fact. (*F. Tr.*) This is a mistake; for *cat-dirt* is not toad-stone, being on the contrary a soft blue lime-stone, impregnated with sulphur, as the very name *cat-dirt* (*merde du chat*) must imply to an English reader. *J. P.*

‡ Mr. Whitehurst gives us the following description of the toad-stone:

"It is a blackish substance, very hard, and full of little cavities like metallic scoriae, or the lava of Iceland; chemical analysis proves that it possesses the same principles. Many of these cavities contain spar (calcareous) others are empty. It is not composed of layers like many other stones, but it always presents a solid and uniform mass, which breaks in all directions, and which never contains either ore, nor mineral or vegetable productions. The beds of toad-stone are not met with everywhere, as the calcareous beds, and the variation in the thickness of the same bank, clearly prove its origin to be volcanic."

Another reason which induces Mr. Whitehurst to think that the toad-stone is a volcanic production, and of a later formation than that of the calcareous beds, and others, is that the perpendicular clefts which are observed in the calcareous beds, are filled with toad-stone; consequently the calcareous beds existed perfectly formed and cleft before the toad-stone. (*F. Tr.*) many
many domestic purposes, like marble*. These two varieties of stone are full of all kinds of petrifactions, besides a great number of madrepores, among which may be distinguished the madrepora flexuosa of Linnaeus; and there are found a great number of cameas of a surprising bulk. In several places I found this grey calcareous stone changed into grey flext, which contained handsome entrochites, larger, but in other respects similar to those seen at Cufach, in the duchy of Blanckenbourg.

6. Second bed of toadstone†; it perfectly resembles the first; the thickness of the bed is 46 yards. In the mine of Hubberdale, this stone had lost its ordinary hard-ness to such a degree, that it perfectly resembled soft clay.

7. Third calcareous bed‡; it is grey and analogous to the second; the thickness of the bed is 70 yards.

8. Third bed of toadstone; it commonly resembles the first and second, and its thickness is 22 yards. In the mine of Hubberdale, this stone was of the confluence of soft clay, of a greenish colour; it was full of small pieces of black argil, and calcareous spar, in veins; it is here called channel.

9. Fourth calcareous bed, the fourth lime-stone); it is grey like the preceding, and is found at the greatest depth. Its thickness is at present unknown, though in many places attempts have been made to pass through it: at Gorsey-dale, Bacon-Rake, Mansfield, and Middleton, in the environs of Wirksworth, it has been pierced to 40 fathoms without finding the bottom.

The different beds of limestone and toad-stone, which we have just described, are often intermixed by beds of argil, from one to four feet in thicknesses; but as this argil appears to be formed in the horizontal cracks or clefts of these stones, it cannot be placed in the rank of substances which form regular beds. The quantity of pyrites in pieces of kidney-form, found in these argillaceous beds, has perhaps some share in the heat observed in all the springs that rise there; or else, do the calcareous beds contribute towards it§?

Before proceeding to the description of the accidental beds, I conceive it necessary to speak of the veins which are found in the ancient beds.

The direction of metallic veins in the ancient beds, is generally very regular in all the mines in Derbyshire; the falband of these veins is distinct; its thickness is from one to seven ells. I found that the greater part of the veins proceed between the 8th and 9th hour, or according to the English compass between the 11th and 2d. They are either perpendicular or inclined; very few are horizontal. I here confirmed what I have said in the Memoirs on the Mineralogy of Bohemia, with respect to the Veins of Metal, that they were not met with in primitive mountains alone, but also in secondary mountains; and that consequently the name of veined mountains did not belong exclusively to primitive mountains. It is essential to remark in this place, that the veins of Derbyshire vary in almost every bed. In a freestone and argillaceous schistus, when these two substances met together, the veins which commonly rise to the surface are constantly without ore; the contrary is observed in the four calcareous beds, which, under

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* Mr. Whitehurst observes, what Mr. Ferber has perhaps forgotten, that the calcareous stone which composes the beds of Derbyshire is generally foliated; which sufficiently indicates the manner in which it has been formed. The thickness of the second bed, according to Mr. Whitehurst, is 25 fathoms. F. Tr.

† Mr. Whitehurst informs us that the toad-stone of the second bed is more compact than that of the first, and that there are no cavities in it. P. 151.

‡ The thickness of this bed, according to Mr. Whitehurst, is 30 fathoms; this stone contains fewer petrifactions than the former, and seems of a white colour. F. Tr.

the same circumstances, are almost always extremely rich: The three beds of toadstone*, though they always accompany limestone, never contain ore; and as I have remarked before, always cut the veins. The following is an example: When a vein has been worked in black calcareous stone, the ore is lost so soon as the toadstone is approached, and the same vein does not re-appear till the whole bed of toadstone has been cut through; the vein is again worked, and if it prove of sufficient richness, it is purged, under the same circumstances, to the fourth calcareous bed, which has never yet been passed through. This phenomenon is without doubt, one of the most extraordinary and singular of its kind, and to account for it, is not less difficult. To enquire whether the three beds of toadstone existed before the formation of the veins, or to attempt to determine whether they have always preserved the same solidity, would be engaging ourselves in hypotheses which would lead to nothing; what I have said above, may be confirmed every day in the lead-mines of this country. My opinion is, that the toadstone has only choked up the veins, which consequently have ramified, and probably re-united in one of the lower beds; this supposition will not appear venturesome to persons concerned with the working of mines; for experience proves, that veins which fork off, leaving their former direction, very often unite at a great depth, and then resume their former course. Another singularity with respect to beds of toadstone, which seems to contradict my opinion, is that this singular substance divides the different beds, so that a gallery inundated in the first bed, will not be of the least prejudice to the works carried on in the second; and the labourers in a lower gallery will be perfectly dry, while all the upper galleries are under water.

The accidental beds, or those found above the accidental beds, differ extremely throughout Derbyshire, and each district presents some particularity. The following came under my observation:

1. Red marl resting on striated gypsum, in a quarry of Chella stone, three leagues from Derby.

2. A mine of argillaceous iron, that is, a ferruginous argil of a reddish colour, more or less indurated; it is commonly found above the pit-coal. I saw some at Stanley, in a coal-mine, which appeared under the form of a very weighty bluish argil, and seemed to contain much iron; it is called ironstone. As far as I could learn, no use is made of it; and at the time I was in Derbyshire, there was not one foundery, nor even forge throughout the whole country. What is there called iron-work, or iron-mill, consists of establishments, where, by means of cylindrical machines, bars of iron are flattened, which are afterwards cut into very narrow fillets for the different manufactures at Birmingham. These establishments are at Derby, Chesterfield, Godnor, Barton fields, Newmills, Pleetly, Staveley, &c.

3. Manganese in kidney-form pieces, in the clay above the pit-coal, in several places.

4. Pit-coal. It is found in very great quantity in the flat country surrounding the Peak, and is worked in several places. This coal is commonly found at a little depth beneath the vegetable earth, which, in these parts, is rather marly; the roof is a black argillaceous schistus, which in colour and compactness much resembles the schistus which forms the second layer of the ancient beds. Yet, on a little examination of this schistus, we find that it differs materially from that of the ancient beds; for it is always found above free-stone which forms the first bed, and between the dif-

* It is very surprising that so skilful a mineralogist as M. Ferber should make no mention of the great resemblance between toad-stone and trap. F. Tr.
ferent banks of coal; and this position alone indicates a formation posterior to that of the ancient beds. Independent of this, it contains a great number of impressions of plants and other vegetables, while in the ancient beds none are ever discovered. Most of these vegetables are of the class of ferns, and they have a great analogy with the ferns of America, described by father Plumier. The same impressions of vegetables are sometimes observed in the marly beds which cover the coal in several places.

5. Foliated free-stone, (flate) of an extremely fine grain, and of a greyish yellow colour. I saw this stone worked in an open quarry near Matlock; it is found in large flags, which are used to pave the interior of houses, especially brew-houses. I am not quite certain whether this free-stone belong to the accidental beds, or if it should be regarded as a simple variety of the free-stone which forms the first bank of the ancient beds, although it be of a finer and more compact grain. I have the same doubts with respect to a soft free-stone of a grey colour, which is found in beds of little thicknesses above coal, in Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and at Newcastle, and which is there called free-stone or sand-stone; it is very probable that this stone owes its origin to particles which have been detached from the ancient free-stone, and carried by the waters to this place.

6. Rotten-stone; it is a kind of tripoli, full of calcareous particles; it is of a brown colour, of a very fine grain, and is particularly used for polishing tin, crystal, &c.; it is always found above coal. In M. Davila's catalogue, this substance is described under the name of creta fusca.

7. Stuff-stone, stuff or tuff. This name has been given to a bank of calcareous stone of little thicknesses, and of very fine grain, though porous, which is found at the surface, in the environs of Winster. This stone must not be confounded with the stuff-stone of Hubber-dale mine, which belongs to the ancient beds.

8. In the environs of Matlock-Bath, there is observed a considerable bed consisting of vegetables incrusted with a calcareous matter, which has been deposited by the warm springs issuing from the mountains. In some places this substance is eight yards thick, and of sufficient solidity for buildings, in which I have seen it employed. This bed which daily increases in thickness, covers all the hills of black calcareous stone, in the environs of Matlock. In the interior of this bed, the most beautiful incrustations are found, as well as mamellated flintstones of a very handsome form; I have even seen petrified shells, and lithophytes which were probably detached from one of the neighbouring calcareous banks, and which consequently came there only by accident. I observed the same productions in the channels formed by the water flowing from the mountain, and in which it is often seen of the height of three feet; the bed of these channels was full of mamellated flintstones in the form of cauliflowers. The hot baths of Matlock are much celebrated; they also possess the property of incruting whatever is exposed to them.

Such is the order in which the ancient or universal beds, and those which I call accidental, appear in Derbyshire. It remains for us to fix our attention upon the consequences which have followed their sinking obliquely, and the violent ruptures, which is the more necessary, as it is the only means of explaining a great number of phenomena, which are peculiar to all countries, of which the organization is similar to that of Derbyshire, and since we shall thence be enabled to conceive how the inferior layers of certain beds, are sometimes found above, while the superior layers of the same bed are observed in the valleys. But as throughout Derbyshire the beds are seldom horizontal, but nearly all lose themselves obliquely under ground, or termi-
nate at the surface, there should naturally follow a very great variety in the stones found above the surface, particularly in a country of no considerable extent.

In some parts the oblique beds are covered by accidental beds, which increases the species of stones or earths found on the surface. The effect of a violent rupture is observed near Matlock High Tor, where a portion of the beds is sunk to a depth of more than 40 yards; there is every appearance that the Derwent, which at present passes over the place where the rupture happened, was the cause. This falling in has, however, produced a great advantage to the country, since the valley which formerly was frequently exposed to the inundations from the river, is now more elevated, and is become a very fertile country.

We can easily imagine that the portion of the beds which remains regular, must be more elevated than that which is sunk, as we may be convinced, by the calcareous beds which are seen uncovered; but without admitting of a rupture, the mere sinking may always occasion the same phenomenon, if the place which serves them for a base affects a surface more or less unequal.

As the summit of the mountain called the High Peak, the two first ancient beds, that is, the reddish free-stone and the black schistus are altogether wanting, and on the middle height the ancient beds are uncovered; but in the low part of this mountain, the Low Peak, between Wirkgworth and Winlter, the free-stone and schistus re-appear of considerable thickness, and still lower towards the town of Derby, they are observed at a considerable depth, again covered by accidental beds. At Moneyash there is no indication of the four first ancient beds. The grey calcareous stone, which in the natural order, forms the fifth bed, there is near to the surface. In Hubber-dale mine, which is a league and a half from Moneyash, the pits are dug through grey calcareous stone; and the ore worked there, which is principally lead, is only found in the third calcareous bed. Near Ashford, a little town a league from Moneyash, and which is three hundred fathoms higher than the latter place, the first calcareous bed upon which the black schistus rests, is terminated at the surface.

**Of the Natural Caves of the Peak.**

The calcareous covering of the Peak, which traverses the greatest part of Derbyshire, contains a great number of caves of different sizes. These caves, which are all in the second calcareous bed, most probably owe their origin to the filtration of water from without, or to subterranean springs; most of them abound with calcareous stalactites, of various forms and colour; their size is also very different; those most esteemed are of a beautiful white, or have lively-coloured veins; these latter are streaked with yellow, grey, and milk-colour; they are worked at Ashford, and I have seen vases made of some of the most beautiful pieces.

There are many descriptions of these caves, in which are fancied, in the different forms which these stalactites have assumed, resemblances oftentimes ridiculous, with human figures, or animals, of which persons in many parts of Germany, especially at the Hartz, in the celebrated grotto called Baumanufabole, would have persuaded me. Without farther notice of these wonderful descriptions, I shall content myself with mentioning the most remarkable caves of the Peak.

Poole's Hole.—This cave is near Buxton, and is rich in stalactites; it is said to be half an English mile in length, and is traversed by a rivulet, which makes a great roaring.

The Great Cave of Castleton, called the Devil's A—e in English.—The diameter of this cave is computed at 150 feet. It is pretended that it communicates with Eldon Hole,
Hole, another cave, six or eight leagues from Castleton, which is nearly perpendicular, and which, as it is said, enlarges considerably towards the bottom.

Hofen's Hole and Burnmorth Hole are two caves near Stony Middleton.

Lath-Kill Arse.—This cave is observed at the distance of a league from Moneyash, in the valley of Lath Kill, at Moneyash Moor; it is not far from the quarry of grey marble, an appellation given to the grey lime-stone forming part of the ancient beds. This cave is not so large as that of Castleton, yet, after heavy rain, there flows from it such a prodigious quantity of water, that the whole valley of Lath Kill is often overflowed.

Of the Hot and Intermittent Springs of the Peak.

The Peak abounds in hot springs, which take their rise in the gaps of the mountain; most of them are unknown, because they are found in parts little frequented, and remote from the high road. The most remarkable are,

The Hot Baths of Matlock, on the side of the calcareous hill. There are two; the first is Matlock O'd Bath, of which the temperature is 68 degrees of Fahrenheit, and Matlock New Bath, the temperature of which is one degree hotter: the water of both these baths contains calcareous particles, which incrust any objects exposed to the water, as well as the parts over which it runs, as I observed speaking of the accidental beds. During the fine weather, the baths of Matlock are much frequented.

Quarn, or Quarnden.—A small place, known by its acidulated waters, which attract many persons to it in summer.

Buxton has a warm bath, the smoke issuing from which seems to indicate a stronger degree of heat than it really possesses. Near the bath I observed many other chalybeate springs, of which no use is made.

Tideswell.—Here is one of those intermitting springs, where the water only issues by intervals: when the baon which receives all the water has nearly loft the third part by the continual flowing out, which is done in ten minutes, the water is seen to flow again from the opposite side with so much force, that in five minutes the whole of the baon is filled. Some authors, without reason, have imagined a subterraneous communication between the refluent source of Tideswell and the sea, and would, by the effect of the flux and reflux, account for this phenomenon. I am inclined to think, that in the interior of the mountain there are great cavities, the air of which acts on this spring.

Of the Quarries of Derbyshire.

The stones used for the construction of buildings and high roads, are taken from the calcareous beds; sometimes the reddish free-stone is employed for the same purpose; this depends upon the situation and means of the proprietor. The houses in general are built of brick, and covered with slate. In many parts I saw the foliated free-stone employed, which is often observed between beds of pit-coal, and which is particularly used for the paving of magazines, cellars, and other similar constructions.

The manner by which grinding-stones are here procured, appeared to me remarkable enough: the size is first traced on one of the beds of free-stone, and all the stone about it removed; when the general form is obtained, several horizontal holes are pierced, half a foot into the stone towards its base, according to the intended thickness; dry pieces of wood are driven into these holes, and in a few days swelled by humidity, they cause the stone to split.

The quarries of lime-stone employ a great number of workmen, particularly in the environs of Buxton: grey and black calcareous stone are indifferently used, principally those
those pieces which are not handsome enough for ornament like marble. Lime made from black calcareous stone, containing a vast quantity of shells, is here preferred to that made from the grey.

The black marble observed near Ashford, is procured from the first calcareous bed, of which it is only a variety; it is distinguished by a greater solidity, and a beautiful black. The grey marble, which is derived from the second calcareous bed, and the quarry of which is near Lath Kill-Dalc, two leagues from Bakewell, contains a great number of conchites; it sometimes has red veins, which gives it a pretty appearance. These marbles are worked in considerable quantities in the mills established near Ashford, where, by the means of water, the marble is sawed and polished. Near the same place I saw a manufactory where the beautiful fluor spar, of the colour of the amethyst, was worked. It is found in almost every lead mine, and the largest and handsomest pieces are used to make vases. I have seen the stalactites which I mentioned above, used for the same purpose, which employs a great number of workmen in the towns of Derby, Winger, Matlock, &c.

At Chellastone, about three miles from Derby, I observed a quarry of plaster of Paris. The surface of the fields near this quarry, was covered with a greyish argil, full of fragments of a fettled stone, and a ferruginous ocher in indurated pieces of a kidney-form. Below this argil there was a bed of reddish marl, three yards thick, the beds of which nearest to the surface were friable, and served for manure; but the remainder only presented a marly stone of tolerable hardness, of which no use was made. Under the marl was a bank of plaster stone, nearly horizontal, eight cells in thickness. In several places, this stone was tolerably hard, and resembled a white transparent alabaster, which took a very fine polish; some pieces were spotted with red, and traversed by marly veins from the superior bank; the remainder of the bank was a striated gypsum, which is particularly used for moulds in several porcelain manufactory.

Derbyshire abounds with coal, which is every where worked. The mine of Aferton is the most remarkable; it is furnished with a good steam engine, to carry off the subterranean water; this mine is ten leagues from Ashford; that of Stanby and Simonfield, had two steam engines; one was of the ordinary form and construction; the other the invention of Mr. Barber, the proprietor of the mine, differed a little*. The pits to descend into this mine are perfectly round, and wholly built of brick; they are defended by means of a small cask, in which the person supports himself upright, or else seated on the chain. I observed in this mine four layers of coal not intermixed with slate, as were nearly all the others, but with very thick beds of indurated argil; this substance was variously coloured, and often foliated; what is here called iron flint, is only an argil of a dark brown, very heavy, and seems to contain much iron. The two upper layers of coal at Stanby are not worked, because it is generally believed here, that they are of inferior quality to those found at a greater depth.

The mine of Stanby is one of the deepest that are known, and I found the depth to be 95 yards; the lower beds of coal were only four feet thick, and all the gaps were

* The steam engine of Mr. Barber, differs principally from others, by the steam acting horizontally, while in the others it only acts vertically; it is the same with respect to the cold water which is introduced into the boiler by the side. Almost every coal mine in England is provided with one or two steam engines, and every proprietor has attempted some improvement. The Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, vol. London, 1763, may be consulted on this subject, in which the most ordinary steam engines are well represented.

Steam engines are certainly of great utility in a country where coal is abundant; but in countries wanting this combustible, and where wood must supply its place, as I have observed at Schenmiz, in Hungary, it generally becomes too expensive.

filled
filled with pyrites; I was even assured that a considerable heap of galena had been found in the midst of this coal.

Near this mine I saw the method employed to reduce the coals to what is called coak; but as the method here followed is well enough known, and even well described in the Journals of the Arts and Trades, published by the Royal Academy of Sciences, I have considered it superfluous to detail it.

Lead and calamine Mines, which I observed in Derbyshire, extending the Peak.

Ashbourn.—The mines of this little place, which are twelve miles from Derby, are of no importance, and I did not visit them.

Wirkefordwth.—A small town between Derby and Matlock Bath; in this place are a great number of lead mines extending as far as Matlock-Bath; in all these mines the slate has been cut through, to arrive at the veins of metal which intersect the first and second calcareous bed; the labour is performed in galleries which have been excavated in this stone. In general at the surface there is found cellular calamine*, more or less ferruginous, of a brown or dark grey colour; sometimes mixed with ferruginous oker. At a greater depth the ore is found under the form of compact galena, or bleyschbresbeig: there is one instance of calamine having been worked, at the depth of 60 yards; for these two minerals are never found in the same vein. The ordinary gangart in the mines of Wirkefordwth is the calcareous spar, and the different species of calamine found there, contain calcareous particles; hence arises the effervescence which they make with acids. Near Wirkefordwth is a mill for the purpose of refining calamine, for the brass manufactures of Birmingham, where the greater part of the Derbyshire calamine is used. The ore of white lead is seldom found in this mine. The mineral is extracted here as in other countries, by the means of a machine with horsefes, the construction of which we shall hereafter give.

Middleton or Mynny Middleton.—At a little distance from Wirkefordwth, in a vein of this mine, some hepatic copper has lately been discovered, containing calcareous particles; this mineral is covered with malachid in little flars.

Maffon.—Near Wirkefordwth, in a lead-mine, called Bacon-Rake, the miners have actually worked into the fourth calcareous bed, and have already penetrated to the depth of 30 fathoms.

Crumford.—A small town in the neighbourhood of Wirkefordwth: its lead mines are of little importance; but its jurisdiction (Wapentake) extends over all the preceding mines.

Matlock.—This place possesses many lead-mines; the most considerable are Hag-mine, near Matlock New-Bath, and Old Dimple-mine, near Matlock Old-Bath. The mines of Lady-gate and High Tor Rake, present nothing remarkable.

I descended into Hag-mine by a pit which rests on the gallery which has been excavated in the second calcareous bed, to the depth of 150 yards. The principal vein, the direction of which, according to the English compass is between the eighth and ninth hour, varies very little from the west to the east; it is about two feet thick, but it often ramifies, which renders its working rather difficult. The water is drawn off by a very simple pump, which conveys it to the gallery, whence it is carried off by

* M. Jar's says, that the best calamine of Wirkefordwth is full of little cavities, resembling those of a beehive.—F. Tr.
channels to the Derwent. In all the mines in the environs of Matlock, the first calcareous bed and toadstone are constantly observed; the actual labour is performed in the second calcareous bed: the gangarts which accompany the mineral of the principal vein of Hag-mine, are as follow:

1. White calcareous spar, transparent, with rhomboidal fracture.

2. White calcareous spar, transparent, in hexaedral crystals, or boar's-tooth. (Dog-tooth spar.)

3. Compact calcareous spar, of a milky white, of little or no transparency. This spar is the ordinary gangart of the lead mines.

4. Calcareous stalactites (Water jerl, Dropstone) of a milky white, or with yellowish streaks; found in nearly all the galleries, commonly attached to the roof, but of little thickness.

5. White fluor spar, crystallized in transparent cubes, sometimes with a yellowish surface.

6. Fluor spar, of the colour of amethyst, in compact fragments, or crystallized in cubes, in a gypseous earth. Many of these cubes are hollow, and open at top.

7. Caulk, which is also called calc, cacok, kewel, keble, &c. It is a kind of gypseous earth, very white, heavy, extremely fine grain, and as easily cut as chalk; this earth is one of the most common gangarts in the mines of Derbyshire: in Hag-mine it is commonly found in small groups composed of spherical leaves, like the heavy spar of Tichopau, in Saxony, and the surface of which is mamelled; it is used in the manufactures of brass at Birmingham, where, probably, it serves for moulds; it is also pretended that caulk renders the regulas of antimony more ductile, and of a closer grain.

8. Compact galena in tolerably large pieces, sometimes found in caulk or white calcareous spar.

9. Polyedral galena, often resembling small buttons.

10. Octaedron galena; this species is uncommon.

11. Compact galena. (Bleyfrweif by the Germans), steel ore by the English.

12. Blende, in the form of buttons.

The pit by which I descended into Old Dimple mine, and which joined the vein, was 15 fathoms in depth: the direction of the vein was almost perpendicular, and proceeded between noon and the first hour; it branched forth two narrow veins. The miners work in the second calcareous bed, as in Hag-mine, and the superior beds were exactly the same. The following are the gangarts of this mine:

1. Milk-white calcareous spar.

2. Transparent calcareous spar in cubes.

3. Calcareous boar's-tooth spar, in hexaedron crystals, hollow, in considerable groups.


5. White fluor spar, in cubes, covered with pyrites.

6. Caulk.

7. Pyrites upon fluor, or enclosed in galena.

8. Ferruginous oker, of a brown colour, containing lead and calamine.

9. Black-blende, compact, and in buttons on groups of spar. This blende was formerly employed for the manufacture of brass at Bristol; but since calamine has been found so abundant in nearly all the mines, it is scarcely ever used.

10. Compact galena, in pieces of a tolerable size.

Snitterton.
Snitterton.—The lead mines in the neighbourhood of this small town, are found in the first calcareous bed.

Ashover.—Gregory-mine is the most remarkable; it contains compact galena, accompanied with bleythweif on calcareous spar, and a singular crystallization of pyrites in very thin plates, notched on the edges like a cock’s comb.

Wensley.—The mines of this place are under the jurisdiction of Winster.

Winster.—Seven miles from Wirksworth. The thickness of the ancient beds at this place, was as follows:

1. Free-stone. The thickness is variable; sometimes it is found covered with a calcareous stone of a yellowish grey, which is here called Stuff-stone, &c.
2. Slate 74 fathoms.
3. First calcareous bed 17
4. First toadstone 17
5. Second calcareous bed 13
6. Second toadstone 24
7. Third calcareous bed 40
8. Third toadstone 10
9. Fourth calcareous bed

Thickness unknown. 200 fathoms.

Most of the mines of Winster were overflowed when I visited them; those which merit some attention, are,

Tatfield or Tatfleck: the galleries of this mine are in the first calcareous bed; the thickness of the slate resting on this bed, was about 140 yards. In all the galleries I observed the white calcareous spar to be the most common gangart.

Placket and Plato. These two mines are in the second calcareous bed; in the latter I observed, within the vein, a kind of heavy spar, of a white colour, sometimes reddish, enclosed in caulk; it appears that the caulk owes its existence to the decomposition of this same spar. It was thought for some time, that this spar contained lead; but the assay I made with the blow-pipe did not give the least indication.

Portway or Porteasay. The principal vein of this mine is found in the second calcareous bed; its direction is very inclined, and is, therefore, according to the language of the English miners, at pipe, or pipe-work. In this vein I found a vitreous lead ore, white, a little transparent, crystallized in small prisms; these little crystals had the taste of salt of lead, they effervesced with nitrous acid, and by the assistance of the blow-pipe, were reduced to lead glass.

Mill-clofe. This mine has nothing very remarkable; a small piece of lead in caulk was given me here, said to be native lead.

Elton.—In the mine of Lordswood-Dome, green lead, in small prismatic crystals, was formerly found, accompanied with a whitish earth; the lead crystals, as well as the earth, which seems to contain a small portion of this metal, were easily reduced to glass.

Bakewell.—Possesses several lead mines.

Ashford.—The mines of Ashford present nothing remarkable.

Moneymusk.—I visited the two following mines; Lathgill-Dale mine. Among several species of galena, I remarked one which was in polyhedron, with a bright lustre, on pyrites, accompanied with a brown blende in buttons, and a white earthy lead ore; these substances were easily vitrified by the blow-pipe.

Hubberdale.
Hubber-dale mine, a mile and a half from Moneypipe, near Bakewell; this mine is 45 fathoms deep. The first calcareous bed is here wholly wanting, as well as the first bed of toadstone, which is replaced by a bed of argil. The second calcareous bed, or the grey calcarious stone, which is found immediately under this clay, in this part is full of shells and petrified entrochites. The principal pit of Hubber-dale mine is cut through this stone; it is often crossed by veins of calcareous spar, which are much inclined: in the place of the second bed of toadstone, I also found a bed of argil. The vein which was then worked is in the third calcareaous bed; it proceeds between the 12 and second hour, according to the English compass; and as the inclination is very small, it is consequently at Pipe-work. In this mine a stone, which was called Stuff-stone, was given me; but I found that it was only a variety of that which forms the third calcareaous bed; it was soft and friable between the fingers. The substance which here follows the third calcareaous bed, and which in the natural order should be toadstone, is only a bank of greenish argil, spotted with white; it is called channel. This kind of argil has not been pierced through, and the quality of the lower beds is therefore unknown. The gangarts accompanying this vein are,

Ferruginous oker of a brown colour, often mixed with caulk or calcareaous earth.

Cellular iron ore, containing pyrites; this ore is of a dark brown, sometimes changed into hematite.

White calcareaous spar.

Pyrites in small quantity.

Caulk in spheroid plates, containing different sized pieces of very compact galena, of a kidney form: all these gangarts are disposed in thin layers or lamina, in the opposite direction of the vein. When the galena is inclosed in small pieces by calcareaous spar, or caulk, it is called troffel-brack.

Baffle.—In Calver-mine I found galena or vitreous white spar.

Fellow.—The lead mines of this small place are of little importance.

Eyam.—Lady-wast is the name of one of the principal mines of this place; the richest vein, the direction of which is much inclined, proceeds in the first calcareaous bed, which is commonly covered with a slate of forty fathoms thickness; calcareaous spar, more or less foli, and caulk, which is here called keble, are the most common gangarts. The most remarkable mineral of Lady-wast is galena with a specular surface (slikon fides) which is most commonly found in very large pieces. This mineral possesses the singular property of detaching itself spontaneously from the vein, particularly in places where the vein begins to grow narrow; the violence with which this operation takes place, is incredible; it is often accompanied with a very great explosion, which may even be heard at a considerable distance from the mine, and is compared to an earth-quake; the effect it produces on the scaffolding, which it not only shakes, but also breaks, is often fatal to the workmen; and it is only by strengthening the principal supports, by the refuse with which they fill the void space between the rock and the supporters, that they are enabled to prevent the total destruction of the galleries. I saw this practised in Haycliffe-tile, one of the galleries of Lady-wast, when threatened with this accident. The miners could not account for this terrible phenomenon; but I think it may be attributed to the air, which, being greatly compressed, especially where the vein grows narrow, forces a passage. The specular galena is commonly found in double veins, about eight or nine inches distant from each other, having in the middle a bed of caulk of the thickness of three lines; each vein is composed of two halves, which unite so well on the smooth surface, as to appear a work of art. The miners
in order to remove tolerably large pieces of this galena, make use of a sharp iron, which they drive vertically into the bed of caulking, separating the two halves of the mineral; this done, they all retire, for in a few minutes all the vein loosens itself with a great noise, and the workmen would endanger their lives, were they not to secure themselves. I was told that each explosion was preceded by a dull noise, like the sound of a bell, which was heard in the galleries, and which enabled the miners to retire in safety.

Tideford.—This town is four miles from Buxton; here I saw several small quartzose crystals, which presented two pyramids joined at the base, and which had been found in one of the lead mines.

Buxton.—Thirty-five miles from Derby, some pits have been cut to the second calcareous bed; veins in great part are filled with white calcareous spar, which contains very little coarse-grained galena. No machines are made use of to descend into these mines, but the workmen enter and retire by climbing. The small crystals known in England under the name of Buxton diamonds, which are used for several articles of jewelry, are found detached in the environs of this town; they are small quartzose crystals, very clear, and often coloured with red.

Cafleton.—The mines of this little town are generally poor in ore, and employ only about 50 persons. I observed at the foot of Mam Tor*, a very steep calcareous mountain near Cafleton, some galleries which directly led to a vein which terminated nearly at the surface. The gangue of the vein is calcareous spar, of a milky colour; containing very little coarse-grained galena. The chief productions of the mines of Cafleton, are different vitreous spars, which are used for vases or other objects of ornament, according to their size and beauty of color. The purple spar is the most common, and by way of fallboard, accompanies the white vitreous spar; in English it is called Derbyshire blue John, blue-flint, johnstone. The labourers who work these spars, dwell at Derby, Winton, Mathak, &c. in other parts of the county. All the pieces of workmanship are transported to Birmingham, where they are mounted in gilt copper, and other metals. The largest pieces of vitreous spar found at Cafleton, are about a foot in length; artificial colours are sometimes applied to these spars, to increase the lustre and variety of the natural ones.

Oxen-mine, near Cafleton, is celebrated for the expulsions of the specular galena, sometimes observed there, which are quite as dreadful as those of Ladywash at Fyam.

* Political and Economical Constitution of the Mines of Derbyshire.

All the mines of Derbyshire are situated in the highest part of the county, called the Peak, which is commonly divided into the High and Low Peak. Each part is subdivided into small districts, known under the names of Liberties, Wapentakes, Manors, which are called after the names of the towns they contain; for example, Winsford-liberty, Ashford-manor, &c. The ordinances and statutes of all these liberties, relative to the working of the mines, are every where the same, with the exception of some particular customs, and the right which each district possesses of choosing an inspector.

The earth and fiones which fall down, from this mountain, form, in several parts, small hills, which daily increase in size, and are regarded by the common people as one of the seven wonders of the Peak.
of the mines.* This inspector, or director, who is called the Barmaster, or Deputy Barmaster, partly depends on the proprietor of the land in which the mine is, and sometimes also on the farmers of the mine, who may dismis him at pleasure; his only profit arises from the emolument of his employment. The Barmaster does not direct the labour of the miners; but his principal occupation is to attend to the measurement of the mineral which is sold to the founders, and to exact the tribute which belongs to the lord of the estate; he also grants permission to persons wishing to work a mine, and in fine settles the little disputes occasionally arising among the miners. Every important suit is decided by the tribunal of the mines, of which we shall speak hereafter.

In the High Peak, the right of working mines, belongs exclusively to the king, and the Barmaster, or director, is elected, and confirmed in his situation by the king's farmers. All the mines of the Peak are besides inspected by a director general (the b.wd Barmaster) who has allowances, but is equally dependant on the farmers of the king, and the proprietors.

The director general also presides in the grand council of mines, which is here called the Barmote court, and is generally compos'd of the steward and 24 jurors; the latter, when assembled, form what is called the grand jury. In the royal mines the farmers are at the same time the jurors. The grand council of mines (the great Barmote court) assemble twice in the year, at Easter and at Michaelmas; the lesser council (court of trial) also assembles every three weeks, and even oftener, if requisite.

The grand council possesseth absolute jurisdiction over all things relating to the mines; as, for example, disputes concerning boundaries, misunderstandings between the proprietors and others; it judges according to a printed code, which is generally followed; but it can even in case of necessity alter the laws. The king has a thirteenth of all the mineral worked; in the mines granted by concession, the same benefit belongs to the proprietor of the land. In exchange, the worker of the mines has the privilege of cutting the necessary wood from the nearest royal forest, and employing, for his purpose, the nearest water. According to an English author, the king's thirteenth, in the district of Wirksworth alone, is valued at a thousand pounds sterling annually.

Individuals are not permitted to work a vein on the land of another, without consent of the proprietor, excepting persons immediately dependant on the king, or particularly attached to him (the king's liege people); these have the liberty of working a vein wherever they think proper, and they are only obliged to respect houses, gardens, and orchards; but their works must be carried on within rule, and according to the laws of the mines; in breach of these, the proprietor may claim up the work. See Jars. Am. 3, p. 541, art. 16.

The proprietor of the land has always the right of the first market, in the sale of the mineral, unless he has arranged otherwise with the worker; but no sale can take place without the consent, and unless in the presence of the Barmaster, and his measure must even be used; at every sale he receives a recompence, depending on the liberality of the vender.

The old and abandoned mines, as well as the newly discovered veins, cannot be worked without a grant, from the Barmaster. To persons wishing to work the old or

* On this subject a work may be consulted, entitled, The Miner's Guide, or a complete Miner, by W. Hardy, of Sheffield, 1748, 8vo. and Jars, Voyage Metallurgique, tome, iii. p. 538; the juriprudence of the mines of the county of Berby.

The relation between the ordinances of the mines of Derbyshire, and those of Saxony and Germany, renders it probable that the ancient Saxons introduced the art of mining into England. F. Tr.

† A Tour through Great Britain, vol. iii. London, 1773, 8vo. p. 78.
abandoned mines, a certain portion (measure of ground) is granted; 32 yards in the High Peak, and 29 in the Low Peak; that is, half of the portion on each side of the pit. For a new vein, a double portion is allowed; 58 yards for the Low Peak, and 64 for the High Peak, according to the direction of the vein. The proprietor of the land, in like manner, receives a half measure on each side of the pit, for all the new veins: the Barmaster also grants, to every worker of a mine, a place without it, necessary for washing and separating the ore, as well as for refuse, and a path to his work. The emoluments of the Barmaster are fixed at a dili, or about 70 pounds weight of ore, which he always takes from the first produce. In an old and abandoned mine, the proprietor of the land receives nothing.

The portions granted by concession, are marked at the surface by holes, in which a kind of wooden crofs is fixed, called flawes or crofes, serving as a boundary. The removal or alteration of this limit, is severely punished; and those who work the mines, are bound to guard their preservation; in default of which, they forfeit their right of grant.

The mines of Derbyshire are worked by companies or societies. The members of these societies are commonly wealthy people, who work several mines at once, and divide the shares† at their will. The superintendence of these mines, is generally entrusted to an honest and able person of the district, who acts, at the same time, in the capacities of a geometer, juror, and secretary to the society; and who also tells the mineral. It may easily be conceived, that a single man cannot bellow the necessary attention on so many occupations; every thing is in consequence carried on with negligence, and the working of the mines is in general so little within rule, that it is only the extreme richness of the mineral which can counterbalance the losses of the proprietors, arising from an unskilful administration.

The covenants with the workmen are renewed every six weeks; at the same period the ore is sold to the founders, who then assemble there in great numbers.

There are actually three leadfounderies in Derbyshire, belonging to very wealthy merchants. The lead is generally conveyed to London through Derby, or else, sent to Hull in Yorkshire, whence it passes to foreign countries. The ore is sold to the founders at the rate of seven or eight pounds sterling, the ton§; the melted lead is, in fact, worth 15 guineas per 24 hundred weight.

The miners of Derbyshire are, in general, robust and enterprising people; they are called, in English, Peakirills; their salary is very small, as is that of all miners, when the laborious and dangerous nature of their employment is considered.

Working of the Mines of Derbyshire, and the Machines employed.

The mountains of Derbyshire present to the naturalist a great number of curious objects; but they are much less interesting to those who only regard the working of the mines, for, in general, this branch of industry is in a deplorable condition. The

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* A dili is a measure for the mineral, commonly weighing 60 or 70 pounds, more or less, according to its quality. See Journ. 3. p. 531.
† These shares are called Kase in German.
‡ The number of foundaries has increased since M. Ferber was there. F. Tr.
§ The ton contains twenty hundred weight, each hundred weight, 2 hundred and twelve pounds, English weight.
|| All authors agree as to the bad administration of the mines of England, and the defective method of working them; we may read what Mr. Kirsaw says on this subject, in the preface to his Mineralogy. F. Tr.
number and richness of the veins are, perhaps, the cause of the want of that attention which is so much admired in the other enterprizes of that enlightened nation, and I am led to think that the considerable revenues, which the proprietors constantly derive from these mines, render them insensible to further profit. It is pretended, that it is for political reasons that the general administration of the mines is so bad a footing as we see it. My knowledge of the constitution of England is too limited to decide whether a better arrangement would be dangerous; but I am well convinced, that this branch of industry will never arrive to a high degree of perfection, unless a supreme council be established over the mines, with unlimited power to reform all abuses.

It is but a very few years since the English began to pay attention to the study of mineralogy, while in most other parts of natural history, they have long possessed learned men of very great merit. I think I may, with some reason, say that mineralogy in England is still in its cradle, and it is not long since the Cornish miners threw away the bismuth with the reluf, as a subsistence perfectly useless; and they would have remained in the same error, had it not been for Dr. Schloffer of Amsterdam. What I am about to relate of the internal construction of the mines and foundries, will qualify my readers to judge of the rest.

In almost every part of Derbyshire, the veins are sufficiently rich, and the rock so solid, that they are relieved from the expense of scaffolding; but it will appear surprising to learn, that even stepladders are neglected. Every overseer directs the labour of the mines according to his ability; and as economy is sought as much as possible, the timber of the mines is every where in so bad a condition, and the pits so ill constructed, that it is impossible to form an idea of it. In a great number of the mines, the labourers ascend and descend, by climbing on bad stepladders at the risk of their lives. In some pits near Winthorpe, steps are managed in the four corners of the pit, without order, and too distant from each other; in others, the pieces of wood serving for the ladder-stepladders are so badly fastened, or so near the side of the pit, that the foot cannot be fixed; in fine, I have seen stepladders and almost rotten, which is certainly a proof of extreme negligence. Conceive the danger of descending a pit more than 40 fathoms in depth, and perpendicular, like that of Hubber-dale, on stepladders of such little solidity!

Fire was formerly used in the working of the mines, as appears from the ordinances: at present pick-maces and boring-maces alone are used; sometimes gunpowder is employed.

The miners work by the day, or according to a certain rate. The day is of six hours; but those who work at a certain rate, can only be discharged at the end of every six weeks; they receive three, four, and five pounds sterling the fathom, according to the quality of the rock, but they are obliged to furnish the powder themselves, and to clean the ore.

The separation of the ore is performed without the mine, by means of a large hammer or bucker; women and children are generally employed for this purpose.

The mineral is extracted by means of a windlass, and by machines with horses; in mines of great depth, the latter are generally established in an elevated place without any

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1. I am well acquainted with the works of Woodward, Hill, and Mendez da Costa. M. Fouler, a learned German, has also published an Essay on Mineralogy in English; in like manner I might cite the English translation of the mineralogy of Crociat, executed by my friend and countryman M. d'Englemont; but it is to be lamented that the person to whom the edition was entrusted has been allowed to make alterations which are more favourable to the work.

2. See Paradies, Natural History of Cornwall, Oxford, 1754; fol.
covering, surrounded with a little wall. One of the best machines of this kind, was that of Hubber-dale; all the others I saw, were constructed on nearly the same model, except that they were too massive, and the circle was of too large a diameter, and too narrow: I have seen some of these engines made with two boards nearly circular, on the edges of which some bad planks were nailed.

To carry off the water, hand pumps and water engines are generally used. Steam engines are only employed in coal mines: it is true that in mines of little depth, these machines are sufficient, and it would even be imprudent to establish more expensive ones; but I believe that in general the use of these machines is continued here, because they have been once introduced, and that too little attention is paid to the improvements these works require.

*Preparation of the Ore.*

THE mineral containing the lead is either compact or inclosed. The compact needs no other preparation than to be broken, by means of a large hammer, into pieces of a moderate size. The ore enclosed by, or mixed with, other substances, requires to be separated from its gangart; in this labour, which employs women and children, there is so little care, that a great part of the metal is thrown away with the refuse. Stamping and washing* are not yet introduced, but a particular method is employed to separate the ore from the gangart and earthly particles, which is a very imperfect kind of washing, and as defective as the labours of these mines in general.

*Lead Foundries.*

THREE principal foundries are reckoned in Derbyshire, belonging to wealthy individuals: the ore melted here is purchased from the mines in the environs, perfectly cleaned. The tell kiln is generally introduced throughout Derbyshire and is perhaps the best invention of this country. This furnace has been described, though very imperfectly, by M. Justi, in the third volume of his chemical works, and it is impossible to form a precise idea of it after so bad a description; that given by M. Jars (tum. ii. Voyages Metallurgiques) is infinitely superior, and executed with the greatest care; the plates accompanying the description of M. Jars leave nothing wanting on the subject.

As the methods pursued in the foundries of this country are alike, I shall only mention what I observed at Wirksworth. The ore is not broiled before being introduced into the furnace, but a certain quantity of quick-lime is added. I cannot applaud this method, because it is evident, that great part of the metal is exhausted by the arsenical and sulphurous particles which volatilize it; besides, the quick-lime which is added, produces, with the sulphurous particles, a kind of scoria, which dissolves the lead, and probably converts a very great proportion of this metal into litharge or scoria; for this reason it is necessary here to melt their scoria a second time in a small blow furnace.

Though in general the lead of Derbyshire does not appear to contain much silver, it is wrong not to have the matter ascertained by good assays; for nothing varies so much as the contents of ore.

*According to the method followed in Germany and Hungary.*
Copper Founderies.

THE copper ore melted at Derby, two leagues from Simonfield, is worked at Eckon-hill, in Staffordshire. There is nothing remarkable in the process: the ore being broiled, is melted in furnaces. Among the ores melted here, I observed some laminated pyrites of crystallized copper, some in the form of buttons, others of a bright luster, upon a mamellated gypseous spar.

Preparation of Calamine.

THE lead mines between Wirksworth and Matlock, Bath, afford the greatest quantity of calamine; the colour is commonly white, yellowish, or brown, of a cellular or compact texture. The ore is first reduced to pieces of a moderate size by means of a large hammer, then sifted, in order to separate it from the ferruginous and other extraneous bodies; it is afterwards broiled in a kind of smelting furnace, at the top of which is another little furnace, which serves to dry it. The calamine being broiled is taken to the mill, where by means of two horizontal stones, it is reduced to a very fine powder; but as this preparation cannot take place without humidity from time to time, it is necessary to dry it in the little furnace I have just mentioned. Nearly the whole of the calamine prepared here is transported in cales to Birmingham, where a very great quantity is employed in the different brass manufactures.

In several lead mines there is found a calamine in powder, most commonly very impure; it generally contains argil and much sand, which are separated by washing in German chests. Another process formerly used in England, has been communicated to me by M. Cramer, a celebrated German chemist; this process consists in broiling by the fire of flame, in a small furnace of calcination, the calamine which contains lead; by this means the lead is melted, and the calamine becomes very friable. The broiled calamine is then placed on planks, the position of which is a little oblique, where children, with small boards fastened to the feet, crush it by treading on it. The water, which is conveyed over the whole surface of the calamine, washes away the finest parts, which are received in little boxes, but the lead remains on the planks, where it is retained by little borders fixed at the extremities.

Formerly blende broiled was employed as calamine, particularly in the environs of Brillin, where are a great number of brass manufactures. The blende used, was brown and compact, but broiling was sufficient to render it friable; this was performed in a square furnace with a conical chimney, in which the sulphur contained in the ore was sublimated; the remainder was then reduced into very fine powder in a common mill.

Manufacture of Minium.

SEVERAL processes are known to make minium, particularly that described by M. Jussii, in his Chemical Opera; but this author is mistaken when he says, that in

A more detailed account of these foundaries is given by M. Jars. See Voyages Metallurgiques, tom. iii p. 75.

* w. Forster's Catalogue, 1753, p. 2.
+ M. Jars has described with his usual accuracy the results of his own experience relative to this subject, Voyage Metallurgiques, iii. 106.
§ The best work which has been given on the preparation of minium, is the German work of M. Nofe, under the title, Abhandlung von Mennigbrunnen, Nuremburg, 1779, 4to.
England galena is employed for this purpose; I have been in a manufacture of minium at Wirkefworth, and I can affirm that the purest lead is there employed. The furnace of Wirkefworth, to reduce the lead to minium, is very well described by M. Jars; the plate he has annexed to his description is very accurate, and enables the reader to form a very exact idea of this operation, which has always been carefully concealed from travellers.

At Wirkefworth there are always two furnaces under the same roof; in each furnace 2240 pounds of lead are calcined, with the aid of pit-coal, and by stirring the melted lead continually during 6 or 7 hours, while the first calcination lasts. The calx of the lead appears, after this first operation, under the form of grey powder, bordering in a very small degree on the yellowish. To give a red colour, this powder is pounded by an horizontal mill-stone, moistening it from time to time; after the whole mass has been well pounded, and again diluted with a sufficient quantity of water, it is passed through a very fine sieve, in order to separate all the gross particles. This powder, well washed and sifted, is a second time calcined in a furnace perfectly resembling the first. Minium sells, free of carriage to Hull, at the rate of 16 pounds the ton, or 2240 pounds weight. The greatest part of the minium manufactured here, passes to Holland, where great use is made of it in the glass houses.

Manufacture of Porcelain at Derby.

This must not be confounded with the manufacture of earthen-ware, which is also in the environs of the town. As the manufacture of porcelain is kept secret in England, I could not obtain all the information I wished on this subject. The following is the account I have gathered. I was assured at London, that in all the manufactures of this kingdom, as at Chelsea, Worcester, Derby, &c. the fletite of Cornwall (soaprock*) was employed, mingled with a good oporous argil. I was also informed with respect to the porcelain of Derby, by Dr. Small of Birmingham, that calcareous substances, mingled with others extremely fusible, were only employed, and that the kind of enamel or paste which resulted from this mixture, was ground at first, and furnished the paste for the Derby porcelain. I have reason to think this information not without foundation, on account of the great number of calcined oyster shells which I saw employed in that manufacture.

Mr. Cookworthy, an apothecary of Plymouth, has obtained the privilege of establishing a manufacture of porcelain in that town. The substance serving for base to this porcelain, is a granite found at St. Stephen's near Plymouth†. This granite, of which I have seen specimens, was composed of a reddish felspar, in pieces of a tolerable size, quartz in small grains, and black scaly mica.

Manufacture of Earthen-ware.

This ware of which there are manufacturies at Derby, Burslem, and Worcester, is everywhere known; the English call it stone ware. All the manufacturies employ nearly the same materials and pursue the same course: the base is either a white argil, extremely fine, or pipe-clay, which is found in Cornwall, near Tinsmouth. When by

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* This fletite is found near Cape Lizard, in the county of Cornwall.
† This granite is actually worked on the account of Mr. Wedgwood, an ingenious artist, and known by the master pieces of earthen-ware from his Etrurian manufacture in Derbyshire. P. Tr.

means
means of washing this earth is reduced to an impalpable paste, it is mixed with a fifth part of its weight of common silex, calcined, and reduced to a very fine powder. As the excellence of this ware depends in great measure on the intimate mixture of these two substances, great care is taken that they are well diluted in a sufficient quantity of water, the only means of mingling them well. The method of working this mass for the different kinds of earthen ware, is known, and therefore needs no description: the most common sort of this ware, or the white ware, receives no other gloss than that it receives from sea-salt, which is thrown into the furnace when the baking is nearly completed; but the finest, which is the yellow, receives a yellowish varnish, after which, it is a second time put into the furnace.

The silex employed in the manufactures of Derbyshire, is never found in that county, and is generally brought from the coast of Norfolk.*

* The information M. Ferber has given us concerning the different English manufactures, is very imperfect, compared with what M. Jars has since published in his *Voyage Métallurgique*. For this reason we entreat our readers to consult this work whenever they are anxious to be more particularly informed on many subjects which M. Ferber has but slightly touched upon. In the same work of M. Jars, there are some very exact engravings of several machines and furnaces, of which M. Ferber was not able to procure satisfactory intelligence, and which for the same reason have been omitted in this translation. (Note of the French Translator).