



Class DA727

Book .L76

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JOURNEY
INTO
SOUTH WALES,
THROUGH THE COUNTIES OF
OXFORD, WARWICK, WORCESTER, HEREFORD,
SALOP, STAFFORD, BUCKINGHAM,
AND HERTFORD;
IN THE YEAR 1799.

By GEORGE LIPSCOMB, Esq.

“ All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse—he may learn to enjoy it.”

“ Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, and virtue.”

JOHNSON.

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1802.

DA727
.L76

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HORATIO,
VISCOUNT AND BARON NELSON
OF THE NILE,
AND OF BURNHAM THORPE
IN THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK;
DUKE OF BRONTÉ, IN SICILY.
KNIGHT OF THE MOST HONOURABLE
ORDER OF THE BATH;
VICE ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE SQUADRON OF
HIS MAJESTY'S FLEET;
GRAND CROSS OF THE SICILIAN ORDER OF
ST. FERDINAND AND OF MERIT;
KNIGHT OF THE IMPERIAL TURKISH ORDER
OF THE CRESCENT;
KNIGHT, GRAND COMMANDER OF
THE EQUESTRIAN, SECULAR, AND CAPITULAR
ORDER OF ST. JOACHIM OF WIRTEMBERG.

MY LORD,

THE respect which every
true Englishman must entertain for
the most conspicuous ornament of
his

his country, and for one, to whose valour and success all Europe is indebted for the blessings of Peace, first prompted me to desire an opportunity of expressing publicly these sentiments of my regard and veneration.

Your Lordship has politely condescended to permit me to inscribe this little book with your illustrious and memorable name: I embrace, therefore, so proper an occasion to remark that the liberty of dedicating literary performances to illustrious personages is highly beneficial, because it enables us at once to hold up to the view of posterity fit examples for their guide and imitation; and to excite in living merit that

vir-

virtuous emulation which may entitle it to similar memorials of public esteem and gratitude.

When I contemplate your Lordship's character, I am at a loss for words to convey the various sensations which arise in my mind at Courage the most intrepid, Calmness the most prudent, Wisdom the most consummate, and Humanity the most benignant.

Whether I view you, my Lord, leading the hardy sons of Britain to conquest and to glory,—animating them, by the firmness of your conduct,—defying danger, without rashness,—and serene, amidst the din of battle: or see you triumphantly returning at the head of a victorious
a band,

band,—not vain, with successes even the most brilliant; not proud, of schemes the best concerted, and entirely your own, but, with an aspect glowing with benignity, and exhibiting at once, the bravery of Alexander, and the humility of Scipio! Whether I observe you surrounded by admiring countrymen, who greet with honest and unaffected joy the return of their great deliverer;—see you receiving at the hands of KINGS the highest honours and distinctions which grateful monarchs can bestow;—or view the mild benevolence, the soft humanity with which the man before whose presence even heroes have trembled, protects the weak and assists the distressed,

tressed,

treffed, I am loft in aftonifhment, delight and extacy; and grieve that the powers of language are fo inadequate to fuch a theme.

A few of thofe excellent qualities, in the fame degree in which your Lordfhip poffeffes them, for the happinefs of civilized fociety, the peculiar honour of your country, and *your own glory*;—even one of them would be fufficient to immortalize any name;—their union forms a chaplet around your brow which dazzles all men by its fublime refulgence, and fets competition at defiance!

It challenges the hiftory of the world to produce its equal, through the ages which are paff; and fhines

like a brilliant constellation to illumine the generations to come.

When in the following pages I have attempted to recall to the reader the characters of illustrious heroes long numbered with the mighty dead, he will form a juster estimation of their bravery and their worth, by the criterion of your Lordship's great example.

When the savage achievements of ancient warriors are depicted, how happily will he oppose to their barbarous ferocity the calm, intrepid, manly, generous conduct of the Hero of the Nile, and of the eighteenth century.

When he reads the names of Hampden and of Sidney, he will
recog-

recognize in your Lordship the friend of freedom, the defender of rational liberty, and the enemy of oppression.

When he traces the author's agonizing feelings in the cause of suffering humanity, he will gratefully revere that patriot whose wisdom and energy have so much contributed to restore to us the invaluable blessings of tranquillity and peace:

And when he admires the commercial importance, the agricultural improvements, the juridical advantages, the domestic security of our native land, he will rightly appreciate the benefits which have been derived to it from the exertions of a gallant commander, whose life has

been one constant scene of laborious activity in the defence, the service, and the protection of his country.

Impressed with these sentiments, I presume to offer to your Lordship's candour the following pages; and beg leave to assure you that I enjoy great pleasure and great pride in thus presenting to you the homage of my profoundest respect, and of thus celebrating your illustrious name with the best praises of my pen.

I have the Honour to be,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most obedient and obliged servant,

GEORGE LIPSCOMB.

Birmingham,
Sept. 5, 1802.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN I first committed to paper the observations which have been since presented to the public, under the title of "A Journey into CORNWALL, &c." it is right for me to acknowledge, that I neither entertained an intention of publishing them, nor encouraged the vanity of supposing that my remarks would at all impress the private circle, for which they were designed, with any more favourable idea of me, than that I was desirous of proving to my friends, that the recollection of their kindness and partiality, could neither be effaced by time, nor worn out by length of absence. The letters which contained those remarks, imperceptibly acquired a certain degree of bulk, and, having been shewn to different persons, in various situations of life, I was

solicited by many of them to publish such extracts from those letters, as, when connected, might at once exhibit a view of the face of the country over which I had travelled, and convey some idea of the general tendency of the correspondence in which I had been engaged.

Although I can not boast of having enjoyed many opportunities, or much leisure, for antiquarian researches, nor of having minutely illustrated the history of any of the places mentioned in that book, I flatter myself, that the strict veracity everywhere observed in the descriptions, and the attention with which I have endeavoured to discriminate, between the truth of history, and the legendary impositions of romance, have rendered my publication at least as respectable in the rank to which it belongs, as those which are placed on the same shelf of the library: for while its Author aspires not to the dignity of an *Historian*, he has the satisfaction of being conscious

scious that he has, here and there, suggested a hint, not unworthy of being attended to, by those who walk in that distinguished path; and that there is nothing contained in his performance, which was intended to feed credulity, or to countenance error.

The hurry in which excursions of this nature are frequently undertaken, and the rapidity with which they are performed, may often deny the means of acquiring very particular or minute information; but this affords no excuse for erroneous statements, much less for wilful deviations from truth.

To me, who have no pretensions to antiquarian importance, it has always appeared a desirable object, that the topographical descriptions of our native country should be rendered as complete as possible; and every day which now presents us with important improvements, in all the arts of life, and with discoveries in science, which
enoble

enoble the name of Britain, and render this country of more and more importance in the eyes of surrounding nations, convinces me of the advantages derivable from such a scheme.

The indefatigable labours of many gentlemen of distinguished learning and abilities, have been directed to our provincial histories, which will become of still greater importance to posterity, in proportion to the increase of opulence, the extension of commerce, and the improvement of science. It is not, however, included in the nature of the plan usually adopted by the historian, to particularize those more superficial features of the country, which are the most liable to change, and the first which strike a casual observer. Besides, the size and price of county histories necessarily excludes from among their readers men of business, and persons of very moderate incomes;—it may also be observed, and I hope without offence to the learning of the
age,

age, that there is at least one class of readers, to whom the perusal of these voluminous compilations would be insuperably irksome and disagreeable, although it is of the highest importance to the welfare and improvement of the rising generation, and of all posterity, that the laudable regard which *that class* has manifested of late years, for the cultivation of literature, should be cherished with the most anxious solicitude. It will be immediately perceived, that I allude to the ladies of *Great Britain*, to whom not even a pedant could think of prescribing the arduous task of perusing folios; and from whom not even an antiquarian could think of secluding that most important among English studies—the knowledge of the local history, and general features of a country, whose brightest ornaments they are.

To such, therefore, who either want leisure or inclination to study, the elaborate performance of a *Dugdale*, a *Hutchins*, a
Collinson,

Collinson, or a *Sbarw*;—who have not that historic ardour which can give a relish to the dry formality of *Hearn*, *Carew*, or *Plot*—the tourist, who, without pretending to minutæ, is correct in his relations, and faithful in the descriptions of the scenes presented, may offer his more humble performances with some sort of claim to an acknowledgment that his labours are not entirely useless, nor unimportant.

So far as those labours may tend to the instruction of such as are excluded the higher walks of literature—to the information of those who are interested in the general appearance of the country, or to the advantage or amusement of those, who have a taste for rural scenes, or a predilection for picturesque beauty,—the appearance of nature in the loveliness of unrestrained vegetation, and untortured elegance; and of art, in the magnificence of its ancient grandeur, or the correctness of its modern improvements:—to those who,

though

though they may not feel any extraordinary emotions at the sight of a rusty shield, or a corroded statue, can rejoice in the triumphs of civilization over barbarity, and the establishment of freedom on the ruins of despotism;—who, though they may not greatly regret the desolation of mouldering towers, which have only been the scenes of captivity and assassination, can recognize in their ruins the native ferocity of our unpolished ancestors, and from thence deduce an awful comparison between the savage licentiousness of gothic tyranny, and the mild blessings of science and philosophy,—the writings of the topographer may be very properly, and indeed laudably, addressed.

It is no more in the power of one man, or of any one set of men, to complete a general description of the surface of the country, than it is to consolidate the provincial histories into a general view:—many and many new labourers must be found;

found; many, and many new efforts must be made, before we shall have obtained any thing like a perfect collection of descriptions,—but the general benefit which would result from the completion of the plan, is still the same: and the endeavour to complete it, should no more be objected to, because different tourists may happen to travel over the same ground, than the endeavours of historians to elucidate particular facts, should be discouraged, because those facts have been previously introduced in the history of another district, or a different part of the country.

If any of the purchasers of my former publications should be induced to cast their eyes over the following pages, they will perceive, that in the present work I have not altogether *superficially* observed all the places mentioned, but where my time allowed me, have introduced a greater portion of local history, than in the Journey into Cornwall, accompanied with Monumental

mental Inscriptions, always copied by myself on the spot.

The latter part of the tour which contains a description of *Buckinghamshire* has been incorporated into this work out of the due order in which the observations were made, and which was originally undertaken by way of collecting, for a more perfect history, of the three hundreds of *Ashington*, in that county, than has yet been attempted. The minutiae may be objected to by some; but they will be at least interesting to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood described: and the Author may, it is hoped, be forgiven, for the reasonable wish of illustrating the history of places in which he passed the first years of his life.

I did not judge it expedient, in a work of this nature, to insert the authorities on which the historical remarks are founded; and, for the same reason, I have forbore to clog the text with notes; hoping that the most fastidious among those, who shall

condescend to read this little book, will not, for want of those clogs, say of it what a certain captious Antiquary has insinuated against a very respectable Tourist, that it is such a book as it is fashionable to write, but from which it would be unsafe to quote a single page.

Those who travel in their closets, or those who presume thus to dogmatize, may indulge as long as they please in the splenetic effusions of contumely, but they will not induce the present enlightened age to respect such miserable critics as the arbiters of taste. Their gloomy ideas are not so congenial to the liberality and tolerance of the times,—their antiquarian pedantry is not so attractive,—their indiscriminate abuse is not so implicitly regarded, as to deter us from the laudable undertaking of endeavouring to benefit, to improve, or to entertain;—nor will they prevail on the generality of readers to forsake the pleasant and flowery path of miscellaneous history, for the rugged and dreary

dreary track which themselves point out as the only direct road to knowledge and improvement.

After having so frequently solicited, and so uniformly experienced the liberality of a generous public, who condescended to encourage even my earliest and humblest efforts in the fields of literature, and of science, it would ill become me to despair of equal candour, or equal kindness. I present this little work, with a sincere desire, that the pains which I have taken to render it worthy of public favour, may not have been bestowed in vain: and my regard for the welfare and happiness of society, so infinitely overbalances every interested or personal idea, that if a single sentence herein contained has any evil tendency, I shall be the first person to rejoice at the work's being discountenanced.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. I.

On the Effects of the different Dispositions of Travellers.—On Wit and Learning misapplied.—On Ill-Humour.—On Criticism, with a word to the Reviewers. Page 1

CHAP. II.

Journey from London to Uxbridge, in a Stage Coach.—Wycombe.—Oxford.—Walk to Woodstock.—Blenheim.—A Funeral.—Reading a necessary Qualification in a Clergyman.—Death. 15

CHAP. III.

Old Woodstock.—Heythorpe.—Enstone.—Stratford on Avon.—Shakespear. 30

CHAP. IV.

Alcester.—Ragley.—Droitwich.—Salt-Springs.—Approach to Worcester. 40

CHAP. V.

City, Cathedral Church, and Bridge of Worcester. 44

CHAP. VI.

“Severn’s famed Meads.”—Malvern Village, Hill, and Bath.—Morton Castle. 52

CHAP. VII.

- Ledbury in Herefordshire.—Firzons.—Stoke Court.—Mordeford.—Fownhope.—Prospects.—Man of Ross.—The Wye.—History of the Dragon of Mordeford,—and of other Dragons.—River Lug.* Page 62

CHAP. VIII.

- Hereford.—Cathedral.—Monuments of the old Prelates.—Site of the Castle.* 77

CHAP. IX.

- White-Cross.—Foxley.—Lady-lift.—Value of Cyder.—Lyons' Hall.—Scenery on approaching the Principality.—Eywood.—Reception at Presteign.* 85

CHAP. X.

- Presteign.—Church.—Anecdote.—Warden-Walks.—Weobly Camp.—Prospects.—Emigration of the Welch Peasantry.* 91

CHAP. XI.

- Views.—New Radnor.—The Castle.—Remarkable Cascade.—Mountainous Country.—Llandegles Wells.—Pennybont.—Rhyader-gowgy.—Red Lion Inn.* 104

CHAP. XII.

- Cross the River Wye.—Mountain.—Desert.—Bogs.—Precipices.—Promontories.—Lead-Mine.* 116

CHAP. XIII.

- Hafod.—Cascades.—Walks.—Bridges.—Kitchen Garden.—The Cockatoo.—River Ystwith.—Pont-y-Mynach.* 125

CHAP. XIV.

*Hafod-Arms Inn.—Falls of the Rhyddol and the Mynach.—
Sublime Scenery.—Reflections.* Page 141

CHAP. XV.

*Plinlimmon.—Gradual Ascent.—Turf Cottages.—Miserable
Life of the Shepherds.—Pent-y-Plinlimmon.—Effects of War.*
147

CHAP. XVI.

*Road from Pont-y-Mynach to Aberystwith.—Aberystwith Cas-
tle.—The Rhyddol.—Sun setting.—Aberarth.—French In-
vasion.* 160

CHAP. XVII.

*Aberayron.—Llangronog New Inn.—Castell yn Dolig.—Car-
digan.—The Bridge.—The Castle.—and the Market.* 170

CHAP. XVIII.

*Road to Newcastle.—River Teivy.—Ancient Castle.—Approach
to Carmarthen.* 177

CHAP. XIX.

*Carmarthen.—Bridge.—Castle.—Reflections.—The Church.—
Merlin.* 183

CHAP. XX.

*Abergwilly.—Coracles.—Line of Beauty.—Dinevawr Castle.
—And Park.—Its ancient and present state.—Improvements
suggested.—Remarks.* 188

CHAP. XXI.

*Llandilo-vawr.—The Church.—Monumental Inscriptions.—
Llandovery.* 200

CHAP. XXII.

*Road from Llandovery to Trecaſtle.—River.—The Inn.—
Llanſpddyd.—The Uſk.* Page 207

CHAP. XXIII.

*Brecon.—The Abbey and Caſtle.—River Wye.—Hay.—Clifford
Caſtle.—Journey to Kington, in the Courſe of which we
were loſt all Night on the Mountains.* 215

CHAP. XXIV.

*Return to Preſteign.—Road to Mortimer's Croſs.—Richard's
Caſtle.—Orleton.—Ludlow.—Hoſpital.—Church.—Caſtle.
—Lords Preſidents of the Marches of Wales.—Hiſtorical
Anecdotes.—Remarks on certain Corporations.* 230

CHAP. XXV.

Stoke Caſtle.—Downton.—Return to Ludlow. 264

CHAP. XXVI.

*Road from Ludlow to Bridgenorth, —with ſome Account of the
latter.* 274

CHAP. XXVII.

*Termination of the Ride to Dudley.—Himley.—Dudley Caſtle.—
Reflections.* 280

CHAP. XXVIII.

Birmingham. 291

CHAP. XXIX.

Excursion to Shenſtone's Leaſowes. 299

CHAP. XXX.

*Road from Birmingham to Warwick.—Solihull.—Knowle.—
Wroxall.* 311

CHAP. XXXI.

Warwick.—Buildings, public and private.—Monuments.—Cultivation of the Vine.—Warwick Castle.—Paintings.—Armour.—Park and Pleasure Grounds.—Antiquities.—Superb Vase. Page 316

CHAP. XXXII.

Charlecott.—Compton Verney.—Kineton.—Edge Hill.—Banbury.—Road to Buckingham. 350

CHAP. XXXIII.

An Excursion to the Villages of Claydon, Hillesden, and Grendon Underwood, with a particular Account of their Parish Churches. 358

CHAP. XXXIV.

Doddershall.—Quainton.—The Church.—Monuments. 374

CHAP. XXXV.

Wotton Underwood.—Dorton House.—Chilton.—The Church. 401

CHAP. XXXVI.

Long Crendon.—Nutleigh Abbey.—Eythorp.—Aylesbury. 421

CHAP. XXXVII.

Aston Clinton.—Enter Hertfordshire.—Tring.—Peter the Wild Boy.—North Church.—Berkhampstead.—The Castle. 434

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Two Waters.—King's Langley.—Cuspioberry.—Stanmore.—Watford.—Road to LONDON. 442

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-

And speedily will be published,

(Dedicated, by Permission, to the Duke of Devonshire),
A DESCRIPTION of MATLOCK BATH and the adjacent Country, including an Attempt to explain the Causes of Heat, and of the Petrifying Quality of those celebrated Springs.

A JOURNEY
INTO
SOUTH WALES.

CHAP. I.

On the Effects of the different Dispositions of Travellers.—On Wit and Learning misapplied.—On Ill-Humour.—On Criticism, with a Word to the Reviewers.

THE peculiar disposition with which a traveller sets out, is sure to have a considerable influence over the train of thinking produced during the whole of his journey. It becomes, therefore, a matter of great consequence, that he should avoid that fastidiousness which is apt to jaundice every object presented to the sight, and which renders the most beautiful and interesting scenery tiresome and disgusting.

A calm serenity of mind, which can alone prepare it for the reception of pleasing ideas, and give it that high polish which makes it capable of resisting the touch of those asperities to which it is every day exposed, seems more particularly requisite, when we enter on a wide field of contemplation, which abounds with a greater variety of

characters, and a greater proportion of accidents than usual.

It is the want of this calmness which frequently occasions the most pleasant excursions to terminate in disappointment: for we are too apt to buoy up the mind with false hopes, and sanguine expectations of pleasure, that incapacitate us for making a proper use of those reflections which the fair face of nature plentifully supplies.

We must not, therefore, allow the anticipation of what we are to meet with on a journey to elevate the imagination beyond its proper bounds. The dishes which nature provides for us are always simple, though elegant and gratifying: but the entertainment cooked by Fancy is graced and garnished with artificial ornaments, and arranged in the most attractive manner. If we indulge in these ideal banquets, they are liable to pall the most healthy appetite, and to vitiate the most refined taste:—we turn from the plain cookery of nature with apathy, or even disgust; and, to drop all metaphor, our descriptions become warped by prejudice, and our arguments tinged with ill humour: the works of Nature appear distorted, and the labours of Art only raise their front to be the sport of wanton criticism, or the theme of satirical abuse.

Topographical history, when fairly and liberally written, is fraught with innumerable advantages.

The stores of natural history open to us spontaneously, and bring into a general review all the absurdities, as well as ingenuities, of the different systematic arrangements which have been made in that important science.

The moralist, the philosopher, the merchant, every rank and description of men, becomes, in turn, the theme of narrative. The mass of instruction is general, and the pathway is strewn with flowers, so that the heart is improved, the judgment corrected, and the imagination delighted at once.

The superiority of acquirement which we observe in others, teaches us to correct our own errors, and stimulates us to a virtuous emulation. The contemplation of greater perfection and higher cultivation in other countries, prompts us to improve our native soil: and a superior degree of rudeness and sterility among them, makes us grateful to the beneficent hand of Providence, for its more liberal distribution of good to ourselves; and teaches us contentment and thankfulness.

With regard to the effects produced in descriptive writing, from the possession of superior

learning and wit, I think it may be said, that the *proper* application of wit can alone afford entertainment;—the rational display of learning can alone effect improvement; for authors, who have enjoyed all the advantages of profound learning, superadded to the brilliancy of the most poignant wit, have, not unfrequently, bordered on pertness, and sometimes soar into the gloomy regions of scholastic dulness.

Wit changed into satire, or twisted into pertness, becomes despicable. Learning, applied to childish subjects, or distributed at random, sinks into contempt. They are then the fair game of criticism, and deserve to be exposed to everlasting ridicule.

Among numerous instances of this manifest abuse of parts, evidently bestowed for far better purposes than those to which they have been applied, *Peter Pindar* may be cited as a striking example.

His wit appears in a malevolent sportiveness, and his taste displays itself in a dirty appetite for every species of scandalous abuse, and sarcastic reflection. He grovelled in the filth of human frailty, for every particle of error which had been dropped by weakness, thoughtlessness, or folly: and, not satisfied with exposing its real shape

shape to public notice, he furnished magnifying glasses, through which its deformity might be more distinctly viewed.

Regardless of the feelings of the inoffensive or the virtuous, and puffed up with the applause of a few giddy and malevolent spirits, he was not contented in the enjoyment of a victorious triumph, without dragging at his chariot wheels, in the true style of *Scythian* barbarity, the characters which he had so grossly derided, and so industriously subjected to contempt.

No man of sense and feeling could enjoy a repast, provided by such unclean fingers, and catered so disgracefully; for however the viands might be disguised by the artifices of those who dished them up, the mind naturally turned to the mode by which they had been originally collected, and recognized the hands that dressed them.

Wit, then, to be agreeable, and to afford entertainment, should be directed by good humour: and learning, to be useful and instructive, must serve the cause of truth, and promote the practice of virtue. Wit must be devoid of keen severity; and learning, of ostentatious pedantry.

The peculiar temper and habit of a traveller, and the nature of his accustomed studies, will

necessarily appear in all his observations. The historian, the antiquary, the philosopher, the politician, will be manifest to an attentive reader, in spite of himself: but every author has it in his power to divest himself of those prejudices which disgrace the historian; those foibles which expose the antiquary to ridicule; those levities which degrade the philosopher; and that fiery spirit of party rage which disgusts in the politician.

It has been, of late, by much too fashionable for writers on almost every subject to treat religion with less decorum than is due to the consideration of a topic so intimately connected with the happiness of society.

Mischievous tenets have been propagated, and unworthy expressions introduced to the world, in books of history, voyages, travels, and even novels and romances. Every species of literary composition has been converted into the means of poisoning the public mind with opinions destructive of all social happiness; and with principles which directly tend to the subversion of all morality and religion: and, under the modest title of *the new philosophy*, treason and atheism have been secretly inculcated, the fences of distinction between different ranks and degrees in society have been boldly broken down, and those
establis-

establishments, whose worth has rendered them venerable and sacred from the remotest periods of antiquity, openly abjured and impudently traduced.

The man, however, be his station or character as a writer, whatever it may, who thus converts the glorious liberty of the press into a vile and unbridled licentiousness; who endeavours to excite a contempt for religious institutions, or to ridicule those sacred duties which are the great bonds of moral happiness, I hesitate not to pronounce an enemy and a traitor to his country.

It is not always necessary that good health or a strong constitution should be possessed by a traveller, because these advantages may be sometimes compensated for by cheerfulness and vivacity; but it frequently happens that the mind becomes enervated by the diseases of the body, and a captious inquietude is produced, which puts a man out of humour with himself and every thing about him.

Innumerable obstacles, then, arise at every step, and perpetual interruptions sour his temper, and render it unfit to convey just or impartial ideas of those objects and occurrences which appear to him shrouded in the veil of moroseness

But I confess that I would rather submit to a little splenetic animadversion from the sick and diseased, who have at least some kind of excuse for trivial deviations from good humour, than to the nauseating effusions of vexation and disappointment which fashionable travellers, and genteel epicures, are continually obtruding on the public.

He who drives from *Dover* to the *Land's End* in search of the best fish, should not dare to call this travelling;—and yet how often do we discover, that the only taste which is displayed in two or three hundred pages, is that of *port wine*, and the only addition made to the general stock of knowledge, is a catalogue of sign posts, and the detail of a bill of fare.

It is of very little consequence whether the *Black Bull* or the *Marquis of Granby's Head* afforded the choicest dinner, or whether my Lord this, or Sir John t'other slept more soundly at the *Bugle Horn*, or the *Star and Garter*: whether the mutton was better roasted at the *Blue Boar* or the *Golden Lion*; or the eels better fried at the *Dog and Pincushion*, or the *Pig and Carrot*. A man must be ill employed to travel only to eat, because, in general, this may be done more conveniently at home; but his time is thrown away

to a still worse purpose if he plagues the world with a publication of his gormandizing adventures.

While I am making these remarks on the qualifications of topographical historians, and the tendency of their works, I may, however, have awakened criticism to my own defects; and as I have little to hope from the candour of reviewers, I shall take leave to add a few observations on these directors of the public taste before the conclusion of this section.

Integrity and unbiassed attachment to the truth of delineation, are to the historian, what impartial justice and sound judgment are, to the critic.

May I ask whether the papers which are employed to discipline and correct the literature of this country, are conducted on the liberal principles of candid criticism? or if they are not sometimes made the vehicles for conveying dogmatical censures against humble merit? censures which are the offspring of malevolence and jealousy. May I ask, are not the reviews, which ought to be the faithful intelligencers of the public, and free from all duplicity, neither swayed by partiality nor warped by prejudice; formed to discriminate justly, not wantonly to condemn;—are they not, I say, become the instruments of scandalous abuse, the victims

victims of the grossest prejudice, and of the most glaring partiality? are they not become so partial, that writings, which for their elegance of composition, or precision of argument, deserve to be generally read, may remain for ever unobserved, if their author's *political* opinions are not sufficiently avowed, to excite the attention of one party, or not sufficiently violent to engage the notice of the other?

This warfare between the critics, however it may have been provoked by the freedom with which every book that had a tendency to call forth the discussion of political questions was a few years since reviewed, will, in the end, greatly injure the literature as well as the repose of the country.

The unassuming author, who in a fair race for public favour, had at least some *chance* of success, is now driven out of the lists by the authoritative severity, and the pointed malevolence of those, whose business it used to be to clear the course, and remove every obstacle which might interrupt the competitors for fame, in arriving at the goal.

Works so conducted, and fraught with principles so illiberal, can not long maintain a respectable place in the republic of letters: even now
the

the general opinion of the world has begun to shake off the fetters of constraint which these writings had been accustomed to impose: and that reverential obedience, with which they used formerly to contemplate these rulers of the press, and dictators of public sentiment is every day rapidly declining.

The reviewers, enthroned on the summit of literature, and awarding the sentence of approbation or discountenance, on which the fame, the character, and perhaps the subsistence of an author depend, have deserted their high station of public censors, and sunk into the meanness of political squabblers and partizans;—have bartered their independence and impartiality, for the despicable gratification of stinging those writers whose principles and opinions differ in any respect from their own: and, as an elegant writer observes, we have lived to see “the British press, “the grand palladium of British liberty, devoted “to the cause of Gallic licentiousness, that mortal enemy of all freedom; and even the pure “stream of British criticism diverted from its “natural course, and polluted by the pestilential “vapours of Gallic republicanism.”

Publications distinguished by the most mischievous tenets have met with the highest commendation and encouragement; while those whose aim was peace, and whose doctrines morality, have either been negligently overlooked, or blasted by the frown of disapprobation and contumely.

Hackneyed scribblers, engendered in the corruption of political misconduct, or hatched by the glow of ambitious expectation, have never had occasion to complain of the severity of criticism, but have basked in the sunshine of the reviewers' favour.

The like partiality has been openly shewn for the numerous exertions of

“ Polemic frenzy, and irreverent rage,”

which have fanned the latent sparks of private, and almost extinguished, animosities, into a flame:—for those tenets whose hideous immorality ought to have consigned them to eternal oblivion;—and for every daring and atrocious effort which has been made to disturb the peace of society, or shake the credit of religion.

Calm, fair, dispassionate argument has been discountenanced, while vehement abuse, and enthusiastic

thusiastic ravings have not only secured the attention, but the favour of the critics. These *qualifications* only could introduce an author to the temple of literary Fame; and the sacrifices which her priests required, have been no less than the candour, morality, and honour of her votaries.

With such sentiments in my mind, it may be asked how I can look forward to the day when these remarks shall become the subject of criticism, and the food of those very animals, whose indiscriminate voracity, or epicurean antipathies, have been treated with some degree of freedom and severity? But however gratifying praise may be to human nature, so much so that “we swallow it with avidity, if it be offered even by a *madman* :” I would have my book read by a few sensible friends, and commented on with undisguised sincerity, though it might thus be exposed to the severest censure, rather than I would receive, at the hands of the reviewers, a large portion of applause, or the most gracious behest of their sovereign dictation.

I am not, indeed, very likely to attract their notice, having no high-flaming political topics to discuss,—no inclination to investigate the different modifications of civil government,—nor complaints to make against any form of religious wor-
ship

ship which teaches men *to be good*. I shall not debate on “the divine right of kings,” nor “the majesty of the people;” but leave these things to heads wiser or worse than my own,—to those who think they can insure public favour by their authority, or will meanly crave it through the medium of the reviewers,—to those who may possibly sometimes recommend themselves to the powerful by obsequiousness and duplicity, or who will court the approbation of the critics, by looseness of expression, bordering on profaneness, and freedom of sentiment, tantamount to sedition.

The scenes which I am about to present, will be faithful, though perhaps rough sketches of nature. The truth, and not the delicacy of colouring; the close resemblance, and not the elegance of finish, must be the criterion of their merit.

Observations on men and manners must be always, in some degree, capricious; mine will not, I hope, be found either unfair or illiberal; and if I am bold in the cause of virtue and of distress, I trust I shall not be accused of malignity, or want of candour, when the follies, and not the vices, the foibles, and not the wickedness of the world, are the subjects under consideration.

CHAP. II.

Journey from London to Uxbridge in a Stage-Coach.—Wycombe. Oxford.—Walk to Woodstock.—Blenheim.—A Funeral.—Reading a necessary Qualification in a Clergyman.—Death.

HAVING engaged a place in one of the stage coaches which passes through *Oxford*, I took leave of the gay crowd in which I had been spending my time in the great metropolis, and soon exchanged the noise and turbulence of that busy scene, for the calmer enjoyments of fruitful fields, and the more noble and splendid scenery of the rocks and the forests.

One cannot make a sudden transition from the tinsel glitter of splendour and ostentation, to those brighter, and more interesting charms, with which the luxury of Nature has adorned her works, without experiencing a sensation of pleasure and delight, which produces a certain degree of vivacity and cheerfulness.

The journey which I proposed to myself was into *South Wales*, a country highly interesting, and

and recommended, in a particular manner, by the lively and picturesque descriptions of it, which have been lately published.

My rout, however, being considerably different from that of many other travellers, and the flattering reception with which my former publications have been honoured, affording me a pleasing hope of the continuance of that indulgence and patronage, which were so liberally bestowed on the literary efforts of my earliest years, I was induced to commit to paper a journal of the remarks which occurred to me during my tour; and, with few alterations, they now make their appearance in print.

I had scarcely taken my seat in the vehicle before mentioned, when the coachman discovered that the place which had been allotted me, was the property of a lady who had previously engaged it, and who was to meet the stage coach at the *Old Hats*, a well-known public house on the *Uxbridge* road. The three other passengers, however, uniting their persuasions, the sovereign of the whip was soon pacified; and the lady obligingly condescended to allow me a fifth place in this quadruple conveyance.

The

The dreariness of the road to *Oxford* has been celebrated by innumerable travellers, but we were so closely shut up, that we had no opportunity of adding to their remarks, whatever might have been our inclination. Dirty roads, it is true, and frequent showers, were loudly complained of; though, like complainers in general, we had very little reason to concern ourselves about the one or the other, as we were not exposed to the inconveniences of either.

It was in the afternoon when we set out, and night approached just as we arrived at the first distinct appearance of verdure in the fields, and rural neatness in the cottages.

All the habitations which we had before passed, were either the splendid abodes of the great, the whimsical conceits of the rich, or those miserable shabby-genteel fashioned huts, which seem to partake both of town and country, but belong to neither.

It was dark when we reached *Uxbridge*, a town of which every traveller is tired with saying, he has nothing to remark; but that it has a good market house;—which, in fact, is neither very elegant nor striking, its size being vastly disproportionate to the height of the *wooden* pillars which support it.

Part of the building still remains, in which the Commissioners met in 1645, for adjusting the unhappy differences between King *Charles* the first, and his Parliament: and the light of a solitary taper, beaming through the narrow quarries, enabled us to discern the apartment in which the fate of a great monarch, and a mighty nation, was once decided.

In this neighbourhood too, lived the patriotic and undaunted *Hampden*, who, firmly uncorrupt amidst the greatest dangers and temptations, braved even death itself, in defence of principles, which were *then* called obstinate, but have *since* been honoured with the epithet of glorious.

“ At length comes Time with Truth’s pervading ray;
 “ To separate the *living* from the *dead*;
 “ Clears the dark clouds of *prejudice* away,
 “ And roasts the varnish off, by Flatt’ry spread.”

A dispute about the penal laws, between a merchant and a farmer, two of my fellow travellers, being carried on with great vehemence and gesticulation, very much disconcerted a Welch man, who sat in the opposite corner of the coach, and seemed desirous to have slumbered away the evening; so that I was glad when we
 arrived

arrived at *Wycombe*, where a good supper very agreeably refreshed all of us, and reconciled the contending parties.

The late Lord *Le Despenser* had a magnificent seat at *West Wycombe*, adorned with fine gardens, laid out in the formal style, with avenues, and canals, and fountains. The house, now the property of Sir *John Dashwood King*, Bart. retains but little of its ancient splendor, and that little it was too dark for us to notice.

The moon shone, however, on the opposite hill, where an elegant chapel has been erected, with a mausoleum at the east end, in which, among other remains of departed worth, is placed the heart of *Paul Whitehead*.

Having changed horses at *Tetsworth*, we soon reached *Oxford*; and, like poor *Moritz* (the Prussian divine, who made a pedestrian excursion from *London* into *Derbyshire*) stopped at the *Mitre*, but did not find the "prince-like attendance" there, which that gentleman was so fortunate as to meet with.

The indisposition of one of the passengers, added to the inconvenience occasioned by the closeness of our stowage, induced me to quit the stage at this place; and it being now about three

o'clock in the morning, there was some difficulty in procuring a bed, particularly as the inn seemed to be left to the entire management of the waiters and coachmen.

Disgusted by their incivility, and perhaps a little nettled by the preference which was given to a young gentleman, who alighted from the roof of the coach, and whom, from his careless air, and the manner in which he swore, I presumed to be a collegian, I determined to seek lodgings at another inn; whither I caused my portmanteau to be conveyed immediately, and where I was lucky enough to find a comfortable apartment.

After a short repose, I prepared to take a walk round this venerable city; whose beauties are so numerous and attractive, that *every* traveller is prompted to attempt their description, although the task requires a master's hand.

It was vacation time, and a kind of void seems to strike one with pensive musing. An air of calm tranquillity is given to the buildings, the walks, and even the inhabitants. I enter *Christ Church*, where the ear so often listens with delight and admiration, to the full-flowing periods, and the refined learning of men, justly famed
for

for literary acquirements; and where friendship is crowned with the joyous festivity of a convivial board.

All is now serene composure, and melancholy stillness creeps along the walls. The mirth-reounding cloister is now forsaken; and even the fountain in the quadrangle has ceased to play.

I stroll through the venerable grove, and along the high o'er-arching vista: I court the gentle stream of Isis, and wind my solitary way along the margin of her devious course.

Thus wandering through the glade, the dear images of long lost friends arise before me; and as the fleeting visions pass, "the grateful memory of the good" awakens the mind to those glorious patens of departed excellence, which have been afforded us in their example. Let us remember, however, that

" A friend when dead is but remov'd from sight,
 " Hid in the lustre of eternal light :
 " Oft with the mind he wonted converse keeps
 " In the lone walk, or when the body sleeps ;
 " Lets in the wand'ring ray, and all elate,
 " Wings and attracts her to another state ;
 " And, when the parting storms of life are o'er,
 " May yet rejoin him on a happier shore."

The afternoon being remarkably fine and calm, I walked to *Woodstock*, and there awaited the arrival of the vehicle which was to convey me to *Stratford on Avon*, the next day.

Eight miles of flat road, with few, or scarcely any objects of attraction near it, would have been a dull and tiresome walk; but I deviated from the turnpike, and followed the windings of a canal which has been made from *Oxford* to *Birmingham*.

A small bridge crosses this cut, about four miles from the former, at a point where an opening presents itself on the left, into a well-cultivated, but level country.

At length the plantations at *Blenheim* catch the eye; and at the end of *Woodstock* we passed a formal avenue, which leads to the house.

The Duchess of *Marlborough* has erected and endowed a neat alms-house, for ten poor widows, at the verge of the park, and close to the town of *Woodstock*: this is the first object which claims attention.

Considering myself in the light of a foot-passenger, and remarking the negligence, and even contempt to which such travellers are every where exposed, I passed the spacious hotel, at
which

which they who travel with carriages, and horses, and servants, usually stop, and trudged on to a comfortable little inn, near the church; where, seeing the inviting sign of the Angel, and the still more inviting appearance of infinite neatness about the premises, I entered the house, and was received with as much civility, and treated with as much respect, as if I had been clothed in embroidery, or had travelled in a coach and six.

Having rested myself a little while, I strayed out into the town, which I can not think either pleasantly situated, or by any means deserving the encomia bestowed on it by some who have travelled this road.

Its manufactory of gloves and steel trinkets is deservedly celebrated; but employs few hands; and, like other branches of trade, has considerably declined during the war.

Woodstock confers the title of viscount on the Duke of *Portland*, by letters patent in 1689, the same year in which the head of that family was created *Earl of Portland*.

The beauties of *Blenheim*, and the fineness of the weather, naturally drew me towards the park, which is open to strangers at all times: they are, however, only admitted into the house for a certain number of hours every day.

Blenheim and its accompaniments have been very well described, and full justice (if not more than justice) has been done to the subject in various publications ; but particularly in the Local Guide.

I perfectly agree with Doctor *Mavor*, the respectable master of a school here, and the author of that Guide, “ that the impresson visitors receive from the view of a place is as frequently conveyed [by the mode in which it is shewn, as by its native beauties or defects.” *Blenheim* must, indeed, always appear beautiful ; its ornaments are appropriate, its situation delightful, its decorations neither too sparing, nor too numerous : the heavy style of *Vänburgh*’s architecture is *here* even consistent (which is more than can generally be said for it), and in short, the changes of the seasons, and the varieties of the weather, can scarcely prevent us from beholding this place with great satisfaction ; and yet there is something so extremely disgusting in the surly pride, and affected importance of the menials of his Grace of *Marlborough*, that a traveller is apt to lose more than half of his pleasure before he leaves the spot : he is apt to lose the complacency with which he entered the house, and sometimes to retort unjustly on the building,

or the proprietor, for the conduct of his domestics.

The spot on which *Chaucer* resided, is unquestionably now the scite of Mr. *Prior's* house, near the entrance of the park; and many of the rural and sylvan scenes which the old bard has painted so impressively, were taken from these grounds.

Lord *Lansdown*, in his dramatic poem called "*The British Enchanters*," has put a very neat and elegant compliment in the mouth of *Urganda*, the enchantress, which deserves to be remembered. Speaking of her bower, she says

“ Here faithful lovers to safe joys remove,
 “ The soft retreat of Glory and of Love;
 “ By Fate prepar'd to crown the happy hours
 “ Of mighty kings, and famous conquerors:
 “ The *Bower of Bliss* 'tis called, and is the same,
 “ Which mortals shall hereafter *Blenheim* name.”

Returning from my walk, a funeral procession caught my eye. I mingled with the crowd, and entered the church, which is a neat well-finished edifice, externally; but contains nothing remarkable.

Between the church and chancel there is a gallery enriched with carving; and some elevated
 seats

seats for the Corporation of the Borough of *New Woodstock*.

A middle aged clergyman *trotted* through the service in a manner the most shamefully negligent, and with a tone and cadence the most dissonantly disagreeable.

No man can read *well*, who does not possess some degree of judgment; who has not some little understanding of the subject and the language; but I am sometimes at a loss to know how it can happen for a person ever to read at all, without obtaining at least sufficient knowledge of the subject, and sufficient acquaintance with the language to make him read much better than *even clergymen* often do.

If their lordships, the bishops, would be pleased to pay some attention to this very necessary and commendable qualification, as well as to the acquirement of Greek and Hebrew learning, I can not help thinking that they would do more to prevent secessions from the established church, than will ever be effected by the most florid harangues, or the most logical arguments against "heresy and schism."

The finest language, the most exalted sentiments, and even the soundest piety itself, unaided

aided by propriety of elocution, will produce but little effect on the minds of a mixed congregation: while the sublime truths of the Holy Scriptures, and the excellent Liturgy of the Church of England, when delivered with that serious energy by which they ought to be enforced, can scarcely fail of making a due and lasting impresson.

Far be it from me to depreciate the necessity and the advantages of the learned languages; but I hope I shall be pardoned by the reverend bench in suggesting, that the prevalence of a careless and inattentive habit of reading the service of the church, is really one great cause of the number of dissenters, or rather seceders from the church. All men can not judge of the learning of the clergy, but there are few so ignorant or unfeeling as not to distinguish between a good reader and a bad one.

The corpse which I had attended to the grave, was now deposited among its kindred dust. It was the remains of a maiden lady, who had attained a very great age; and having survived all her relations and acquaintances, left behind her few, if any, *real* mourners. The rising sigh, and starting tear, however, from the more serious and compassionate of those who attended,

were

were indications of a grateful sensibility in the living, and a silent commendation of the deceased.

Death, in its most frequent shape, is an awful intruder, and his imperious dominion is always reluctantly submitted to ; though his fiat is irresistible, and his arrival certain.

Those beauteous eyes, which once shot captivation at every glance, which beamed in loveliness incomparable, are closed “in putrid night.” Those heavenly smiles, which raised into rapturous delight the admiration of a thousand lovers, are changed into the ghastliness of horror, and contracted with the pale rigidity of death ! The sinews of strength are here relaxed, and the graceful form now moulders into dust.

Hushed are all the passions of the mind ! Ambition, which prompted to high aspiement—Revenge, which lurked in secret hiding places, deeply intent on mischievous purposes—Envy, whose rancorous fangs marked her own bosom with perpetual scars, has yielded to the grim tyrant’s power ! The gay expectancy, the ardour of desire, the accumulation of wealth, the juvenile prospects, the mature schemes, the ancient prejudices, are frustrated and destroyed ! The sanguine

fanguine hopes of the hero are perished, and the mighty victor no longer glories in his strength, nor boasts his conquests!

“ Oh! Death, how shocking must the summons be
“ To him who is at ease in his possessions;
“ Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
“ Is quite unfurnish'd for the world to come.
“ In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
“ Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
“ Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help;
“ But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
“ On all she's leaving—now no longer her's!
“ A little longer—yet a little space!
“ Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,
“ And fit her for her passage!”

But sweet is the sleep of death to him, who by a patient endurance of earthly sufferings, and a uniform perseverance in the ways of virtue, has secured to himself the favour of that blessed Mediator, who having “in his own person overcome the sharpness of death,” hath made it the passage to everlasting mansions of happiness and joy.

CHAP. III.

*Old Woodstock.—Heythorpe.—Enslone.—Stratford on Avon.—
Shakeſpear.*

EARLY the next morning I walked to *Old Woodstock*, where the ſtage coaches ſtop, and notwithstanding the keenest wind, which I ever remember to have felt, blew from the north eaſt, mounted the roof of the firſt machine which arrived, being anxious to reach *Stratford on Avon*.

I have ſcarcely ſeen any part of *Great Britain* leſs intereſting to the traveller than the road over which we paſſed; no object worth mentioning preſenting itſelf, unleſs I ſhould particularize the wall with which the park at *Blenheim* is incloſed, the work of *Henry the Firſt*, whoſe grandſon, of the ſame name, rendered *Woodſtock* famous in our old hiſtories, by the “delightful bower” which he made there for *Rofamond Clifford*.

John Rouſ, the antiquary, ſpeaking of the park at *Woodſtock* as the firſt enclosure of the kind in *England*, has theſe words, “etiam in
“*Angliâ* parcum de *Woodſtock* cum palacio, in-
“ fra

“ fra prædictum parcum, qui parcus erat *primus*
 “ parcus Angliæ, et pro eo fiendo plures villæ
 “ destructæ sunt, &c.” and in the “ Appendix
 “ to *Robert of Gloucester*,” by *Hearne*, are the
 following lines:

“ Then regnyd *Harry*, nought full wyfe,
 “ The son of *Mold* the emperyse,
 “ He held *Rosmund* the sheen
 “ Gret forwe hit was for the queen:
 “ At *Wodestoke* for hure he made a toure
 “ That is called *Rosmounde’s boure*.”

Hollinshead also says, “ King *Henry* the Second
 “ made for *Rosamond* an house at *Woodstocke*,
 “ like to a labyrinth, &c.”

Beyond *Woodstock* the plantations at *Heythorpe*,
 the seat of the Earl of *Shrewsbury*, now arrived
 at the full perfection of matured growth, mock
 the dreariness of the surrounding country, which,
 neither enriched with verdure, diversified with
 cattle, nor varied by a hedge-row, or even a
 hawthorn, stretches into a broad expanse of cold,
 bleak-looking, level fields, disgustfully separated
 from each other by rude stone walls.

At *Enstone*, we stopped to breakfast; but the
 inn being kept by one of the proprietors of the
 coach, we had not finished a scanty repast before

we were summoned to resume our places, in a tone of authority which implied little less than an absolute command. We were very ill fortified against the wind and the frost by what we had been able to procure; and so, in no very good humour, and shivering all the time with cold, we growled at each other, till we reached *Shipston*.

The water-works at *Enstone*, elaborately described by Doctor *Plott*, the Historian of *Oxfordshire*, are contained in a small building at the end of the village. Their celebrity, however, has declined, in the same proportion as the formality of *Dutch* gardening has given place to the rational arrangements of modern times.

These water-works were originally projected by Mr. *Bushell*, who had been servant to the immortal Lord *Bacon*, and was afterwards surveyor, or farmer, of the king's minerals in *Wales*.

The prospect from *Long Compton Hill* is extensive, but the scenery is neither picturesque nor interesting, and the wind was so excessively tempestuous that it was with difficulty we kept our seats on the roof of the coach.

The road passes a good family house a little beyond *Shipston*, with a large sheet of water in a meadow

meadow before it, leaves the little village of *Halford*, and a small white house exactly in the shape of a knife-box, on the right, and enters the enclosures.

In a spacious meadow, by the side of a winding brook, there is a snug little box, which appears capable of great improvement; but it is at present vilely disgraced by its glare of white-wash, and want of trees.

Entered *Stratford* by a long narrow bridge over the *Avon*, built, as appears by an inscription on a pillar standing on the north side of it, by Sir *Hugh Clopton, Knt.* a citizen of *London*, in the reign of *Henry* the seventh.

It is a most fortunate circumstance for *Stratford*, that *Shakespeare* was born here; such an event was necessary to render it worthy of notice; for the town turns its back on the road, and those who might be inclined to deviate from it, and to pass through the street, are prevented by the intolerable roughness of the pavement.

Avon glides along with great elegance, but only one man of fortune has been found with taste enough to settle on its bank, the rest of the houses which skirt the river being chiefly inhabited by the lower classes.

In the middle of the town is a neat sessions house, in which are two pictures of the great *Shakespear*, by *Wilson*; and *Garrick*, from a copy of *Gainsborough*. The front is also adorned with an indifferent statue of the former, in the same attitude as the figure on his monument, in *Westminster Abbey*.

“ To paint fair nature, by divine command,
 “ Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
 “ A *Shakespear* rose—then, to expand his fame
 “ Wide o’er this breathing world, a *Garrick* came.
 “ Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,
 “ The actor’s genius bade them breathe anew.
 “ Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
 “ Immortal *Garrick* call’d them back to day;
 “ And, ’till eternity, with power sublime,
 “ Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary time,
 “ *Shakespear* and *Garrick*, like twin stars shall shine,
 “ And earth irradiate, with a beam divine.”

Pieces of *Shakespear*’s mulberry tree continue to be sold in a variety of shapes,—in tobacco stoppers, snuff boxes, &c. and, no doubt, there will be found an ample supply of these sacred relics till the end of time. The man who sells it, however, will, at any time, vouch for its being genuine, and the same testimony may very probably be obtained from his children in the next century.

century. A whole forest could scarcely have supplied materials sufficient to have formed half the trinkets which have been already disposed of; but so long as credulity lasts, there will be found knaves ready to pocket the money of the weak and superstitious.

The edifice which has been called the *great church of Stratford* (though for no reason that I can discover distinguished by that epithet) stands in a low piece of ground washed by the *Avon*, which renders the building excessively damp and incommodious.

Here lie the mortal remains of *Shakespear*! "The man whose merits deserve a temple," finds in this place an humble tomb. His grave is near the altar, under a plain blue stone, with his name and the well known lines following:

"Reader, for Jesus' sake, forbear
 "To dig the dust enclosed here;
 "Blest be the man who spares these stones,
 "And curst be he who moves my bones."

He died on the 23d of April, 1616, aged 53.

The effigy, in alabaster, of the same great man, is placed against the north wall of the chancel,—a clumsy piece of statuary, every way

unworthy of him whom it is designed to represent.

Contiguous to the church is a charnel house, full of bones, which have been perfectly bleached by long exposure to the air. It has been said that this place suggested to the Bard the solemn scene of the grave digger, in "*Hamlet*," but it seems more likely to have suggested the quaint lines which reflect disgrace rather than honour on his tomb.

There are some inscriptions in memory of the family of *Coombe*, to which *Shakespear* was related; and a large painted and gilt monument of the *Cloptons*, with recumbent effigies of *George Carew*, Earl of *Totness*, Baron *Carew* of *Clopton*, and the Lady *Joice* his wife.

The church of Stratford claims some peculiar privileges, and its vicar is exempt from the jurisdiction of the Archdeacon of *Worcester*.

Welcome Hills, (now the seat of *Mr. Lloyd*) at the distance of about a mile from *Stratford*, was the residence of *John Coombe*, uncle of the immortal *Shakespear*: but they who look for wild, romantic, or beautiful scenery, as images of the vast conception of this wonderful man, will be disappointed. His impressions were not received
from

from surrounding objects,—they were the spontaneous productions of native and original genius. Here, indeed, he was born, and here he died: and these events formed the whole of the connexion between *Shakespear* and *Stratford*.

“ Far from the sun and summer gale,
 “ In thy green lap was Nature’s darling laid,
 “ What time, where lucid *Avon* strayed ;
 “ To him the mighty mother did unveil
 “ Her awful face ; the dauntless child
 “ Stretch’d forth his little arms, and smil’d.
 “ This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear,
 “ Richly paint the vernal year :
 “ Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
 “ This can unlock the gates of joy,
 “ Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 “ Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.”

A very serene walk of lime trees, bent into an arbour, reaches from the entrance of the church yard to the north door.

It too frequently happens that a man’s poverty is as insurmountable a bar to the good opinion of his neighbours, as to his advancement in life. Of this remark I had an ample illustration at *Stratford*. The story is very short, and simply this.

Having an intention to be present at divine service, I made some enquiries respecting the afternoon preacher, but received such a forbidding account of the clergyman, that no other excitement but that of curiosity could possibly have induced me to become one of his auditors. I went, however, and though with no design “*to scoff*,” certainly with no very fervent hope of improvement,—but how happily and agreeably I was disappointed, this sentence shall be a lasting testimony.

The language and sentiments of the preacher soon recalled my attention, and rivetted it upon the sacred truths which issued from his lips with irresistible force. The discourse was every thing which it ought to be;—it was plain, correct, and intelligible!—it was nervous, classical, and impressive! I know not whether it came *from* the heart, but every one of the congregation must have felt that it reached *to* it,—which is, I believe, the best proof we could have of the sincerity and earnestness of the preacher. I found afterwards, that this clergyman was *poor* and *unfortunate*: had he been rich and ostentatious, “the scribes and pharisees” of *Stratford* would have “praised and adored him” as readily as their God,

If this remark should reach them I will only recommend a little more charity towards one another, than was shewn in the instance above related; and that they will not presume to shift the reflection to their neighbours, but quietly suffer them who deserve the censure, seriously to apply it to themselves.

Near the church formerly stood an old mansion called the college, probably from its scite having been the foundation of a building belonging to the church at its erection, in the reign of King *Edward* the Second, when it was collegiate. This building has been completely demolished, and the ground on which it stood is converted into a garden.

C H A P. IV.

*Alcester.—Ragley.—Droitwich.—Salt Springs.—Approach to
Worcester.*

FROM *Stratford* I pursued my journey on horseback, and took the road to *Bromsgrove*, which passes through an enclosed country, and afterwards, winding to the left, enters *Alcester* by a bridge over the river *Arrow*, which appears to have been lately rebuilt, but has the date 1600 on a stone fixed in the parapet.

Alcester is, as the name signifies, a town of great antiquity, and was a Roman station. There are no records preserved of its former grandeur or importance, but several coins have been discovered from time to time, and two urns, which were dug out of a sepulchral barrow, are now in the possession of a gentleman of the town.

Alcester is, at present, a place of little note, and even the turnpike road passes rather by than through it.

The

The church is a venerable pile, situated in the centre of the town, and contains a monument of the family of *Greville*.

Ragley, the seat of the Marquis of *Hertford*, is elevated on a commanding eminence, about a mile from *Alcester*. The house is handsomely built of stone, and the park charmingly wooded.

Quitting the *Bromsgrove* road soon after having left *Alcester*, turned to the left towards *Droitwich*.

On approaching the very borders of *Worcestershire*, I found myself in the region of *Pomona*; every cottage is surrounded with apple-trees, and every prospect affords an industrious thriving populous scene.

The road rises and declines very suddenly, and gratifies the traveller with some pleasing views of the woods and plantations of *Ragley*.

Winding to the left, a beautiful retrospective view is presented, of a rich and fertile valley, bounded with gentle eminences. Beyond, the road becomes flatly insipid and disagreeable, passing in a direct line for four or five miles down a green lane: the way is rough, and the turf, by the sides, soft, mossy, and yielding. The country around is diversified with hill and valley, but the

the one is not bold enough to be sublime, and the other wants extent, to make it interesting. The prospects are indeed neat, and every where exhibit proofs of good husbandry.

Breakfasted at *Fakenham*, a poor place, neither a town nor a village; that is neither populous nor rural. Rode to *Droitwich*, celebrated for its salt springs.

The town seems to be declining, the buildings are discoloured with smoke, half of the houses vacant, and the countenances of the inhabitants are pale, fallow, and squalid. The pecuniary compensation for their labour is very small, and even the most industrious can not, without difficulty, procure the necessaries of life.

The fume arising from the brine pits was so intolerably offensive that I had no inclination to examine the process of making salt, by a minute inspection of the works; neither, indeed, is there any thing very curious in it. The brine was not so strong formerly as it is at present. A gentleman, about the year 1725, having accidentally heard that the salt springs in *Cheshire* were dug to a greater depth, caused the stratum of talc or gypsum at the bottom of his pits to be bored through, when a current of very strong
brine

brine immediately burst forth with prodigious violence, which rendered the old springs of little value, and ever since that time, there has been a great superabundance of brine.

An ancient church stands on a steep hill, and consists of a square tower, with two aisles attached to the north side of it, and a third awkwardly stuck on at the east end.

It is difficult to say how long the salt springs here have been discovered, but it is certain that they were highly celebrated as early as the days of King *Alfred*.

After leaving *Droitwich* the road gradually improves as you approach nearer the fair city of *Worcester*; the *Malvern Hills* breaking into the prospect at some distance. The cottages which border the road are the most comfortable and rural that can be imagined, and to each is attached a large piece of garden ground, which is kept incomparably neat, and in the highest state of cultivation.

One mile from *Worcester* a gentle eminence affords a pleasing view of the town, with the spires of the churches sprouting from among the trees, the neat villas in its neighbourhood, and the magnificently swelling bosom of the hills of *Malvern*.

CHAP. V.

City. Cathedral Church, and Bridge of Worcester.

THERE is nothing very striking in the immediate approach to *Worcester*, and the objects of curiosity and attraction within the town itself are few; but an air of neatness and elegant simplicity pervades every part of it. The streets are excellently paved, and a uniformity of building prevails, in which it far exceeds almost every town in *England*, excepting *Bath*.

The Cathedral Church, which stands on the bank of the *Severn*, has been lately repaired and beautified, with considerable taste. I am not, however, of opinion, that the most ancient monuments are rendered either more venerable or more appropriate, by being painted of a pea-green colour.

The inimitable monument of that virtuous and amiable prelate, Doctor *John Hough*, by *Roubillac*, which is placed on one side of the entrance to the choir, has been frequently noticed; that

that of Bishop *Maddox*, on the opposite side, seems to have been overlooked: it is, however, a noble memorial, and records a great character.

There are many monuments of persons, who, as *Johnson* observed on another occasion, did not think that their names would be so soon forgotten; and among them are a few of considerable antiquity.

The pusillanimous and unfortunate King *John* is buried in the choir; but, it is said, not under his monument.

On the south side of the altar, in a small oratory, lie the remains of Prince *Arthur*, eldest son of King *Henry* the seventh.

The organ is highly ornamented with gilding, and various embellishments, which do not very well accord with the neat simplicity of the church.

The episcopal throne is an unostentatious seat, surmounted with a mitre, but otherwise entirely destitute of ornament. The east and west windows are of stained glass; but the arrangement of the colours is so contrived, as to produce a very unpleasant effect on the eye; particularly in the *east* window. The south side of this edifice exhibits marks of antiquity evidently superior to

the rest of the building ; and the reason for it seems to be, that this side being completely hidden by the surrounding buildings, and protected by the castle, has undergone less alteration than the other parts of the church.

Eastward of the Cathedral is an old gateway, called *Edgar's Tower* ; about which antiquaries have been much divided in their opinions. *Habington*, a learned man, who wrote somewhat more than a century ago, supposed that it was erected in the days of King *John* ; by whose name it has, however, ceased to be distinguished. The date 1005 is said to have been cut in Gothic characters on a small shield over the point of the arch ; but Doctor *Littleton*, dean of *Exeter*, very judiciously remarked, that the style of architecture alone was sufficient to prove that it must have been built at a later period ; for the Saxon arch was used, with very little variation, till the reign of King *Stephen* ; and it is by no means certain, that the three figures still remaining on the east side of the gateway, were designed for *Edgar* and his two queens.

Doctor *Littleton* quotes a manuscript of Mr. *Habington's* in support of his opinion, that the central of these three figures (which is a statue sitting

fitting cross legged) was to represent King *John*; but after all I see no objection to admit the antiquity of the statues, though the tower itself may be much more modern. Every thing about it conspires to evince that its age is not so very great as some have supposed; and if it had really been built at a very remote period, it should seem a little extraordinary that it was called King *John's* Tower, in the year 1222, when *Henry* the third gave to the prior and convent here situated, one moiety of his castle; and divided the premises by an embattled wall, part of which is still remaining.

As to the date, whether it be 957 (as some say) or 1005, it is probable that the stone on which the figures remained might be worked up in the new building: for they who suppose that this edifice was built in the reign of *Ethelred* the second, allow that *what was called* the "*New Tower*," fell down in 1175. I do not recollect that this circumstance has been attended to by *Habington*, *Doctor Thomas*, *Doctor Littleton*, or *Doctor Nash*; but it is at least fair to conjecture, that this *New Tower* was the work of *Edgar*; and that King *John*, among other improvements of the Castle, built the present gateway
out

out of the old materials; a presumption reafonably fupported by the ftyle of building, as well as its decorations.

The Tower above mentioned feems to have been the entrance both to the Clofe and the Caftle, of which laft the mount, in which the keep, perhaps, formerly flood, is the only trace remaining.

Thomas Habington, before quoted, who though a rigid Roman Catholic, was alfo a perfon of great humanity; engaged in defigns for the releafe of *Mary Queen of Scots*, which nearly coft him his life: he was, however, pardoned; but this efcape did not deter him from being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot, or at leaft harbouring the confpirators; in confequence of which he was confined for life to his native county, where he employed his life in collecting materials for its hiftory.

Worcefter Caftle was fituated on the fouth-eaft fide of the Cathedral, and part of its fcite is now occupied by fome of the prebendal houfes. Part of the ancient wall which enclosed the Caftle is ftill remaining near the *Severn*, and not far from the Cathedral: and on a brafs plate affixed to it, clofe to a poftern gate, two violent
and

and dreadful inundations, from the overflowing of the river, are recorded; by the last of which the whole of the circumjacent country was laid under water.

Mr. *Green*, in his “*View of Worcester,*” mentions the first of these inundations, in 1484, in the reign of *Richard* the third, which happened at the very time when the Duke of *Buckingham*, at the head of his *Welch* partizans, was preparing to cross the *Severn*, and oppose the tyrant’s forces.

Thus *Shakespear* makes a messenger speak to King *Richard* :

“ ——— by sudden floods and falls of water,
 “ *Buckingham’s* army is dispers’d and scatter’d,
 “ And he himself wander’d away alone,
 “ No man knows whither.”

Worcester, having made a conspicuous figure in the English history at various periods, the events by which it has been distinguished are too well known for the public to require a further account of them; that man, however, must be insensible to the real welfare of his country, who can pass through the town, without making a comparison between the disasters and carnage of those unhappy times, when Rebellion openly stalked

abroad, and these fair streets were deluged with blood, and the quiet unmolested security of the present age, in which the industrious artizan peaceably enjoys the fruit of his honest labours; the rich liberally assist the distresses of the indigent, and the laws equally protect them all.

King *Charles* the second seems not to have been unmindful of the assistance which the crown derived, from the fidelity and attachment of the men of *Worcester*, in the civil war; and accordingly he bestowed considerable privileges on the city, as some compensation for the blood which had been spilt in that unhappy contest.

In the front of the Guildhall, which is a commodious building, are two indifferent statues of *Charles* the first and second, in their royal robes. It is remarkable, that the former is represented holding a model of a church very high, in his left hand, and his sceptre very low; and that the latter lifts the sceptre above his head.

The following motto is inscribed along the front of the building:—

“ FLOREAT SEMPER FIDELIS CIVITAS.”

It being Sunday, we had no opportunity of inspecting the china and carpet manufactories, in
which

which a considerable number of hands are constantly employed ; but we had an opportunity of seeing the streets thronged with well-dressed people during the greatest part of the day.

One of the parish churches, dedicated to St. *Andrew*, is ornamented with a delicate spire of great height ; and I could not but fancy its perfect symmetry, a great honour to Mr. *Wilkinson* its architect.

The *Severn* flows on the south side of the town, with vast grandeur ; and a handsome bridge of five arches, with a profusely ornamented balustrade, has been erected over it, by *Guynn*, at the expence of the corporation, who continue to receive a toll from every person passing it, although it has been completed upwards of nineteen years. An inscription on the east side informs us, that the Earl of *Coventry*, lord lieutenant of the county, and recorder of the city, laid the first stone ; and the name of the mayor of *Worcester*, and the architect, are preserved on the opposite wall.

C H A P. VI.

“*Severn’s famed Meads.*”—*Malvern Village, Hill, and Bath.*
Morton Castle.

CROSSING the *Severn* by the bridge before mentioned, we passed the village of *St. John’s*, which may be considered as a kind of suburbs to *Worcester*; turned to the left, and proceeded towards *Hereford*.

The meadows by the *Severn*-side, deservedly celebrated for their verdure and fertility, stretched themselves on our left, and here and there the swelling sails of the barges gave grace and life to the picture.

The fecundity of the soil is mentioned by *Somerville* :

“ On these luxuriant banks, flow’rs of all hues
 “ Start up spontaneous; and the teeming soil,
 “ With hasty shoots, prevents its owner’s prayer :
 “ The pamper’d wanton steer, of the sharp axe
 “ Regardless, that o’er his devoted head
 “ Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane ;
 “ Nor knows the price is life : with envious eye,

“ His

“ His lab’ring yoke-fellow beholds his plight,
“ And deems him blest, while on *his* languid neck,
“ In solemn sloth, he tugs the ling’ring plough.”

We were forewarned by the noise of the anvils, of our approach to an iron-foundery. It is called *Powicsford*, and stands on the banks of the *Teme*, which has been made navigable by the proprietor of the foundery, to its junction with the *Severn*, about a mile distant.

Here the road intersects a most beautiful meadow. Part of it, on the left, marked with the traces of the plough, though nearly obliterated; but every inequality is completely worn out of the opposite side, where it stretches itself for at least an hundred acres, as smooth and level as a bowling-green.

After passing through the village of *Powic*, which contains several handsome houses, that exhibit the appearance of retirement, convenience, and hospitality, the road serpentizes, and, by a gentle ascent, gains the summit of a hill which affords an agreeable prospect of part of the vale of *Evesham*, rich in cultivation, and sprinkled with orchards. The hop-grounds also begin to make a distinguished appearance; and the lofty

summits of *Malvern*, on which the clouds frequently rested themselves, and then majestically receded, closed the view.

The breadth of the valley towards the north, and the very moderate height of the hills, which form the horizon on that side, conspire to render *Malvern* the glory of this part of the country; and she soars unrivalled into the clouds.

An old song in the quaint style of the sixteenth century, has the following verse :

“ Turn up thine eyes on highe,
 “ There fairly standing,
 “ See *Malvern's* highest hill,
 “ All hills commanding ;
 “ They all confesse at will,
 “ Their sov'aigne *Malvern* hill,
 “ Let it be mighty still :
 “ O praise the Lord !”

Malvern hills are the termination of an extensive range of eminences, which come from the east, and the highest parts are two pretty steep points, at the western extremity.

We perceived that we were gradually advancing on the verge of the basis of this mountain, soon after we had passed the fifth mile stone from *Worcester* ; and at length reached *Great Malvern,*

vern, a neat village of well-built brick houses; and containing a fine old church, the tower of which is said to have been erected in the reign of the Conqueror.

The profusion of painted glass which formerly decorated the richly-storied windows of this edifice, is almost wholly destroyed; and the ancient monuments are fast falling to decay. This was not originally the parochial church, but purchased by the inhabitants, at the dissolution of monasteries.

At the entrance of the church-yard is an antique gateway, ornamented with several shields, on which were formerly coats of arms, now utterly defaced.

Among the houses of *Malvern* are some which deserve the title of elegant, and many, which, by their rural simplicity, do credit to the taste of the inhabitants.

Notwithstanding the objections which Mr. *Gilpin*, and Mr. *Tomkins*, who has copied him, may have made to the effect of white objects in perspective, I insist, that if these gentlemen had viewed the pleasing contrast produced by the neat cottages at the foot of *Malvern*, to the neighbouring soil and the contiguous objects,

they would have been inclined to ameliorate, if not to retract, their former opinions.

At the foot of *Malvern* we found the *Galanthus nivalis*, flowering wild; and among the rocks the *Sedum album* of *Linnæus*.

While a little refreshment was preparing for us, at the *Crown Hotel*, a snug comfortable house, which itself commands a beautiful view, we ascended the hill, and gained the summit with little difficulty; and that little might have been avoided, if we had had humility enough to ask for instructions, or sufficient discernment to have noticed a zig-zag path which leads from the garden of the inn, and by which a horse might easily ascend.

The scenery from the top of *Malvern*, has frequently been commented on, and two poems have lately made their appearance on the subject. After this I ought, perhaps, to content myself with silently admiring what my pen is so inadequate to describe; and the rather, as the view which I had of the country, was obscured, in every direction, by a cloudy atmosphere. I cannot, however, omit to remark, that even the windings of the *Severn* itself, and the famed meads through which it flows, do not compensate for

the want of bold and striking scenery. There are no forests, no lakes, no woodland prospects, no rough and boldly-projecting eminences, no rocks; nor that waving line, which beautifies a distant horizon, and like the zone of the fair goddess, adds the delicacy of elegance to the delights which it encloses.

The ground on the south side of *Malvern* is broken by gentle inequalities, and innumerable orchards and hop-gardens are interspersed among the riches of *Ceres*.

The prospect in an opposite direction is more crowded, the towns of *Tewkesbury* and *Evesham*, the one distinguished by its church, at a hazy distance, and the other by a bridge, are features of importance; and the eye is involuntarily attracted to the spires and buildings of *Worcester*, which recall the memory of past events, and picture to the imagination those great and serious scenes which have, in some measure, rendered it classic ground.

Malvern hills were part of the ancient forest of that name; and the stump of a tree, of considerable size, is still visible, not far from the very summit. Thus *Drayton* or *Ben Johnson*, I forget which, says,

“ Pan

“ Pan may go pipe in barren *Malvern* chafe.”

There may also be traced the course of a small trench, which was made to divide the forest from the land of the Bishop of *Hereford*, in the time of *Gilbert de Clare*, Earl of *Gloucester*, son-in-law of King *Edward* the First, to whom that monarch had given this domain; which, when it thus became the property of a subject, lost its royal appellation of *forest* and took that of *Malvern Chase*.

The air on the summit of the hill is excessively mild and pleasant; so that the fatigue of ascending is almost immediately cured, by the bracing and restorative coolness of the atmosphere.

The degree of temperature on the top and at the foot of this eminence varies considerably; and they who descend very rapidly, sometimes feel a slight degree of faintness not unlike that which happens to persons of delicate habits, on going into a crowded room, or exchanging the freedom of breathing in the open air, for the confinement and closeness of a theatre.

These hills give birth to two famous springs, which have been much resorted to, in cutaneous diseases. They are remarkably light and pure,
slightly

slightly chalybeate, and in their effects gently diuretic.

Although I do not mean to dispute, much less to deny, the efficacy of these waters, I can not help thinking that the salubrity of the air has often contributed, in no small degree, to the recovery of those who resort to them. Let not the whole of the praise then be given to the *Malvern* baths.

On our return to the inn, we were regaled with *potted lampreys*, for which this county has been long famous, and for the enjoyment of which our ramble up the hill had provided us with an excellent appetite.

A house for the reception of those who visit the springs, has been erected at about the distance of two miles from *Great Malvern*, near the turnpike road, which runs along the foot of the hill.

Passed the village of *Little Malvern*, which contains nothing remarkable but its old church crumbling into decay; and ascended a steep hill, which brought us to a sort of pass, through which the road leads to *Ledbury*.

The surface of the *Malvern* hills is, in general covered with a soft mossy turf, which feeds
abundance

abundance of sheep, excepting where it is variegated by patches of fern, or darkened with rocky projections: at the eastern part, however, the colour is a bright yellow.

Arriving at the top of the hill, two eminences presented themselves on the left, which almost adjoin each other: they are encircled with a deep fosse, and denominated *Morton* Castle; probably a *British* camp, but of which no records have been preserved.

We now lost sight of the vale of *Evesham*, but were, the next moment, consoled for it, by an extensive opening in an opposite direction, full of orchards, dispersed over an undulating country.

A pretty house at the foot of *Malvern* commands a pleasing view to the south, and is in itself, an agreeable object from the road.

Having descended into the valley, a retrospect of the ground we had passed, afforded a full view of *Morton* Castle (called by the common people *Castle Ditch*) and enabled us to distinguish the double eminence, which is occupied by that fortification. The westernmost point appears like a sort of *prætorium*, and has been enclosed with three lines of castrametation, besides the deep

deep fosse which includes it, in common with the contiguous eminence. The dimensions of the area are not less than forty acres.

The soil here is a deep clay, but the fertility of the meadow land is not very remarkable. I thought that it seemed to require a greater degree of labour and industry than is bestowed on it: the spontaneous bounty of nature being apt to make husbandmen indolent; and the advantages which they derive from their orchards rendering them, in some degree, negligent of agricultural improvements: but a worthy clergyman, who was for many years a resident in this part of the country, assures me, that the abundance of springs which arise on the south side of *Malvern*, occasions the ruggedness of the meadows below; and that the farmers are not to be blamed for the unfavourable appearance of their grounds.

The lofty spire of *Ledbury* church burst on the sight between two steep slopes, one covered with wood, the other planted with orchards; and we found ourselves almost immediately in the town.

C H A P. VII.

Ledbury in Herefordshire.—Firzons.—Stoke Court.—Mordeford.—Fownhope.—Prospects.—Man of Ross.—The Wye.—History of the Dragon of Mordeford—and of other Dragons.—River Lug.

LEDBURY is a very ancient place, and many of the old wooden houses remain, with stories projecting over each other into the street.

The town consists of one spacious street, and several narrow lanes issuing from it. The road from *Worcestershire* to *Ross*, is here bisected by that from *Gloucester* to *Oxford*.

The church bears venerable marks of antiquity, though it has undergone many alterations at different periods.

The spire, which is about sixty feet in height, stands on a tower almost contiguous, but not adjacent, to the north end of the transept, and is evidently more modern than the rest of the building.

I am induced to believe that the south and north aisles, with an addition to the north side,
like

like the end of a transept, have been added to the first building, which I take to be the middle, or body of the church.

The style of the ancient building is clearly *Saxon*, and a very handsome circular arched door way remains at the west end, between two small turrets.

The window over this entrance has been modernized, to correspond with those at the end of the aisles, which, as well as the side windows, are gothic. The tracery of the windows in the north cross aisle is remarkably beautiful.

There are some fragments of painted glass remaining, both in figures and coat armour.

The living is a vicarage, and of considerable value.

Among the "frail memorials" of the departed I read one which affords a most exemplary lesson to the flattering hopes and expectations of parents. It is a tomb-stone inscribed with the names of twelve children of Mr. *Thomas Freeham*, and *Hannah* his wife, who all died between *December 1759*, and *March 1775*. One of them attained his twelfth year, but no other reached the fourth.

Leaving

Leaving *Ledbury*, the road soon divides, one tract going to *Bromyard* and *Leominster*, the left to *Hereford*, through a well wooded country abounding with orchards.

A winding road brought us to *Firzons*, a large house on the right, and we soon afterwards passed an old mansion in the *Elizabethan* taste, with a garden in front, moated round; and an avenue of Scotch firs.

The *Cotteswold Hills* appeared on the left; *Malvern* was behind us; and we now entered a narrow valley, with a wood on one side; and the opposite eminence covered with hop grounds, orchards, and plantations. Winding to the right, an extensive opening affords a view of several parish churches, with a pleasing display of populous and fertile country.

Passed the village of *Tarrington*, which brought us to *Stoke Court*, the seat of Mr. *Foley*, an old fashioned square building, with two spacious wings. It stands on a kind of terrace, in a well wooded park stocked with deer.

The church is almost contiguous; it is small, and perhaps neat, but having a high slender spire, and a plain parapet of white stone, all the efforts which have been made to render it picturesque,
by

by encouraging the growth of ivy at its sides, and planting a shrubbery around it, will be ineffectual.

The approach to the park, from *Ledbury*, is by a neat bricked lodge, the other entrance, through an iron gate close to an elegant stone building surmounted with a dome.

The road bifurcates, and both tracts lead to *Hereford*, but there being no index post the traveller is naturally at a loss which line he is to pursue. We, by accident, took the left, which brought us to Mr. *Hereford's* ancient seat—the residence of the same family from the time of King *Edward* the third.

The present possessor has erected a modern house nearer the road than the old mansion, which is, however, preserved with great care; and time, which daily increases its venerable appearance, contributes likewise to beautify its situation, by giving an awful solemnity to the wood which incloses it.

The ancient furniture is preserved with becoming care,—and the mansion is one of those interesting specimens of old English grandeur

“ Where still, with heraldry's rich hues impress'd

“ On the dim window, glows the pictur'd crest.”

At the village of *Mordeford* we made a slight deviation from the direct road to *Hereford*, to view a romantic spot about two miles distant.

The road winds at the foot of a fine eminence covered with wood, which rises with great majesty from the *Wye*, whose beautiful meanders and well cultivated banks are seen from it to much advantage.

We arrived at Mr. *Purchas's* brewery, the spot to which we had been directed. It is built on the east side of the *Wye*, and sheltered by a vast rock which rises boldly behind it.

Mr. *Purchas* has cut steps up the hill, planted it with juniper bushes, and other shrubs, thrown a screen of firs along a field on the right, and built a castellated prospect house on the brow of the steep. Our request to be permitted to examine this agreeable place was readily granted; and the proprietor himself conducted us through every part of the premises.

From the summit is a most interesting view of a rich and highly cultivated country.

The city of *Hereford*, with its venerable cathedral and proud spires, in a valley on the right; the devious course of the *Wye*, which glides at the foot of the hill on which we stood, and bends
with

with inimitable grace among the meadows; the *Ham*, an ancient mansion belonging to the Duke of *Norfolk*, on the opposite side; with the little village of *Fownhope*, or *Fan-hope*, on the left; and the spire of *Ross* Church peeping over a distant wood.

There dwelt the venerable man whose virtuous name, like the pure stream of *Wye* which passed his “modest mansion”, shall continue to be the pride and glory of his country, and devolve to latest ages with unfulled lustre, when the memory of the great, and the achievements of the mighty shall have been long forgotten:

“ For when the boastful labours of the sage,
 “ The conq’ror’s spoils, the monuments of age,
 “ And all the vanities of life’s brief day,
 “ Oblivion’s hurrying wing shall sweep away,
 “ The works by charity and mercy done,
 “ High o’er the wreck of time, shall live alone,
 “ Immortal as the heav’ns, and beauteous bloom
 “ To other worlds, and realms beyond the tomb.”

The poor, to whom Mr. *Kyrle* was the generous benefactor, the constant friend, the kind instructor, shall bless him in succeeding generations; and posterity shall recognize in the character of “the Man of *Ross*,” the most brilliant

example of untainted worth, which the frailty of human nature is capable of affording.

Mr. *Pope* says,

“ But all our praises, why should Lords engross?
 “ Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of *Ross*:
 “ Pleas’d *Vaga* echoes through her winding bounds,
 “ And rapid *Severn* hoarse applause refounds.
 “ Who hung with woods yon mountains sultry brow?
 “ From the dry rock, who bade the waters flow?
 “ Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 “ Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
 “ But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 “ Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 “ Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 “ Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 “ Who taught that heav’n directed spire to rise?
 “ The Man of *Ross*, each lisping babe replies!
 “ Behold the market place with poor o’erspread,
 “ The Man of *Ross* divides the weekly bread!
 “ He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 “ Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
 “ Him, portion’d maids, apprentic’d orphans blest,
 “ The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 “ Is any sick? the Man of *Ross* relieves,
 “ Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
 “ Is there a variance? enter but the door,
 “ Balk’d are the courts, and contest is no more.
 “ Despairing quacks, with curses fled the place,
 “ And vile attorneys, now a useless race.”
 “ Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
 “ What all so wish, but want the pow’r to do.

‘ Oh!

‘ Oh! say what fums that generous hand supply?
 ‘ What mines, to swell that boundless charity?’
 “ Of debts and taxes, wife, and children clear,
 “ This man possess—*five hundred* pounds a year.
 “ Blush grandeur, blush! proud courts withdraw your blaze,
 “ Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.”

And *Goldsmith*,

“ Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow’r,
 “ By doctrines fashion’d to the varying hour;
 “ Far other aims his heart had learn’d to prize,
 “ More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.
 “ His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 “ He chid their wand’rings, but reliev’d their pain.
 “ The long remember’d beggar was his guest,
 “ Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast;
 “ The ruin’d spendthrift; now no longer proud,
 “ Claim’d kindred here, and had his claim allow’d.
 “ The broken foldier, kindly bade to stay,
 “ Sate by his fire, and talk’d the night away;
 “ Wept o’er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 “ Shoulder’d his crutch, and shew’d how fields were won.
 “ Pleas’d with his guests, the good man learn’d to glow,
 “ And quite forgot their vices, in their woe.
 “ Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 “ His pity gave, e’er charity began.
 “ Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 “ And ev’n his failings lean’d to virtue’s side:
 “ But in his duty, prompt at ev’ry call,
 “ He watch’d and wept, he pray’d and felt for all.
 “ And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 “ To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies,
 “ He tried each art, reprov’d each dull delay,
 “ Allur’d to brighter worlds, and led the way.”

The course of the *Wye* may be traced for some miles; and where it hides itself, either by the bendings of its current, or among the woods which decorate its banks, it is only to deceive the eye for a moment, and that it may re-appear in, perhaps, a different direction, or with a broader stream, among the meadows.

This rich and luxuriant valley is bounded on the right by the hills of *Shropshire*; in front by those of *Radnor*, *Brecon*, and *Monmouth*; and, on the left, by those of *Gloucestershire*.

Mr. *Purchas* conducted us through his brewery, and shewed us vast repositories of wine; accompanying these attentions with an air of so great good humour, and such a pressing invitation to partake of refreshment, that we took leave of this hospitable gentleman with regret.

We did not leave the neighbourhood, however, without frequently doing honour to the contents of his immense cellar, which is very deservedly celebrated throughout the whole country.

Wishing to embrace this opportunity of seeing the Duke of *Norfolk's* house at *Ham*, we were directed to a ferry, at which a boat is kept for the purpose of conducting passengers over the *Wye*, but the wind frustrated all our efforts to
make

make ourselves heard by the boatman, and we were therefore constrained to return by the same road to *Mordeford*.

The church belonging to this village stands near the bank of the river *Lug*, and the east end is decorated with a painting of a large green dragon.

An ornament so unusual, and so seemingly unconnected with the nature and design of a place of worship, naturally excited our curiosity; which, after some enquiries, was gratified by the following story.

At a remote period, very far beyond the memory of man, and very obscurely ascertained by tradition, there lived in the woody steep not far from *Mordeford*, a monstrous serpent, with prodigious wings, which committed various and alarming depredations among the cattle, and even the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The monster was wont to resort to a particular spot, for the purpose of allaying his thirst, and this was at the confluence of the *Wye* and the *Lug*. Many and great were the rewards which the good people of *Mordeford* offered to any one who should destroy the dragon; but, it seems, that no man was found of sufficient courage to en-

F 4

gage

gage in so perilous an adventure. At length, a malefactor, who had been condemned to die, undertook to kill the serpent, and relieve the *Mordefordians* from their daily and nightly fears; on condition of receiving his pardon, as the reward of his value and prowess. The condition being accordingly granted, the hero concealed himself in a barrel at the water's edge, and lay in ambush for his dreadful foe. The wiles of the serpent being thus overcome, when he came to drink, as usual, the contest began, and lasted for a considerable time, but at length terminated fatally to both parties;—the monster being slain outright, by fair fighting, and the man *poisoned* by the dragon's breath.

This story is told with great seriousness, and confidently believed, in all its particulars, by hundreds, and perhaps by thousands of persons, whose fathers and grandfathers have handed it down to them, without ever attempting to divest it of the absurdities which oppose its credibility.

They further tell you that the figure on the wall of the church represents the exact size of the dragon, which must have been, at least, twelve feet long.

Its head is depicted of a very large size, with a terrible aspect, a red mouth, and a forked tongue. The wings are elevated and expanded, and it is web footed.

We observed to the persons who related this curious history that it was extraordinary the nature of the weapons which the man used for the destruction of the monster should be unknown, and that it was rather an impolitic contrivance for the engagement to be left to the precarious issue of single combat, when the *posse committatus* might have been easily assembled to subdue so dreadful a pest. But traditionay legends of this nature will not admit of much reasoning, nor stand the test of minute investigation.

The ridiculous improbabilities with which they are interwoven render it very difficult, and often impossible, to obtain any knowledge of the real fact on which they were originally founded.

There is no doubt that all long established customs, and old legends, refer to some real event, however that event may be clouded with ignorance, or darkened by superstition; and it is possible that there may have been a monstrous variety of the serpent species among the thick woods before mentioned,—but whether it was

in reality so terrible, and in appearance so unusual, as it is represented, can not be ascertained any more than the truth of the rest of the story can be proved.

A trivial variation was made by a gentleman of *Hereford*, in describing the dragon of *Mordford*, namely, that it was an amphibious animal, left on the banks of the *Lug*, after a considerable flood : and indeed if it was really a snake, and of *the size* insisted upon, it might well have been conceived sufficiently frightful without the forked tongue, webbed feet, and expansive wings, with which terror and credulity have aggravated the picture.

The memorial of another dragon is presented in the Palatinate of *Durham* ; the representative of *Sir Edward Blakett* being obliged to render service to the bishop, at his first coming into the county, by presenting to his lordship a faulchion with which the ancestor of that family slew “ a monstrous reptile, a dragon, a worm, or a flying serpent ;” in memory of which act, the faulchion thus presented secures the possession of a large estate held by this remarkable tenure.

Nor is this the only legend of a similar kind ; for about the year 1614, a discourse was published

lished, relating to “ a strange monstrous serpent
“ or dragon (then) living in a wood, called St.
“ *Leonard's* Forest, near *Horsham*, in *Suffex*,”
which was described to have been more than nine
feet long, with balls at its sides, like foot-balls,
which it was supposed would turn to wings.
Something of this nature is also mentioned as
having been seen on *Lexden* Heath, in *Essex*.
But the best authenticated tale of this kind, which
I have happened to meet with, is preserved by
Sir *Robert Atkyns*, and copied in *Rudder's* His-
tory of *Gloucestershire*, in the following words :

“ In the parish of *Deerhurst*, near *Tewkes-*
“ *bury*, a serpent of a prodigious bigness was a
“ great grievance to all the country, by *poisoning*
“ the inhabitants, and killing their cattle. The
“ inhabitants petitioned the king, and a procla-
“ mation was issued out, that whosoever should
“ kill the serpent, should enjoy an estate in the
“ parish, which then belonged to the crown.
“ One *John Smith*, a labourer, engaged in the
“ enterprize. He put a quantity of milk in a
“ place to which the serpent resorted, who
“ gorged the whole, agreeable to expectation,
“ and lay down to sleep in the sun, with his
“ scales ruffled up. Seeing him in that situation,

Smith

“ *Smith* advanced, and striking between the
 “ scales with his axe, took off his head. The
 “ *Smiths* enjoyed the estate when Sir *Robert At-*
 “ *kyns* compiled this account, and Mr. *Lane*,
 “ who married a widow of that family, had then
 “ the axe in his possession.”

Crossed the *Lug* by a long and narrow bridge,
 under which that river flows with great rapidity.
 The meadows on each side are very flat, and of-
 ten under water, as is also the road, for more
 than two miles. This has occasioned a vast num-
 ber of graduated posts, four feet high, to be
 placed by the way-side, which serve at once to
 inform the curious of the depth of the water in
 flood-time, and to caution the timid against the
 dangers they are likely to meet with.

About half a mile from *Hereford* is a public-
 house, with a sign so singular in its appearance,
 that it would be difficult to understand how it
 could be denominated, if an inscription had not
 been affixed, signifying that “ this is the real
 “ blade bone of a whale.”

We now passed the navigation of the *Wye*, and
 ascending a gentle eminence approached the en-
 trance of the city of *Hereford*.

C H A P. VIII.

Hereford.—Cathedral.—Monuments of the old Prelates.—Scite of the Castle.

THE approach to *Hereford* does not inspire a traveller with any very high idea of its consequence, cleanliness, or respectability; the entrance being through a street of wretched and half-falling huts, and between a double row of dunghills placed at their doors. As the road, though not very good, was far from being miry, I am still at a loss to conceive by what means such immense quantities of mud, dirt, and manure can be collected: they, however, exhibit a most singularly disgusting appearance, and are a disgrace to the police of the town.

We passed the Infirmary, which is a small neat building, on the left; a school, and an almshouse.

Hereford is commodiously paved, and in some parts well built: there are, however, many old houses in a state of mouldering decay.

The two parish churches have lofty spires, which have a good effect; but the loss of the spire of the Cathedral is a considerable disadvantage in the perspective, and renders that building very oppressive and heavy.

The Cathedral has been recently put in complete repair, and the west end rebuilt: the modern decorations are all in a chaste style of neatness and simplicity, which well agrees with the original taste of the building.

This church is, perhaps, the most complete specimen of *Saxon* architecture in the kingdom, and the effect produced in the mind, on viewing such a combination of solidity, neatness, and grandeur, is difficult to be described.

The nave is supported by massive pillars, and there is nothing fine nor tawdry; no useless painting, no unbecoming glare of colouring about the church, to offend the eye.

The choir is small, but accurately neat; and although, if the stalls and pulpit had been of any other colour than white, a better effect would have been produced; yet there are so many things to praise and to admire, that this error may be overlooked.

The bishop's throne, which, as usual, terminates the stalls at the east end of the south side, is opposite the pulpit, which is an ugly looking thing, like a tub, with an inverted punch bowl suspended over it, by way of sounding board.

An elegant organ stands over the entrance to the choir.

Near the south wall of the church lies the effigy, in alabaster, of Sir *Richard Pembrige*, or *Pembridge*, who was the fifty-third knight of the most noble order of the garter; and died in 1375.

The right leg of the figure having been broken off, its place is supplied with one of *wood*, on which the graver has absurdly placed a second garter, to make it correspond with the left.

The side aisles are full of monuments of the ancient prelates, whose figures are placed in niches under a low arch, inscribed with their names, and distinguished by coats of arms, and the date of the year in which they died.

“ Dominus Robertus de Lotharinga 1095.

“ Dominus Godfridus de Clyde 1119.

“ Dominus Gulielmus de Here 1119.

“ Dominus Robertus de Betune 1148.

“ Dominus Robertus de Malun 1167.

“ Dominus

“ Dominus Robertus Ffoliot 1186.

“ Dominus Hugo de Papenore 1219.

“ Dominus Ludovicus Charlton 1369.

“ Dominus Carolus Booth 1539.

These, and many other bishops of *Hereford* are buried here: and Dean *Tytler*, under a handsome monument, in the south transept.

There is a very old tomb with two painted figures; but among all the funeral relics, a most exquisitely finished monument in memory of the *Doddington* family, deserves particular notice.

———— “ On the marble tomb,
 “ The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 “ For ever silent, and for ever sad !”

It is said, that *Robert de Lotharinga*, before-mentioned, was the founder of the present church, which, according to this account, must have been erected in the days of *William Rufus*, unless the dates affixed to the monuments relate to the consecration, instead of the decease of the bishops; and then it might be, as some authors assert, in the reign of *Henry* the first. It has, however, undergone many alterations, and suffered

ferred considerably from the incursions of the *Welch*.

The cathedral is enclosed by respectable, rather than elegant buildings. The bishop's palace adjoins the cloisters on the south-west side; and not far from it is a building still called "the College," where some of the prebendaries reside.

In the north-west part of the city, almost contiguous to the road leading to *Leominster*, stands the prison, a large building, lately erected: and near it is an hospital for poor and infirm persons, which was founded by Sir *Thomas Coningsby*, on the site of a monastery of Black Friars, part of whose ruins are still remaining; particularly an elegant stone pulpit, or cross, picturesquely surrounded with shrubs.

It seems to have been the custom to deliver sermons from an open pulpit, in the summer, to the monks, who ranged themselves under the cloisters, which enclosed the court where the pulpit stood.

Another specimen of the same sort, is to be seen at *Shrewsbury*, called *St. Winefred's* pulpit.

The market house at *Hereford* is an old building, supported by pillars, in which the assizes are

held: and as the judge's seat is close to the window at the south end, he is seen by every person who passes along the street, so that as Mr. *Hutchinson* observes, respecting the Hall at *Appleby*, in *Westmoreland*, the magistrates may be properly said to administer justice in the forum.

All-Saints church, at the end of *Broad* street, is decorated with a high spire, but contains nothing very worthy of notice, excepting the pulpit, which is carved all over, and has the following inscription on the sounding board:

“HOW BLESSED ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT
 “BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF PEACE. *Roy J.*”

Which being put up in an age so fruitful in pun and quibble as the reign of King *James*, may afford matter of surprise that it was not inscribed on the *footstool*.

Hereford is not a populous town: there is no manufactory yet established here; the inhabitants are consequently poor and idle: they are said to be proud too; and it is certain, that pride often accompanies idleness and cathedral churches.

Eastward

Eastward of the city is a public walk, called "Castle Green," where formerly stood a strong fortification, which was not only tenable, but important, in the time of *Cromwell*.

No vestige of the castle remains, besides a small building at the south-west corner, which is falling into ruin.

Near it, a kind of summer pavillion has been erected for the accommodation of those who frequent the bowling-green, which occupies the centre of the field, now changed to a place of ease and recreation, from a scene of warfare, carnage, and confusion.

A terrace walk is conducted round the whole, which commands a varied and agreeable view of a richly-wooded valley, and the meanders of the charming *Wye*, which passes close to it on the south.

At the angle of the terrace, which overlooks the course of the river, are placed five pieces of cannon, one of them of considerable calibre, a six and thirty pounder, I believe; but they are, at present, perfectly harmless, having all been dismounted, and fixed horizontally in the ground.

On the right is an old bridge over the *Wye*; and, contrary to the usual mode of building, the central arch is the smallest; but, perhaps modern reparations may have occasioned it to be so.

C H A P. IX.

White-Crofs.—Foxley.—Lady-list.—Value of Cyder.—Lyons' Hall.—Scenery on approaching the Principality.—Eywood.—Reception at Presteign.

LEAVING *Hereford* by a fine broad road, which runs in a direct line, towards *Hay*, in *Brecknockshire*, we observed, that the appearance of the orchards, hitherto so abundantly scattered on all sides, began to be less frequent: but the country is every where cultivated, and the distant hills are covered with wood.

A mile from *Hereford* is *White-Crofs*: the basis of a stone column, erected on seven steps, and ornamented with shields charged with coat armour. This is said to be the spot on which exchanges were made between the inhabitants of *Hereford* and the neighbouring villages, at a time when the plague ranged in the city, and prevented the markets from being held there.

The cross was set up by *Charlton*, bishop of *Hereford*, about the year 1345.

Turning to the right, we soon approached those fine bold hills, which we had contemplated with so much pleasure from *Fownhope*, as the boundaries of the western prospect.

The road winds to the left, into a small valley, which terminates with an amphitheatre of wood, and a village church.

Rode through two small villages, in the first of which is an ancient cross, with a sun-dial on the top.

Foxley is a handsome house, surrounded by pleasant gardens, well planted; situated amidst a variety of delightful scenery: the neighbouring eminences being clothed with wood, and the fields covered with verdure.

Lady-lift, a beautiful eminence not far distant, is an agreeable object, for several miles. It is a lofty promontory, wrapped to its summit in a mantle of wood, and crowned with a tuft of fir trees.

The farther we travelled, the fewer orchards were to be seen; and the rural simplicity of the inhabitants was more and more amusing. Here, too, the dialect and pronunciation of the peasantry informed us, that we approached the principality of *Wales*.

We

We remarked, that the bloated countenances of the farmers, shewed how well they knew the virtues of their pippin juice; and that they do not suffer all of it to be carried out of their own country.

I made it a rule to drink nothing but cyder during this part of our journey, which I found was not taken at all amifs; for the *Herefordshire* men think very highly of the products of their own county:—indeed, who does not?

One day, happening to observe, that the *Welch* brewed excellent ale, and, in general, appeared fond of it: “yes,” said a *Herefordshire* farmer, “and so they ought; for they have *nothing else*: I mean *neither cyder nor perry*.”

The liquors are indeed most excellent, and *Phillips* has truly observed,

“To the utmost bounds of this
 “Wide universe, *Silurian* cyder borne,
 “Shall please all tastes, and triumph o’er the vine.”

The road to *Presteign* affords, in many places, very interesting prospects. The black mountains stretch out their dreary ridge on the left, and less rugged, though boldly-rising eminences bound

the western horizon, in a manner at once grand and beautiful.

Some of these hills are covered with trees, others smooth with verdure; but none exhibit that dismal sterility, which almost always occasions pensive and melancholy ideas. The appearance of trees and herbage is always interesting, although it is not to be supposed, that every superficial observer regards them with the philosophic eye of Sir *John Pringle*. “From the oak
“ of the forest, to the grass of the field, every
“ individual plant is serviceable to mankind; if
“ not always distinguished by some private vir-
“ tue, yet making a part of the whole, which
“ cleanses and purifies our atmosphere. In this
“ the fragrant rose, and deadly nightshade co-ope-
“ rate: nor is the herbage, nor the woods, flou-
“ rishing in the most remote and unpeopled
“ regions, unprofitable to us, nor we to them;
“ considering how constantly the winds convey
“ to them a vitiated air, for our relief, and their
“ nourishment.”

After some time we reached the village of *Lyon's Hall*, in which are the small remains of an ancient castle, situated on an eminence close to the church.

The

The road usually travelled from *Hereford* to *Presteign*, passes through the town of *Kyneton* or *Kington*; but in order to shorten our journey, we turned to the right, by direction of the villagers at *Lyon's Hall*, and descended through close and miry lanes for two miles, into a country full of springs and marshy ground:

This road, after many turnings, brought us to an avenue, which leads to *Eywood*, the seat of the Earl of *Oxford* and Earl *Mortimer*. We afterwards passed the extensive encampment, called *Wabley*, or *Weobley* ditches, and also *Eywood* warren, situated on a commanding eminence, and entered the principality, of which *Presteign* is the frontier town, and, indeed, by the *Welch* scarcely admitted to belong to it, although it is the county town of *Radnorshire*.

Presteign is a neat little place, standing in a valley, washed by a rapid and clear stream, which could not but attract my notice, as seemingly characteristic of the disposition of the people into whose territory we were entering.

The *Welch*, bold, free, quick, and ardent, are a brave, generous, and hospitable people: prone to anger; but though vehement in their animosities, neither malicious nor implacable.

The

The commonalty still preserve the character of our *British* ancestors, “robust and hardy; their nerves strung by the energy of toil, and their blood purified by simplicity of diet;” and, as *Diodorus Siculus* observed, “They are simple in their manners and equally void of cunning and wickedness.”

The weather, for the month of *April*, was unusually cold; and the lowering clouds and hollow wind, which resembled the dismal decline of the year, gave me no very fair prospect of seeing this part of the country to advantage: but still I entered upon it with a favourable opinion, which arose from the specimen we received from the first Cambrian we saw, of that generous hospitality by which it has been for ages, and still continues to be, so honourably distinguished.

Arrived at *Presteign*; the civil face of our landlady, at the *Radnorshire Arms*, and the attentions which we met with, occasioned us to draw comparisons between the civilities we experienced here, and the behaviour of the inn-keepers in *England*, highly disadvantageous to our own country-men.

My arrival was soon announced to the family of an old and valuable acquaintance, from whom we received the politest invitation to his house; and were received there in the most flattering and hospitable manner.

CHAP. X.

*Presteign.—Church.—Anecdote.—Warden-Walks.—Weobly
Camp.—Prospects.—Emigration of the Welch Peasantry.*

A SMALL bridge over the river *Lug*, close to the town of *Presteign*, connects the counties of *Hereford* and *Radnor*, and joins the kingdom of *England* to the dominion of *Wales*.

About a mile from this bridge is a large old mansion, built on an elevated bank, and called *Stapleton Castle*; which commands a fine view of the vale of *Radnor*, and the hills that bound it, which are either feathered with wood, or dotted with sheep.

The parish church of *Presteign* contains a few monuments and tablets inscribed with the names of *Owen*, *Price*, and *Davies*: and there is an altar-piece of tapestry, extremely well wrought, and in high preservation, representing *Christ's* triumphal entry into *Jerusalem*. Above it, is inscribed,

“ R. OWEN DE BRAMTON PARVA, IN HÂC PAROCHIÂ.

“ A. D. 1737.”

The

The walls of this edifice are embellished with several texts of scripture ; and with the figures of *Moses* and *Aaron*, and of *Time* and *Death*.

Time has his scythe on his shoulder, and balances an hour glass on his head. Death is represented by a skeleton standing on a coffin, with a spade in his hand.

These figures are tolerably well executed, particularly that of Time, who seems to sustain the hour-glass with some difficulty, as if afraid of letting it fall.

After the Reformation, when the Rood-loft was taken down, and images were removed from churches, some passages from scripture began to be inscribed on the walls ; and these have been from time to time renewed, in some few churches : but wherever they do remain, the passages first selected are still retained, without alteration.

The exterior of the church has nothing about it very ancient, very curious, or very attractive.

We walked in the church-yard, where, in their unadorned turfy bed,

“ The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep :”

Among them lies poor *Tom Rogers*, a sifer in the *Radnorshire* militia, who was found dead in the snow last winter.

I cast a farewell look on his grave, remembered the lively notes of his fife, contrasted with the weather-beaten aspect of the old soldier ; and gave him a sigh of regret.

The last time I saw poor *Tom*, he was engaged in a musical competition with the fifiers of several other regiments, in which he gained the prize : for, as a fifer, he was unrivalled. May Heaven be the prize he now enjoys,—the reward of his honest fidelity.

There was something singular in this man's fate.

The poor fellow, after more than fifty years spent in the service, had obtained his discharge, with the benefit of a *Chelsea* pension : he was journeying toward his native hills, and within sight of the town of *Presteign*, not half a mile from his home ; he perished in the snow !

The morning had seen him, blyth as the lark of summer ; it was greeted with the melody of his pipe :—the evening closed upon him, a bleak and stiffened corpse.

- “ In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 “ The fire bright blazing, and the vestment warm ;
 “ In vain his little children, peeping out
 “ Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,

“ With

“ With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 “ Nor wife, nor children more, shall he behold,
 “ Nor friends nor sacred home. On ev’ry nerve
 “ The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 “ And o’er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 “ Lays him along the snows, a stiffen’d corse,
 “ Stretch’d out, and bleaching in the northern blast.”

Poor *Tom* had once scraped together a few shillings—the œconomy of a soldier! and in order to do so, had nearly starved himself: he fell sick, his life was despaired of:—the surgeon told *D——s*, the most generous hearted officer in the service, “ poor *Tom Rogers* is dying:”—the nurse went further; “ he is dead,” said she. *D——s* gave a last glance at the honest sifer, and thought it possible that the thread of life might yet be spliced: he thought that a latent spark might yet exist, and knowing, that if he was dead, the remedy he was about to try, could do no mischief, forced some *brandy* down his throat. He recovered, and lived to thank his benefactor. “ God bless your honour,” said he “ and I
 “ hope if ever I die again, it will be by your ho-
 “ nour’s side, and that you will not let me
 “ be buried without trying another drop of
 “ *brandy*.”

Three years rolled away ; the generous *D—s* left the regiment, went to reside at *Presteign*, and was, accidentally, one of the first spectators of the poor man's fate : but life was now completely extinguished, and every effort to recover him was ineffectual.

Farewell honest foldier ! may the green turf lie lightly on thy head !

On the west side of the town is a beautiful little eminence (formerly the scite of a castle) called *Warden Walks*, which has been presented to the inhabitants by Lord *Oxford*. It commands various and extensive prospects of the neighbouring country, and is well laid out and planted.

A winding gravel walk conducted us to the summit, on which is a bowling-green : and it seems to have been intended to erect a sort of pavillion here, for the reception of the company ; but the building remains unfinished.

The course of the *Lug* is seen at the foot of the mount ; and some of the roads leading to *Presteign* wind among the hills, as if formed on purpose to gratify the eye from hence.

The more we saw of this part of the country, the more we were pleased with it, and its inhabitants : and every day gave us fresh proofs of
the

the generosity of their dispositions, and the unaffected politeness of which we had so often heard.

As I strolled through the fields near *Presteign*, and climbed the neighbouring hills in search of prospects, it frequently happened to me, to meet with some rustic wanderers, who were either following their kine, tending their flocks, or collecting dry sticks to feed their evening fires; and this gave me abundant opportunities of remarking the difference between the simple untainted manners of the Welch peasantry, and the impertinence of large towns. Here every body is unaffectedly civil; and, what is more, disinterestedly so: no naked clamorous children running in your way, and vociferating for halfpence till they deafen you with importunity.

In one of my walks, a turnpike gate, through which I was to pass, happening to be shut; while I was lifting up the latch which fastened it, a neat old woman, who collects the toll, came out, with many curtesies and apologies, that she did not see me, or I should not have had the trouble to open the gate myself. This anecdote may appear trivial; but where can it be matched in the counties which call themselves polished? If this

was

was not *politeneſs*, tell me, ye diſciples of *Cheſterfield*, what is?

We made an excursion to viſit *Weobley* encampment; and an unuſually fine morning gave us an opportunity of ſeeing it to great advantage.

It is placed on the ſummit of a proud eminence, which overtops the neighbouring country, and frowns defiance at the huge ridges, which every where raiſe themſelves around it.

Even if the antiquity of this camp did not recommend it to the notice of the curious, the delightful proſpect which it commands would render it an object well worthy of attention to the contemplative traveller.

To the ſouth-eaſt, the eye ſtretches as far as *May Hill*, in *Glouceſterſhire*: and the city of *Hereford* is only hidden by the intervention of a range of hills, which terminates in the remarkable promontory of *Lady-liſt* before mentioned. *Skerrit*, in *Monmouthſhire*, and the *Black Mountains*, whoſe ſummits were wrapped in ſnow, en- cloſe the proſpect on the ſouth; and the *Radnorſhire* hills, in a vaſt variety of ſhapes, on the weſt and north-weſt, are objects highly ſtriking and pictureſque.

Robin Hood's Butts, a little detached eminence, stands in the midst of a beautiful plain, called *Pembridge* bottom. The Earl of *Oxford's* seat, at *Eywood*, is seen in the valley below, sheltered and embosomed among rich woods and plantations; and on the north, the town of *Presteign*, with the villas at *Broad-beath* and *Stapleton*, seems lying at the foot of this stupendous height.

A great hill near *Llanidloes*, which I at first suspected to be the top of *Plinlimmon*, peeps over the shoulders of some intervening mountains; and a beautiful irregularity of ground brings the eye to an opening in the north-east, which affords a glimpse of *Ridgley* park, in *Staffordshire*, at a great distance.

Having taken a short survey of the country around it, the camp itself next claimed our attention.

The form is irregularly oval, the north side being almost straight. The entrance was originally from the south; but several breaches have been made in the works at different times.

From the entrance to the north-west side, there are four ditches, as there are likewise from the same entrance to the south-east angle, which occupies the highest ground of the hill:—from
thence

thence to the north-east angle are five ditches, with considerable spaces of ground between them.

The north side being inaccessible, on account of the almost perpendicular declivity of the ground, has only one vallum which runs in a direct line along the brow of the hill.

A fort of reservoir still exists, in which there is a supply of water, usually fourteen or fifteen feet deep; but always in considerable quantity, even in the greatest drought.

The area of the camp has been turned up by the plough; but it is now like the rest of the hill, a rabbit warren.

An ancient warrener, who, with his son, conducted me round the camp, appeared to be a very sensible and intelligent man.

He informed me, that about thirty years ago, he was in possession of an old book, entitled "*Lyte's Light of Britain*;" which, among a variety of ancient historical minutes, contained a particular account of this encampment; but that by the desire of the late Earl of *Oxford*, he had lent this book to a neighbouring gentleman, who never returned it.

Hearne, the celebrated antiquary, has mentioned this author, whose works above alluded to,

consisted of a summary of English history *engraved*; but the book is now, I believe, extremely scarce; as I have never yet been able to obtain a sight of it.

The warrener said, that he well remembered these lines were related to have been thrown up by the Romans, soon after the commencement of the Christian æra; and that *Caractacus* had occupied them with a very formidable train.

Three silver coins were dug up here some years since, and presented to the Countess Dowager of *Oxford*:—a bell-metal pot was also discovered at the eastern eminence, early in this century, which the man very rationally suggested, might have been one of the vessels used for holding pitch, to be fired by way of *beacon*, in case of alarm.

This method of giving notice of the approach of an enemy, appears to have been introduced about the reign of *Edward* the third. Before that period, a fire of wood being commonly used on such occasions. The lighting of *beacons*, in some shape, seems to be coëval with the art of war, and the organization of society: it was at least become a common practice in the days of
the

the prophets, in whose writings it is frequently alluded to.

A coin of *Henry* the eighth was also picked up here, conjectured to have been dropped in the civil war, by some of *Oliver Cromwell's* soldiers, who possessed themselves of this eminence for a short time.

The warren, which is four miles round, and walled in; and the contiguous estate, are the property of the Earl of *Oxford*.

Having descended from the hill, and regained the turnpike road, we pursued a track which conducted us to the little village of *Nash*, where we passed a deep and furious stream; and afterwards returned to *Presteign*, through a romantic valley, shaded by a woody steep.

In the course of our morning's ride, we met with a little horde of Welch-men, who, with their wives and children, and all that they had, were quitting their native retirement, the peaceful retreat of innocence and penury, and journeying towards *Deptford*, to procure employment in the dock-yard.

These poor people, who had lived in *Cardigan-shire*, till they could no longer support themselves, exhibited a picture of industry and

patience, which could not fail to excite our admiration and pity,

It augurs no good, however, when industry is put to its last efforts—when patience is drawn out, till it is nearly exhausted—when the honest cottager is forced from his native soil for bread!

“ Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 “ When wealth accumulates, and men decay :
 “ Princes and peers may flourish or may fade,
 “ A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
 “ But a bold peasantry, a nation’s pride,
 “ When once destroy’d, can never be supplied.”

It is not at all uncommon for the Welch peasantry to emigrate to the neighbouring counties, or even to proceed as far as the metropolis, in search of employment, in gardening and husbandry, early in the spring ; but they afterwards return with the little earnings of their labour, to their expectant families, whose subsistence does not altogether depend on this precarious aid ; for the women, whom they leave at home, are extremely industrious ; and even the children are early enured to laborious exertions.

But the party of which I have been speaking, had *for ever* bade adieu to

INTO SOUTH WALES.

“ The happy hills, the pleasing shade, and fields belov'd
in vain,”

which had been the scene of their former enjoyments.

Chill penury, with its attendant train of horrors, at last prevailed ; and hard, indeed, must have been the sufferings of these unhappy people, which could drive them for ever from their homes, and tear in funder those closely connecting bonds, which tied them to their ancient habitations, and to the sepulchres of their fathers !

CHAP. XI.

*Views.—New Radnor.—The Castle.—Remarkable Cascade.—
Mountainous Country.—Llndègles Wells.—Pennybont.—
Rhyader-gowy.—Red Lion Inn.*

THE road to *New Radnor* passes close to the *Warden Walks* in going out of *Presteign*, and, with a winding tract, ascends a steep hill, from whose summit is a wild but pleasing prospect of unequal ground, with here and there a cottage, romantically situated on the side of the steep, or buried in the hollow of the irriguous valley,

“ Rude hills compose the side-long scene,
“ With crofts and cottages between.”

Descending this hill, and climbing another, several small villages and farms appear scattered among the fields; and having passed a turnpike-house, the road winds to the left, sheltered by a range of lofty eminences, which screened us from the north wind that blew with great violence.

On the south is a fine valley, and beyond it the eye wanders over a number of bold hills,
the

the prospect being bounded by the awful brow of the *Black Mountains*.

The church of *Old Radnor* stands on the very edge of this valley, and we passed Mr. *Lewis's* house, in a low situation, surrounded with plantations of fir and poplar.

A cake of snow still remained (*April 29th*) on the side of a hill close to the road, and not far from it we observed the spot which was formerly used for lighting a beacon.

The descent into *New Radnor* is very steep, and so sudden that we arrived at the town without having perceived the smallest indications of approaching it.

At the entrance is a lofty eminence, on which the castle formerly stood, but of which only a small fragment of the south wall is remaining.

About fourteen years ago, when the turnpike road was made, some workmen employed to dig for stones among the rubbish of the foundations, discovered several cannon balls, and the heads of two or three battle axes. The balls seemed to have belonged to small field pieces,—one only was of larger size, a twenty-four pounder, and this was found sticking in a wall.

The building was demolished by the parliamentary forces, in the civil wars.

The church stands just below the scite of the castle, but contains nothing remarkable: and, in short, the borough itself, with all its parliamentary privileges and municipal honours, is one of the most wretched and desolate places which can be imagined.

It was not without great difficulty that we could procure a slight breakfast, or even provender for our horses; but when they had been obtained, we were made to pay for them like Englishmen.

After leaving *Radnor*, we observed a farmhouse on the right, at which we had been told to enquire for the road to a water-fall, in its vicinity.

Being there directed to keep up a narrow valley to the right, we soon found ourselves on the side of a steep mountain, with a strong current of water descending through a winding dingle on the left, and very soft and deceitful ground under our feet, in consequence of the multitude of rabbits which abound here.

As it did not appear possible to approach the entrance of the chasm on horseback, through which the water descended, we endeavoured to make ourselves heard by a shepherd, whose habitation stood on the brow of the opposite hill.

The

The man soon made his appearance, and directed us to return to the foot of the mountain; and then to ride up the course of the stream. This, however, is not always practicable, and in wet seasons, it is impossible to go up very near to the cataract.

Pursuant to the instructions which had been given us, we ascended between two tremendous cliffs, composed of naked rocks and slate, among which trees of various sizes hung suspended by their roots over the most awful chasm my eyes ever beheld.

The effect is greatly heightened by the colour of the rock, which is almost black. The impending precipices, which appear in some places ready to overwhelm the intrusive traveller, and the rough grandeur of the prodigious masses here and there detached from the great body of the mountain, added to the stupendous height to which the eye is directed, altogether filled us with a degree of astonishment and horror scarcely to be paralleled.

From a break in the extremity of this fissure, but not from the very top, a fine cascade fell gracefully, for about seventy feet, over the rough projecting edges of the rock, and variegated the scene with a sheet of foam.

There

There are five or six smaller cascades, which are not seen from below, but which, in wet weather, or after the melting of snow, are all objects highly deserving of attention.

It is remarkable that trout of a very large size, are found in all parts of this singular fall,—even in the chinks and crevices of the rocks which form the uppermost cascades, and which are not more than a quarter of a mile from the source of the spring which supplies them.

Directly above the great water-fall, is an insulated rock, nearly twenty feet high, whose basis is worn to a slender pillar, by the repercussive force of the cataract,—which is called “*Water break its neck.*”

The mangled carcases of two sheep and a goat were melancholy proofs of the danger to which these harmless animals are exposed, in feeding, by night, too near the brink of this dreadful chasm.

The shepherd recommended us, as the day was clear, and we had sufficient time to avoid the imminent danger of being on the mountains after dark, to pursue a narrow path which he pointed out, along the side of this Alpine ridge,
and

and which, he said, would re-conduct us into the turnpike road from which we had deviated.

Never, surely, was a sight more noble or more interesting than the bold and tremendous view which soon presented itself.

We climbed the heights without difficulty, but were, on a sudden, elevated so prodigiously above precipices, glens, and frightful declivities, that the head became giddy at the sight.

The surface of the mountains was here smooth as a carpet,—there, rugged, and broken into a thousand fissures,—here, a stream precipitated itself from the giddy eminence,—there, a patch of snow, strikingly contrasted the verdure of the downs, while sheep innumerable were scattered over the whole face of the country, and dotted the wide expanse in a style of inimitable beauty.

With cautious steps we paced the track assigned us, and fortunately reached the level country without one false step,—for one false step would have been irretrievable.

An ancient female who was assisting her husband in his field, directed us into the road, which we regained at a point where it enters an enclosed country, under the shadow of a rocky promontory, called *Llandegles Rocks*, which exactly resembles

sembles *Crockern Torr* and *Brent Torr*, in *Cornwall* and *Devonshire*, and those other eminences to which similar appellations are there applied.

The road soon brought us to the village of *Llandègles*: and a painted post on the right hand pointed to *Llandègles Wells*,—a sulphureous vitriolic water, which arises in a field near the road.

The spring is immediately conducted into a small building, now dilapidated, in which is a reservoir, which serves as a bath for the few persons who resort hither.

The water is covered with a brown scum, is of a very dark blue, or rather blackish colour, and emits a strong and most abominable stench, as of rotten eggs.

Its taste is not, however, so disagreeable as might be expected, the impregnation of the vitriol being but slight.

From *Llandègles* the distance is only two miles to *Penny-bont*, a still smaller village. Here I saw, for the first time, a herd of *Welch* oxen feeding, and a great number of those rough looking, but sure-footed ponies with which this country abounds, were nibbling the mossy turf of the mountains.

The neat cottages of *Penny-bont* are prettily situated on the bank of a broad and clear stream, the river *Eython*, over which is a wooden bridge.

One of the houses here was for some years the *Radnorshire* bank, a most respectable firm, though situated in this remote and almost desolate part of the country.

The solitude here is pleasing, for though not adorned with mossy grotts or verdant lawns, the river rolls over the stones with a gentle murmuring, and there is cheerfulness as well as quiet, “*rivi levis et per faxa discursus, nec non solitudo et quies, musis amicissima.*”

Ascending a hill beyond *Penny-bont*, we had before us a large valley, which extends to a great distance towards the south, and is bounded, on that side, by a wavy line of mountainous eminences, whose blue summits seem to indent the clouds.

The country here is well cultivated, and agreeably interspersed with wood.

The women, who are in general very robust and well calculated to endure fatigue, share with the stronger sex the most arduous exertions and business of husbandry, and they are very commonly seen either driving the horses affixed to

the

the plough, or leading those which draw the harrow.

Having crossed this valley the road winds round the side of a noble mountain, which rises with awful majesty to a tremendous height.

A mile and a half from *Rbyader-goww*, we came within sight of that town, and approached it by a good road, gently descending.

The situation of *Rbyader* is romantic, its buildings are clean and neat, there is an air of industrious activity about the inhabitants, and their civility is accordant with the general tenor of what I have before described to have uniformly met with, in this part of the country.

In the principal street is a small market-house, built with rough stones; and the town contains several houses which would make a good figure, in places very differently situated.

The river *Wye* passes *Rbyader* through a rocky channel, and under a strong bridge of one arch, which has been delineated with great accuracy by Mr. *Ireland*.

The view of the neighbouring country, from the bank of the river, is highly picturesque and romantic.

The craggy bed of the *Wye*, whose foaming current rushes along close to the town; two small and neat churches, which appear to belong to it, (though they are in reality appropriated to the use of different parishes) and the bold front of the mountains, whose bosoms are thrown forward towards the course of the river, are objects which cannot fail to interest every admirer of nature, and every lover of rural life.

Mr. *Evans*, who keeps the *Red Lion Inn*, is a sensible, well-informed man, and took the pains to correct my orthography of the *Welsh* names of towns, with great civility.

The public would have been laid under an obligation by Messrs. *Gilpin* and *Ireland*, if they had condescended to ask the like assistance. Mr. *Ireland* spells *Rhyader*, Rhaidr; the river *Eython*, Ither; the *Rhyddol*, Rydall; and the name of Bishop *de Lotharinga*, which is very plainly written for him over the monument at *Hereford*, he calls Lozinga.

Human life is so made up of a collection of little circumstances, and so much of our happiness or misery depends upon those little circumstances, which, being common to all, many affect to despise; that I hope I shall not be thought trivially

minute, in recording again and again, the respectful behaviour,—the genuine politeness,—the accommodating civilities of the people of this remote situation.

A good humoured *Welch* girl was the only attendant, who, though she understood scarcely one word of *English*, manifested that docility of temper, and assiduity to please, which is the superior accomplishment of her station; and which I am happy to have established in my remembrance, as the general characteristic of the *Welch* nation.

Blush, ye sons of luxury, and votaries of refinement! Ye who think that insolence is wit, and rudeness courage! learn of the wild inhabitants of the mountains that generosity of sentiment, which prompts intuitively to oblige, and far excels in its intrinsic value, the brightest gems of polished refinement.

Here we were regaled with an excellent supper. A couple of very fine roasted fowls, a ham, a large dish of veal cutlets, a piece of cold roast beef, and excellent tarts; for all which, *including* about a quart of strong beer per man, we only paid *one shilling* each.

Tollerable fare! for what a certain traveller has captiously denominated “a miserable place.”

At

At *Rhyader* we observed a building of some size, used as a dissenting meeting house. On the door was pasted a prospectus of the Bible, in the *Welch* language; from which I infer that the literature of this part of the country is chiefly in the hands of the dissenters, as well as in *England*.

This remark may, perhaps, require some explanation, or, at least, there may be a few critics who will be inclined to cavil at it;—to these I shall only observe, in the very words used by a respectable publisher in *London* some time since, “The clergy of the church of *England* are, in general, too rich, too proud, too ignorant, or too lazy to attend to the business of compilation.”

C H A P. XII.

Cross the River Wye.—Mountain.—Desert.—Bogs.—Precipices.—Promontories.—Lead-Mine.

LEAD ore, or galena, is found in the neighbourhood of *Rhyader*, as well as in the hills more westward. A very rich specimen was shewn us, which had been lately dug up near the town, in draining a bog.

Crossed the *Wye*, and ascended by a very steep road, to the summit of a mountain, which appeared somewhat elevated above those which surround it;—then deviated to the left, and gained the projecting point of an eminence, which affords a romantic prospect of a number of hills, covered with craggy rocks, and a torrent tumbling among the precipices into a hollow valley.

Having returned into the road, and completed an ascent of about three miles, we enjoyed a grand view of the bleak summits of innumerable mountains; and, on a sudden, rearing its head with proud pre-eminence, the mighty and majestic *Plinllimmon* burst on our astonished sight.

We had been contemplating so many hills of various sizes, both yesterday and to day; and, at this very time, seemed to be elevated so near to the clouds, that I could have scarcely believed it possible for this king of the south, to appear so much distinguished from the rest of the mountains: nor can I find words to express the sensation produced by its first appearance, apparently clad in snow, and soaring, beyond comparison, above those huge ridges, which a moment before, seemed like the "boundaries of nature."

The eminences around us, now resumed the appearance of fine swelling downs, having lost the craggy rocks, with which the hills we had lately passed were covered.

Their surfaces were varied by innumerable springs, whose translucent waters, when collected, form the little river *Eython*, which murmured among the rocks, and foamed at the bottom of a valley on the left.

The opposite hills were covered with sheep, and black cattle, who seemed to nibble at the scanty herbage, with great eagerness.

Turning to the right we began to descend, and at length, by a winding track, approached the bottom of the valley, where the river, which

forces itself with great violence among the rocks, is made still more picturesque, by a rude bridge thrown over it.

A tributary stream comes from the west, and increases the violence of the current, as it still winds not far from the side of the road, which alternately rises and sinks, running like a sort of terrace at the foot of the mountains.

Our ears were astonished with a noise, which, in any other road, would have been mistaken for that of a carriage: it proved, however, to be the descent of a current of water from the hills.

Its banks approach near together, and enclose the turbulent stream, within so narrow and deep a channel, that although we were riding very near it, the water was completely hidden among the rocks.

“ ——— Clauso fit gurgite murmur,
“ Vicinæque fremunt ripæ crepitantibus undis.”

Some granite, and coarse marble, are here intermixed with a kind of blue stone, easily mistaken for slate.

The road bending by the foot of the mountains, crosses a pretty large stream, which, from the width of its channel, must, in winter, be very dangerous, if not impassable.

The

The hills on the left again became more rugged, and we lost our old companion, the *Eython*, which turns into a valley to the south-west.

“ Then varying to a joyless land of bogs,
 “ The fadden'd country a grey waste appear'd.”

We passed a piece of marshy ground, and some tremendous bogs, whose insecure and rotten surface disdains the pressure of the foot of man.

The road afterwards leads over very rough rocks, and loose stones, which appear to have fallen from an abrupt precipice. Here, likewise, lay the carcasses of three sheep, which, I suppose, had tempted the giddy height, fallen from its slippery side, and perished.

Not a single habitation is to be discerned; not a tree, nor a bush to be seen: nor has the surface of the ground ever yielded to the stroke of the plough-share.

“ No human voice interrupts the still silence
 “ which here prevails; no trace of cultivation
 “ enlivens the dreary solitude.”

We passed along a terrace, which sometimes arose very high up the side of the mountain, in the most romantic style imaginable.

The rocky promontory which we had just before contemplated with astonishment, was, how-

ever, not to be compared with the scene which now presented itself.

The road clinging to the side of a lofty mountain, every where rough, with large fragments of rocks, is elevated about sixty yards above the bottom of a narrow valley, which is occupied by a rapid stream hissing among the rocks, and whirling in a thousand eddies.

On the opposite side, the mountain shoots into an abrupt precipice towards the west, and terminates in a craggy point, at least five hundred feet high; but, from the boldness of the declivity, not farther than that distance from the path along which we were riding.

The hills which sheltered us on the left, descended by the boldest slope which can be conceived, short of a cliff, or a precipice: and the sheep, feeding on its side, seemed to hang in the air.

Some *Welch* ponies were grazing on the opposite steep, in situations which made me shudder to look at them. They shifted their position, however, as if in perfect safety; and scrambled about among the cliffs as if they had wings to save themselves from the danger of falling.

As

As we descended lower into the valley, the height of the mountains was seen to greater advantage; but, in this descent, our eyes were principally directed to the hazardous situation of the road; and our attention engaged by the danger to which we were ourselves exposed.

Afterwards, when we had time to look about us, we were astonished to see, with how much apparent unconcern and facility, a female mountaineer climbed this prodigious eminence, with a large burden of wood on her head, although the place where she ascended was, at least, as steep as the roof of a house.

She walked in as much seeming security, as if she had been on level ground; and when she had gained the summit, sat herself quietly down, and took her turn to observe our appearance, as we had done her's.

It is worthy of remark, that whenever a spring is seen descending from the side of this narrow valley, it is matched by another, on the opposite bank; and the rocks, among which their accumulated waters flow, are, in many places, beautifully covered and variegated with ivy.

Having arrived at what we thought the termination of the valley, we were indulged with a prospect of four habitations at once.

I was

I was musing whether this might be denominated a village, when the road turning suddenly to the right, discovered that the valley did not terminate here; but that the hills receding backward formed a kind of amphitheatre, and presented, very unexpectedly, a view of several cultivated fields; and a modern bridge, with an ornamented ballustrade.

This is the village of *Cwm Ystwith*, than which there are few to be seen, more miserable, or more desolate.

I counted five chimneys, the only mode I had of ascertaining the number of houses; and I presume that I was not much mistaken; for I could not suppose, by their appearance, that either of the houses had *two* chimneys; and I would not degrade the town so much, as to believe that there was any house without one.

Crossed the bridge, (which I should have thought better adapted to the scenery around it, if it had only consisted of a single arch, with a plain parapet,) and passed along a terrace on the side of a craggy mountain.

On the left was a perpendicular descent to the water's edge; and suspended over us, nodding rocks, which seemed to threaten the traveller with instant destruction.

Large

Large masses of stone had been loosened by the frost, or tumbled into the road, and down the steep below, by the tempestuous wintry winds.

The horrors of such a scene in winter must be past conception, excepting by those who are unfortunately exposed to storms and tempests in this dreary and frightful solitude.

The rugged banks of the river now become fringed with cultivated fields, and here and there a turf-covered cottage rears its humble roof. The mountains are, however, extremely dismal; their fleecy inhabitants are no longer seen, and the *Welch* poney alone remains the hardy tenant of this solitary and desert waste.

Passed a lead-mine, the scoriæ of which, pointed out its situation long before we could distinguish the shaft.

No human creature appeared of whom any intelligence about it could be obtained; at last five females emerged from the passage which has been made to drain off the water from the mine; but not one of them could speak a word of *English*.

Farther on we saw a second work, and one man among the labourers *could* speak *English*: he conducted us to a subterranean passage, which
entered

entered into the bowels of the mountain for about three hundred yards ; then turning to the right, a gentle ascent brought us to the mine, without the inconvenience of any rope and bucket exhibition.

The mode of digging and procuring the ore is the same as in the tin mines ; but there being less spar, the labour is not so considerable.

C H A P. XIII.

*Hafod.—Cascades.—Walks.—Bridges.—Kitchen Garden.—
The Cockatoo.—River Ystwith.—Pont-y-Mynach.*

SOON after we left the lead-mine, the soil appeared altered; the strata of stone being exchanged for a sort of slate, which being easily reduced into small pieces, and readily compacting, makes a firm, hard, and even road.

The surface of the mountains is still broken and rugged; but there is an appearance of tillage, and a few trees begin to grow.

The road ascends, and skirting the right-hand mountain, presents a continual scene of consternation and horror, till it comes to a frightful precipice, which made me excessively giddy.

On the left is a peep into a small valley, whose sides are covered with wood, which we knew must be Mr. *Johnes's*, at *Hafod*.

The river murmuring among the rocks at the bottom, soon passes a woody glen; by whose side are several enclosures in tillage.

Here were half a score of *Welch* boys, dressed in almost black clothes, dancing round a fire of
switch,

switch, in a field; a group which brought to my mind the idea conveyed in *Robinson Crusoe's* adventures, of the savages at their revels.

Descending by some comfortable neat cottages, we entered on another terrace; but this is guarded by a stone wall, which, though built without cement, passes so many inequalities of ground, that it must have cost great labour and pains in raising.

Turned to the left, for *Hafod*, through a dingle, covered with oaks, and afterwards crossed a more extensive wood, which is spread over a noble hill on the right. This brought us to a little meadow, close to another woody slope, which rises to an astonishing height on one side of the road, and descends on the other to the rocks at the water's edge.

In one place, peeped through the trees, and caught a glimpse of a cascade, which is no sooner lost, than a flower garden presents itself.

The craggy rocks which appear among the trees on the right, shoot up to a prodigious elevation, and a small turret has been happily placed on one of them, which is executed with so much taste and propriety, that it can scarcely be thought artificial.

On a sloping ground, at the foot of this beautiful wood, and enclosed with a truly rural and sylvan scene, stands the mansion house, an elegant building, in the *Italian* style, with a conservatory adjoining.

The meadow, or lawn, to which it opens, lies in its natural state. No *Brownian* attempts have been made to slope and swell it: a few trees are here and there scattered about; but they are all of the forest kinds; and the drive up to the door is thrown into the most careless and elegant bend imaginable.

To speak of *Hafod* as a connoisseur, there is a great deal to admire, and to praise; and, perhaps, a little to disapprove.

My expectations, I will candidly acknowledge, had been greatly raised, by the several descriptions which I have read of this place; and although some of those expectations were disappointed, it is rather to the honour of the grounds, than to their discredit.

So much stress has been laid on the rarity of the scene, and the striking contrast between it, and the rugged aspect of the surrounding country, that I had begun to suppose the *chef d'œuvre* consisted in creating astonishment and feeding surprise,

surprise, by a display of highly-finished ornaments, and laboured decorations.

So far from its being a place entirely different from the genius of the country, I consider its greatest merit to arise from its consistency; and the suitableness of the arrangements to shew some great natural beauties to the most striking advantage.

Although we admire taste, as the handmaid of art, she has a better claim to our regard, as the sister of simplicity; a relationship which is, perhaps, seldom so readily discovered as at *Hafod*.

When I read of *Gothic*, *Chinefe*, *Rustic*, and many other bridges, I expected to have found several attempts at prettiness, which the surrounding scenery would have rendered odious and disgusting. Instead of this, you are conducted over the three streams, which constitute the principal beauty of the grounds, in one place, by a strong rough arch, which can not be said to belong to any order of architecture; and which serving for strength and utility only, is almost hidden in the surrounding trees: in two or three other places by a single tree, or a rude plank, thrown carelessly across, in the most artless style of genuine simplicity; and in one instance only, has the
hand

hand of art made its appearance, which is in a neat wooden bridge, without any pretensions to ornament, which is thrown over the united streams of the *Ystwith*, within sight of the house.

We first viewed the kitchen garden, which is placed in a very warm dell, in the southern corner of the little narrow valley, which encloses these premises; and walked through an extensive range of forcing houses, which occupy almost the whole of the north side of the garden.

Here we were introduced to a most beautiful bird, of the paroquet species, called the cockatoo, a native of the *East Indies*; who ranges about, without controul; and though he sometimes leaves the garden, and goes into the neighbouring wood, he always returns in the evening to his accustomed place of repose.

The gardener informed us, that this extraordinary bird was particularly fond of strangers, who sometimes caressed it:—we no sooner approached, than it set up a very shrill note, as if of rejoicing; stretched out its foot from the spray on which he stood, and seemed desirous of a more intimate acquaintance. I gave him my hand, into which he immediately descended with great

gravity, but apparent satisfaction; turned himself round, displayed a most beautiful triple yellow crest, which rises three or four inches from his head, and then perching on my finger, peered up in my face, as if to thank me for this indulgence.

How happy would a disciple of *Pythagoras* have felt himself, in the enjoyment of his favourite doctrine of transmigration: he would have found in the cockatoo some valuable and long lost friend; who in the new habit of the feathered race, recognized his former acquaintance, and still felt the bond of friendship's sacred tie.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful in the idea; and, as it naturally led to produce a great degree of tenderness and compassion for the animal creation, the man of feeling can not but lament, that while Christians expunge the *errors* of this doctrine, they do not more studiously regard the benignity of those principles, which it so forcibly inculcates.

The beautiful little bird travelled with us round the garden, frequently imitating the cry or notes of the different birds, which were singing among the trees.

• In the hot house he espied some strawberries, and gathered a great number, but without quitting my hand. Having perambulated the garden, I could not readily disengage myself from my new companion, who clung to me with all the fondness of affection.

At parting he set up a very shrill note, extremely different from that with which he welcomed us on our arrival; and we left him to the enjoyment of his fruit, while we went to explore the beauties of the contiguous grounds.

We were conducted by the side of the river, which was at that time very low, and scarcely covered the half of its stony bed, to the foot of the *Chinese* bridge, as it has been called.

Here the attention is arrested, first by the magnificence of the surrounding scenery, the bold elevation of the mountains on each side, and the sylvan honours with which they are crowned: next, by the foaming current, which dashes against the rocks below; and then, by the fair front of the mansion on the left, which is elegance itself.

Pursuing a path on the north side of the river, we saw on the left, the little turret before mentioned, on the pinnacle of a rock, half buried

in the shade of magnificent oaks, which clothe the hill in gorgeous majesty.

Here is a small stone building, used as a cold bath, perfectly plain and unadorned. The trees on the opposite slope, which, like this, arises from the river's brink, appear perfectly wild; and, excepting the mark of one narrow path, which may be traced among them, there is not the smallest indication that these solitary haunts are accustomed to the human foot.

This walk leads to the flower garden, which is walled in, and disposed in a neat, and perhaps elegant manner; but it is, I think, too formal to be pleasing. On one side is a small alcove, and the flowers here, as well as in the conservatory, are kept with great care.

Skirted the edge of the water, among large rocks, and masses of blue stone; and ascended towards the north, with the river foaming and roaring beneath our feet.

A small rustic building, furnished with a seat, seems to terminate the walk; but the moment you reach it, a fine cascade is seen bursting into the valley, between the trees; and though the height of the fall is not considerable, the effect produced is wonderfully striking; the stream
being

being very rapid, and the surrounding scenery highly romantic.

Crossed the river, and following the windings of the path, among the trees, soon came to another cascade of great breadth and force, which must be truly grand, when the stream is augmented by wintry showers; for it then rises ten or twelve feet above its rocky bed, and fills the mind with the sublimest conceptions which a violently agitated and roaring cataract is capable of exciting.

This part of the garden is full of beauties;—almost every turning of the river (whose course is extremely irregular) presenting a romantic water-fall of greater or less extent; and a double direction being often given to the stream, among the huge stones at bottom, has a fine effect.

Here stands the strong bridge of rough stone, before mentioned; and all its solidity is required, to resist, unimpaired, the conflict of the waters, which threaten every thing with destruction; and have even rent asunder the rocks which had been made use of, as a foundation for the path; as if jealous of the stranger's eye, and resentful

of his intrusion on the secret beauties of the place.

Ascended through the wood, the scenery being varied by an opening to a naked hill on the east (which I could not help wishing to have seen crowded with pines) and passed through a meadow, which brought us to another stream, and a narrow cascade, by whose side we climbed up a steep bank, among mossy rocks and precipices, till we were again hidden in the wood.

Crossed a noisy brawling stream, by a rural bridge, formed of a single unhewn tree, carelessly thrown over it, and guarded by a rude railing; and ascended the opposite bank, till we seemed to have arrived at the head of the spring, whence the stream originated.

Here an arch in the rock yawned before us, and a subterranean passage perforates it;—the dashing noise of falling water is heard at a distance; all else is solemn stillness:—we enter the aperture, and are shrouded, for a moment, in total darkness; then abruptly turning to the left, a bold stream is seen precipitating itself from the edge of a black rock, into a frightful chasm, of unknown depth.

The

The spray dashes into the mouth of the cave, and the ear is stunned with the roaring of the cataract.

All this is vastly fine, but the impresson which I felt on seeing it, was not equal to what has been described by other travellers; for, by some means, the cave lessens the effect of the cascade, which, besides its being thus rendered the sole object of contemplation, is cooped up in a narrow corner, and brought too near the spectator: whereas, if it could have been contrived to have first passed through the rocks, then to have enjoyed a peep of day-light, and with it a more distant view of the cataract, falling either among the trees, or into the moss-grown valley, the effect, in my humble opinion, would have been much more striking.

We returned by the same path, and crossed the *Ystwith*, by another rustic bridge, close to a root house,

The river, in this part of its course, might, at a comparatively trivial expence, be rendered highly ornamental to the garden.

At present, it runs murmuring, or rather groaning, along a rough and shallow channel, which is not often full: with a little trouble, the

larger stones might be removed from the bed of the stream; and the ground being sunk to the eastward, and raised towards the *Chinese* bridge, a fine smooth serpentine lake might be formed, and a large sheet of water made to descend in a cascade, near the bridge.

The stillness of this part of the river would then afford an agreeable contrast to the rest of the scenery; and the new cascade, which would differ greatly in shape from the others, would, I think, be a considerable ornament to the grounds, and might be thrown into the view from the front of the house.

I hope if these remarks should ever reach the worthy proprietor of *Hafod*, that he will excuse the liberty which I have taken with his premises, and read the suggestions which I have ventured to make, as rather expressive of what *might be* done, than as what is *necessary* to render his delightful residence the glory and admiration of *Wales*.

Our walk having been protracted to the very verge of day-light, we were under the necessity of leaving *Hafod*, without inspecting the house, which is said to contain an epitome of every thing
useful,

useful, elegant, and splendid; and a well-furnished library.

It has been said, that travellers have nothing to do with the disposition of those, whose houses and grounds are liberally open to the public; and that it is impertinent to meddle with them: but I can not avoid thinking, that whenever a character is found so brilliant as to attract general notice, or so amiable as to deserve imitation, a service is rendered to society, by that honourable mention which I am about to make of Mr. *Jobnes*, whom I can not be *supposed* to flatter, because he is an entire stranger to me, personally; and whom I can have no *inducement* to flatter, because he will probably ever remain so.

The voice of the whole country is loud in his praises, and bears grateful testimony to the benevolence and charity by which he is distinguished.

Among innumerable instances of his regard for the comfort of the poor in this neighbourhood, there is one which deserves particular notice: it is his care for the sick; who are brought hither, once every week, when a gentleman of the faculty regularly attends, and exhibits such medicines and assistance as they severally require, at Mr. *Jobnes's* expence.

So

So sensible and beneficial an act of kindness, deserves to be recorded with a pen of iron! How infinitely superior is this to the *kitchen physic*, and mischievous dispensation of *family medicines*, which a few great persons call, and think, charitable assistances to their poor neighbours and dependants; rendered still more valuable by its being performed in a place where the straitened finances of the lower orders, can scarcely, in any instance, procure for them medical advice; who at once suffer under the pressure of the most distressing calamities, and all the horrors of cheerless poverty.

Mr. *Johnes* was formerly lieutenant-colonel of the *Carmarthenshire* militia, and although he has quitted his public station, it is only, that amidst the sweets of this contemplative retirement, he may render his country the less ostentatious, but infinitely more effectual advantages of increasing the comfort and happiness of society, by a wide display of generosity and beneficence to all around him: for, as Mr. *Pope* observes, “the silent virtues of a good man in solitude, are more *amiable* than all the noisy honours of active life.”

When we had taken leave of *Hafod*, we soon recovered the road to *Aberystwith*, and proceeded

ed

ed along it, till we arrived at a narrow pass between the mountains, where the division of the path threw us into a most unpleasant state of doubt which track we ought to pursue.

Hitherto, all the way from *Hafod*, I had been meditating on the benevolent disposition of Mr. *Jobnes*, and revolving in my mind the numerous instances which had been related to us, of his regard for the neighbourhood ; but here, thought I, might his munificence find an opportunity of displaying itself, in a manner highly gratifying to the way-worn traveller ; and that at the small expence of erecting a hand post, at this division of the road.

We luckily took the right-hand course, which carried us down the mountain, within view of innumerable hills, whose sides were cultivated to a great height, and exhibited traces of the plough, in situations, which might have been thought perfectly inaccessible.

In the valley on the right, runs the *Mynach*, a little stream, fringed with wood ; and we soon caught a glimpse of a slight bridge thrown over it, which has been delineated by Mr. *Spence* and others : and afterwards turning to the right, passed the end of what is vulgarly called the *Devil's*

vil's Bridge; but more properly, and by the native *Welch*, *Pont-y-Mynach*, and arrived at the *Hafod Arms*, a comfortable inn, where every exertion of civility concurred with excellent provisions, to recompence the fatigue of a long journey.

C H A P. XIV.

*Hafod-Arms Inn.—Falls of the Rhyddol and the Mynach.—
Sublime Scenery.—Reflections.*

THE *Hafod-Arms* has been built as a house of public entertainment by Mr. *Johnes*. It stands on the brink of a romantic dell, not far from the celebrated fall of the *Mynach*, which has engaged the attention of all travellers, since it has become fashionable to investigate the beauties of our native country, and near its junction with the *Rhyddol*.

In front of the principal room a huge chasm penetrates into the bosom of the opposite mountain, and displays the rough surfaces of mossy rocks, whose summits are clothed with wood. A winding road borders the edge of it, and soon loses itself among the mountains.

A small cascade rushes out of the chasm, and foams over the rocky bottom with a hissing noise, which just reaches the ear. On the left, the craggy point of a prodigious eminence pierces the clouds,—below it, a slender streamlet, like a

strip of white ribbon, gracefully falls into the valley; while a bird's eye view of fields in tillage, and a cottage in the midst, completes a scene, at once grand, rural, and majestic.

The gay month of *May* was ushered in with a most gloomy louring morning,—the scowling wind roared through the hollow valleys,—the dark clouds obscured the hills, now robing in their dismal mantle the swelling sides of these tremendous mountains, now receding from their summits, and admitting a gleam of sunshine. One while descending in rattling showers, at another time, unfurling their wide extended borders, and enveloping the whole scene before us, in awful shade.

The weather becoming more favourable we set out to explore the scenery of the *Devil's Bridge*, and I can only regret the inadequacy of my pen to describe what I saw or felt on that occasion.

The bridge consists of a single arch, over a chasm between two lofty mountains, which are covered with wood from their summit to the brink of the *Mynach*, which rushes with great impetuosity between them; and of a second arch, which is made to spring from the first, and embracing a wider span, passes directly over it.

The

The architecture is rude and simple, but the accompaniments are grand beyond description.

Passing the bridge, and turning short on the left, both the arches are in view, and the horrid gulph into which the *Mynach* precipitates itself, and from whence it falls into the chasm below.

Taking a second path, which leads by a zig-zag course to a projecting point of the hill, we came in view of three cascades. On the left, the great fall of the *Mynach*, which drops at once more than a hundred feet perpendicularly, besides several smaller falls, above and below, among the rocks. Opposite, a fine slender cascade pouring its translucent waters from a ledge of rocks into a corner of this romantic valley, which is lined on all sides with wood. On the right, the bold and impetuous fall of the *Rhyddol*.

The surrounding rocks, from among whose crevices innumerable oaks and beech trees shoot forth their waving branches, are covered with moss; and their summit rises to the height of more than four hundred feet.

This accounts for the *deceptio visus* in viewing the fall of the *Rhyddol*, from the *Hafod-Arms*, which is infinitely delightful as well as surprising.

Returning

Returning about half way up the hill, turned to the left, and declined through the wood, passing two narrow cascades, which fall from the north-eastern side, and arrived at the bed of the *Rhyddol*, which is formed with immense blue stones, worn smooth by the attrition of the water.

Enclosed in this profound solitude, every thing around me hushed into the stillest silence, excepting the roarings of the cascade, I had time to contemplate the awful projections of the rocks, and the luxuriance of the trees which grow from their interstices.

Creeping along a rude path which has been lately made close to the river, I came to the cataract itself; but how altered! how wonderfully changed!—from the insignificancy of a fall of water of a few feet, issuing from the narrow crevice of a rock, into a little basin among the stones below, it is now a mighty torrent, rushing with a thundering noise, out of a tremendous chasm, and, after a fall of several yards, in which it appears folded back in a vast sheet of foam, burying itself in a profound abyss, whose dark surface is scarcely agitated by the force and weight of this great body of water.

Never

Never can I forget the sensation which I felt in contemplating this solemn and impressive scene. My soul, filled with rapturous admiration, looked “through nature, up to nature’s GOD.” His wonderful works, here gloriously displayed in scenery so noble and majestic, spake to my inmost mind! and while I beheld the transparent stream, with gratitude to Him who bade these waters flow, the sun darted its brilliant rays from the edge of a black cloud, on the spot where I stood, and the water sparkled with a lustre not to be described.

I was rivetted to the place, and experienced that thrilling horror, that reverential awe, that holy dread, which an assemblage of the grandest scenery of nature can alone inspire; nor did I leave this sacred temple of solitude until I had humbly adored the Creator and Preserver of all around me,—the great, the mighty Lord! and Father of the universe!!!

“ These are thy glorious works, parent of good!
 “ Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 “ Thus wond’rous fair; thyself how wond’rous then!
 “ Unspeakable! who sitt’st above these heavens,
 “ To us invifible; or dimly feen
 “ In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
 “ Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow’r divine.

* * * * *

“ Hail! universal LORD!”

In my ascent through the woody slope, passed two small cascades, which, though descending with a gentler stream, and over a more gradual declivity, are not without their share of beauty, and picturesque effect. Here, having no better mode of allaying my thirst, I laid myself flat on the ground, and quaffed the health-inspiring pellucid beverage, which re-animated me with strength and spirits to climb the hill.

From the summit, though elevated to so great a height, the view extends no farther than to the top of the neighbouring mountains, which enclose this romantic spot. The imagination, therefore, can only wander; the eye is confined to those objects only, which are presented in a narrow compass. Hence it is that they are felt completely, and have so forcible an effect; because there is no distraction of ideas, by an introduction of distant objects, and the eye “being hindered from ranging, the mind is forced to find “entertainment for itself.”

CHAP. XV.

Plinllimmon.—Gradual Ascent.—Turf Cottages.—Miserable Life of the Shepherds.—Pent-y-Plinllimmon.—Effects of War.

*P*LINLLIMMON Hill is so highly deserving of a traveller's attention, that it was one of the principal objects which engaged my thoughts and expectations on coming into *Wales*; but it so seldom happens that its summit is fairly out of the clouds, that he is peculiarly fortunate who has an opportunity of seeing this prince of hills, when the weather will permit him to enjoy the prospect which it commands.

I was not one of those fortunate travellers, for although the weather was fine, and the sun shone with great brilliancy, before I set out, with an intention to ascend it, the clouds soon gathered and enveloped not only the sugar loaf, but the great summit of the mountain, in an impenetrable fog.

We left the *Hafod-Arms* early in the afternoon, with a desire to enjoy, from the top of *Plinllimmon*, the prospect of the setting sun, the most beautiful object in nature; and, I should suppose,

seen from that elevated situation to the greatest advantage.

Having ascended from the summit of the hills which we had just passed to a still higher point, we entered on a road enclosed between two hedges, which was so good and so level that I could have fancied myself in *England*, if the bold craggy mountains around us, had not forbidden it.

Passed a little church, which seemed to be without bells, there being an empty cupola on the roof, which was destitute of a tower. One large unhewn stone, about seven feet high was placed on the north side of the church-yard, but as I could not obtain any account of it, I cannot convey any information about it.

We next ascended by the side of the mountains, having in perspective, here and there, a farm house, or a neat cottage.

Marks of cultivation also appeared; but not a tree is to be seen, excepting about the doors of some of the small farm-houses. The soil is undoubtedly capable of cultivation, but there are neither orchards nor gardens.

The *Rhyddol* winds on the left among boggy and spongy ground, which blackens the prospect:
and

and we crossed a small stream, which descending by a tortuous course through a valley on the right, unites with the *Rhyddol* below.

Here we saw a cottage, or rather cairn, completely formed of turf, and covered with the same. A stone served for the window shutter, and the door was of wicker work.

It appeared to be the common habitation of a peasant's family, with their ducks, dogs, and fowls; and gave us no very high idea of the cleanliness or comforts of the mountaineers. It however serves to shew the strength of that attachment which binds men to their native wilds, and enables them to resist the allurements of curiosity, and the temptations of emigration.

Thus it is, that

“ The swarthy Indian, blackening at the line,
 “ Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,
 “ Basks in the glare, or stems the chrystal wave,
 “ And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
 “ The shiv'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 “ Boldly proclaims the happiest land his own.
 “ Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 “ And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.
 “ And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
 “ Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,
 “ So the loud tempest, and the whirlwinds roar,
 “ But bind him to his native rocks the more !”

There appears, about these parts, a species of incipient cultivation and industry, which, if population were to increase in any great degree, might be the source of much advantage to the country. They begin to enclose large pieces of ground, with walls of turf, which serve as a commodious shelter to the young lambs, and enable the shepherds' dogs to defend them in greater security from the depredations of foxes, which are very numerous among the rocks.

Thousands of acres which have now the appearance of bog, and remain entirely useless and unproductive, might, by a little attention and the exertions of a few spirited individuals, be turned to good account; and indeed I see no reason why the establishment of manufactories might not be effected.

Abundance of wool might be obtained from some parts of this extensive district, if thrown into cultivation; there are already ample streams for any manufacturing purpose, and these would be increased by draining the bogs and marshy ground; and the distance to *Aberystwith* is only about twelve or fifteen miles, from whence the produce of a factory might find its way to any part of *England*, by water. Besides all which,

it

it is most probable that a variety of valuable minerals might be discovered in the interior of the mountains, which would amply recompence the undertakers for their trouble.

At present, a shepherd who possesses a hundred sheep, though really not poor, is truly wretched and miserable. His children want all the benefits of instruction, and the comforts of food and raiment. Thus forlorn, and almost hopeless, they are compelled to wander, by necessity, and become emigrants, in spite of the force of domestic attachment.

Every little family has some history to relate in corroboration of this melancholy truth; and the "long dark winter's night," instead of being beguiled by the jocund tale of festivity, and the sportiveness of rustic merriment, is saddened by recapitulating the hardships to which the darling child may be exposed in a foreign clime, who has been seduced from his native home by artifice and entreaty, or driven from thence by the keen oppressions of poverty and wretchedness.

Having ascended the steep side of another lofty mountain, we came to the banks of a small river, which runs to the eastward, in a contrary direction to the course of the *Rhyddol*, which we had lately passed.

This spot, though elevated as high as the tops of the neighbouring mountains, is called the foot of *Plinllimmon*; and the little river, which is, I believe, named the *Dovey*, separates the county of *Cardigan* from *Montgomeryshire*.

We had been directed to enquire for a guide to the heights of *Plinllimmon*, at a cottage near this stream, but there we only found four or five children, in a state of the extremest poverty and filth which can be imagined; not one of whom could speak a word of *English*, and from whom it was therefore impossible for us to derive any instructions about the road.

Chagrined at this unexpected disappointment, for we had not previously calculated the degree of probability which there was of the inhabitants of the cottage being from home, it only remained for us to set our faces towards the desert which we had just passed, and to return to the *Hafod Arms*; for we well knew that the mountain was too full of deep bogs for us to venture or attempt to ascend without a guide, even if we could have secured our horses in the mean time; which, as there was neither hedge nor tree to be seen, would have been a rather difficult matter.

We

We rode back for about a mile, when we luckily met a shepherd and his boy driving their flock homeward; and as there was still sufficient time for enjoying the grand and extensive prospect which the clearness of the evening seemed to promise, we soon bargained with the shepherd to attend us to the summit of the mountain, or, as he called it, *Pent-y-Plinllimmon*.

When our guide had conducted his flock to a shed, and secured them for the night, and had put on his shoes, (for, in order to save them, these poor people tread the mountains barefoot, all day long) we set forward, and by an easy ascent, which did not once occasion us to stop for breath, in less than an hour arrived at the basis of the cone which forms the cap or summit of *Plinllimmon*, noticing by the way, the birth of the *Severn*, the *Wye*, and the *Rhyddol*, which owe their origin to this vast reservoir of springs,—this treasury of hidden waters!

It may not be improper to remark, that notwithstanding the immense height of *Plinllimmon*, we saw not one of the cliffs which Mrs. Piozzi has introduced in her *Travels*, *by way of simile*; nor were there any of her “goats to clamber among them.”

The surface of the lower parts of the mountain is either covered with soft mossy turf, and low heath, or broken with rugged and tremendous bogs; but now we had reached a district entirely overspread with stones, some lying loose on the ground, others, the denuded points and protuberances of vast and solid rocks, the native body of the hill; and these being almost as white as the snow which lay in broad patches among them, gave that general whiteness to the mountain which attracted our notice from the eminence on the road near *Rhyadergowy*.

Here the ascent became more difficult, but it was soon accomplished, and we found ourselves, at once, on the summit of the mountain, and enveloped in a thick fog, which was utterly impenetrable:—nor did we seem likely to have the smallest chance of obtaining a view of a single object besides a rude pyramid of loose stones, which some industrious travellers had taken the trouble to pile up on the east end of the peak.

Although the mist seemed to be driving by us with great rapidity, we were still involved in “clouds and thick darkness;” and even when this pressure was in some degree lessened, and they receded a little from the cap of the mountain,

we

we had yet between us and the nether world, a sea of clouds rolling at our feet, which completely obstructed the prospect.

We could only lament our ill fortune, as many others had done before us, and after some time spent in unavailing murmurs, we descended the hill, and returned to the shepherd's cottage.

The inside of this hut was a melancholy specimen of poverty, filth, and idleness, there being scarcely a pane of glass in the small window, which, if entire, would have admitted only a few rays of light;—not a chair to sit on,—nor, in short, one single comfort to cheer the wretched existence of its miserable inhabitants.

A fire of turf, indeed, there was, which nearly produced suffocation; but such a picture of wretchedness I scarcely ever beheld. And yet, this man should not be accounted poor, for he told me he had more than a hundred sheep on the mountains, and no rent to pay.

He pestered us with questions about the war, and public affairs, which naturally excited our surprise; for, in this remote situation, and apparently exempt from those burdens whose pressure on the inhabitants of the county in general, compels them to turn their thoughts to these
subjects,

subjects, we could not conceive how he should be much interested about them, till he told us, with tears in his eyes, that his eldest son, the pride of his hopes, and the comfort of his declining years, had been seduced from his home, by the flattering temptation of a large bounty, offered him by a recruiting serjeant; enlisted, and shipped off to the *West Indies* about two years ago;—since which time he had never heard whether he was still alive, in the glittering chains of military bondage, or had fallen a victim to the destructive ravages of the fever by which so many of his unfortunate comrades had perished.

“ He was,” said the old man, “ always a very dutiful lad till he enlisted, and my heart bleeds to think what my poor boy may be exposed to in a foreign country, and without one pitying friend to assist him.”

This moving tale, told with all the unaffected simplicity of truth, made a strong impression.

Accursed war! offspring of ambition! the scourge of nations! and the violator of harmony and love!

When shall the joys of tranquillity and peace revisit our land? When shall the murdering

sword be sheathed, and the horrors of its sanguinary vengeance forgotten?

Alas! the memory of thy calamities will endure to distant ages; for what can wipe away the melancholy remembrance of the best hopes of families cut off,—the sole supporters of aged parents torn from their cottages,—the separation of fathers from children,—and the dissolution of the still stronger bonds of conjugal affection and endearment.

These are sufferings not to be recompensed by all the glory and splendour of victorious triumphs.

The surviving conquerors may indeed, when proudly exulting in their successes, vouchsafe a sigh to the memory of the brave men who have fought under their banners, and perished in the day of battle.

“ The tenderest tears which fall for the departed,” may be “ those with which Heaven bedews the unburied head of a foldier;” but can these mitigate the sorrows of the parent, the widow, or the orphan? Can these compensate for the days, and months, and years of pain, anxiety, and distress, which have been their wretched portion? will the exulting plaudits of
festive

festive celebration delight those ears which have been so long shut to every sound, but the voice of mourning? Or shall gaudy pageants please that eye which opens only to stream with sorrow, and to contemplate misfortune. By these the glad tidings of Peace itself will be heard with diminished rapture, for its blessings, though long and ardently desired, arrive too late. The tender partner, whose presence would have given a zest to the joyful event, returns no more! he lies unburied on a far distant coast, or is overwhelmed in the great abyss! He blesses not again the arms of his dearest relatives, but is become "the kindred of corruption." The victor's ornaments were prepared for him, and the couch of repose was provided; but the cold earth is now his pillow, and he sleeps on the bed of death.

" O! grant it heaven, that our long woes may cease,
 " And *Britain's* daughters taste the calm of peace;
 " Sons, brothers, husbands, to bewail no more,
 " Tortur'd at home, or havock'd in the war."

" O lovely Peace! with plenty crowned,
 " Come shed thy blessings all around;
 " Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
 " And vallies smile with wavy corn:

" Let

“ Let the shrill trumpet cease, nor other sound
“ But nature’s songsters wake the cheerful morn.”

We returned to the *Hafod Arms*, slept there the following night, and the next day proceeded to *Aberystwith*.

CHAP. XVI.

Road from Pont-y-Mynach to Aberystwith.—Aberystwith Castle.—The Rhyddol.—Sun setting.—Aberarth.—French Invasion.

THE distance from the *Hafod-Arms* to *Aberystwith*, is twelve miles.

The road ascends several high hills, and presents various interesting prospects of a mountainous country on the left.

About three miles from the *Devil's Bridge* the sea makes its first appearance, and becomes an occasional feature in the picture which is presented from the summit of the hills we afterwards passed.

A valley on the right is full of cultivated fields, and adorned with the meanders of the *Rhyddol*, which may be traced for four or five miles. The stream is of a handsome breadth, and bordered with farms and cottages.

The eye darts across part of the great bay of *Cardigan*, catches a distant view of the precipitous

tous mountain of *Cader Idris*, and rests on the abrupt summits of the *Merionethshire* hills.

A bridge of four arches is seen over the *Rhyd-dol*, at about a mile from its influx to the sea; and not far from it is a ruinous building, which appears to have enclosed a square area; and has still remaining a large tower at one of the angles. The name of this fortification is pronounced *Place-crug*.

On the opposite side of the river is the town of *Llanbadern-vawr*, with its ancient church, formerly a cathedral.

Aber signifying, in the *British* language, the mouth of a river: the town of *Aberystwith* ought rather to have been called *Aber-rhyddol*, both because the *Rhyddol* disembogues itself into the sea at this place, as well as the *Ystwith*; and also, that it is the larger of the two streams.

An elegant stone bridge is building at the entrance of the town, the houses of which begin to attract a traveller's notice, at about two miles distant.

The streets of *Aberystwith* are irregularly built, and the slated roofs of the houses appear remarkably clumsy. It is, however, a pretty large

town, and is much resorted to, for the purpose of sea-bathing.

The castle, which was the residence of *Cadwalader*, Lord of *Cardigan*, (who was cruelly murdered by an *English* escort, on his return from the court of *Henry* the second,) stands on the east side of the town, elevated on a rock, whose foot is washed by the sea.

The tottering remains of this once magnificent and formidable building, constitute a picturesque ruin; and proudly assert their right to the honours of high and respectable antiquity.

The ditch which formerly defended the castle on the side towards the town, may be still traced; but it is difficult to say what might have been the original form of the works. Part of the wall of a round tower, at the south-west angle, is still standing, but shivered in a most awful manner.

“ What art thou, Grandeur! with thy flatt’ring train

“ Of pompous lies, and boastful promises?

“ Where are they now, and what’s their mighty sum?

“ All, all are vanish’d! like the fleeting forms,

“ Drawn in an evening cloud. Nought now remains,

“ Save these sad relics of departed pomp,

“ These spoils of time, a monumental pile!

“ Which,

“ Which, to the vain, its mournful tale relates,
“ And warns them not to trust to transient dreams.”

The massive fragments which are scattered over the area, have a noble effect; and a gravel walk has been made among the ruins by *Uvedale Price*, Esq. the proprietor of a whimsical castellated mansion near the spot, and author of an ingenious “*Essay on the Picturesque.*”

On the north-west is part of a tower, about forty feet high, and the arched door-way, or passage through it, is still preserved; as is also a large fragment of a great round tower, in which the mark of an arched gate, several windows, and fire places, are still visible. Another tower has been repaired, and converted into a prospect room, which commands a view of the sea, and its fine bold shore, as far as the northern horn of the bay of *Cardigan*.

Every attempt to plant this interesting spot, has been hitherto unsuccessful; the violence of the winds, and the saline breezes, being highly injurious to vegetation.

Near the entrance to the castle, and on its eastern side, is the church, or rather chapel; a modern edifice, destitute of a spire, and very meanly built.

A very slovenly masonry is, indeed generally prevalent, and the roofs of many of the houses are daubed all over with plaster, which gives them a disgusting appearance.

The market house, in the middle of the town, is, however, handsomely built, and has sash windows in the upper story, and iron gates below.

Leaving *Aberystwith*, and having the sea on our right, we ascended a hill, where the marks of the plough bespeak an increasing industry. Soon afterwards crossed the *Ystwith*, by a romantic bridge, half covered with ivy.

Near this part of the road formerly stood a druidical altar. The upright stones only remain, the top, or altar covering, having been (I had almost said sacrilegiously) destroyed, by the more than gothic barbarity of some ignorant, or covetous person, who wanted to make use of it, in building a stable.

Passed a village only remarkable for having a church, with a chancel and tower.

The places of worship which I had lately seen in this part of the country, excepting the old church at *Llanbadern vawr*, are generally covered with one roof, and the bell is placed in a kind of open turret, or cupola, on the west end.

Here

Here are two bells, hung in the accustomed manner; but the turret stands on the east, instead of the west end of the body of the church; and contiguous to the chancel. The tower bears the appearance of great antiquity: it is square, with the summit abruptly broken off, and without battlements; the basis being considerably larger than the upper part, which deviation from the usual style occurs also in the very old church of *St. Peter*, at *Oxford*, founded so early as the year 886.

The church and chancel, agreeable to the fashion of this part of the country, are completely white-washed over, even to the very roof; but the tower has been suffered to retain its original, and more venerable appearance. This edifice is situated on a piece of flat ground, between two mountainous eminences, near the sea-shore.

The road, afterwards, passing over marshy ground, has been with great difficulty rendered firm; and the efforts used for that purpose have made it highly unpleasant to the traveller; for it is literally paved with rough stones, and resembles some of those break-neck streets, which occasionally disgrace a country town.

We had a lofty mountain on the left, and fertile well-cultivated fields on the opposite side, between the road and the sea.

Another village soon offered itself to our notice, whose church standing near enough to the sea-side for a land mark, has its tower more appropriately white-washed.

The sun darted on us his parting rays, and I once more saw that glorious luminary sink into the ocean, gilding both waves and clouds with the most striking and beautiful colours.

“ Behold, quhow *Phebus* downcast dois discend,
 “ Toward his palice in the occident !”

“ Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 “ Just o’er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 “ Asssembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
 “ In all their pomp attend his setting throne ;
 “ Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
 “ As if his weary chariot fought the bowers
 “ Of *Amphitrite*, and her tending nymphs,
 “ (So *Grecian* fable sung) he dips his orb ;
 “ Now half immers’d, and now a golden curve,
 “ Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.”

We had yet more hills to climb up, and to descend, before we reached *Aberayron*, the place where we designed to sleep ; and rode through
 the

the village of *Aberarth*, which was the neatest, most rural, and interesting I saw in *Wales*. The cottages are placed in the simplest style of irregularity which can be imagined. They are all accurately clean, built with stone, and not like *Welch* cottages in general, covered with turf, but with the smoothest thatch, remarkably well laid on: and I could not help thinking of the description of the village of *Brock*, in *Holland*, given by *Madame Genlis*, in her letters:—"The ornamenting their houses is the greatest pleasure which they know; the living in peace and union with each other, the only happiness of which they can form an idea.

"This village offers a picture, which I have not seen any where else; for it has not a single shade: there is not one disagreeable or unhappy object to spoil it; not a single cripple; not an infirm old person; not a house that seems to want repair.

"Good health, the little comforts of easy circumstances, the elegancies of industry and neatness, simplicity, sincerity, virtue, and happiness; these are the blessings and the images."

The women throughout the northern part of *Cardiganshire*, were dressed in blue jackets, with petticoats of the same colour; and sometimes the addition of a blue rug, over the shoulders. About the middle of the county, their appearance began to vary. The blue mantle gave place to white; and in a few instances to red ones: and as we approached nearer the town of *Cardigan*, the number of the former diminished, and the latter increased.

In the vicinity of *Aberarth* we saw some of the worsted, of which these mantles are made, just after it had undergone the process of dying.

It is to the singular appearance of the females of this country, thus adorned, that they ascribe the sudden panic with which the French invaders were struck, when they had effected a landing at *Fishguard Bay*. *M. Tate*, who, with a handful of men, was bold enough to expose himself and his feeble train to certain and inevitable destruction, and audacious enough to suppose himself capable of holding, or at least of assuming a post to which the disaffected might resort, and where they might make a stand, till fresh assistance and additional succours could arrive from *France*, having gained the summit of a lofty eminence
near

near *Fishguard*, was astonished at the military appearance of the opposite hill, which he soon beheld covered, as he thought, with soldiers, but who were, in fact, only a host of *Welch* women, prompted, some by courage, some by curiosity, and others by apprehension, to reconnoitre the enemy; but these *Cambrian Amazons* having on their red mantles, struck a terror into the *French*, whose general immediately waited on Lord *Cawdor*, commanding officer of the military force stationed nearest to the spot, and surrendered himself a prisoner at discretion.

C H A P. XVII.

Aberayron.—Llangronog New Inn.—Castell yn Dolig.—Cardigan.—The Bridge.—The Castle—and the Market.

THE inn called *Aberayron* is a small but excellent house of accommodation, kept by a very intelligent person, to whom I am indebted for an interesting and circumstantial account of many of the scenes to be met with in *Wales*.

The road to *Cardigan*, from which this place is twenty-two miles distant, after passing one high hill, which presents a pleasing view of the sea, with a retrospect along the coast of *Cardigan Bay*, to the town of *Aberystwith*, becomes dull and uninteresting.

From another hill there is a second view of the bay, which was the only object worthy of notice, till we arrived at *Llangronog New Inn*, about half way from *Aberayron* to *Cardigan*.

The country here is in general cultivated, and the turf banks which separate the fields, are topped with thin hedge-rows.

Castell yn Doig is about two miles farther on: it is evidently the remains of a *British* encampment,

ment, of very large size. The exact form cannot, at this time, be ascertained, the embankments having been destroyed in several places, and the area crossed and intersected by the turf enclosures of the fields.

The turnpike road passes over the southern side of this fortification, and the changes which are perpetually making in the surface of the ground, will soon wear out every trace of its original lineaments. The spot may, however, continue to be marked, so long as a clump of fir trees shall remain, which have been planted within the outer vallum.

There is also another, but smaller encampment, close to the side of the road, from which we again enjoyed a view of the sea.

“ O! *Ocean!* thou guardian and friend to mankind,
 “ To the best of thy favours, how many are blind!
 “ The merchant, who cares but to live by himself,
 “ Extols thee for floating home coffers of pelf.
 “ The alderman pours out his thanks to his God,
 “ Who stock’d thee with salmon, with turbot and cod:
 “ The scholar who knows not the blessings of home,
 “ Sings thy waves so transporting, which grant him to
 “ roam,
 “ And shew him old *Peloponnesus*, at *Rome*,
 “ Which lead him to climes, fam’d for *Pompeys* and *Neros*,
 “ And bring him to plains trod by consuls and heroes;
 “ While

“ While philofophers poring from midnight to noon,
“ Make us stare with their tales of thy jig to the moon.”

Near *Cardigan* we had a pleasing profpect of the rich and fertile valley, through which the noble *Teivy* winds its romantic courfe.

At the entrance of the town is the county gaol, a ftone building, clofe to the road. The ftreets are indifferently well built, and there is a good market houfe, and a town hall over it, fupported by arches.

The beft view of *Cardigan* is from the fouthern bank of the *Teivy*, on which I took my ftand juft at fun fetting. On my left was a fine old bridge of five arches, with ftong angular projecting piers; contiguous to it are the ruinous walls and towers of the ancient caftle, mantled with ivy, ftanding on the very brink of the river: and the town of *Cardigan*, with its modern built and ftately prifon. On the eaft a large and venerable church, elevated on a rock, and furrounded by luxuriant elms, was a fine addition to the delightful fcene.

A fwelling hill, behind which the fun had juft declined, bounds the profpect on the weft; as
does

does a bold eminence on the east, at about the distance of two miles.

The river, of a noble breadth, placid as the gentle zephyrs which played around us, was scarcely perceived to flow; and reflected on its still and polished surface all the objects which I have enumerated, with the glowing tints left on the clouds by the setting sun, the small craft below the bridge, and its own well-wooded banks.

In short, I never yet saw a confined landscape possessed of more striking beauties, or better adapted for the pencil. It is, however, much to be wished, that the custom so prevalent in this part of the country, of white-washing the roofs as well as side-walls of the houses, were abolished: it offends the eye by a glare highly unpleasant; destroys the harmony of the picture, and, if I may be allowed the expression, impoverishes the prospect.

Why it should so happen, I can not possibly say; but all the inhabitants of the sea coasts seems to entertain the same taste, with respect to architecture and building.

The inhabitants of *Plymouth*, *Stonehouse*, and the neighbouring places on the coast of *Devonshire*,

shire, all adopt the same hideous custom of white-washing, which is only admissible when applied to single cottages, in detached situations; and where they are contrasted with a great extent of green, in the neighbouring fields, downs, or forest.

Cardigan is called by the *Welch*, *Aberteivy*. The castle, whose remains are now inconsiderable, was once a very spacious building. It is mentioned as early as 1105, when *Robert*, Duke of *Normandy*, second son of *William* the Conqueror, was imprisoned in it, after his defeat by his brother, King *Henry* the first; who barbarously caused his eyes to be put out, for having attempted his escape.

It was in this building that *Rhys ap Gryffydd*, Prince of *South Wales*, made a great feast, to which all the bards of the principality were invited, in order to exercise their several talents. The harmony has been long forgotten, and a scene of melancholy desolation has succeeded.

“ No more the mansion of delight,
 “ *Cynddylan*'s hall is dark to-night;
 “ Nor more the midnight hour prolongs,
 “ With fires, and lamps, and festive songs,
 “ Its trembling bards afflicted shun,
 “ The hall bereav'd of *Cyndrwyn*'s son!

“ Its

“ Its joyous visitants are fled,
“ Its hospitable fires are dead ;
“ No longer rang’d on either hand,
“ Its dormitory couches stand :
“ But all above, around, below,
“ Dread sighs, dire sounds, and shrieks of woe.”

In the morning, when we came down stairs, at the inn, I was rather surpris'd to find a *Welch* maid, busily employed in varnishing the doors with *blood*, a process which I understood is frequently repeated.

As I do not at all know the origin or utility of this practice, but as I do know the *Welch* to be obstinate cherishers of superstition, I could not help thinking it had some mystery, which is yet to be explained ; for when I began to ask questions about it, the girl, who was engaged in this extraordinary employment, ran away in a great hurry. I mention the circumstance, however, because “ local customs and usages are generally
“ founded on some ancient fact, and serve to
“ guide us back to truth ; and as aids to tradi-
“ tion, are its most faithful interpreters.”

It was market day ; and by nine o'clock the streets were full of people ; of whom, by far the greater number were females.

The commodities exposed for sale, besides samples of grain, very sparingly produced, were fowls at a great age; chickens, about the size of pigeons; butter, eggs, a few ducks, and some vegetables. But the sight which appeared to me the most extraordinary was, the abundant quantity of veal, which is brought hither, in whole carcases, reeking from the knife.

I reckoned more than forty calves lying in the streets, with the fresh and gory wound in their necks; and while the butchers were waiting for customers at their stalls, they employed themselves in flaying and dressing their veal.

I did not hear any particular reason assigned for their bringing the carcases with the skin on; but conjecture that it may be to save trouble, as well as time; for it would be extremely difficult, in this mountainous country, for the butchers to convey so many calves, when cut out in joints, and ready for sale, to the markets, on account of their bulk; but when covered with the skin, they can bundle them up in almost any shape, and fasten them on their horses in almost any manner.

CHAP. XVIII.

Road to Newcastle.—River Teivy.—Ancient Castle.—Approach to Carmarthen.

THE road from *Cardigan* to *Newcastle*, after passing a kind of causeway, raised by the side of the *Teivy*, ascends a hill near the seat of *Owen Lloyd*, Esq. a gentleman of very ancient family, and great respectability.

The country around is generally enclosed, and the prospect is rendered dreary by the want of trees.

At some distance, on the right, are the seat and iron-works of Sir *Benjamin Hammet*, and further on, a handsome house, embowered among plantations.

The south-east wind blew very cold over the hills, and made the aspect of the *Carmarthenshire* mountains the more bleak: but the scene suddenly varied, and after obtaining a transient glimpse of a handsome white house in a valley, on the right, we ascended the side of a bold eminence; and passing under the shelter of some

N

romantic

romantic rocks, crossed two bridges, the last of which, *Pont y Currie*, is erected over a broad and rapid stream, which soon unites with the beautiful *Teivy*, whose meandering course, among small enclosures and verdant meadows, is again seen on the right.

The view of *Newcastle*, with the ruins of the ancient fortress, whence it derives its name, standing on the banks of the *Teivy*, becomes every moment more and more interesting, till we at length enter the town, which is small and irregular.

There is an old bridge over the *Teivy*, and on the east side a small church, near the picturesque ruins of the castle.

The *Teivy* (which flows into the valley, from the east), when it arrives near this place, makes an abrupt turn, as it were, back again, and forms a sort of peninsula, on which the castle is situated, with a beautiful meadow between it and the river; and then turning again to the west, rolls through a rocky channel, and under the bridge before mentioned.

The castle appears highly venerable in its ruins; for having been constructed of the slate-stone, so abundant in these parts, all the windows, door-ways, and other apertures, are fringed

fringed by the roughness of the thin layers which compose the walls.

The principal entrance is by an arch, at least twelve feet high, placed between two octagon towers, perfectly correspondent in size and appearance; and with two windows remaining in each.

On the right is a square tower, with some windows and a door-way; and the shape of the whole fortress (which seems to have been very regular) may be traced without difficulty.

Its origin is undoubtedly of great antiquity; but the building seems to have assumed its present form, as well as its name, in the reign of *Henry the seventh*: when it was repaired by *Rhys ap Thomas*, a partizan of that monarch, when Earl of *Richmond*; who, on coming to the crown, made him a knight of the garter.

Some gold and silver coins have been discovered at different times; but I heard of none now remaining in the neighbourhood.

A sword was also said to be in the possession of a farmer, near this place; and we were induced to pay him a visit, in order to obtain a sight of it.

On our arrival, however, he had only to shew us a highlander's broad-sword, of the usual form, which was given to his great grand-father, by one of the royalists, at the garrison of *Newcastle*, in the civil wars, in return for some provisions with which he had furnished the troops there.

The man seemed very proud of this *valuable* relic, and boasted not a little of the pains which he said he had taken to keep it bright; but he was not able to afford me the smallest degree of satisfaction respecting the history of the castle, excepting that he had once heard it belonged to an Earl of *Carberry*.

I presume this was *Richard*, Earl of *Carberry*, who had a seat at *Golden Grove*, in *Carmarthenshire*, where his lordship generously fostered the pious and loyal Bishop *Taylor*, during the rebellion. The same nobleman, when he afterwards became lord president of the marches of *Wales*, patronized *Butler*, the author of *Hudibras*.

Crossing a few fields from the farm house, we ascended a high mountain, which afforded an agreeable prospect of the town, the river, the castle, and the valley.

The *Teivy* yields abundance of trout; and the salmon found in it is famous throughout all
Wales,

Wales, where it is preferred to that of the *Severn*.

The range of mountains which we were now to pass over, was covered with heath and bogs; but the extent of their summits is so considerable, that we had none of those bold precipices and abrupt declivities, which so romantically ornament the scenery in *Cardiganshire*.

The view is very extensive, and the line by which it is bounded is so bold, that it indeed deserves to be called a line of beauty: but the eye rests too much on the dark heath; and the bleakness of the situation rendered the journey over these eminences fatiguing and unpleasant.

Though the distance to *Carmarthen* is twenty miles, no particular objects worth mentioning are presented, until you have accomplished more than twelve of them, when a noble eminence suddenly displays an interesting view of a rich valley, bounded by the *Glamerganshire* hills; the town of *Kidwelly* lying near the sea-side, and the fine arm, or freight, which receives the river *Towey*.

Further on we met with an incredible number of young persons of both sexes, chiefly farmers' servants, and many of them without either shoes

or stockings, though indifferently dressed after the fashion of the country, who were returning from the market at *Carmarthen*, which, at this season of the year, is very fully attended; but were not gratified with any view of the town, until we had nearly approached it; and then, although it seems of considerable size, it does not appear to any great advantage.

C H A P. XIX.

*Carmarthen. — Bridge. — Castle — Reflections. — The Church. —
Merlin.*

CARMARTHEN stands in a valley, sheltered on the north by high and mountainous eminences; and is situated as to the *Towey*, precisely in the same manner as *Cardigan* is to the *Teivy*.

The latter, however, is by far the most noble river in breadth, and in the elegance of its banks; but the former possesses beauties, which perhaps compensate for the want of those advantages.

It meanders more agreeably, and the eye commands its course for miles: whereas the *Teivy* has scarcely passed the bridge at *Cardigan* before it disappears, and the first winding in its course hides it from the spectator's eye for ever.

The bridge at *Carmarthen* is of a commodious breadth, a circumstance very seldom paralleled in old bridges: it has six arches, besides four or five in the parapet at the south end, to allow the water to pass, in time of flood, when the meadows are frequently overflowed.

The castle once commanded the bridge, and protected the town, on the south side, opposing its formidable and massive towers to this pass of the river: but it no longer threatens hostility, being now reduced to a state of utter ruin.

The period of its erection is uncertain: it might probably, however, have been built in the reign of the first *William*; and it is certain, that it has been exposed to frequent assaults from *Gryffith ap Rhys*, Prince of *South Wales*, and others.

The county gaol occupies part of the site, and its entrance is handsomely built of hewn stone, with iron gratings; and over the door are the horrid, but appropriate decorations of immense chains and fetters.

A row of very mean houses stands on the south side, and within the area of the old castle, the miserable abode of penury and wretchedness,—a change great and awful!

The proud lord, whose very menials shone in the gaudy trappings of splendid pomp, reclined himself within these walls. The gilded couch was perfumed to receive him; the minstrel attuned the harp to “sounds of sweetest melody;” and all the soft contrivances of ease and luxury await

await his slumbers, and invite him to repose. “Here he praised the trembling lyre, and listened
“to the songs of heroes!”

Where now are these delights? Where now are these “appliances?” The half starved mendicant, and needy cottager extend their rigid or enfeebled limbs, on the squalid bed of misery and indigence: the whistling wind is the dismal music of their midnight hour; and the straw pallet, or the rushy bed, the place of their repose.

The gay delights, the festive merriment, the splendid pageantry, are fled for ever!

The mighty warrior, proudly indignant of affronts, and scarcely submitting to the pre-eminence of kingly power, here quartered the arms of liberty, with those of courage; and native freedom shone in every action.

The scene is now reversed: the captive in the dreary dungeon, loaded with fetters, and oppressed with chains, is doomed in silent solitude to expiate his crimes; or sinks the miserable victim of obdurate creditors, torn from the kindred arms of love and duty, by the relentless violence of those to whom the tender mercies of the law have yielded him a sacrifice.

The

The church is large, but wants the venerable ornament of

“ Storied windows richly *dight*,
 “ Shedding a dim religious light.”

All the solemnity of its appearance having been destroyed by the introduction of fashes, among other decorations equally absurd and inconsistent.

The quaint expression made use of in the above couplet is generally understood to signify no more than *decked* or *bedizened*: it is, however, remarkable, that one *Walter Dight* was the author of an old work, on the mode of ornamenting windows.

The county hall is certainly an honour to the town; but there are very few other buildings at all striking or elegant: and in a place esteemed the capital of *South Wales*, we really expected cleaner inns, and more convenient accommodations.

The custom of intermixing their coal with clay, which prevails throughout the country, renders the houses almost intollerable to those who have not been used to it. Coal is not dear; but economy is one of the most general traits in the *Welsh* character; and as the fire-balls (as they call

call them) are still cheaper than coal alone, people swallow the nauseous smoke very patiently, and submit to almost suffocation for the benefit of their pocket.

On the east side of the town, not far from the *Towey*, are the remains of a monastic building of considerable extent.

Carmarthen was the birth-place of *Merlin*, whose name is still attached to a grove, near the banks of the river; to which spot he used frequently to retire, and whence his prophetic disclosures were issued, with the greater and more impressive solemnity.—*Merlin* was born A. D. 480.

C H A P. XX.

*Abergwilly.—Coracles.—Line of Beauty.—Dinevawr Castle.—
And Park.—Its ancient and present state.—Improvements
suggested.—Remarks.*

LEAVING *Carmarthen* we passed a neat villa, agreeably situated on a rising ground, which commands a view of the river *Towey*, and the fine meadows through which it flows.

A long bridge conducted us to the little town of *Abergwilly*, which is full of public houses, and remarkable only for that circumstance, and the residence of the bishop of *St. David's*, whose palace is a spacious but inelegant building, at the east end of the village.

The hills which shelter the road on the left, are bold and striking, and the course of the river is truly beautiful, rolling through rich meadows, or between well wooded slopes.

At *Abergwilly* we saw many of the coracles described by *Mr. Wyndham*, *Mr. Warrington*, and other authors from *Giraldus Cambrensis* (who wrote a description of *Wales* in the 12th century),

as being used by the inhabitants of this part of the country for crossing the rivers and fishing.

They are made of a sort of wicker or basket work, and covered with pitched canvas, or a raw hide;—so that they are sufficiently light to be removed from place to place with great ease and celerity; and their appearance is certainly not unlike the shell of a very large turtle, when viewed at a distance, as they are disposed in rows against the sides of the houses.

These coracles have been in use without much change in their structure, from a very remote period, as *Lucan's* description of them applies with great exactness :

“ Primum cana falix madefacto vimine parvam,
 “ Vertitur in puppim, cæloque inducta juvenco
 “ Vectoris patiens, tumidum superenatat amnem
 “ Sic venetus stagnante pado, fusoque *Britannus*
 “ Navigat oceano.” &c.

It was at *Abergwilly*, where the brave, but unfortunate *Llewellyn* subdued his rebellious subjects, headed by *Rhun*, a Scotsman; but he lived only a very short time to enjoy the tranquillity which his unexampled courage had restored, being assassinated by the descendants of *Howel Dba*, who had been deprived of their succession to the throne of *South Wales*.

A few miles farther on, the scenery is magnificently grand,—the hills rise with a fine bold swell, and the horizon is marked with a waving and strongly indented line.

This undulating horizon which is so justly admired by every person of taste, as constituting the true picturesque line of beauty, is not forgotten by the poet :

“ Yon stream that wanders down the dale,
 “ The spiral wood, the winding vale,
 “ The path which, wrought with human skill,
 “ Slow twining, climbs yon distant hill,
 “ With fir invested—all combine
 “ To recommend *the waving line.*”

“ The wreathed rod of *Bacchus* fair,
 “ The ringlets of *Apollo's* hair,
 “ The wand by *Maia's* offspring borne,
 “ The smooth volutes of *Ammon's* horn,
 “ The structure of the *Cyprian* dame,
 “ And each fair female's beauteous frame,
 “ Shew to the pupils of design
 “ The triumphs of *the waving line.*”

An ingenious philosopher has lately supposed that the origin of that pleasurable sensation which the line of beauty conveys to a man of taste, is derived from the symmetry of *his mother's bosom*; “ which,” says he, “ the infant embraces with his hands, presses with his lips, and watches
 “ with

“ with his eyes.” The thought is pretty, but the idea is surely not correct in its extended sense; for who will not be tempted to smile when the same author adds, “ in our maturer years we “ feel a glow of delight at soft gradations of “ rising and descending surface, *as in the forms “ of antique vases*, which seems to influence all “ our senses; and, if the object be not *too large*, “ we experience an attraction to embrace it with “ our arms, and to salute it with our lips, as we “ did in our early infancy the bosom of our “ mother:” and indeed one might laugh outright, if this were true, to see the grave professors at *Oxford rapturously embracing*, in their reverend arms, *the globes at Christ-church*.

To pursue my journey—In a field on the right we saw four large upright stones remaining of a circle. The ground has been ploughed up, but a considerable degree of elevation is still to be traced where was formerly the site of the ancient enclosure.

From the hill beyond, we had a charming retrospect of the valley and the river, terminated by the town of *Carmarthen*;—the banks of the *Towey* being every where covered with nodding groves, or bedecked with verdant meads.

Descending this hill, we passed a bridge, having some fine eminences on the left, rising very gracefully and cultivated with infinite care and neatness.

Another bridge is rendered highly picturesque by a cascade, which has been made about fifty yards from it.

Near it stands *Drustwyn* castle, on an eminence which commands the course of the *Tawy*, *Paxton*, or *Middleton* Hall, one of the best built, and most magnificent houses in *Wales*, is at some distance on the right.

Approaching the termination of the valley, there appeared a lofty hill, clothed with venerable oaks, from the river's brink to its summit, on which are the massive ruins of *Newton* castle, the once regal seat of the ancient *Cambrian* monarchs.

The last prince who inhabited it, was *Rhys ap Tewdyr*, an ancestor of *Rice*, now Baron *Dyfevor*. It was besieged by the forces of King *Henry*, in the year 1256, which were defeated, with the loss of two thousand men, by the brave *Llewellyn*, prince of *North Wales*.

This monument of ancient splendour stands at the south-western boundary of a spacious park, adorned

adorned with noble plantations, and beautified with the most agreeable diversity of swelling hills, and irriguous valleys, which nature has ever collected within the same compass.

Every thing looks venerable ;—the very wall of the park is covered with moss and ivy.

We rung at an ancient gate, and were admitted by a pretty little *Welch* girl, who told us, that although Lord *Dynevor's* family was not at the castle, she thought we might obtain permission to see the grounds.

Passing a stately range of oaks, stamped with the mark of time, having arrived at maturity, at least a century ago, a beautiful view of the valley towards the north presents itself.

We then descended through a rich grove, which flanks the present mansion, a structure devoid of taste or elegance, and a great disgrace to the scenery which surrounds it, as well as to the genius of its architect.

The building, which is stuccoed all over, is of a square form, with a small turret projecting at each corner, covered with a sort of dome. The whole is embattled, has plain sash windows, and a low door-way.

This edifice is honoured with the title of *Dynewor* castle, and it is placed under the shelter of three beautiful groves, but commands no prospect, excepting that of a bold swell just before the principal front, and *the tops* of a few of the trees which are scattered about the park in a most elegant manner.

On the right, out of the midst of a dark wood, arise the mighty turrets of the ancient castle,—an object so venerable in itself is scarcely to be paralleled,—and so ornamented by the trees which surround it, as scarcely to be matched for beauty and picturesque effect: but neither the ruin, nor its sublime accompaniments, are seen from the modern house.

The undulations of the ground are remarkably beautiful,—the fine and graceful swell of the hills, the bold slopes, and the sweeping ridges, which vary this delightful place, exceed in sublimity, and surpass in effect, every thing I have seen of the same nature: and the famed river *Towey* secretly meanders around the park, feeling it no dishonour to wash, with translucent waves, the foot of the hill which once sustained the palace of the brave and venerable *Rhys ap Tewdyr*.

While my mind was divided between the pleasure and admiration arising from contemplating the fine old ruin, the rich foliage of the trees, and the verdure of the turf from whence they spring; and the disgust excited by the clumsy awkwardness of the house, which is placed in the most objectionable spot about the premises, I looked around to discover a situation more fit for the building of a mansion suitable to the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, and worthy the descendants of *Cambrian* Princes,—those mighty names which are the “boast of heraldry”.

“Chiefs grac’d with scars, and prodigal of blood.”

The high-born and illustrious worthies of an heroic race.

It was unnecessary to devote much time to this purpose, for a gentle eminence was immediately before us, which commands an extensive view of the broad and irriguous course of the *Towey*, of the old bridge over it, of the woods and mountains which bound the vale of *Llandilo*, of the beautiful groves which skirt the slope of a lofty eminence behind the present mansion, and of the turrets of *Newton* castle, surrounded by a display of sylvan scenery, rich even to luxuriance.

How so advantageous a situation happened to be overlooked by those who designed the house as it now stands, is really matter of astonishment; but should the present noble possessor be induced to undertake the improvement which has been hinted at, his name will live, in the admiration and praises of men of taste, through succeeding generations; and the castle of *Dynevor* will not depend on its ancient companion, the castle of *Newton*, for fame or celebrity.

Our ancestors seem to have given themselves very little concern about the fit and the appropriate. Every age has produced a revolution of fashions, and the principles of true taste in architecture were, for centuries together, made subservient to fanciful and capricious whimsies.

It is to the great, and will be to the lasting honour of the present age, that more correct ideas of genuine and appropriate embellishment have at length been introduced and patronized.

An harmonious arrangement of decorations, suitable to the scenery intended to be adorned, is now studied advantageously.

The delightful assistances of dignity of appearance, and cheerfulness of elevation, and the reciprocal aid of ground, so disposed as to shew the
buildings

buildings to advantage, and a house so formed and so situated as to embellish the surrounding scenery, have happily succeeded to the tame formality of the last century; and the ridiculous frippery and profusion of ornament in which the days of *Elizabeth* delighted.

Lord *Dynevor* possesses a park full of great natural beauties, in the charming disposition of hills, valley, and river, so remarkable at this place.

Dynevor castle has also those accompaniments which cannot be obtained by the greatest wealth and taste united, without the assistance of a long period of time,—namely, the richest groves of stately trees which are lavishly distributed, and in a manner which vastly increases the majestic elegance of their appearance.

When, therefore, a building properly adapted to such magnificent scenery, shall grace this charming spot, it will deserve the appellation of a terrestrial paradise; and if any additional incitement so to adorn it could be wanting, it occurs in the reflection, that here the proud *Cambrian* heroes made their last bold stand against those who attacked the liberties of their country:—here the social and domestic virtues were

recommended to the imitation of the world, by the force of illustrious example;—here, the civilized manners of later and more refined ages, have also been cultivated, and the pious memory of renowned ancestors gratefully revered.

A long line of noble progenitors, whose country is indebted to them for benefits and blessings of vast importance, have devolved on their successors the same generous spirit of honour, the same benignity of sentiment, the same virtuous emulation, and the same undaunted boldness in Freedom's sacred cause, which irradiated themselves, and crowned them with immortal glory.

To these ancient worthies a more appropriate monument, indeed, can not be raised than a strict imitation of their good example; but the respect and gratitude of posterity might fitly be shewn in rendering the place which was the scene of their actions here, worthy of recording their names to future generations, who shall admire, venerate, and copy their exalted worth.

- “ 'Twas in those *fields*, by *Roman* hosts annoy'd,
 “ Fought our bold fathers, rustic, unrefin'd!
 “ Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd!
 “ They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their minds.

- “ 'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race
“ Of milder merit fix'd their calm retreat ;
“ War's deadly crimfon had forfook the place,
“ And freedom fondly lov'd the chofen feat.
- “ Here youth's free fpirit, innocently gay,
“ Enjoy'd the moft that innocence can give ;
“ Thofe wholefome sweets that border virtue's way,
“ Thofe cooling fruits that we may tafte, and live.
- “ *Sincere themfelves, ah ! too fecure to find*
“ *The common bofom, like their own, fincere !*
“ 'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind,
“ 'Tis her own poifon makes the viper fear.
- “ Farewell, pure fpirits ! vain the praife we give,
“ The praife you fought from lips angelic flows ;
“ Farewell ! the virtues which deferve to live,
“ Deferve an ampler blifs than life beftows.”

SHENSTONE.

C H A P. XXI.

*Llandilo vawr.—The Church.—Monumental Inscriptions.—
Llandovery.*

ONE mile from *Dynevor* castle is *Llandilo-vawr*, a small town, with very narrow, steep, and irregular streets, but not destitute of good houses.

The church is very ancient, and consists of two aisles. It is so remarkably low, that the pillars which support the arches on which the roof rests, are not more than five feet in height.

On our arrival at the inn, we were informed that the sermon was delivered in *Welch* and *English* alternately, and, it being Sunday, that the prayers had just commenced.

We attended divine service, for the first time, in a language which we could not understand; but the clergyman, who was far advanced in years, seemed to exert himself with great force and energy.

The communion service, and also the sermon, was in *English*.

The

The farmers, their wives, and daughters, who formed the principal part of the congregation, exhibited a neatness in their dress, and a decency of behaviour, very well fitted to the day, and to the religious duties which they had assembled there to perform.

There were no tawdry trappings, in imitation of gentility;—the rosy cheeks were bordered by the neat cleanliness of the round eared cap; and the well turned arm displayed its native gracefulness in unadorned simplicity.

There is a gallery at the west end of the church; but I observed that when the psalm was given out, they who were to sing assembled round the reading desk, and there chaunted their Maker's praise.

Lord *Dynevor's* father and mother, with several more remote ancestors, are buried at the east end of the north aisle, under the pew belonging to the family, which has no mark of proud superiority, nor is at all distinguished from the rest of the seats in the church, excepting by being so situated that every person in it is excluded from the sight of the minister.

On the front of the gallery is an inscription, setting forth that the church was new pewed, new
roofed

roofed, and repaired, at the expence of the Right Honourable *G. Rice*.

On a tablet in the north aisle, is the following ;

“ To the Memory of
 “ The Right Honourable
 “ *George Rice*,
 “ Treasurer of his Majesty’s Chamber,
 “ Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum,
 “ Colonel of the Militia,
 “ and
 “ Representative in four Parliaments
 “ for the County of
 “ *Carmarthen.*”

“ This monument was raised by *Cecilia* his
 “ wife, who thought it more than a private duty
 “ that so bright an example of the great and
 “ amiable qualities should not pass away with-
 “ out a more lasting memorial than the sorrow
 “ of his friends, but should be held forth to the
 “ imitation of his family and country.

“ His generous nature, which alone would
 “ have prompted him to a noble and manly
 “ conduct, received an incitement from a long
 “ succession of illustrious ancestors. It was aided
 “ by a liberal education, and expanded itself in
 a full

“ a full produce of all the virtues which belong
 “ to a strong understanding and an active spirit,
 “ under the regulations of religion and probity.

“ It pleased GOD that his deservings should
 “ not be rewarded by a length of days; but,
 “ even here, they had their fruits in the esteem
 “ and affection of all good men, and in the
 “ zealous and virtuous attachment of his con-
 “ stituents.

“ He married *Cecilia*, only child of *William*,
 “ Earl *Talbot*, by whom he left three sons and
 “ two daughters, to deplore, with their afflicted
 “ mother, the loss of the tenderest, kindest Hus-
 “ band, Parent, Friend, Protector.

“ He was born *January 15, 1725*, and died
 “ *August 3, 1779*, deeply and universally la-
 “ mented.

“ His children were *Henrietta Cecilia*, *Lucy*,
 “ *George Talbot*, *William*, *Maria*, and *Edward*.
 “ *Lucy* died young. *William* survived his father
 “ only a few months, and died aged 11 years.”

On another tablet near the above.

“ To the Memory of

“ *Cecilia*,

“ *Baroness Dynevor*,

“ *Widow*

“ Widow of the Right Honourable
 “ *George Rice,*
 “ of *Dynevor* Castle, in this County,
 “ and
 “ Daughter and Heirefs
 “ of
 “ *William, Earl Talbot.*

“ This monument is erected by her disconso-
 “ late family.

“ Possessed of a superior understanding, and
 “ most benevolent heart, and losing the aid of
 “ her husband in the education of an infant fa-
 “ mily, she displayed the firmness of a father,
 “ blended with every accomplishment that could
 “ adorn her own sex.

“ Of the industrious poor she was the kindest
 “ protectress; and by a constant attention to the
 “ behaviour of her own family and dependants,
 “ afforded a profitable example to all her neigh-
 “ bours.

“ She died, universally lamented, on the 14th
 “ of *March, 1793, aged 57.*”

The church-yard is intersected by a road, which
 divides it into two nearly equal parts; and there
 is a pleasant row of houses along the upper side
 of it.

The

The road to *Llandovery* passes by the side of the valley through which the *Towy* winds its silver course.

On the left, about three miles from *Llandilo*, is a handsome seat of Lord *Robert Scymour Conway*, agreeably situated on an eminence, in a rich, fertile, and sylvan country, which is shewn to great advantage by the dark shades of some lofty mountains, which close the prospect, and bound the valley on the south-east.

No other objects worth particularizing are, however, to be met with, till an ancient mansion, belonging to the *Foleys*, in a melancholy state of decay, obtrudes its dismal and neglected ruins on the notice of the traveller.

Farther on, is a house, whimsically built, but pleasantly situated in a meadow contiguous to the road, and from whence the prospect of it will, in a few years, be much improved by the growth of the plantations, among which the young larches seem to flourish with a peculiar degree of elegance.

A finger-post pointed to a ford, and to a bridge;—we casually took the latter tract, (for the weather was too dry, and the river, consequently, too low to occasion any apprehensions

about

about passing at the ford) and by this accident lengthened our journey at least three miles; for the road passing by the town of *Llandovery*, leaves it quite behind; and, not till after many turnings and windings, conducted us to a stone bridge of one arch, over the river.

Having passed a church on a hill, just out of the town, we soon arrived at the Castle inn, pleasantly situated near an old ruinous fortification, which still bids defiance to the united attacks of age and storms.

Llandovery is neither large, nor well built; it is, however, neat and clean; but like almost all the rest of the *Welch* towns, full of ale-houses.

The ruins of the castle are mantled with ivy, and a handsome terrace walk surrounds part of the keep.

The inn, which was accurately clean, appeared to great advantage, after the accommodations we had met with at *Carmarthen*; but we only stopped here for an hour two, and then set out for *Trecaſtle*, which is nine miles distant.

C H A P. XXII.

*Road from Llandovery to Trecaſtle.—River.—The Inn.—
Llanſpddy.—The Uſk.*

THE road on which we now entered, has been lately conſtructed, to avoid the dangers and inconveniences of paſſing over the mountains; and it is made to wind round their baſes, ſo that it preſents an enchanting diſplay of romantic ſcenery, at the ſame time that its intrinsic excellence deſerves the higheſt commendation.

We had ſcarcely got out of the town of *Llandovery*, before a ſerpentine river appeared on our right, gliding by the ſide of the road, which turns under ſome craggy projecting rocks, at the foot of a great mountain.

Croſſed the ſtream by a bridge of one arch, having on the left a fine bold ſlope, covered with wood. The road undulates; winds to the right, and riſes on a terrace above the river, which here becomes narrow, though its courſe is ſo rapid, that part of the ſtream being diverted
a lit-

a little way from its channel, is found strong enough to turn a mill within sight of the road.

Here is also a small cascade ; and on the right a dusky and venerable wood.

The valley through which the river runs is narrow, and its steep banks are covered with trees, which, as the dingle contracts in breadth, perfectly obscure the view of the stream, now "heard and scarcely heard to flow."

The road winds in the most elegant manner, and passes two craggy chasms, such as, in the southern parts of *England*, are sometimes called *chines*.

The valley is still narrow ; its precipitous sides being covered with trees ; and whenever the river wanders from one of these banks to the other, through the little meadows which separate them, its edges are invariably adorned with a fringe of wood.

The road, gently rising and falling over unequal ground, first presents a view of bold and swelling downs ; then of a whitened cottage, perched on the summit of a lofty mountain, and embowered in a hanging wood ; while the cuckoo's note, re-echoing through the glade, proclaimed the approach of a warmer season.

A charm-

A charming hill rises from the water's edge, with a most elegant sweep: the lofty slender trees, which clothe it, to its very summit, spreading themselves into a fan of matchless beauty. The road winds to the right, and then the sylvan scene is lost.

The downs next claimed our attention, and then the river at their foot, foaming through a rocky and contracted channel with hoarser murmurs.

This mountain, which was dotted every where with sheep, is finely contrasted by the dark foliage of a majestic wood, which crowns the opposite eminence.

“*Ecce coronantur sacro frons ardua luco.*”

A cottage at the verge of the river, in the neatest style of simplicity, greatly decorates the scene; and a rude plank thrown carelessly over the stream, with a rail, lodged in the branches of the trees, on either side, forms a rustic bridge, with as much taste, as the most ingenious artist would have displayed, and perfectly agrees with the wildness of the surrounding country.

The range of mountains now breaks away abruptly to the left, and I feared that the stream,

P

which

which seemed to cling around its base, would also have deserted us ; but it only bends its course in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and we soon perceived it on our right, passing a small bridge.

The road is sheltered by a fine slope, richly covered with wood ; and two auxiliary streams are seen falling into the little river, so often mentioned, with a bridge over each of them.

The side of the mountain, at the foot of which we were riding, is covered with wood, from the water's edge to its summit ; and we began to ascend through it very gradually ; the soil under our feet being tinged with a reddish cast, which has a mild and pleasing effect : but when we arrived higher up, the hill appeared to have been despoiled of its leafy honours.

We continued our journey for a few miles on this hanging road, and derived fresh pleasure every moment from a variety of agreeable objects, which presented themselves to our view, in quick and interesting succession.

A small village, with its white church, started up, as it were, before us : we again crossed our favourite stream, and in a few minutes lost sight of it for ever.

Farewell !

Farewell! thou limped current! May no rude hand disturb thy peaceful course, nor destroy the beauties which surround thee!

Flow on, thou sweet stream! the joy and admiration of the traveller; the delight of every eye which views thee; the beautiful offspring of unerring nature!

Flow on, thou sweet river! and ages hence, when the hand which now celebrates thee shall have mouldered into dust, and have been long forgotten, may some brighter genius, attracted by the influence of thy charms, with more exalted panegyric record thy name.

My feeble pen, far, far beneath thy merits, and unequal to thy praise, shrinks from the task which gratitude assigned it, and leaves to the rapturous and energetic expression of the poet, the soothing murmurs of thy crystal stream, the graceful elegance of thy devious course, and all the sylvan honours which adorn thy banks.

Rode through the village of *Trecastle*, which consists of a few irregularly built farm-houses and cottages; and arrived at the *White Hart*, an excellent inn, situated very commodiously for those who travel into *Wales*, by the way of *Brecon*, and well supplied with excellent trout, from

the *Ufk*, which runs through the neighbouring valley.

Leaving the inn at *Trecaſtle*, in front of which was once a fortification, now entirely demolished, we aſcended a hill, and enjoyed a pleaſing view of the vale of *Ufk*, on our right.

This road preſents no very ſtriking, nor remarkable objects; but the ſcenery is placid, and the country well cultivated.

Aberyscr, a village at the mouth of a ſmall river, and another which contains a large family manſion, called *Aberbrain*, are on the left; and the latter commands a proſpect of the river *Brain*, running through fine meadows and paſtures, for ſeveral miles; and of a bridge with three arches, at ſome diſtance.

Davenock Caſtle ſtands on the right, in a ruinous ſtate of decay.

Paſſed the village of *Llannſpddy*, whoſe neat little church is ſurrounded with very large and venerable yew-trees, expanding in all the luxuriance of unreſtrained nature; in which ſtate, I really think them poſſeſſed of great majeſty and elegance.

The church near *Brain* is almoſt hidden by a rich plantation, which owes its darkeſt and moſt ſolemn

solemn shades to the yew, still preserved among the *more modern*, and more *fashionable* plants.

The clouds rested on the summit of *Pent Cryg*, a high mountain on the east side of the river *Ufk*; and prevented us from tracing the lines of castrametation which enclose it. These are the remains of a *British* encampment (probably that of *Llewellyn*, when he besieged *Brecon*), and the spot from whence, in later times, *Cromwell* is said to have cannonaded the town and castle.

Our time did not permit us to visit *the Gaer*, a *Roman* encampment in the neighbourhood.

The *Ufk*, which had accompanied us for some miles, can not boast the same elegant scenery, which decorates the banks of the smaller stream between *Llandovery* and *Trecastle*; but it has still its appropriate embellishments, and these of no inferior order. Boldly sloping banks, rich in verdure, and in the sylvan honours of the noblest groves of oak which cover them: a fine broad stream, now raving among the pebbles, and now gliding in silent majesty through a deeper channel. If it be not adorned with the elegant simplicity of rustic bridges, or the mild features of cottage scenery scattered about its sides, it has attracted the notice of the affluent, who have en-

livened its course with their buildings, and clothed the contiguous hills with plantations worthy of the fruitfulness and verdure of the meadows which its waters nourish.

C H A P. XXIII.

Brecon.—The Abbey and Castle.—River Wye.—Hay.—Clifford Castle.—Journey to Kington, in the Course of which we were lost all night on the Mountains.

WE entered the town of *Brecknock*, by a bridge over the *Uſk*, which, at a little distance above it, receives the *Honddy*, a rapid stream.

This bridge has been called stately; but it does not seem to deserve so proud an epithet; nor does the appearance of the buildings of the town at all convey an idea of opulence, cleanliness, or importance.

The ruinous castle, which would otherwise form an interesting object for contemplation, is so choaked up with miserable huts, crowded into its very area, that it was difficult to divest ourselves of the disgust which they produced, sufficiently to admire the picturesque effect of the ancient building.

The streets of *Brecon* are narrow, dirty, and irregular; and although it is not without a considerable number of good houses, they bear, it

must be confessed, a very small proportion to the wretched cabins of the indigent.

The abbey, or collegiate church, founded on the ruins of a priory of Dominicans, by *Henry* the eighth, once venerable for the extent of its buildings, and the pre-eminence of its site, now enclosed with a high wall, disgraced by the filth of a farm-yard immediately contiguous, and crumbling into a dreadful state of ruinous dilapidation, excites only the sentiments of pity and regret.

The street which leads to this edifice, consists of cottages, or rather huts, built of rough brown stone, and scarcely boasting a pane of glass: and the foot pavement is disgraced and obstructed by heaps of stones, rubbish, and dirt.

The abbey church contains several monuments and tablets, but they are chiefly in memory of persons, who might have wished, rather than deserved, to be remembered; and whose names are of consequence only to their respective families.

None of these is remarkable for its antiquity; nor did I see the memorial of one person, who was, or *is even recorded* to have been distinguished when living, for birth or talents.

In

In this undistinguished multitude, however, may, probably, have been deposited the remains of neglected genius, and the ashes of unprotected worth.

“ Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
 “ Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 “ Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway’d,
 “ Or wak’d to ecstacy the living lyre.

* * * * *

“ Some village *Hampden*, that with dauntless breast,
 “ The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 “ Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
 “ Some *Cromwell*, guiltless of his country’s blood.”

For the observation is unfortunately too true, that
 “ the pen of history has been more employed in
 “ recording the crimes of ambition, and the ra-
 “ vages of conquerors, than in preserving the
 “ remembrance of those, who, by improving
 “ science and the arts, have contributed to in-
 “ crease the conveniences of life, and to heighten
 “ its enjoyments.”

Many of the graves in the church-yard are decorated with slips of yew, or bay ; which are stuck in the green turf around the ashes of their relations, by the pious hand of friendship and affection—a pretty remnant of a very ancient custom.

“ With

“ With fairest flowers while summer lasts,
 “ I’ll sweeten thy sad grave.”

And in *Milton’s Lycidas*,

“ Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies ;
 “ The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine ;
 “ The white pink, and the pansy, freakt with jet ;
 “ The glowing violet ;
 “ The musk-rose, and the well-attir’d woodbine,
 “ With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
 “ And ev’ry flower that sad embroidery wears :
 “ Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 “ And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 “ To strew the laureat herse where *Lycid* lies.”

On the east side of the church-yard is a tomb,
 thus inscribed :

“ Here
 “ lieth the body of
 “ the Reverend RICHARD DAVIES, B. D.
 “ Vicar of *Brecon*,
 “ and
 “ Archdeacon and Canon of
 “ *St. David’s* ;
 “ who died the 22d of November,
 “ 1748,
 “ aged 52.”

On a grave-stone is the following specimen of
 correct orthography, and harmonious versifica-
 tion :

“ Dear

“ Dear parents dont lament my fall,
“ For *Death* duth triumph over all.
“ At two years owld,
“ I felt *Death's* power,
“ And foon became
“ A dying flower.”

In the middle of the town stands the market house, a respectable building, where we saw large quantities of hops exposed for sale; and there are manufactories of cloth, and of cotton stockings carried on here.

Brecknock castle is said to have been founded by *Barnard de Newmarsh*, a favourite of King *William Rufus*. It was besieged by *Llewellyn ap Ioswerth*, about the year 1233; but without success: and it does not appear, that it was ever afterwards exposed to the attack of an enemy, till *Cromwell's* time, when, being at that period in a ruinous state, it was laid still lower by the *Usurper's* cannon.

One of the towers, which is still remaining, derives its appellation from *Morton*, bishop of *Ely*, who was confined in it, in the reign of *Richard* the third, under the custody of the duke of *Buckingham*.

The duke and his prisoner conferred together, and after frequent consultations, determined on
advancing

advancing *Henry*, earl of *Richmond* to the throne ; but it is uncertain whether the duke connived at the bishop's escape, or whether that was effected without his knowledge. *Morton* was, after the accession of King *Henry*, advanced to the dignity of archbishop of *Canterbury*, lord chancellor, and cardinal : but the duke of *Buckingham* was not so fortunate, being betrayed by a domestic, for the reward of a thousand pounds, offered by King *Richard*, for his head. This was that duke of *Buckingham*, whose son fell a victim to the arrogance and resentment of cardinal *Wolfsey*, in the reign of *Henry* the eighth.

The two great ornaments of *Brecon*, and indeed the only local advantages which belong to the town, remain yet to be mentioned : I mean the two pleasant walks, called " the Priory Walk," and that on the banks of the *Uſk*, which are scarcely equalled in the vicinity of any town with which I am acquainted.

The abbey, and the trees by which it is surrounded, appeared to some advantage on leaving the town.

Passed the village of *Bronyllis* ; and, contiguous to it, an old round tower, part of the castle,

which stands on an artificial eminence, and is a picturesque ornament to the surrounding country.

An elegant modern house, called *Treguntur*, is elevated on a lofty hill, on the right: and not far from it the *black mountains*,

(“ ——— whose top
“ Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows,”)

soar above the neighbouring eminences in awful grandeur.

On the left is *Pont-y-Wall*, a gentleman's house, pleasantly situated so as to command several very richly-varied, and agreeable views.

The river *Wye* descending from *Rhyader*, by way of *Builth*, falls in with the stream which had accompanied the road we travelled, and passes under a long wooden bridge at *Glasbury*, where, as well as at the town of *Hay*, the inundations of the year 1795 destroyed the stone bridges, which had resisted the efforts of the stream for many centuries.

It is remarkable, that both these bridges fell up the stream; an evident proof that their demolition was occasioned by the weight of the water undermining the piers on which they stood.

A gen-

A gentle descent of the road, for more than a mile before we reached *Hay*, afforded a good prospect of the fertile fields, orchards, and hop-grounds, which environ the town, as well as the bold mountains that enclose them.

Hay occupies an eminence, on the summit of which formerly stood a strong castle, of which only a few walls, and one square tower remain. A dwelling house of considerable size, has been built out of the ruins; and two very large stacks of chimnies, at the west end, exhibit, at a distance, no bad resemblance of the ancient turrets which once frowned from this exalted steep.

The old *Norman* castle, which stood on the bank of the *Wye*, near the church, was demolished by King *John*, towards the end of his reign.

The church is small, and contains nothing remarkable: there is, however, a pleasing view of the neighbouring valley from the church-yard.

The town, though not large, is very populous; and the establishment of the thread manufactory in it, is a forcible proof of the industrious and enterprising spirit of the inhabitants.

At *Hay* we were entertained by Mr. *Lyde*, surgeon; a gentleman, whose humanity and skill do

as much honour to the medical profession, as his generous and liberal hospitality reflects on the place of his residence.

Having been agreeably detained by the earnest solicitations of Mr. *Lyde*, we did not leave *Hay* till the following evening, intending to repose ourselves at a *friend's* house, near the *Brilley* mountains, and to proceed towards *Kington* the next day.

We rode along the bank of the *Wye*, and came to *Clifford*, a small village, with a most picturesque and beautiful ruin of an old castle, situated on a steep mount, close to the river, which is said to have been the birth-place of the renowned *Rosamond*, daughter of an earl of *Clifford*.

A second mount has been raised almost contiguous; but there are no remains of buildings on it.

A little inn at *Clifford*, displays the sign of the Castle, an excellent representation of the ruin; and boldly placed, by the artist, in a situation where every one has an opportunity of comparing it with the building, from which it was designed.

Forded

Forded the *Wye*, which is broad, but not very deep; and when we had gained the opposite bank, turning round to thank the person, who had conducted us to the proper place for crossing the river, discovered a most remarkable echo; by far the most complete in its answers of any which I have ever met with; and not much inferior to that which has been celebrated in Dr. *Plott's* "Natural History of *Oxfordshire*."

Passed a farm-house, and entered on a very steep, narrow, and dirty lane; which, after great labour and fatigue, brought us to a village, consisting of three or four houses, where we obtained a direction about the road we were to pursue, which at last conducted us to the habitation of Mr. *B—v—n*.

The kind and friendly reception which we had uniformly experienced in *Wales*, left us no room to doubt of meeting with the like hospitality at *Ll—*; but fate had determined otherwise, and notwithstanding the additional claim, which the darkness of the night, added to our total ignorance of the road, had given us on their hospitality, we were doomed to experience the mortification of being told, that *the family was not at home*. An old sybil, whose haggard countenance

nance was aggravated by this forbidding message, gave us the unwelcome answer through a casement, which, she said, as we were strangers to her, she did not choose to open, though the true reason was, her fear lest we should have detected the mistress of the house, in the act of hiding herself *under a table*; the glimpse of which procedure we caught, by the light of a solitary candle, which the *Duenna* had forgotten to extinguish. In vain did we entreat the favour of a guide to *Kington*; in vain prefer our earnest request to be directed by the nearest road: the old woman having condescended (but not without much altercation with her mistress) to *tell a lie*, or, in more polite phraseology, to *deny her*, now stoutly supported what she had said, in opposition to the incontrovertible testimony of our eyes and ears; but obstinately refused to answer any questions. Thus circumstanced, we were under the disagreeable necessity of returning through the lane before mentioned; and, totally destitute of all knowledge of the road, soon completely lost ourselves in the mazy intricacies of its different turnings. Enquiring at a cottage, we received a direction, made up of an unintelligible concatenation of names and places, and a

confusion of terms and distances, which could only have been understood and rectified by those who were well acquainted with the geography of the country, and who would, therefore, have required no information.

As it was barely possible for us to explore a track thus described, it is not at all wonderful, that we were soon in greater perplexity than before. We had now arrived at a dirty common; but being deceived by the semblance of a hedge, which was in fact nothing more than the shade occasioned by a thick fog resting on the edge of a lofty hill; in making up to it, we suddenly found ourselves on the brink of a precipice, with a river at its foot. Providentially our horses were less blinded by the mist, than their riders, or we should have inevitably fallen from the cliff into the water. After this narrow escape, we made various efforts to regain the road; but the tracks were either so numerous as to bewilder us, or so obscure, that we could not trace them. The inhabitants of the cottage at which we called, had spoken of a public house some where on the road; but there was not a glimmering of light to assist us, nor any sound, but that of a tinkling

tinkling sheep bell, to be heard. We wandered through the dreary waste, just as chance, or accident directed us; for the points of the compass were forgotten: there was not a star to be seen, and we were, on every side, surrounded with an impenetrable mist. All our care and caution did not prevent us from falling into several deep holes, nor from sinking into miry ditches, up to the horses girths. At last our progress was completely stopped; for, though not absolutely entangled among the thickets, we were so enclosed by trees and bushes, that we could neither go forward, nor find any opening by which we might retreat. The screams of the night owl were the only sounds which reached the ear; and in this gloomy solitude we were compelled to pass the remainder of the night. Apprehensive of dangers, of which we could not form any probable idea; shrouded in darkness, and thus enclosed in a confinement, which appeared insurmountable, I could not help fancying myself in the famous Buller of *Buchan*, so emphatically described by Doctor *Johnson*.

At last the mist began to be dissipated, and an opening in the wood afforded us some chance of

recovering our way. A small farm-house appeared at the bottom of the hill, to which we hastened, and were *hospitably received there* by its owner, who set before us his best provisions, dried our clothes by a turf fire, sheltered our horses in his stable, and, as soon as it was daylight, conducted us himself, into the road to *Kington*.

We now passed horrid pit-falls, which were bordered with our horses footings, the dangers to which we had been exposed in the night, appeared in their full extent, and (what was most provoking) we discovered that the track which we had unwittingly pursued, passed close by several houses, which the darkness of the night had totally hidden from our view; and within a few paces of the public-house to which we had been repeatedly directed.

Greatly fatigued, at length we reached *Kington*, which is a neat lively town, pretty well built, and populous.

The church has a singular appearance, being very irregular in its form; and the tower, which is very low, standing detached, on the south side of it, surmounted with a spire, exactly resembling

ling three extinguishers, placed one over the other.

The *Wye*, when it arrives at *Kington*, is a deep and silent stream; but after passing the bridge, it divides into two currents, which brawl among the stones, and resume the character which marks its general course.

At the entrance of the town is a free grammar school, erected and endowed by a Lady *Watkins*.

CHAP. XXIV.

Return to Presteign.—Road to Mortimer's Cross.—Richard's Castle.—Orleton. Ludlow.—Hospital.—Church.—Castle.—Lords Presidents of the Marches of Wales.—Historical Anecdotes.—Remarks on certain Corporations.

THE great quantity of rain which had fallen, rendered our journey to *Presteign* dirty and unpleasant. The road passes through an inclosed country, and leaving the fine plantations at the Earl of *Oxford's* seat, at *Eywood*, on the left, rejoins the road by which we had before entered *Presteign*.

Here we again met with that cordial and unaffected hospitality, that generous and attentive reception, which marks the character of true friendship, and adds lustre to the most exalted qualifications, and the most splendid accomplishments.

After resting ourselves for a few days under the hospitable roof of Mr. *D—s*, we pursued our journey to *Ludlow*, through roads every where excessively bad, and in some places almost impassable.

Two miles from *Presteign*, passed some genteel villas, at the foot of the noble hill which sustains the fortification called *Weobly* camp. The slope is covered with wood, which descends to the meadows, on the brink of a small river, over which is a stone bridge.

The village of *Kinsham*, with the seat of the Countess Dowager of *Oxford*, are on the left; and on the opposite side is a bold craggy mountain, which darkens the road, and towers over the adjacent country.

The road passes the seat of Viscount *Bateman*, near which we crossed another bridge, and afterwards rode through the village of *Shobdon* to *Mortimer's* Cross, a place rendered famous in history by its vicinity to the spot on which *Edward*, Duke of *York* (afterwards King *Edward* the fourth) encountered the forces of *Henry* the sixth, under the command of *Jasper*, Earl of *Pembroke*.

The event of this battle proved highly advantageous to *Edward*, who besides having made great slaughter of the King's army, took (among other prisoners) *Owen Tudor*, husband to Queen *Catharine*, and father in law of *Henry* the sixth) and beheaded him at *Hereford*.

Passed *Croft* Castle, formerly the seat of Mr. *Jobnes*, whose elegant residence at *Hafod* has been already described; and from *Tarpole*, about a mile beyond it, enjoyed a retrospect of the buildings, and a fine screen of oaks which shelter the house.

Three miles from *Ludlow* is *Richard's Castle*, now a mean village, with scarcely a vestige of the building from whence it derives its name remaining. It is a place of great antiquity, and some records are preserved of its importance in the *Norman* times;—since which, it has gradually declined, and now contains only one object worthy of the traveller's notice.

This is a natural curiosity, scarcely to be paralleled, but which has been long known to the curious. *Camden*, and other authors, have mentioned it, but no satisfactory account has been given of the cause of it.

Beneath the castle is a well, which contains immense quantities of the bones of frogs,—and although it has been several times cleansed, they are soon found in as great numbers as before. This happens in spring and autumn, and it has been conjectured that the coldness of the water first killed the frogs, and then destroyed and dissolved

dissolved the flesh :—an experiment has been made, to discover the truth of this, by tying a living frog in the water ; but no such effect was then produced. This experiment however, is no farther conclusive than as it disproves the power of the water to destroy life, for it may possibly happen that this water possesses the peculiar property of dissolving the flesh of dead animals, although it has no effect on the same species during life.

It is remarkable that the human body, whether in health or disease, is always very near that degree of temperature which is most favourable to the process of putrefaction, and yet that it has no disposition to putrefy.

It may appear but vague reasoning, but it is undoubtedly the truth, to say, that *the life* prevents it, but the imperfect powers of the human mind can no more account for why the living principle does prevent it, than they can explain *why* attraction and gravitation exist ; or than they can elucidate the fact that the flesh of a living frog is not liable to be destroyed by the water in this well, though that of a dead one will be very speedily dissolved in it.

After we had passed the village of *Orleton*, which is almost hidden among orchards, we saw several villas on each side of the road; and, at a distance, on the right, stands *Bellington*, the residence of the Right Honourable *Thomas Harley*.

The approach to *Ludlow* from *Presteign* is not at all striking. The lofty tower of the church, indeed, appears on an eminence, but neither the castle, nor the river, nor the walls which beautify the environs of the town, are included in the prospect.

At the corner of Mr. *Lechmere's* park, an old bridge, with pointed piers and recesses, leads to the high street:—the south gate has been converted into a dwelling house, but the arched passage is still open.

This street is straight and well built, and at the upper end, where it is crossed by another of inferior breadth, stands a neat stone building, supported by pillars, which serves as a school, and a market-house.

The other streets are, in general, spacious, and some of them handsome, but there is an air of quietness which the size of the town rendered unexpected;

unexpected; and grass literally grows in several parts of it.

Dulness seems, indeed, to have so completely established her reign here, that we had been a whole day at *Ludlow* before we saw a single carriage of any description pass through the streets.

The church is a handsome cruciform structure, in the gothic style, with large and lofty windows, and a fine tower ornamented with statues.

A terrace walk encloses the west side of the church-yard, which commands an agreeable prospect over the meadows, and the course of the river *Teme*, to the distant hills.

Near the church is a neat hospital for the reception of poor persons, with the following inscription on the front :

“ Domum hanc Eleemosynariam

“ Munificentia *Johannis Hofyer*, Mercatoris,

“ Anno salutis MCCCCLXXXVI, primito

“ extructam.

“ Temporis injuria labefactam dein et ruituram,

“ In Dei optimi maximi Gloriam, Pii Fundatoris

“ Memoriam et comodioram,

“ Pauperum receptionem; ab ipsis usque

“ Fundamentis propriis sumptibus,

Refusci.

“ Refuscitârunt, ampliârunt, ornârunt,

“ Ballivi Burgenfes et Communitas Villæ hujus

“ de *Ludlow*;

“ Anno Domini, MDCCLVIII,

“ Auguftiffimi Regis *Georgii* Secundi

“ Tricefimo primo.”

A handsome portico on the fouth fide of the church is now the principal entrance.

This edifice contains the afhes of many diftinguifhed perfons;—it is neatly pewed, and a confiderable quantity of painted glafs is ftill remaining in the windows, notwithstanding the fuperftitious devaftations to which it was expofed, in common with all other religious edifices, in the fanatical days of *Cromwell*:—fo that yet

“ The ftoried window fhades the folar ray,

“ With foften’d luftre, and religious day.”

The font is of white marble, and placed near the weft door.

The roof is not ceiled, but wainfcoted with oak, and decorated at the interfections of the joifts with painted figures of angels bearing fcrolls, with fentences from the “ *Te Deum*.”

The organ, which is very handsome, is injudiciously placed over the entrance to the chancel. It was the gift of the Right Honourable *William Henry* Earl of *Powis*; and there is a fire-engine, which was presented by the same family.

On a tablet affixed to one of the pillars which support the tower, is an inscription in memory of “ The Honourable *Alice Burrard*, daughter
“ of *Richard*, Lord *Herbert*, Baron of *Cherbury*,
“ in *England*, and of *Castle Islands*, in *Ireland*,”
and dated 1763.

On the south side of the chancel is a white marble monument in memory of “ *Theophilus*
“ *Salway*, Esq. son of *Edward Salway*, and
grandson of Major *Richard Salway*,” who, as
the inscription sets forth, “ sacrificed all and
“ every thing in his power, in support of public
“ liberty, and in opposition to arbitrary power.”

A sort of pedestal supports a *surly, dropsical-looking* cherub; on one side lies the shield of arms, and on the other is a pyramid, composed of books and palm branches, surmounted with an ill shaped scull, big enough for the shoulders of a giant.

Near the last mentioned monument is one of alabaster, painted and ornamented with several coats of arms, with the following words :

“ *Hearc*

“ Heare lyethe the bodpe of Ambrosia Syd-
 “ ney, iinth Daughter of the Righc Honour-
 “ able Sir Henry Sydney, Knight of the
 “ most noble order of the Garter, Lord Pre-
 “ sident of the Counsell of Walles, etc. And
 “ of the Ladpe Marpe his Wpfe, Daughter
 “ of the famous Duke of Northumberland,
 “ who dyed in Ludlowe Castell, the 22d of
 “ Febuarie, 1574.”

The pavement of the chancel is almost wholly covered with funereal memorials, and among many less distinguished names is that of a daughter of *Thomas*, Lord *Folliot*, Baron of *Ballishannon*, in *Ireland*, who married into the two ancient families of *Powel* and *Jones*, of *Radnorshire*.

Near the altar, in a recumbent posture, is the figure of a lady in the dress of the times in which she lived; and below, this inscription :

“ HERE LYETH, EXPECTINGE A JOYFULL
 “ RESURRECTION, THE BODY OF DAME MARY
 “ EURE, LATE WIFE TO THE RIGHT HONOUR-
 “ ABLE RALPHE, LORD EURE, BARON OF MAL-
 “ TON, LORD PRESIDENT OF THE PRINCIPALI-
 “ TIE AND MARCHES OF WALES, AND LIEU-
 “ TENANT OF THE SAME, AND DAUGHTER OF

“ SIR

“ SIR JOHN DAWNEY, OF SESSEY, IN THE COUN-
 “ TY OF YORK, KNT. WHO DEPARTED THIS
 “ MORTALL LIFE THE 19TH DAY OF MARCH,
 “ ANNO DOMINI 1612, ÆTATIS SUÆ 55.”

On the north side of the altar, within the rails, is an ancient monument, with the figure of a doughty knight in armour, with a dagger by his right side, and a book between his hands; and of a lady, extended at full length, and resting her head on a large book, two dogs lying at her feet; and at the feet of the knight, a deer, with this motto: “ Tout en Dieu.” The lady has rings on the second joint of the fourth finger of each hand.

“ Heare Iyeth the Bodpes of Sir Robert
 “ Townshend, knyght, Lord Chief Justice of
 “ the Counsell in the Marches of Wales and
 “ Chester; and Dame Alice his Wyfe, Dough-
 “ ter, and one of the Heyres of Robert Poppe,
 “ esquire, whoe had betwyne them twoo vij
 “ chyldren, vi sounes and vi daughters, law-
 “ fully begot.”

The figures of the six *dughters* are at the ends of the monument, adorned with their coats of arms, empaled with those of the families with which they intermarried:—the *sounes* have the honour

honour of standing in a row along the front of the tomb, and below each figure is the name, description, and rank of each person respectively, but many of these inscriptions are illegible.

Crests were first used early in the fourteenth century; but I do not find when the custom of placing them at the feet of monumental statues first obtained. It was perhaps introduced during the crusades, as we usually find the figures of cross-legged knights with these accompaniments; and as every innovation of that period was tinged with a religious fervor, this might perhaps be intended as symbolical of the contempt which the true christian warrior entertained for the good things of the present world, and as an indication that he aspired to the blessings of immortality, trampling on the highest honours and distinctions of this earthly state.

The window over the altar is nearly entire, and contains the history of St. *Lawrence*, the tutelar saint of the church.

On the north side of the chancel is a monument with this inscription:

“ This monument was erected by *Edward*
 “ *Walter* Esquire, one of his Majesty’s council
 “ in ordinary in the Principality and Marches of
 “ *Wales*,

“ *Wales*, in his life-time, anno ætatis suæ 72,
 “ in memory of himself, and of *Martha*, his late
 “ Wife, deceased, who was daughter of Sir
 “ *Charles Foxe*, Knight, and Dame *Iffabell*, his
 “ wife. Shee departed this lifee the 2d day of
 “ *Oct.* 1629.

“ They had issue betweene them three sonnes,
 “ *Charles*, *Edward*, and *Timothy*; and four
 “ Daughters, *Margaret*, *Iffabell*, *Margaret*, and
 “ *Anne*; of all which only two are nowe livinge:
 “ *Margaret*, the younger, who is married to
 “ *Edward Corbett*, of *Longnor*, in the county
 “ of *Salop*, Esquire; and *Anne*, who is married
 “ to *Edward Foxe*, of *Ludforde*, in the county
 “ of *Hereford*, Esquire.”

There is a chapel on the north side of the chancel, with some painted glass in the windows, and an alabaster monument of Sir *John Brydgeman*, who is represented in his robes and cap; and, agreeable to the character preserved of him, with a sensible, but morose countenance:

“ SACRUM MEMORIÆ,

“ DNI. JOHANNIS BRYDDGEMAN, MILITIS,

“ SERUIENTIS AD LEGEM ET CAPITALIS JUSTICIARII,

“ CESTRIÆ,

“ QUI MAXIMO OMNIUM BONUM MOERORE,

R

“ (CUM

“ (CUM 70. ANNOS VIXISSET)

“ 5^o FEBR. ANNO 1637;

“ PIE PLACIDEQ. ANIMA DEO REDDIDIT.”

Francisca uxor mœstissima posuit.

In the south end of the transept is what I take to be a great curiosity:—the Commandments, painted in the old letter, and which have so remained from the time that they were first ordered to be set up in churches.

The several precepts are much abridged, and they exhibit a curious specimen of ancient orthography, beginning thus:

“ The ten commaundementes of Almyghtie
“ Godde.

“ Tholk shaulte have none othez Codes but
“ mee.”

A red capital begins most of the nouns. The first, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth commandments are at length.

The second is abridged from the end of the precept. The promise of the third is omitted, and all the latter part of the fourth, which respects the creation: and in the fifth, the second clause is entirely omitted.

Divine service is performed here three times a

day; and there is a provision for a rector, curate, and lecturer.

On another monument is the following:

“ HEARE LYE THE BODIES OF *EDMUND WAL-*
 “ *TER*, ESQUIER, CHIEFFE JUSTICE OF THREE
 “ SHIERS IN *SOUTH WALES*, AND ONE OF HIS
 “ MAJESTY’S COUNCILL IN THE MARCHES OF
 “ *WALES*; AND OF *MARY*, HIS WIFE, DAUGH-
 “ TER OF *THOMAS HACKLUIT*, OF *EYTON*,
 “ ESQUIER, WHO HAD ISSUE THREE SONNES,
 “ NAMED *JAMES*, *JOHN*, AND *EDWARD*; AND
 “ TWO DAUGHTERS, NAMED *MARY* AND *DO-*
 “ *ROTHY*. HE WAS BURIED THE XXIX DAYE
 “ OF *JANUARIE*, ANN. DN̄ 1592.”

This tomb is of alabaster; the figures are of jet, recumbent on a table of white marble, supported by pillars of variegated alabaster: and below the entablature are five little figures, kneeling.

Among this interesting collection of monumental records, it is observable, that the chief officers of the court of marches have their effigies always decorated with the ring, or signet;—the constant distinguishing ornament of places of trust and confidence, in remote periods.

The great name of *Cadwalader*, is still remaining in the family of a tradesman of *Ludlow*;

perhaps without his knowing the origin from whence he sprung. Were it possible for us to trace the connexions of the most ancient families in the kingdom, there is no doubt that we should find a pretty equal distribution of what is proudly termed noble blood. We should discover this precious fluid in various channels, sometimes creeping sluggishly through the veins of a plebeian; another while boiling with impetuosity in kings and princes. We should detect some of the greatest names, among the humblest stations, and even, perhaps

“ An undoubted *Plantagenet* holding the plough.”

Near *Ludlow* the *Teme* is joined by a smaller stream, called the *Corfe*, which passes under a strong bridge, of three arches, north-west of the town; but afterwards winds between the meadows so secretly, that its course is not easily to be traced.

Both the *Teme* and the *Corfe* are full of trout and perch, and of a species of roach, which is called by some name peculiar to this part of the country.

The abundance of fish has tempted almost all the poorer sort to become fishermen, and induced

duced the neighbouring gentlemen, who possess estates, and the farmers, who occupy land contiguous, to be very strict in prohibiting persons from coming to angle on the grounds which respectively belong to them.

Ludlow Castle, whether it be considered on account of its antiquity, the dignity of its history, or the magnificent ruin which it at present exhibits, highly deserves attention.

It stands on the west side of the town, on a noble eminence, which commands a beautiful valley, full of green pastures, dotted with cattle, and interspersed with trees; decorated with a softly gliding river, whose banks are fringed with wood; and bounded by lofty hills, either covered with trees, or heaving their bold naked ridges into the clouds, at a hazy distance.

“ The various landscape onward spreads,
 “ O'er cultur'd plains and verdant meads,
 “ And seats, and towns, and hamlets rise,
 “ Where yon smoke curls into the skies;
 “ And spires that pierce through tufted trees,
 “ Till faintly fading by degrees,
 “ Beyond, in wild confusion tost,
 “ The hills' blue tops in clouds are lost.”

The buildings of the keep are of immense height, and occupy a terrace nearly a hundred

feet above the river, which on the south side of the ruins passes under an elegant bridge, too narrow to be commodious; but seemingly designed as a picturesque object from the walks that are carried round the castle; and which, being kept with great neatness, afford an interesting and agreeable promenade.

A dam has been made across the river, to supply a mill near the bridge, immediately below the site of the castle; and a cascade is thus formed, whose murmurs have a soothing effect.

The entrance from the town is under a low gate-way, neither magnificent nor stately. The area, into which it opens (by *Stukely* called the Barbican), is of considerable extent: all the buildings by which it was enclosed on the side towards the town, are fallen to decay; but sufficient fragments still remain, to point out what was formerly the porter's lodge.

The castle, properly so called, or, as some will have it, the keep, is separated from this area, by a deep foss, as well as a strong wall.

We approached the interior, under a gate-way, ornamented with the arms of Queen *Elizabeth*, and of Lord President *Sidney*: and having
ing

ing the following inscriptions, in capital letters, gilt :

“ HOMINIBUS INGRATIS LOQUIMINI LAPIDES,

“ AN. REGNI REGINÆ ELYZABETHÆ 23.

“ THE 22 YEAR CŌPLET OF THE PRESIDENCY OF

“ SIR HENRI SIDNEY, KNIGHT OF THE MOST

“ NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, ETC. 1581.

“ ANNO DOMINI MILESIMO QUICENTISSIMO

“ OCTUAGESIMO CORËTO, ANNO REGNI SERE-

“ NISSIMÆ ILLUSTRISSIMÆ REGINÆ ELIZA-

“ BETHÆ VICESSIMO TERTIO.”

The buildings of the keep enclose a small irregular court, in the midst of which is a circular tower, of great antiquity, formerly part of the body of the chapel, the east end of which is entirely demolished.

This structure has undoubtedly stood here, ever since the *Saxon* times, and the painted coats of arms, with which its walls had been decorated, were remaining within the memory of persons now living.

An elegant moulding runs round the outside, and the beautiful *Saxon* arch of the grand doorway is still preserved entire.

The height of the walls may be about forty feet ; but the roof is gone, and the arches, which

sustain the walls, and the *Saxon* pillars on which they rest, are exposed to the wind and rain.

The great hall, to which we ascended by a flight of steps, covered with earth and rubbish, is about sixty-six feet by thirty-six, and twenty feet high: it remained nearly entire, till within these 40 years; together with part of its furniture, some old armour, and several culinary utensils, which indicated the extent of ancient hospitality,

The person who shewed the premises, after reprobating in general terms the misconduct of those to whom the custody of the castle had been, of late years, entrusted, and who have dilapidated it, and carried away even the timber, for their own private advantage, was particularly severe against one *Stewart*, a *Scot's man*, who (he said) had *stolen* a great copper flaggon, which had been kept for ages in the castle, and was marked with an inscription, setting forth that it was designed for the use of strangers, and the honour of *English* hospitality.

If it had been suffered to remain here, however, there is very little reason to suppose, that it would have continued to serve the same honourable

nourable purposes; and therefore it may, perhaps, be as well in *Scotland*.

The buildings on the north-west side are inaccessible. The outer wall, all round, is flanked with square towers, each of which has a sally port, with a strong door, studded with iron, and secured with vast bars and massive hinges.

In one of these towers, now somewhat altered from its original form, and ignominiously converted into a mean public-house, the abode of a person who keeps a tennis court, formed among the ruins; *Mortimer*, lord of *Wigmore*, a neighbouring chieftain, was confined for many years; and from him this part of the building is now denominated *Mortimer's Tower*.

Ludlow castle is said to have been first built in the reign of *Henry the first*, by *Roger de Montgomery*, earl of *Shrewsbury* and marshal of *England*; and *Wharton*, in his edition of *Milton's* works, fixes the date of its erection in the year 1112: but it has been conjectured, that *Roger de Montgomery* only repaired the old castle here, which had belonged to the estates of *Edric*, earl of *Shrewsbury*, who was dispossessed of his property by the conqueror.

It is, however, certain, that the family of *Montgomery* was in possession of this place about the period alluded to; and that it was wrested from it by *Henry* the first, in consequence of rebellion.

Roger de Montgomery, before mentioned, in a fit of devotion, near the termination of a life spent in military affairs, was shorn a monk of the Benedictine Abbey of *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, which he had founded at *Shrewsbury*; and where he lies interred.

It was in the next reign held by the governor, for the Empress *Maud*; but soon yielded to King *Stephen*, who laid siege to it in person, attended by Prince *Henry*, son of *David* the first, king of *Scots*, whose life the king saved at the risque of his own, by cutting the ropes of a grappling engine, let down from the walls of the castle.

Henry the second granted it to the family of *Fitz-warren*, which leads me to mention a traditional report respecting *Hugh de Mortimer*, of *Wigmore*.

It seems, that in the progress of those feuds and jealousies, which formerly subsisted for generations between great families, sometimes smothered by policy, and again breaking out into
open

open violence ; some of the attendants belonging to the Lord of *Ludlow*, being employed in cutting wood near the town, seized the person of *Mortimer*, of *Wigmore Castle*, and conveyed him to their master, by whom he was detained, in close confinement, till a great ransom had been paid for his release.

A fortunate turn of a card, or the shaking of a dice-box now transfers a great estate, from the heir of one family to another ; in the feudal times a more lawless, though not a more just transition was made, by means of open force.

Various possessors held, and were deprived of *Ludlow* castle, till the time of *Henry* the sixth, in whose reign *Richard Plantagenet*, duke of *York*, here assembled his followers and partizans, and set up his standard, in open defiance of his sovereign.

The castle was, however, after a short resistance, given up to the king's forces, and was by them dismantled.

Richard Plantagenet was killed at the battle of *Wakefield*, and the cruelties exercised on some of his adherents so exasperated his son *Edward*, who does not appear to have been before engaged in his father's rebellion, that he immediately collected

lected his dependants, and being soon joined by the *Welch*, got possession of *Ludlow* castle, without resistance.

The town, indeed, seems to have assisted him in his projected enterprise; and, accordingly, when he had defeated the earl of *Pembroke*, at *Mortimer's Cross*, and obtained possession of the throne, we find him busily employed in restoring this ancient fortress, and recompensing the inhabitants for their zealous attachment to him, by a charter of privileges.

In his reign it became the residence of the heir apparent, and from hence the unfortunate prince, under the title of *Edward* the fifth, was with his brother, *Richard Plantagenet*, duke of *York*, removed to a more convenient place for the perpetration of the horrid deed, by which they were deprived of the crown, and of their lives, by the agents of their unnatural uncle, the Duke of *Gloucester*, afterwards King *Richard* the third.

Prince *Arthur*, eldest son of King *Henry* the seventh, kept his court here, after his affiance with *Catharine* of *Arragon*, but died in a few months.

However,

However, the splendour of *Ludlow* was not extinguished by that event: for the importance of possessing this fortress being sufficiently understood, in those turbulent and unsettled ages, while the sovereign had any reason to fear the encroachments or disaffection of the borderers; it was thought convenient to make use of it for the purpose of checking the power of the *Welch*, and in order to stretch the regal authority beyond those limits, which the free and independent spirit of the barons had prescribed to the authority of the later princes.

The long reign of *Henry* the seventh, and the security of his title, after the destruction of *Perkin Warbeck*, contributed to the advantages with which his son ascended the throne: and the disposition of *Henry* the eighth, arbitrary, insolent, and despotic, aided by the success of all his enterprizes, under the administration of Cardinal *Wolfey*, and the increase of power and of wealth, gained by the suppression of monasteries, encouraged him to lay the foundation of the court of marches, as a step the most probably conducive to a complete and absolute establishment of uncontrouled authority.

This court, consisting of a lord president, and an indefinite number of counsellors, at the king's pleasure, with a secretary, solicitor, attorney, and four justices for the counties of *Wales*, extended its exorbitant influence over that unhappy country, with a degree of capricious despotism, on which, in these enlightened days of liberty, and of justice, we can not reflect without horror and astonishment.

The pomp and magnificence of this establishment, so well calculated to attract public reverence and respect, seem not so much intended to maintain the dignity of those who were appointed to execute the laws, as to place them at a vast distance from the people, who resorted to their tribunal; and to dazzle the eyes of the inferior orders.

The court of marches was a fit instrument in the hands of a politic prince, for subjugating the independence of the nobles, as well as for checking the growth of the first seeds of freedom, and suppressing the dawn of liberty among the people.

Henry, whose artifices were equal to any emergency, well knew how necessary it would be to commit the management of this new establishment to a man of acknowledged probity, and
one

one who could not be suspected of a design to abridge the influence of the peers, or extend the regal prerogative.

The benefit which he expected to derive from it, was, moreover, to be effected gradually; and it was reserved to the king himself, to remove the lord president, as well as the rest of the officers, at his own pleasure; so that by conferring that honour at first, on a man not blindly and implicitly attached to his own principles, he had at once an opportunity of proving the fidelity of that man, and of deceiving his subjects into a belief, that the court of marches was really designed for their security and advantage.

Rowland Lee, bishop of *Coventry and Litchfield*, was the first person entrusted with the important office of lord president; and to that prelate succeeded,

Richard Sampson, bishop of *Chester*, 1544.

John, lord *Dudley*, duke of *Northumberland*.

Sir William Herbert, earl of *Pembroke*.

Nicholas Heath, bishop of *Worcester*, and afterwards archbishop of *York*, and chancellor of *England*.

William, earl of *Pembroke*, again.

Gilbert Brown, bishop of *Bath and Wells*.

Sir

Sir *John Williams*, lord *Williams*, of *Tame*.

Sir *Henry Sidney*, K. G. and father of the virtuous, learned, and accomplished Sir *Philip Sidney*, 1564.

Henry Herbert, earl of *Pembroke*.

Edward, lord *Zouch*.

Ralph, lord *Eure*.

Sir *John Egerton*, earl of *Bridgewater*, 1634.

Richard, lord *Vaughan*, earl of *Carbury*, 1649.

Henry Somerset, marquis of *Worcester*, 1673.

Prince *Rupert*, prince palatine of the *Rhine*.

Henry Somerset (now) duke of *Beaufort*, marquis of *Worcester*, K. G. lord lieutenant of the county of *Gloucester*, and of the city and county of the city of *Bristol*.

Sir *John Bridgeman*.

Charles, earl of *Macclesfield*.

There are three principal æras pointed out by the architecture, as well as the history of *Ludlow* castle, which are interesting to those who examine it.

The time of *Roger de Monto Gomeri*, who erected it, in something like its present form.

The period of its being fitted up for a royal seat by *Edward* the fourth.

And

And the improvements and additions made in the days of Sir *Henry Sidney*.

The great tower, and apartments on the west and north-west sides, with the circular part of the chapel, are, I conceive, the work of the original founder.

The buildings on the left of the entrance, and some low rooms toward the east side, were probably the additions made to it by *Edward* the fourth; or built at the time it was occupied by Prince *Arthur*: and the remainder, which includes the gate-way, and a long range of embattled buildings, near the entrance of the outer court, is evidently the alteration of later times.

It is recorded, that an old tower, called the Magazine Tower, which stands on the left-hand side of the gate-way, was rebuilt by Sir *Henry Sidney*:—the whole of the works are, however, completely ruinous, and picturesquely covered with ivy, whose luxuriant foliage hangs gracefully from the roughened wall.

A gold ring, with a diamond, set between two cornelians, was found some years since, and presented to the Earl of *Powis*. The guide informed me, that it had a *Hebrew* motto, and a date early in the eleventh century; but from the account

which he gave of it, I am inclined to suppose, that it was *French* instead of *Hebrew*. Some pieces of coin were also discovered at the same time, and several sculls.

Among the events which tradition has handed down, relative to the castle, is the visit which was made to it by King *Charles* the first, in the presidency of Lord *Bridgewater*; but it is rendered classic by having been the scene of *Milton's* "Comus," which was written and performed for the entertainment of the same nobleman.

The subject of the mask (as is well known) was taken from a circumstance which occurred to Lord *Brackley*, Lady *Alice*, and the honourable *Thomas Egerton*, sons and daughter of the Earl of *Bridgewater*, who, in coming to *Ludlow* castle, were benighted, and lost in a wood.

At the Revolution it was found expedient to dissolve the authority of the court of marches, which was accordingly done, by an act of parliament, as a "great grievance and oppression to the subject, an intollerable burden to the principality, and a means of supporting arbitrary power."

Thus the iron yoke, which had so long galled the neck of the subject in these parts, was, at length,

length, broken; and every true patriot must exult at the downfall of an authority, which had been only exerted in support of tyranny and oppression.

He will walk around these desolated walls, and triumph in their decay. His exultation will not be interrupted by any circumstance of personal injustice having been occasioned by their fall; nor damped by the reflection, that the rights or the comforts, even of a single individual, have been sacrificed.

Triumphant liberty, and the incalculable advantages of impartial justice, have succeeded to a scene of arbitrary, capricious, or vindictive punishment. The rights of possession and of inheritance are now respected, where the will of the tyrant was before the only law.

Innocence no longer trembles at the merciless tribunal of an unjust judge; but commits her cause, with honest confidence, to the faithful and unbiaſſed decision of an impartial jury.

Guilt, clothed in the robe of greatness, or shielded by the influence of wealth, no longer rears its head with presumptuous security; no longer screens itself from deserved punishment,

under the splendid veil of rank; nor defies the authority of the law, with the sword of power.

Moulder ye dreary prisons! once the abode of the oppressed! Perish ye gorgeous palaces! once the seat of the oppressor! and as ye slowly descend into oblivion, may the decaying fragments of your tottering walls, teach succeeding generations how to value the blessings of that *glorious liberty*, which was founded for them on your ruins by the wisdom, and cemented with the blood, of a brave and virtuous ancestry.

And as we venerate that wisdom, which was so nobly exerted, and revere that sacred blood, which our forefathers have so copiously and gallantly shed, for the benefit of their posterity: let us watch over the precious treasure which they have committed to our charge, with the most anxious solicitude;—let us guard it from every secret encroachment!—let us preserve it from every public attack: and, having experienced the happiness and benefit of possessing it ourselves, let us determine to hand it down to our children's children, with its lustre un sullied, and its energy unimpaired! That neither the tumult
of

of factious inquietude, nor the rage of party zeal, nor the ambitious designs of corrupt ministers, may at any time restrain the free exercise of all those civil and religious rights, for which our forefathers fought and died; nor abridge that liberty, which has been purchased by so dear a sacrifice.

The Guild-hall of *Ludlow* is a handsome modern edifice, situated in a well-built, but retired street, not far from the castle: and it is to be mentioned, to the great honour of the opulent and respectable corporation, that the town is indebted to their munificence for a bridge, an alms-house, and a town-hall, erected within the compass of a few years:—an example of liberality and generous concern for the public advantage, which reflects honour on themselves, and affords a useful example for the imitation of others.

The corporations of this country, as remnants of the feudal system, and as bodies of men, privileged above their fellow subjects, for very often imaginary reasons; or, what is still worse, for mean and unbecoming submissions to arbitrary power, for servile attachment to the worst of

men, in the worst of times, have been regarded with a jealous eye ever since liberty began to be rightly understood, and duly estimated among us.

The innumerable abuses which have been cherished in these hot-beds of aristocracy, call loudly for the attention of the legislature; and, while every possible degree of vigour is given to the executive government, by strengthening the hands of administration, when extraordinary powers are really necessary, the wisdom of parliament is deeply concerned in preventing, by salutary regulations, the pernicious effects of that uncontrouled authority, which, in many corporations, is lodged in unworthy hands, and too often exerted to the prejudice, rather than the benefit of the community; for however men may differ in determining the measures of civil obedience to sovereign power, they must all agree in detesting oppression and tyranny, as contrary to the proper ends of government, which is confessedly designed for the protection and security, and not for the destruction of mankind.

City luxury, feasting, and extravagance, though so common as to have become proverbial,

verbial,

verbial, and notwithstanding *they* have *no direct tendency* to increase the comforts of the poor, or promote good morals in the world, are not the worst abuses to which corporations are subject: for, to say nothing of undue influence and bribery at elections, of unfair patronage, and of the impolicy, as well as injustice of submitting the interests of *the many*, to the absolute controul of *a few*, it is to be feared, that not only the revenues of estates which are vested in some corporations for the public advantage, but that the income of charities placed under their guidance and direction, for the comfort of the poor, are sometimes applied to the use of individuals, whose meanness tempts them to pilfer, and whose situations screen them from punishment.

For one instance, like that of *Ludlow*, where the corporation has uniformly evinced a truly patriotic and liberal philanthropy, a thousand might be adduced, where neither patriotism nor philanthropy have been so much as heard of; but where self interest grasps at exorbitant authority, and usurps the place of every noble and generous sentiment.

C H A P. XXV.

Stoke Castle.—Downton.—Return to Ludlow.

FROM *Ludlow* we made an excursion to *Stoke Castle*, an ancient ruin, and *Downton Castle*, a modern feat.

Passed *Bromfield*, a small village, with an old bridge over the *Teme*; and pursuing the *Shrewsbury* road, enjoyed a pleasing view of the course of the river, which flows rapidly at the foot of a fine range of hills, beautifully wooded.

Stoke Castle stands on the margin of the *Teme*, and may be considered as a picturesque ruin, but its glory is so much eclipsed by the splendor, magnitude, and commanding situation of *Ludlow Castle*, that it is seldom noticed.

Crossed the *Teme* by another bridge, accompanied with a sort of cascade, formed by dividing the stream, for the purpose of turning a mill.

Some rough rocks are seen among the wood, on the left, and here and there the spiral smoke ascends from the lime kilns, and diversifies the prospect

prospect. On the right is a lofty mountain, dotted with sheep, and crowned with a chaplet of rocks.

At the distance of seven miles from *Ludlow*, there is an obelisk, on which are engraven the admeasured distances to forty eight different cities and towns.

Returning by the same road, we turned into a dirty lane on the right, passed a deep and narrow valley, full of wood, crossed a turnpike road, and soon arrived at the seat of *Richard Payne Knight*, Esq.

Mr. *Shaw* in his "Tour through the West of *England*," has been quoted as mentioning *Downton* Castle in a style of panegyric, at which, considering the taste and abilities of that gentleman, and the general impartiality of his descriptions, I can not but express my surprise.

He says, that the proprietor, "Mr. *Knight*,
" having seen most of the best edifices, both an-
" cient and modern, had collected divers hints
" from the various styles of building, from
" which he determined to raise something to re-
" semble the habitations of the ancient Barons ;
" and succeeded, so as to be the admiration of
" all visitors."

That

That a sum little short of sixty thousand pounds (which *Downton* castle is said to have cost) should have been capable of raising a structure *something like* an ancient baronial residence, is not at all surprising, as there are so many models of that species of building, whose plan is yet easily to be traced in various parts of *Great Britain*, as well as in foreign countries. But that so large a sum could have been laid out, with such an object solely and entirely in view;—with so many advantages resulting from the aid of genius and taste, every day improving;—with so much assistance from the beautiful and varied scenery around the spot;—and all to no better purpose, is to me, indeed, a matter of real astonishment.

Before we visited *Downton* I could not help remarking, that the man who presumed to imitate an ancient castle, within an hour's ride of *Ludlow*, ought at least to possess no small share of that species of fortitude which would enable him to withstand the criticism of those who might be inclined to view it with a scrutinizing eye; because the perfect specimen of feudal splendor which *Ludlow* castle furnished as a model, would be fresh in the memory of almost every traveller
likely

likely to visit *Downton*; and, in a certain degree, would enable even very unskilful persons to form a tolerable judgment of the comparative merits of the imitation.

But whatever might be my ideas on the subject, or whatever impression might have been made on my mind by the lively panegyric and flattering encomia of Mr. *Shaw* and Mr. *Cumberland*, I shall endeavour faithfully to describe the appearances of this very extraordinary place, and leave my readers to form their own conclusions as to the consistency of the plan, and the merits of its execution.

Downton castle stands on an eminence, commanding a beautiful view of a small, but elegant valley, through which the river *Teme* winds, with a sweep which appears rather artificial.

The opposite bank is studded with trees, decked with groves, and ornamented with a rich diversity of interesting objects.

On the right, what is called an *Alpine* bridge crosses the *Teme*, close to a neat cottage, which, I believe, serves for a lodge.

In approaching the house we passed through a deep and shady glen, at the bottom of which a
small

small noisy stream rushes impetuously among the rocks and stones.

The stable first presented itself,—a long regular building, with an embattled parapet and a double row of gothic windows.

We entered through a modern iron gate to the south-west front, which may be called *regularly irregular*; for it consists of several parts, each dissimilar to the others, but each uniform in its own parts.

It is embattled, and built with stone, in which particulars only it can, with propriety, be said to resemble an ancient castle; for the windows are all square modern sashes, and the door-way is equally fashionable, and equally inconsistent.

One of the angles of the building is terminated by an octagon tower, the other by a diminutive circular turret, containing a closet with a square sash-window.

Nothing within sight of the building bears the smallest appearance of the antique,—nothing in the interior has any relationship to the stately and magnificent fabrics of ancient days, unless we except the gloominess of the dining room, which occupies the greater of the two towers, and is the largest apartment in the house.

This

This room is circular, and I believe (for the guide was unable to convey the smallest particle of information respecting that, or any other circumstance) about twenty-eight or thirty feet in diameter, with four recesses, furnished with as many side-boards, between very large pillars, placed in couples.

An organ stands on the side opposite to the window; and the ceiling rises into a dome, with a lanthorn on the top. Four niches above the side-boards are filled with bronze statues.

The rest of the apartments are commodious, but not particularly striking, and the whole range is terminated by the small round tower before mentioned.

In the library, which is too small to contain the books belonging to it, is a picture of Mr. *Knight*, the proprietor of the mansion, who is the author of several literary performances of great merit, and a gentleman whose private character and domestic worth, are universally applauded.

The bed chambers are well-finished and elegant apartments, and one of them has a very rich chintz bed in a recess, ornamented with pillars and pilasters of the Tuscan order, whose
bases

bases and capitals are of the most delicate white marble, exquisitely polished.

The plantations which immediately surround *Downton*, are elegantly disposed, and would reflect credit on the place if the appellation of *Castle* had not been assumed. It would, however, be very easy, by levelling the battlements, and removing the towers, to convert into a modern looking house, that which is so very improperly termed *Downton Castle*.

Nature has lavished the charms of wood, water, hill, and valley, with all the beautiful irregularity of her own simple and unrivalled elegance, on the neighbouring country; and if Mr. *Knight* had expended half the sum which it has cost him to provoke satirical reflections on his extraordinary taste in building, in repairing the roads near his seat, he might have possessed one of the most elegant and complete residences,—one of the prettiest villas which this country can boast, without the mortification of finding every visitor a critic,—without incurring the frowns of the fastidious,—or provoking a comparison of this *avowed* imitation of the ancients, with works which must every day bring it not only into disrepute, but even into contempt.

On

On our return from *Downton*, by another road, a small and beautiful lake attracted our notice, inclosed with a plantation of firs and larch trees; and not far from it, a much less pleasing object caught the attention, and shewed the different impressions which the mimic efforts of art, and the striking simplicity of nature, are capable of producing:—this is, I believe, another of Mr. *Knight's prettyisms*,—a farm-house, fitted up to resemble a church; but whose agricultural appendages soon undeceive the eye, and presently make it appear as much unlike the holy edifice it mocks, as the modern-antique mansion of *Downton* is unworthy of the dignified title of a castle.

The bold eminencies on our right, robed in a mantle of wood, and skirted with meadows of the liveliest verdure, through which the *Teme* winds its course, by the side of the road, are objects sufficiently beautiful to impress the mind in the most forcible and agreeable manner.

After crossing another bridge, close to a mill, and a cascade, entered *Oakley Park*, the seat of the Dowager Lady *Clive*.

The park is varied with several gentle swells, and laid out, on the eastern side, with elegant
I plantations,

plantations, which are considerably improved by the meanders of the river ; but it is most remarkable for the rich scenery of its majestic oaks, which are profusely sprinkled over the grounds, in the height of sylvan beauty.

Here, “ in *Elysian* vales young zephyrs fling
“ Ambrosial sweets, amid perpetual spring ;
“ And from surrounding groves, where distant views
“ Display their velvet tufts in golden hues,
“ All-soothing harmony steals forth to bear
“ Her sounds seraphic to the melting ear.”

The house is a neat brick building, and is said to contain some good paintings, but they are not shewn to strangers.

Regained the road, and soon approached *Ludlow*, whose fine old castle, proudly towering over the vale, and the gentle *Teme*, which glides beneath its ruins, again called forth our admiration and delight, and carried our imagination back to the romantic days of its primeval greatness.

The sun was declining, and the rolling clouds, furled in tremendous shapes just above the horizon, displayed the fine bold line which marks the summit of *Caer Caradoc*, and the neighbouring mountains.

On

On our right the wood of *White Cliff* brought the revelry of *Comus*, and his midnight crew, fresh into the memory; while the lowing kine, dispersed through the meadows, and the music of distant bells, soothed the mind into calm tranquillity, and prepared it for the stillness of evening.

“ Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
“ And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
“ Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
“ And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

“ Save that from *yonder ivy-mantled tower*
“ The moping owl does to the moon complain,
“ Of such as wand’ring near her secret bower,
“ Molest her ancient solitary reign.”

The reader will recollect that *Caer Caradoc* was the post assumed by the brave *Caractacus*, before his engagement with *Ostorius Scapula*.

CHAP. XXVI.

Road from Ludlow to Bridgenorth—with some Account of the latter.

HAVING at last taken leave of *Ludlow* we pursued our journey by the road to *Bridgenorth*, first ascending very gradually for a mile or two, and afterwards winding round the foot of the *Clee* hills.

Distant views of the *Welch* mountains, of *Malvern*, in *Worcestershire*, and of the noble *Wrekin*, the glory of *Shropshire*, successively offered themselves, as we approached the summit of a lofty hill; and having passed it, became gradually obscure, as the objects on the eastern side grew more distinct.

The first building which we distinguished in the neighbourhood of *Bridgenorth*, was a handsome new church at the end of the town: and having amused ourselves with tracing the course of the *Severn* among the fields, we made our entrance through a crooked ill-paved street, which leads to the market-place.

The

The town covers a considerable extent of ground, and being built close to, and upon the river's bank, many of the streets and lanes are so steep, that it is both difficult and dangerous to ride through them; and the narrow alleys, in many instances, consist of a long flight of, perhaps, an hundred and fifty steps.

The old church, which stands in the western part of the town, has a large square tower, built with reddish stone; but the church has a very mean appearance, from being repaired with brick work. It is large, and fitted up with galleries, but has neither monuments nor painted glass remaining, having suffered greatly in the days of *Cromwell*.

Over the gate of an alms-house, in no good condition, is an inscription, setting forth that it was erected for "the reception of ten poor widows, by the Reverend *Francis Palmer*, rector of *Sandy*, in *Bedfordshire*, who had an affection for this place, because his mother was buried here;" and that she was the sister of Colonel *Francis Billingsley*, of *Abbots Astley*, in this county, who was slain in the church-yard here, fighting for his royal master, King *Charles* the first.

The new church has been erected only a few months. It stands on a terrace on the bank of the *Severn*, and has an agreeable walk carried round it, which commands a pleasing view of the fine meadows by the *Severn*-side, and the bold, but dreary ridge which forms its eastern bank.

The site of the castle is partly occupied by the new church, and partly by a school at the east end of it. A few fragments only remain, the wreck of its former strength.

A leaning tower, which sustained a violent attack of the parliamentary forces in the Rebellion, is partly standing. Its height is about thirty feet, and having slipped off its basis, it declines at least ten from the perpendicular. The appearance of it is singular, but the distortion of its posture offends the eye. It has often brought to the recollection of the traveller the famous leaning tower at *Pisa*, in *Italy*, which, Mrs. *Piozzi* says, does not decline from the perpendicular more than this.

Henry the first besieged *Bridge*, or *Bridge-north*, with success, it being then a fortress of considerable strength; and in the reign of King *Richard* the second, the custody of it was committed

mitted to *Hugh de Burnell*, a favourite of that monarch, who lies buried at *Hales Owen*, in this county. It is said to have been built by *Elfleda*, Queen of the *Mercians*, and completed about the eleventh century.

Several bombs have been dug up here, and the combustibles remained perfect, having been accidentally prevented from going off.

The *Severn* is neither very deep nor rapid, but its stream rolls gracefully along, and after passing a rocky cliff, runs under the bridge, which is long and narrow; and forms a small island, planted with fruit trees.

To the river, in this place, may be deservedly applied those matchless lines of Sir *John Denham*.

“ Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull;
“ Strong, without rage, without o’erflowing, full.”

We crossed the *Severn*, and from the opposite bank were gratified with a fine prospect of the town, the churches, the bridge, and the river, with the gardens that adorn its banks.

The high cliff, on which some of the houses are built, and the different shelving ledges which support others, are variegated by the romantic

appearance of the face of the rock, and the intermixture of trees and gardens.

At the verge of the town, entered on a common, the soil of which is sandy, and its covering a soft green turf. On the right, a village church rears its modest spire, not far from the banks of the *Severn*, which soon deviates towards the south, and is lost among the meadows.

Having gained the summit of an eminence, we found ourselves on a race-course, the extent of which we could not trace, but observed that this part of it was undermined with rabbits.

A side view of a slip of cultivated and populous country interposed between this dreary region and the lofty hills on the western horizon, has a pleasing effect; and at some distance from the road, in an opposite direction, is a handsome house, embowered among stately trees; and near it, the spire of the church starts out of a plantation.

The sheep fed here, appear of a larger breed than those in the western parts, and are of the horned kind.

Fern and furze, or, as it is termed, *gorse* grows so abundantly, that the occupiers of the land consume it, without cutting.

We

We saw none on fire, but large patches on all sides had been lately burnt, as we were convinced by the smell.

This practice seems to have been general for ages, for when King *Charles* the first honoured the neighbouring county of *Stafford* with a visit, the High Sheriff received a letter from the Earl of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, commanding him to direct the inhabitants of those parts to forbear the burning of turze and fern, during his Majesty's progress, lest it should occasion rain, agreeable to an opinion long established in *Staffordshire*.

CHAP. XXVII.

*Termination of the Ride to Dudley.—Himley.—Dudley Castle.
—Reflections.*

THE morning was calm, but the clouds rested on the summit of the hills behind us: hitherto, however, the threatened shower had not reached us; but the bleating of sheep on the heath, the lowing of cattle in the distant pastures, the yelping of shepherds' dogs, and the still more certain signal which was displayed on the top of the hills, bade us speedily expect it. At last down it poured with raging impetuosity.

“ A burst of rain

“ Swept from the black horizon, broad descends,

“ In one continuous flood. Still over head,

“ The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still

“ The deluge deepens, till the fields around

“ Lie sunk, and flatted in the fordid wave.”

At the termination of the common over which we were passing, is a rising ground, which affords a retrospective glimpse of the town of *Bridge-north*: and now we entered the enclosures, and soon

soon arrived at a crossing of the road, where we turned to the left for *Dudley*, in *Worcestershire*.

A narrow lane conducted us to *Bovingdon*, a small village, with a neat church, whimsically surmounted with four balls, and situated close to a handsome piece of water, which seems to be kept with as great neatness, as if it belonged to a nobleman's park, though I believe it, in truth, ranks no higher at present, than a mill-pond.

Farther on, is an old family seat with a lake, and a short avenue leading to it; and contiguous, a well-built modern farm-house.

Near this is *Blake-lands*, the mansion of Mr. *Marran*, whose achievement was over the door.

Having passed a few straggling houses, which belong to the village of *Bovingdon*, we entered on another common, covered with short heath, of a most dismal uninviting colour.

The fields on the left are, indeed, in tillage, but do not exhibit the appearance of fertility.

The aspect of every thing around us, the colour of the roads, and the smutty faces of the children, who occasionally passed by, informed us, that we had reached

“ The dark Vulcanian land.”

where

where the sons of labour, and the daughters of industry, a hardy race, have fixed their abode; while the thunderings of the anvils greeted our approach.

The roads are chiefly repaired with the dross, ashes, and cinders of the forges; and the colour of the ground, where its surface is denuded of the natural covering, is nearly as black as the mineral which is dug from its inmost bowels.

Sir *Robert Atkins*, author of “a History of *Gloucestershire*,” says, that if a line were laid from the mouth of the *Severn* to *Newcastle*, and so passed round the globe, coal is to be found within a degree of that line, and scarcely in any other part of the world. The assertion certainly wants proof, and must for ever want it; but the thought deserves the attention of philosophers. It is certain, that if a line be drawn from *Dorchester*, in *Dorsetshire*, to the *Wash* between *Lincolnshire* and *Norfolk*, all the beds of *chalk* met with in this island, are to be found on the south-east side of that line.

Rode through *Himley*, where is a spacious park, and elegant seat of Lord Viscount *Dudley* and *Ward*, a nobleman whose amiable manners, liberal conduct, and benevolent disposition, are
far

far more illustrious, than all the dignity of birth, or the splendour of titles: for they have only a claim to exterior respect, while “ we reserve our *esteem* and *veneration* for shining talents, and *meritorious services.*”

“ To birth, wealth, pow’r, we should allow
 “ Precedence, and our lowest bow ;
 “ In that is due distinction shewn :
 “ *Esteem* is Virtue’s right alone.”

Himley-Hall stands on a beautiful lawn, richly sprinkled with trees and decorated with a handsome piece of water; and at the foot of a majestic slope, covered with a shady grove.

“ A bubbling fount distills
 “ A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills ;
 “ Around the grove a mead with lively green,
 “ Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene.”

We passed through a populous and busy country to *Dudley*, and entered the town through a dirty, but tolerably well-built street.

As a place of great trade, it is rich, flourishing, and respectable; and its castle and priory have a claim to regard, from their antiquity.

The castle is situated on an eminence, at the south-eastern extremity of the town; and retains the appearance of great strength.

We

We approached it by a gate-way, near twenty feet in height, which is the entrance to the Barbican, and passed three other gate-ways, before we reached the inner court.

The walls are of immense thickness; but the general appearance of the building indicates it to be more modern than the keep, which occupies an artificial mount at the north-west corner, and consists of the remains of two circular towers, connected with low walls, in which is an arched entrance, not more than six feet high.

A pretty exact idea may be formed of the original state of this part of the ruin; for it is almost a complete section, from top to bottom, of the ancient building.

There is an entrance gate on the east side, and a range of apartments extends from it, along the south wall.

These rooms, which are of various sizes, have been habitable within the present century, but were accidentally consumed by fire.

It is difficult to ascertain the original uses of the several apartments; and the appellations by which our guide distinguished them, did not at all elucidate their history.

We

We heard something of a great hall, and a table five and twenty yards long; but there is no single apartment at present remaining, of half that extent. The kitchen is, however, a large room, and has very capacious fire places.

Under the keep is a vaulted apartment, probably intended as a last refuge for the besieged, or perhaps a dungeon for prisoners. It is strong enough for the former, and gloomy enough for the latter purpose.

A small round tower has been erected at the south-west angle of the outer wall, which appears to have been founded on the ruins of a more ancient building.

Dudley castle was one of the few fortresses which were built in the time of the *Saxons*; or rather, it is one of a very few which remain at present.

The etymology of proper names is not only difficult to be traced, but uncertain in the conclusions to which it often leads. The foundation of this place has been attributed to a great man, whose name was *Dudo*, or *Dodo*.

Odo and *Dodo* were brothers of a great *Mer-
cian* house, and lived at the beginning of the eighth century. They were the reputed founders

of *Tewkesbury* abbey, and are said to have been buried at *Perthore*, in *Worcestershire*. Lord Viscount *Dudley* and *Ward* has a portrait of *Dudo*, on which he is stiled Earl of *Coventrie Sommerie* and *Arden*.

It is certain, that *Dudley* castle was bestowed by the Conqueror on *William Fitz-Ausculph*; that it was held for the Empress *Maud*, against King *Stephen*, and dismantled by *Henry* the second.

It was vested in the family of *Sutton*, in the reign of Queen *Mary*, and now gives the rank of Viscount to that of *Ward*, by the title of Viscount *Dudley* and *Ward*, of *Dudley*.

The castle stands on an eminence, about a hundred feet above the neighbouring plain; and it was secured on the east and south sides by a double vallum of considerable depth.

We walked round the ruins, and enjoyed a delicious prospect of the country below. No part of *England*, excepting the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, can vie with this in the immensity of its population. The whole surface of the country is not merely sprinkled with houses and manufactories, but thick set with towns, as far as the eye can reach.

A fine

A fine broad canal is seen visiting with its mazy windings a thousand forges, the founding of whose repurcussive anvils disturbs even the melancholy haunts of *Dudley* castle, and its tottering towers.

Once, perhaps, might this proud dwelling frown over the vast expanse, in all the sovereignty of feudal pre-eminence. Her mighty lords here assembled their vassals and dependants; and from these courts issued the dread sentences of arbitrary punishment, to all around them.

The winding glade was fertilized for them; and the wild native of the forest bled for them *alone*. Nobles here cringed in mean servility, or expiated the debt of fealty in galling chains and dreary solitude.

How varied now the pleasing scene! A prospect wide extending, of industrious opulence! No proud, oppressive, or vindictive baron now rules these plains; but industry wields her sceptre in security and peace. Diligence and integrity support her throne; wealth and honour are her attendants. By her, the gloom of poverty is dissipated; and the miseries of want are driven from the land: and, where was formerly seen
the

the profusely decked table of one great and boasting peer, thousands of frugal, but of cheerful boards now smoke with the homely, but sufficient fare of the mechanic and the manufacturer.

“ ’Tis industry supplies

“ The little temperance wants ; and rosy health

“ Sits smiling at the board.”

In the quarries of lime-stone near the site of *Dudley* castle, many curiosities have been found. The figures of shells, and of insects are very common ; and some, of the bodies of locusts, have been discovered in great perfection.

These have been indiscriminately called “ the *Dudley* fossil ;” but the locust stone is the most rare and curious.

The ruins of the ancient priory are seen at the foot of the hill, which is the site of the castle, but in a dilapidated condition.

Taking leave of *Dudley* we passed through the populous and industrious country before-mentioned, and pursued the road to *Birmingham*, amidst innumerable manufactories, engines, machines, and carriages.

At *Tipton*, a thriving village, two miles from *Dudley* ; and, in short, on all sides to which you
turn

turn your eyes, the smoke of the forges ascends in copious volumes, and the noisy anvils ring.

The iron-masters, to whom all the powers of mechanism are obedient, have filled this whole neighbourhood with wealth and industry; and the population is almost incalculable.

“ Toil and be glad ! let industry inspire
“ Into your quicken'd limbs, his buoyant breath :
“ Who does not act, is dead.”

The contrast between this part of the country, which really swarms with inhabitants, and the deserts of *Cwm-Tythen*, in *Wales*, afforded a series of interesting reflections.

The objects offered to our contemplation in that dreary waste, were grand, striking, and majestic ! The abrupt precipice nodded over our heads in awful sublimity. The hills upreared their broad and shaggy sides, and seemed to prop the Heavens. Down, with resistless force, descended the roaring cataract from the mountain's brow, and thundered through its craggy bed.

There the eye is lost in the immensity of the ruffled expanse; and the distant horizon is shrouded in a melancholy gloom.

No voice is heard, save the responsive echo to the torrent's roar, and the howlings of the northern blast. Solitude sits enthroned in the dreary caverns of the desert, or stalks in awful majesty over the bare and rugged rocks! The clouds his mantle! and his pavillion the dark recesses of nature! Far, far away is chased the animal creation; and man, fearful to encroach on the limits of this dread domain, just ventures to cast an eye over the gloomy territory, and then flies to the comforts and enjoyments of social life.

Here the wild scenery of the rocks and mountains, and the sterility of the desert are exchanged for the thronged city, and the crowded haunts of men, for a widely-extended prospect of arts, industry, and cultivation,

“ ’till all

“ The stretching landscape into smoke decays.”

But while we admire the advancement of the arts, and the rapid improvements which beautify the face of the country, we can not but feel a degree of disgust as well as surprize, at the coarseness of dialect which prevails here, where every sound is “ corruption, barbarism, and vulgarity.”

C H A P. XXVIII.

BIRMINGHAM.

As we approached *Birmingham*, the road was obscured with clouds of dust, and almost choked up by the multitude of passengers.

Boulton and *Watt*, two of the greatest manufacturers in the kingdom, have prodigious works at *Soho*, about two miles from the town; and the former resides on the spot, in a very handsome house, surrounded by thriving plantations.

The mint here is extremely curious; but the whole process of the mechanical arts, as conducted with the assistance of that profusion of machinery which is now in use, is so wonderful, that it is impossible to convey any tolerable idea of this complex subject.

Before we entered the town, the artificial ruin of a monastic edifice, called *Hockley Abbey*, built with cinders and vitrifications, at no great distance from the road, but half hidden by the encircling ivy, evinced a degree of taste in whose

who designed it, which it would be illiberal to pass by without notice.

“ Hail! gentle pair, with genuine taste refin’d,
 “ Who deck’d this grot, and rear’d these antique tow’rs;
 “ Round the feign’d time shook walls, the ivy twin’d,
 “ And taught the trees to form these friendly bow’rs.

* * * * *

“ Here let the muse’s penfive vot’ry stray,
 “ To whom such tranquil scenes are ever dear;
 “ Far hence, wild dissipation! shape thy way,
 “ Virtue and Peace alone are licens’d here.”

Birmingham has all the advantages of a dry, healthy, and pleasant situation, superadded to that of coal mines in the immediate vicinity. It is the grand emporium of industry and arts. Illiberality has branded it with contemptuous epithets; and one gentleman, who ought to have remembered, that the very same indecency prevails at his beloved *Oxford*, has been very severe on the circumstance of public path-ways being permitted to cross the church-yards.

It is true that there are abundance of dissenters at this place; but it is not true, that there is very little regard for religion here, a remark of which the author who first broached it, ought to be ashamed. I do not think that there would
 be

be more religion, if there were fewer sectaries : but on the other hand, I believe there would be less.

That religion has some influence on the minds of the people, may be gathered from the honesty of their dealings, from the industry of all classes, and from the alacrity with which they support public charities.

“ When the rich share part of their superfluities with the indigent ; when the healthy, by their labours, contribute to succour the feeble and distressed, *then* humanity performs the best offices of society.”

The General Hospital erected here about twenty years ago, though not built at the sole expence of the town, owes its chief support to the beneficence of the inhabitants.

“ It is a worthy edifying sight,
 “ And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
 “ To see kind hands attending day and night,
 “ With tender ministry, from place to place :
 “ Some prop the head ; some from the pallid face
 “ Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds :
 “ Some reach the healing draught ; the whilst to chase
 “ The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,
 “ Some holy man by prayer, all opening Heaven di-
 “ spreads.”

Birmingham contains many elegant buildings, particularly *St. Philip's Church*, and the Theatre: but it is without the convenience of flagstones.

Population has been necessarily diminished here, in a very considerable degree, since the beginning of the war; although some branches of the iron manufactory have been much benefited and increased.

In new street is a large building, liberally endowed as a school, by King *Edward* the sixth, the front of which is adorned with a statue of that monarch, and the following words:

“ *Edwardus sextus*

“ *scholam hanc fundavit.*

“ *Anno regni*

“ *quinto.*”

The barracks are handsomely built, and occupied by a regiment of horse: but, notwithstanding the temptations, and the wants, which may naturally be expected to prompt men to the commission of depredations, in a town of this size, the greatest quietness and harmony has long prevailed.

A generous spirit of forbearance, and mutual charity has succeeded to the phrenetic zeal

which, a few years ago, involved the whole neighbourhood in confusion, and had nearly deluged it in blood.

St. *Martin's*, which is the mother church of *Birmingham*, contains a fine ring of twelve bells. The church is of very remote antiquity, and undoubtedly founded in the time of the *Saxons*; but lately casd with brick.

St. *Philip's* Church is an elegant modern pile, highly ornamented, and surmounted with a dome and cupola. The interior of this edifice is even gaudy; and it may be ranked among the most splendid places of worship in England. On the front of the organ gallery is an inscription to commemorate a benefaction of six hundred pounds, given by the sovereign, towards the building of the church, at the instance of Sir *Henry Gouch*, and the Right Honourable Sir *Robert Walpole*.

Several neat monuments are placed against the pillars; and among them, an affectionate tribute to the memory of a late minister of the parish, erected by his flock.

In *Birmingham*, an industrious hive of busy workmen, the traveller not too fastidious will find much to praise and to admire.

The streets are in general handsomely, but not durably built; and every new project which holds out the lure of advantage, is readily and eagerly patronized by a people who delight in speculation and activity. Indeed, the quick dispatch which usually follows a proposal to increase the commercial interests of the town, is, in some instances, productive of lasting inconvenience. The line of canal, which has been lately finished, is one among several proofs which might be adduced of the errors occasioned by improvident haste. There are no less than twenty-five locks in the immediate vicinity of the town, many of which a more matured reflection would have rendered unnecessary.

The rapid increase of *Birmingham*, both in size and consequence, of late years, and the new figure which it has assumed, or rather, the quick succession of improving alterations which have trodden on the heels of each other almost daily, make us forget that it is a place of great antiquity: but while the philosopher contemplates the expansion of genius, and the progress of the arts in its modern day, the historian and the antiquary may direct their researches with pleasure and advantage to the earliest periods

riods of *British* story, in which it was entitled to distinguished eminence.

They will trace the formation of those rude instruments of destruction, with which the primitive inhabitants of our island opposed the invaders of their freedom, to the anvils of *Birmingham*. The spear, the shield, and the war chariot; the well-tempered bow, and the massive battle-axe; together with every other device of hostility, which the Romans found among us, were probably from hence. But while the natives of this industrious soil have been employed in forging the weapons of destruction for others; and while their hands have formed the instruments of contention; linked in the bonds of harmony themselves, every fraternal sentiment has been kindly cherished, and, with a few exceptions, the only emulation *now* to be traced among them is, who shall most excel in the moderation of his principles, the generosity of his disposition, and the liberality of his opinions.

Birmingham is said to be a very healthy town, and it is indebted for this advantage to the airiness of its buildings, and the dryness of the soil; but probably more than either, to the quantity
of

of garden ground which is cultivated around it. Almost every housekeeper is possessed of a little spot of land near the town, though perhaps at some distance from his habitation ; and thither he retires every evening in the summer season, as soon as the fatigues of business are over, to breathe a purer air, and innocently employ himself in cultivating his cabbages and pot-herbs.

The appearance of these minute inclosures is whimsical, and the ornament of a small summer-house, or alcove, in which the proprietor frequently enjoys the *sublime* amusement of *smoking*, is indeed no very graceful addition to the picture : but the wholesomeness and advantage to which the cultivation of these slips of industry has a direct tendency, makes the friend of social happiness overlook their defects.

C H A P. XXIX.

Excursion to Shenstone's Leasowes.

NOT merely because it is usual or fashionable to make an excursion to the *Leasowes*, but because the memory of *Shenstone* must be ever dear to the sentimental traveller, to whose delight the refinement of *his* genius has so much contributed; we rode thither early in the morning, through a fruitful and varied country, more remarkable for the neatness of its culture, than the strength of its features.

Between six and seven miles from *Birmingham*, the road brought us to an eminence, which commands an extensive prospect to the west; and at the same instant the eye drops down on the left, to the beautiful trees and spruce hedge-rows which informed us of our approach to the *Leasowes*.

Having secured our horses at a cottage, we descended through a dingle, and passed a stone bridge truly rustic, which brought us to the edge of the lawn on which the house is situated, and whose borders are enclosed with those romantic walks which at every step present a lively remembrance

brance of the elegant genius by which they were originally traced.

- “ Farewell then, cities, courts and camps, farewell !
 “ Welcome ye groves, here let me ever dwell,
 “ From care, from business, and mankind remov’d,
 “ All but the muses and inspiring love.”

Turned to the right under a thatched gateway, and deviated through a thicket, by the side of a bubbling stream, till we reached a small lake, environed with gentle slopes, on one of which is a feat ; but the view it formerly commanded of the valley near *Hales Owen*, is now-excluded by the high banks of the *Stourbridge* canal.

Hence we wandered at our leisure, unmolested by intrusive gardeners, and undisturbed by impertinent guides, through a delightful walk, which borders the lake, and then winds up a narrow valley.

A swelling bank on the opposite side, tipped with fir trees, has a bench from which the house is seen to great advantage ; and on the left, (what *Shenstone* called “ the priory-gate”) a well imitated ruin.

Strolled up the glen, by the most rural and inartificial path imaginable, shaded with fine trees, and varied with unequal ground.

From

From a seat under an oak, a wild forest-looking scene presents itself; and on a pedestal *Somerville's* urn

“ INGENIO ET AMICITIÆ
GULIELMI SOMERVILE,

“ G. S

“ POSUIT

“ DEBITA SPARGENS LACRYMA

“ FAVILLA VATIS AMICI.”

The motto is repeated on the opposite side, but the stone is mouldering into decay.

Came to the root-house in a retired spot, which has a semicircular bench shaded with moss. Near it is another urn, appropriately inscribed

“ GENIO LOCI.”

A soft rill creeps over the pebbles, close to some pretty yew trees, and the deep solemnity of their venerable shade was increased by the distant chiming of the bells at *Hales Owen*.

Ascended through the wood, and passed a seat formed of the branches of trees, which brought us to the summit of the hill. A circle of firs, whose denuded roots form a kind of reticular floor, contains an octagon seat, with a pedestal, surmounted with a large bowl, inscribed with the well known provincial toast,

“ All

“ All friends round the *Wrekin* ;”

and affords a very extensive view over the country, commanding the bold swelling bosom of the *Wrekin* itself.

Farther on is a rural alcove, from whence the opening towards the north-west is varied with fine undulations of hill and valley, interspersed with trees, corn fields, and buildings ; and at the foot of the meadow a little brook winds its silent stream.

On a board at the back part of the building, are the following charming lines,

- “ O you, that bathe in courtlye blyffe,
 “ Or toyle in fortune’s giddy spheare,
 “ Do not too rashlye deeme amyffe,
 “ Of him that bydes contented here.
 “ Nor yet disdeigne the ruffet stoale,
 “ Which o’er each carelesse lymbe he flyngs,
 “ Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
 “ In which he quaffs, the limpid springs.
 “ Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
 “ Devoide of worldlye cark, he straye ;
 “ Or all beside some flowerye lawne
 “ He waste his inoffensive daye.
 “ So may he pardonne fraude and strife,
 “ If such in courtlye haunt he see,
 “ For faults there beene in busye lyfe,
 “ From whyche these peaceful glennes are free.”

Descended

Descended across the meadow towards the house, which is at present uninhabited, and entered a small plantation covering the north-east front of it.

Under a beautiful cherry tree is a seat, with these lines :

- “ If cares that to thy station cling,
- “ Or griefs which from no vices spring,
- “ With age, disease, or meer fatigue,
- “ Against thy present quiet league,
- “ Here seat thyself, and thou shalt find
- “ Rest to thy body, and thy mind.
- “ But, know! the genius of this wood,
- “ Sheds comforts only on the good,
- “ Whilst here the vicious and profane,
- “ Shall court her healing gifts in vain.”

There can scarcely be conceived a house better adapted to the rural and simple stile in which the grounds are laid out ; nor any which could adorn them so much as this. The building is elegant, chaste, and simple. I say nothing of the stables, which are in a very different taste, and childishly tricked out with battlements.

Turned to the right from the house, by the side of a plantation, passed a small piece of water, and entered the skirts of a fine thick wood, which covers the hill on the eastern side of the grounds.

We

We were now in what *Shenstone* called the *Lover's walk*, and might easily fancy the name of *Delia* inscribed on every tree.

In a thicket, close to a murmuring stream, is an urn of the artificial stone of *Coade's* manufactory.

“ Ah *Maria!*

“ Puellarum elegantissima

“ Ah flore venustatis abrepta!

 Vale!

“ Heu quanto minus est

“ cum reliquis versari

 “ quam tui

 “ meminisse.”

TRANSLATION :

Ah! *Maria!*

most elegant of unmarried
young women.

Ah! *Maria!*

snatched from us when all thy
charms were in full flower,
farewell! for ever!

Oh! how inferior the most familiar
converse with other women
to the *bare remembrance*
of thee!

This was Miss *Maria Dolman*, the daughter of a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and cousin of Mr. *Shenstone*.

After

After ascending by a zig-zag path, we entered a long gloomy walk, in the centre of which is a hermitage, built by the late Major *Halliday*, the last proprietor of the *Leafowes*, of bones, calces, glass, and cinders. The inside is divided into compartments, by rows of pebbles, the walls paneled with bark, and the roof very prettily stuccoed with fir apples, set in moss.

A small cupola rises from the roof, but the gentleman who compared this building to a highlander's hut, must have overlooked the chimney. The floor is laid with small pebbles and horses' teeth. The door is of bark, and a gothic window overlooks the town of *Hales Owen*, to the meadows which cover the side of *Cient* hill; which has been rendered famous by the chapel, built on the spot where the murdered body of the young *Kenelm*, King of *Mercia*, was interred.

The prospect is much hurt by the direct line of canal, which, even at this distance, creates disgust, by the stiffness of its formal embankments; but the intervening meadow is charmingly studded with trees.

This walk is terminated by the temple of *Pan*, a dusky alcove, now deprived of all its beauty.

Turned to the right, and arrived at a wicket at the corner of the wood, which opens to a kind of natural terrace, commanding a very rich and extensive view, including the monument at *Hagley*, and, it is said, (though I believe it to be a mistake) the seats of the Earl of *Plymouth*, and Viscount *Dudley and Ward*.

Descended through the meadows, and passed a screen of fir trees, near which is a seat, inscribed

“ Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.”

The sloping ground in front is sprinkled with fine trees, whose exuberant foliage seems to smile on the enamelled turf out of which they spring. The view is rich, sylvan, and harmonious.

Passed a seat dedicated to Lord *Lyttleton*, and then entered *Virgil's* grove, a thick wood, whose entangled boughs admit just light enough to fill the mind with pensive musing.

Here, on an elevated spot, shaded with yews and cypress, is an obelisk, thus dedicated to the great father of Georgic poetry.

“ Genio. P. *Virgilio* Maronis

“ Lapis. iste. cum. luco.

“ Sacer. esto.”

Near

Near *Virgil's* monument is an old feat, with the following lines, now scarcely legible :

“ Celeberimo Poetæ
 “ *Jacobo Thomson,*
 “ prope fontes illi non fastiditos
 “ G. S.
 “ Sedem hanc ornavit.

“ Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pio carmina dona,
 “ Nam neque me tantum, venientis sibilus austri,
 “ Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora nec quæ,
 “ Saxofas inter decurrunt flumina valles.”

Thomson's feat is indisputably the most delightful spot in this *Elysium*. On one side is *Virgil's* monument; a tinkling rill creeps below; and, on the left, is a cascade; all completely sheltered by a “brown o'er-arching grove.”

A narrow walk next conducted us over a small bridge, thrown across a rill, which murmurs along the bottom of this sequestered gloom, and within sight of a most beautiful cascade, congenial with the placid scenery around us; not dashing furiously from a rocky eminence, nor conducted artfully over a flight of steps, but distilling its liquid pearls from a mossy fountain, down a rock of darkest green, and gliding in a soft and purling stream among the trees below.

There are two other rills creeping along at your feet, in the same stile of elegant simplicity, whose somniferous tinklings produce the most soothing calmness: and he must be indeed a stoic who can frequent these groves without being in love.

The famous chalybeate spring, which has been so much admired and celebrated, is now almost overgrown with weeds; and the stone which bears the inscription was lying with its face downward, at some distance from the little basin which receives the water.

“ Fons ferrugineus Divæ
 “ quæ secessu isto frui
 “ concedit salutis S.”

Leaving the cascade on our left, we accompanied the stream which descends from it, and came to a tree with the following lines.

“ O let me haunt this peaceful shade,
 “ Nor let ambition e'er invade
 “ The tenant of this leafy bower,
 “ That shuns her paths and flights her power.
 “ Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies,
 “ From social meads and open skies,
 “ Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,
 “ And hide her sapphire plumage here.

“ The

“ The trout, bedeck’d with crimfon stains,
 “ Forfakes the river’s proud domains
 “ Forfakes the fun’s unwelcome gleam,
 “ To lurk within this humble fream.

“ And fure I hear the Naiad fay,
 “ Flow, flow my fream, this devious way,
 “ Tho’ lovely foft thy murmurs are,
 “ Thy waters lovely, moift, and fair.”

“ Flow, gentle fream, nor let the vain,
 “ Thy fmall unfullied ftones difdain,
 “ Nor let the penfive fage repine,
 “ Whofe latent courfe refembles thine.”

Another rufic arch brought us to the entrance-gate, and thus finished our agreeable walk.

Every where, however, around thefe premifes, the encroachments of neglect are vifibly intruding, and in a few years little of the delightful fcenes which once characterized the retreat of the plaintive *Shenstone*; will remain to be traced.

An elegant writer has well obferved, “ the neglected fh rubs and flowers feem to droop and languifh, and the trees enviously thruft forward their branches, and fpread them before the views which *Shenstone* opened, as if afraid left their beauties fhould alleviate the forrow

“ which all ought to feel for his absence, The
 “ cascade has forgotten to flow, and the weeping
 “ fountain has ceased to weep, as if the great-
 “ nefs of its grief had drained the fluices of its
 “ tears.”

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C H A P. XXX.

*Road from Birmingham to Warwick.—Solihull.—Knowle.—
Wroxall.*

LEFT *Birmingham* by the *London* road, and after passing the house formerly occupied by the celebrated Doctor *Priestly*, turned to the left for *Knowle*.

The county of *Worcester* interposes a small slip between *Birmingham* and *Warwick*, and having crossed it we came into the heart, or centre, of *Warwickshire*.

Rode through the village of *Solihull*, whose spire and church tower had been for some time in view.

Near *Solihull* is a very handsome seat of *Henry Grosford Lewis* Esquire, called *Malvern Hall*, adorned with pleasure grounds and a fine piece of water.

Knowle is a small town situated among fertile fields, and contains nothing remarkable; but three miles beyond it, are the remains of *Wroxall* Abbey, part of which is converted into farm-

house, and another portion into the parish church, in which a monument of one of the Abbeſſes is ſtill ſhewn.

————— “ In the miſt,
 “ Appears a mould’ring wall, with ivy crown’d,
 “ Or gothic turret, pride of ancient days,
 “ Now but of uſe to grace a rural ſcene,
 “ To bound our viſtas.”

In *Dugdale’s* “ *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*” the legend is preſerved of the firſt eſtabliſhment of a religious houſe at *Wroxall*, in the days of *King Stephen*.

This hiſtory was extracted from a manuſcript of one of the monks of *Wroxall*; and the liſt of abbeſſes is preſerved.

It is ſaid to have been founded by a pious perſon, who being in exile, and frequently calling to mind the tutelary patronage and miracles of *St. Leonard*, was ſuddenly *inſpired* with a reſolution to found an abbey for Nuns of *St. Benet’s* order. To ſtrengthen and encourage him in this religious determination, *St. Leonard* himſelf appeared in the *habit of a monk*, and the captive was inſtantly tranſlated from his confinement to the ſpot on which this religious edifice was afterwards built. Wandering among the woods,
 which

which formed part of the domain that he had held of *Guy*, Earl of *Warwick*, he could scarcely believe where he was, nor imagine how he came thither. The saint, however, vouchsafed to appear a second time, and to point out to him four stones, which marked the spot where the high altar of *Wroxall* afterwards arose. His lady being informed of the unexpected arrival of her husband, was so incredulous that she would not be persuaded it was her *real* husband, until he produced part of a ring which had been broken between them, and applying the separate fragments together, they were miraculously re-united,—a proof sufficient to have convinced a sceptic.

This religious house was one of a very small number, devoted to the reception of the *English* ladies; and we may greatly rejoice that the same power which deprived the cloistered monk of his luxury and wealth, liberated our fair countrywomen from this unnatural confinement. The
“ soft heart of sensibility no longer beats within
“ the grate of a convent, but the best affections
“ of the human mind permitted to flow in their
“ natural channel, diffuse their friendly influence
“ over the brightening prospects of domestic
“ happiness.”

Wroxall is the property of the *Wrens*, descended from the great architect of that name, whose panegyric has been so elegantly and concisely written by *Horace Walpole*. “ A variety of knowledge proclaims the *universality*, a multiplicity of works, the *abundance*, and *St. Paul’s*, the greatness of *Sir Christopher Wren’s* genius.”

Before we arrived at the village of *Hatton*, a pleasing view of a well wooded country presented itself on the left, decorated with the magnificent ruins of *Kenelworth Castle*, about three miles distant; whose “ ivy mantled ” towers reminded us of the proud pageantry of ancient days, and the hardy and ferocious manners of antiquity.

We visited the church of *Hatton*, in which are several monumental records, particularly one of a lady, who was a considerable benefactress to the church.

The windows are ornamented with painted glass. That at the east end is a representation of the crucifixion, in which the principal figure is well executed, but some skulls, absurdly introduced at the foot of the cross, shew that the artist had not studied anatomy with the attention requisite to make a complete painter.

Proceeding

Proceeding towards *Warwick*, we were presented with a rich prospect of the valley, on the right, bounded by *Edge-Hill*, and the high hills of *Shuckburgh*.

Half a mile from the town crossed a canal, which has been undertaken, to communicate with that called the *Grand Junction Canal*, at *Braunston*.

C H A P. XXXI.

Warwick.—*Buildings, public and private.*—*Monuments.*—*Cultivation of the Vine.*—*Warwick Castle.*—*Paintings.*—*Armour.*—*Park and Pleasure Grounds.*—*Antiquities.*—*Superb Vase.*

AT the entrance of *Warwick*, what is at present a cottage, plainly indicates its original use to have been that of a place of worship: it was a chapel dedicated to *St. John*.

Warwick is a pretty large well-built town, and the principal street running in a direct line from east to west, having been almost entirely rebuilt, after a great fire, which happened in 1694, has a degree of neatness and regularity in its appearance, which is not often paralleled.

This street is terminated at each end by a small chapel; and that towards the west, has a very lofty, but dark arched passage under it. This chapel belongs to an hospital, founded by *Robert*, earl of *Leicester*, in the reign of *Elizabeth*, for the reception of twelve decayed tradesmen, or men of broken fortunes, who had served in the army.

The

The uncommon dulness of this town, which is almost proverbial, and the air of melancholy which prevails in it, are noticed in the following lines, which indeed boast more truth than poetry :

- “ Where *Avon* flows, and gathers fame,
 “ A town there stands, and *Warwick* is its name :
 “ For useful arts, entitled once to share
 “ The *Mercian* dame *Elfreda’s* guardian care ;
 “ Nor less for feats of chivalry renown’d,
 “ When her own *Guy* was with her laurels crown’d.
 “ Now indolence subjects the *drowsy* place,
 “ And binds in filken bonds her *feeble* race :
 “ No busy artizans their fellows greet,
 “ No loaded carriages obstruct the street ;
 “ Scarce here and there a saunt’ring band is seen,
 “ And pavements dread the turf’s encroaching green.”

The antiquary may be pleased to hear, that a large plan, and perspective view of the town, when ruined by the great fire before-mentioned, is still preserved in *Warwick* Castle.

The disposition of the streets is regular: the high street is crossed by another at right angles; and on the highest ground in the town stands the collegiate church of *St. Mary*, an edifice of considerable size and elegance, although irregularly finished.

The windows at the east end, and a beautiful chapel contiguous to the south side, are gothic; but those of the rest of the building are inconsistent with any rule of architecture.

The inside of the church is remarkably handsome. A large organ is placed over the west door; the chancel is separated from the church by iron gates, with a stove on each side, disguised in the shape of urns, standing on pedestals; and there are regular galleries.

In the middle of the chancel is a white marble monument, with cumbent statues in memory of *Thomas Beauchamp*, Earl of *Warwick*, who built the body of the church, and died in 1401; and of the *Lady Margaret*, his wife, daughter of *William*, Lord *Ferrars*.

The chapel of *St. Mary* is the mausoleum of the families of *Neville*, *Dudley*, and *Beauchamp*, earls of *Warwick*; and contains several stately monuments, particularly that of *Richard Beauchamp*, the founder, which has two statues of burnished brass, as large as life, and an innumerable host of angels, of the same metal, standing in niches round the tomb.

This nobleman is stiled “The most noble
“*Richard de Bello Campo*, Earl of *Warwick*, Lord
“*Despenser*,

“ *Despenser, of Bergavenny, Lieutenant-general*
 “ *of France and Normandy.*”

There are also monuments of *Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicestershire; Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, master of the ordnance, &c. and Lettice, Countess of Leicestershire, with a long jingling inscription, by Gervas Clifton, full of pun and quibble: the concluding lines of which*

“ She that did supply the warrs

“ With thunder, and the court with stars.” &c.

tempted Mr. Ireland wittily to remark, that this lady’s qualities were really wonderful; for, says he, “ she not only *cast cannon, but multiplied*
 “ *the heavenly host that glitter around the throne,*
 “ and was at once a belle, an amazon, and a
 “ faint.”

The decorations of this chapel have been finished at an enormous expence; but many of the ornaments are vulgar and disgusting.

The ceiling consists of a display of *gingerbread work, and painted shields; and there is such a profusion of carving and gilding, that the eye is involuntarily attracted from the neat and chaste altar-piece, which is the only appropriate ornament of the place.*

It is said, that the windows of this edifice were formerly enriched with coloured glass, containing historical representations and portraits of the *Beauchamp* family, but they are now gone.

On the north side of the chancel is a small dark chapel, with a monument of black and white marble, in remembrance of the first Lord *Brooke*, with the following laconic, but impressive inscription :

“ TROPHÆUM PECCATI.

“ *FULKE GREVILLE,*

“ SERVANT TO QUEEN *ELIZABETH,*

“ COUNSELLOR TO KING *JAMES,*

“ AND

“ FRIEND TO SIR *PHILIP SIDNEY.*”

This chapel is adorned with several pennons, banners, helmets, and pieces of armour, agreeable to the fashion of ancient times, in which the piety of our fathers suggested to them vows of this particular nature, viz. to deposit their arms in the churches and monasteries : a custom derived from the remotest antiquity, and noticed by all the old historians and romance writers ; but first by the prophet *Ezekiel*. The heroes of those ages thus dedicating to God the weapons which his providence had rendered effectual in

their hands, for the defence of religion and their country.

Contiguous to *St. Mary's* chapel are the remains of a confessional; and the steps leading to it are almost worn through.

The tower of this church is very delicately proportioned, and is charged with inscriptions, mentioning the original foundation, by *Roger de Novo Burgo* (Newburgh), earl of *Warwick*, and the re-édification of it, by *Thomas Beauchamp* before-mentioned.

Near the church-yard is a grammar school, endowed by King *Henry* the eighth, with an exhibition to *Oxford*; under the direction of a master, who has a liberal salary.

On the north side of the town stands a handsome house, called the *Priory*, with small, but pleasant gardens about it. It appears, however, to have derived very little advantage from the hand of taste, although it is capable of great improvements.

The *County Hall* is a large and elegant building, and contiguous to it is the *Gaol*, a work of great strength, but perhaps objectionably placed near the middle of the town.

There appears to be a blank left over the entrance of the Hall, which makes it look unfinished. If the following motto were borrowed from the town house at *Delft*, it might be applicable :

“ Hic locus odit, amat, punit, conservat, honorat,
“ Nequitiam, pacem, crimine, jura, probos.”

Warwick, being a place of great antiquity, has been incorporated under several charters; but eternal contentions between the interests of different parties, some speculation, and a manifest want of public spirit, have scarcely left any traces of a corporation; besides a building, called the *Court House*, which was erected out of monies belonging to different charities; now used principally as a dining-room, where

“ *W*de* seizes his prey, e'er the cook can uncover,
“ And *M*ub*ws* says grace with his fork in a plover.”

The most brilliant ornament of *Warwick* is its stately castle, which, both for its antiquity and situation, deserves the traveller's notice.

Much has been said and written about the immense sums of money which have been laid out in the improvements, and the degree of taste discernible in their arrangement: but they who
reside

reside here can never regret the former, nor will it be contended by any who visit it, that the latter was not truly deserved by the natural advantages of the place. In short, the site of *Warwick* Castle, on the bank of the charming *Avon*, whose noble stream winds gracefully through the park, within sight of the windows; commanding a rich and pleasing diversity of objects, and enjoying the advantage of a fertile soil, would have been a delightful residence, with very few adventitious aids; and without the clumps and patches, and slopes, and swells of modern gardening.

The entrance to the castle was formerly by a gate-way (between two octagon towers) which now leads to the court-yard or area; but an act of parliament having been obtained for removing the road, from *Banbury* to *Warwick*, to a greater distance from the castle, a space in front of it, called the vineyard, was afterwards enclosed, planted, and added to the parterre.

Grapes are recorded to have been gathered here at a very early period.

Suetonius speaks of vineyards as being very common in *Britain*. Venerable *Bede*, who lived in the eighth century, and *Richard* of *Cirencester*, who died in the fourteenth, as well as many

other ancient writers, have also spoken to the same effect.

The late learned and indefatigable Dr. *Pegge* has supposed, that the *Britons* began to plant vines soon after the year 280: that they were first cultivated in the southern parts of the island, particularly in the neighbourhood of *Winchester*, citing from *Sommer* a quotation, which that author has introduced in his “Antiquities of Canterbury:”

“*Testis est London ratibus, Wintonia Baccho;*”

and also the authority of *Twine*, who thus accounts for the derivation of the name of that city.

“*Hæc vero iisdem temporibus Britannis Caer-
“ guent, eodem quoque sensu a Romanis dicta
“ est Wintonia: et temporis tractu corrupte,
“ nostro more Wintonia, a Saxonibus postea
“ Winchester, id est, urbs vini vel vinifera, quasi
“ dicas, munitio vel fortificatio ubi crevit opti-
“ mum vinum in Britanniâ appellata est.*”

It is true, that other authors disagree with Mr. *Twine*, and each other, respecting this etymology; but, without making a digression to enlarge on a dispute so foreign to the subject, I shall only remark, that a little suburbs contiguous

ous to the north side of the *Soke*, near *Winchester*, is still called *Wine-hall*; but which, by the way, may have derived its appellation from *Wina*, the *Saxon* bishop of this see.

It may, however, be worth while to enter a little into the consideration of the question intended to be decided, namely, whether the vine was cultivated so extensively as, from these authors has been inferred; or whether grapes were only grown as a fruit for the desert.

It has been asserted, that the vernacular production, called wine was in reality neither more nor less than cider: but it has certainly never yet been proved, that, by any means, the term vineyard has been retained in those counties, where apples grow in the greatest abundance. The derivation of the term orchard is evidently traceable through the *Saxon* ortgearde, from the *Gothic* aurtigard (a fence of a garden), while the derivation of the other term may be looked for from weingard (an enclosure for vines); weintriu, a vine; weinaburge, grapes; weinatains, a vine branch, &c. The term *vinee* also occurs in *Domesday Book*.

It does not, indeed, necessarily follow, because the term vineyard may have been sometimes ap-

plied to small enclosures, for the cultivation of those fruits which were earliest known among us, that therefore the vineyards of *Britain* were only gardens of that class, and that no wine was made here; for a public permission from the *Roman* emperors would surely never have been thought of, if the culture of the grape had been understood in so limited a sense; and although the climate of this island has been urged as an objection to *Dr. Pegge's* account, yet it should be remembered, that to prove that wine was made, is one thing; but to prove, that that wine was sweet, is another, and very different undertaking; in which *Dr. Pegge* does not seem to have been at all disposed to engage.

In the great literary contest on this subject, I wonder that the very learned disputants should all happen to have overlooked *Warwick*, where the piece of ground still called the Vineyard, which I have mentioned, is *recorded* to have yielded abundance of fruit, at a very remote period, and where vines are still seen growing against the fronts of the houses in some of the public streets.

After the alteration of the road to *Warwick*, as above-mentioned, a lodge was built on the south
east

east side of the ground, then recently enclosed; and this was the principal approach for several years; but the gate has been lately closed, and a new embattled and castellated entrance, which greatly offends the eye of taste, and is a disgrace to the situation which it occupies, has been erected at the south corner; so that the castle has now completely turned its back to the town.

It has been objected against the gardens, that fir trees and shrubs are unfit decorations for the place; but we are almost induced to forget the inconsistency of such ornaments to an old castle, by the beauty and luxuriance of their growth.

We rung at the gate, and were let in by a well-fed porter, whose appearance reminded me of *Thomson's* lines.

— “ slow from his bench arose
 “ A comely full spread porter, swoln with sleep;
 “ His calm broad thoughtless aspect breath'd repose,
 “ And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep;
 “ Nor could himself from careless yawning keep;
 “ While o'er his eyes the drowfy liquor ran,
 “ Through which his half-wak'd soul did faintly peep.”

Passing between two high banks, clothed with a shrubbery, the first view of the castle suddenly

bursts on the sight, with great sublimity. Two very high towers, at the south and northern angles of the building, each with prodigious gables, and an open parapet, embattled, are connected by a strong wall, in the centre of which is the entrance under an arched gate-way.

The surrounding parterre is thick set with trees, from among which peep the stables; and behind them is seen the high tower of *St. Mary's* church: but the town is completely hidden by the plantations.

The tower at the south-east angle rises from a naked rock to a great height, and is supposed to be of more remote antiquity than any other part of the building.

It is attributed to *Julius Cæsar*; but on what authority I can not pretend to say: however, it is certain, that *Julius Cæsar* did not penetrate so far as *Warwick*.

That this town was that station of the *Romans* called *Præsidium*, there is no doubt; and several *Roman* inscriptions have been discovered here, at different times.

With regard to the architecture of what is called *Cæsar's* tower, I suspect the turret on the top of it to belong to the early *Norman* times; the

the period at which *Chepstow* Castle was built ; where there is a tower which much resembles this at *Warwick*.

Under the tower is a deep and most gloomy dungeon, into which a few rays of light are admitted, by a single loop hole. The stair-case which descends to this *horrifying* abode, barely allows one person to enter at a time ; and few places of confinement are more exactly calculated to impress a modern *Englishman* with the savage barbarity of his ancestors.

To such dire abodes, and to a solitude even worse than death, not merely crimes against society, but the exercise of liberal sentiment, or heroic patriotism was often a sufficient passport. The genuine impulse of the kindest affections which warm and ameliorate the soul ; the brightest, most illustrious examples of every social and domestic virtue, in those ferocious ages, could not protect the weak from the fangs of the rapacious ; could not shelter the poor from the violence of the oppressor, nor defend the silent merit of the humble from the tremendous horrors of capricious despotism,

The scenes which here recur to the mind of the man of feeling (not like the insubstantial visions

sions

sions of poetic fancy) are painted in unfading colours, and their history is recorded in characters of blood.

Hark! methinks I hear the groans of the starving captive creep along the walls of his prison! methinks I hear the clinking of his massive fetters, and the heart-piercing sighs, which seem to tell me, "the iron enters into his soul;" while imagination supplies the half-articulated prayer, escaping through a cloud of putrid exhalation, and ascending to the empyreal seat of the Father of Mercies.

With slow and solemn steps, the unfeeling centinels perform nocturnal rounds; while the imperious gaoler, still more unfeeling and obdurate, watches, with *Argus'* eyes the very stars; and seems to grudge their light; listens, with jealous ears to every wind that blows, and deprecates its soothing influence.

Yet, even to the captive on his rushy pallet, besmeared with midnight dews, and with the humid perspiration of his cell, shall *conscious rectitude within*, speak peace and consolation. Of this nor lords nor warriors can deprive him: no! nor the cruel torments of the rack; nor all the rage and fury of oppression.

The

The howling of the tempest round his dungeon, brings no terrors; the vivid lightning, which melts the massive bars, and plays upon his fetters, affrights him not. It only breaks the dismal gloom, and beguiles the tedious hours. Even the trembling agitation of the earth itself, which seems the harbinger of universal annihilation, is, to him, the messenger of peace: the long, but patiently-expected summons to immortality. While the lordly chieftain

“ Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave,”
 who has triumphed over the poor emaciated remains of his expiring captive, now smitten by the keen arrows of remorse, in vain attempts to hide his guilty head, and scarcely dares apply to Heaven for mercy. *He* hears the voice of death with ghastly horror, and trembles with dismay. His martial enterprizes, and all the sanguinary schemes of proud ambition avail him not; for his courage was but ferocity, and his wisdom, the success of intrigue. The pride of ancestry, and the pomp of rank, in this keen hour of distressful anguish, afford no shelter to the guilty wretch; for his glory, and his pomp, and the mightiness of his dominion totter on the brink of ruin; and before him yawn the opening portals to sufferings inexpressible. “ *The spirit of man*
 “ *may*

“ may bear his afflictions ; but, a wounded spirit, who can bear ? ”

Warwick Castle has been almost ever since the conquest, the principal seat of the Earls of *Warwick*.

Successive possessors have added to the original buildings, agreeable to the taste of the days in which they lived ; but the principal alterations that have taken place were, in the reign of *Edward* the third, when *Thomas Beauchamp*, earl of *Warwick*, built the great octagon tower, in honour of his ancestor, the renowned *Guy*, whose name it still retains ; in the reign of *Edward* the fourth, when *George Plantagenet*, earl of *Warwick*, began the range of buildings now in use ; and in the time of King *James* the first, when *Sir Fulke Greville*, lord *Brooke*, laid out twenty thousand pounds in repairing it.

The castle was defended in the civil war of *Cromwell*, when it was garrisoned for the parliament, by a very singular contrivance, namely, that of suspending wool-packs from hooks, which are still to be seen in the towers, at the entrance.

A man must have lost every sensation, who can enter the court of *Warwick* Castle, without admiration and delight.

On the left, a grand irregular baronial mansion, terminated by *Cæsar's* tower ; a vast pile of strength,

strength, whose antiquity is stamped on its battlements. In front, a lofty mount, covered with shrubs, and crowned with turrets, through one of which an iron gate admits a gleam of light to harmonize the picture. The wall continued from thence is covered with ivy, and runs towards the right-hand corner; where *Guy's Tower*, erected by *Thomas Beauchamp*, rises to the height of an hundred and twenty feet, with the most perfect symmetry and grace.

A flight of steps in a gothic porch, leads to the hall, which is a magnificent apartment of about sixty feet by thirty-eight, wainscotted with oak, and ornamented with the antlers of moose deer, and other animals, which have been dug out of bogs in *Ireland*.

The species of deer to which these antlers belonged, must have been undoubtedly of *very great size and strength*: it has been conjectured the same as the *American moose*, and *Scythian tarandus*; but *Giraldus Cambrensis* (in whose time the race was not extinct) in his "Topo-
 " graphia Hybernia," in the passage cited by *Camden*, seems to countenance an idea that the magnitude of the horns was in reverse proportion to the bulk of the animal. "Ceros prænimia pinguedine minûs fugere prævalentes, quantoque
 minores

“ minores sunt corporis quantitate, tanto præcel-
 “ lentiùs efferuntur capitis et cornuum dignitate.”

The state apartments open to the west, and those which are occupied by the family are at the east end of the hall; but all the windows look towards the south, and the doors being thrown open, the whole range is taken in at a single glance.

The window at the west end looks out of the state closet into the park; that which terminates the range to the east, is of stained glass, with coats of arms, and below it stands a colossal bust of *Hercules*.

From the hall we were conducted into an anti-chamber, furnished with chairs covered with cut velvet, and decorated with several capital paintings.

In this room is a table of lapis lazuli, inlaid with precious stones, which was formerly in the possession of the King of *Naples*; and a fine bust of *Minerva*.

The next apartment is a large drawing room, wainscotted with cedar. The chimney-piece has two large pillars of the most beautiful variegated jasper, a very rare and valuable curiosity.

Here are several *Etruscan* vases, and at each end of the room is a large table, inlaid with *Italian* marble from the capitol.

Alas!

Alas! what a change of situation. Ye, whose polished surfaces once, perhaps, reflected the images of the great masters of the world, or echoed to the sound of *Ciceronean* eloquence, are now degenerated into servile ministers of luxury and ostentation! Indeed, without pretending to feel the raptures of an antiquary, I beheld these venerable fragments as if profaned by the figures which they have assumed.

There is also a table of lava, of very beautiful colours.

Among other portraits, of which there is a great profusion, is one of King *Charles* the first; another of *Martin Ruckher*, the painter, admirably finished; a whole length of *Lucy*, Countess of *Carlisle*; and a head of the gallant *James Graham*, Marquis of *Montrose*, who, in the reign of King *Charles* the first, performed so wonderful a series of brilliant achievements, who, “with-
“ out any regular provision of arms or ammuni-
“ tion, attacked and routed Lord *Elcho*, at *Perth*,
“ with a well disciplined army of six thousand
“ men;—who routed Lord *Burley*, at *Aberdeen*,
“ and five and twenty hundred insurgents;—
“ who eluded all the vigilance of the most ex-
“ periented generals, by whose troops he was
“ repeat-

“ repeatedly furrounded ;—kept the field in the
 “ midst of winter, exposed to intense cold, fa-
 “ mine, and fatigue; ravaged the country of *Ar-*
 “ *gyle*, and dispersed thousands by the terror of
 “ his name:” and at length closed a life of great
 and painful activity, by a cheerful submission to a
 cruel sentence, which was executed with every
 circumstance of barbarous indignity, and savage
 exultation.

At the battle of *Perth* it is related of this cor-
 summate officer, that he animated his men to the
 attack, by the following laconic speech: “ Sol-
 diers ’tis true you have no arms, but your enemies
 have plenty; my advice therefore is, that every
 man take a stone in his hand, run up to the next
 foldier, beat out his brains, and then seize his
 arms.” The brave Highlanders followed his ad-
 vice with punctuality: two thousand of the ene-
 my were instantly slain, and *Montrose*, with his vic-
 torious forces, marched triumphantly into *Perth*.

The ceiling of this room is elegantly carved
 and gilt, and the looking glasses are splendid.

The state dressing room is ornamented with
 several antiquities, and a shell of the *Nautilus*
 curiously carved.

Over the doors are three portraits of the sons
 of *Robert*, Lord *Brooke*, who was killed at the
 siege

siege of *Litchfield*. An incomparable painting of *Ignatius Loyola*, richly dressed in his mantle, with a book open before him, by *Rubens*. A portrait of *Queen Henrietta Maria*: and another of *Machiavel*, to which may be applied the observation of *Cicero*,—"mentis imago vultus est, indices oculi."

A whole length of *Richard Beauchamp*, Earl of *Warwick*.

The state bedchamber adjoins. It is hung with tapestry; and the bed, sofas, and chairs are richly covered with crimson velvet, embroidered with green and yellow silk; a present from *Queen Anne*.

There is a large cabinet, inlaid with tortoise-shell, and a smaller, of wood of different shades, representing birds and flowers.

In the window is a fine marble bust of *Edward the Black Prince*.

Over the chimney, which is of verd antique and white marble, is a picture of *Margaret*, Dutchess of *Parma*, by *Paul Veronese*, and over the door a head of *Robert*, Earl of *Essex*, the favorite of *Queen Elizabeth*.

The state closet is hung with pea green satin, and contains several paintings, particularly one

of *Francis*, Earl of *Bedford*; and the head of an old woman, perhaps *Rembrandt's* mother, from the *Orleans* collection.

The beauty of the interior decorations is apt to be overlooked by those who visit this charming apartment, for there are few scenes which can be imagined, more strikingly attractive than the prospect which the windows afford.

The "soft flowing *Avon*" descending in two streams below the rock on which the castle stands, and washing the plantations in the gardens, till it quits this sylvan scene for the expansive meadows at a distance, and glides under a rialto at the extremity of the park; and the variety of slopes and undulations which fill up the landscape on the left, thick sprinkled with trees, or shaded with groves, are scarcely to be matched.

Returning through the same apartments we passed out of the state dressing room by a door on the north side, into a small armoury, or rather museum, which, among a variety of weapons collected from different countries, boasts several natural curiosities of great beauty, some fine petrifications, and specimens of spar and fossils, and two birds of the owl species, of uncommon size.

The

The buff jacket, which was worn by that furious fanatic Lord *Brooke*, who commanded the rebel forces, in 1643, at the siege of *Litchfield*, and in which he was shot, (by Mr. *Dyott*, a deaf and dumb man,) is preserved here; and a few drops of blood may still be traced.

An original picture of Sir *Philip Sidney* in a striped habit, is over one of the doors; and in a recess, a female figure, extremely well painted, but disadvantageously placed. There is also an indifferent painting of *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*, and King *James* the first, when a child.

In the billiard room, above stairs, are two remarkably fine pictures by *Vandyke*, which are in themselves an inestimable treasure, and exhibit, to its full extent, the impressing force and effect of the pencil.

The subjects being a contrast of all that is lovely, and all that is horrid, aid each other in the influence which they have on the passions, by that circumstance, although the intrinsic merit of each is sufficient to recommend it to general admiration.

The first is *Danæ*,—a glow of colouring, and a distribution of light and shade beyond description admirable; All that “ youthful poets fancy

“when they love,” is here not simply delineated, but, I had almost said, realized. The features, the attitude, the drapery, are inimitable. The smile of elegance, and the glance of love, adorn the most animated countenance which ever graced a picture. The well turned arm, the snowy bosom, and the auburn tresses, are so incomparably beautiful, that were a churlish miser of fourscore to view this divine assemblage, even he would be tempted to suppose the shower of gold which is seen descending, a price far below the value of the *picture*, much more of the *possession*.

The countenance of the old hag, who receives the behest of *Jove*, is well designed to set off the delicacy of the principal figure; but although, I am told, the *old woman* (who it must be acknowledged is admirably painted) is the favourite of some of the connoisseurs, I am persuaded that it must be those of her own age.

The other picture is the death of *St. Sebastian*. The horrors of expiration under agonizing torture, but sustained by the influence of a lively faith, and though transfixed with arrows, supported by the blessed hope of a happy immortality, are the ideas expressed in every feature. The pallid lip, and the flaccid muscles, gradually
relaxing

relaxing in the decay of nature,—the composed serenity of manly suffering, the triumphant fortitude of the christian,

“ Strong and unconquerable even in death,”

make us forget the painter's art, to compassionate the dying martyr, and admire the influence of that heavenly assistance which is extended to the virtuous in his last moments, and attracts his attention from corporeal pains, to a certain, and a glorious reward.

The chimney-piece of a small bed chamber in one of the turrets, is composed of marbles (inscribed with the names of Roman soldiery) which have been dug up at *Warwick*; whose antiquity has entitled them to a place of such distinction: but when I read the comments which are frequently made on old inscriptions, in spite of all my respect for venerable antiquity, a smile is with difficulty suppressed at the learned labours which have been so often unsuccessfully employed to supply deficiencies, and correct errors;—when, after all, many of the marbles handed down to us, were inscribed by the hands of the ignorant and unskilful, in imperfect, and sometimes barbarous latinity.

Descending into a long passage contiguous to the armoury, we were shewn a fine picture of King *Charles* the first on horseback, by *Vandyke*, of the natural size.

The windows contain several figures in coloured glass, and among other coats of arms, that of *Henry*, Duke of *Warwick*.

The chapel is gloomy and damp, but fitted up in a very neat and simple style, and there is an organ.

The painted glass window over the altar, was presented by the Earl of *Exeter*.

Returning through the hall we were conducted into the dining room, built by *Francis*, Earl *Brooke*, of *Warwick Castle*, and Earl of *Warwick*, in a taste so consistent with the rest of the building as to be scarcely distinguished from it.

In this room are two very large pictures of *Frederic*, Prince of *Wales*, and *Augusta* his Princess, holding in her arms his present Majesty, an infant. The frames are ornamented with trophies and other costly decorations; and the pictures were a present from the lady of Lord *Archibald Hamilton*.

Over the chimney is a half length of Sir *Fulke Greville*, first Lord *Brooke*, who was murdered by one of his servants at a very advanced age. This eminent person was one of the earliest Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries.

The other apartments at the east end of the castle, and the library, which is one of them, has a useful, rather than a valuable collection of books.

There are also several good portraits, particularly of a *Dutch* Burgo-master and Lady *Vandyke*, a picture of *Achilles* in armour, and a three-quarter length of old *Parr*: the last not very remarkable for its execution. King *Charles* the first and his children; and over the chimney in the library, the half length of a school-boy, by Sir *Joshua Reynolds*.

From these windows a new bridge which has been built over the *Avon*, is seen to great advantage. The arch is a fine piece of masonry, and measures 120 feet in diameter.

Among the improvements which have been made by the present Earl, is that of having entirely covered the few remaining houses which belong to the town of *Warwick*, on the south side of the river, by a large plantation, which

effectually prevents their disgracing the rich and luxuriant prospect from the castle.

The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, however, seem to view these alterations with some degree of regret, as well as jealousy; and the demolition of so many comfortable habitations is scarcely compensated for, in their opinion, by the increased elegance of his lordship's residence. It must be confessed, indeed, that the circumstance is apt to remind us of the affecting picture drawn by *Goldsmith*:

“ One only master grasps the whole domain,
 “ And half a tillage flints the smiling plain.

* * * * *

“ Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 “ Unweildy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
 “ And every want to luxury allied,
 “ And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.

* * * * *

“ Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
 “ Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
 “ Where village statesmen talk'd, with looks profound,
 “ And news, much older than their ale, went round.
 “ Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 “ The parlour splendors of that festive place;
 “ The white-wash'd wall, the nicely fanded floor,
 “ The varnished clock, that click'd behind the door;
 “ The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 “ With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay.

“ Vain

“ Vain transitory splendor! could not all
 “ Reprieve the tott’ring mansion from its fall!
 “ Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart,
 “ An hour’s importance to the poor man’s heart;
 “ Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
 “ To sweet oblivion of his daily care.

* * * * *

“ Ye friends to truth; ye statesmen, who survey,
 “ The rich man’s joys increase, the poor’s decay;
 “ ’Tis your’s to judge, how wide the limits stand,
 “ Between a splendid, and a happy land.

* * * * *

————— “ The man of wealth and pride,
 “ Takes up a space, that many poor supply’d;
 “ Space for his lake, his park’s extended bounds;
 “ Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
 “ His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 “ Indignant spurns the cottage from the green.”

Before we left *Warwick* Castle, it would have been unpardonable not to have inspected the armour, which, tradition says, belonged to *Guy*, the gigantic earl of *Warwick*, who encountered a *wild boar*, a *dun cow*, and a *Danish* giant; and after these mighty and perilous exploits lived to a good old age, in a hermit’s cell, and died peaceably at last (as some say) in a religious habit.

This armour is preserved with great care, in the porter’s lodge, and consists of a two-handed sword

sword (very similar to that of King *Edward*, still kept in *Westminster Abbey*); a breast-plate, which weighs thirty pounds; part of an old helmet, a lance, and two or three iron maces; with a sort of battle-axe, such as, I believe, was formerly termed "the gifarme," which, however, being an inferior weapon, did probably not belong to our hero.

An ancient poem thus mentions the last-named article :

" Some made a mell of massey lead,
 " Which iron all about did bind ;
 " Some made strong helmets for the head,
 " And some their grisly *gi/armes* grind."

There is likewise a very large bell-metal pot, and a clumsy flesh-fork, part of the earl's kitchen furniture; a pair of iron coverings for the top of the feet, called flippers, and reputed to have belonged to the lady of the said earl; together with a shaffroone (or chanfrons) and other horse armour; a walking-stick, nine feet high (not quite so tall as the giant); a rib of the *dun cow*, and one of the vertebræ of the wild boar, which fell by his ruthless arm.

" That mighty *Guy* !
 " So fam'd in antique song, *Warwick's* great earl,

" Who

“ Who slew the giant *Colbrand* in fierce fight ;
 “ Maintain’d a summer’s day, and freed this realm
 “ From *Danish* vassalage ; his pond’rous sword,
 “ And massy spear, attest the glorious deed.”

The stature of this great man is said to have been nine feet and two inches, which some think incredible ; but it should be remembered, that *Leland*, in his “ *Collectanea*,” quotes the respectable authority of his friend, *Sir Thomas Elyot*, as recording, that himself had seen, at some place, near *Salisbury*, a skeleton which measured *fourteen feet ten inches* in length.

There can be no doubt that the horse armour is much more modern than the days of *Guy* ; for, besides other proofs, it has on it, a *French* motto, in roman capitals, which is only defaced, and not totally obliterated, by repeated scourings : but there is some ground for belief, that the sword is of very high antiquity (and I myself do not know why it should not have really belonged to *Guy*), for it was committed to the custody of a person of some note, as the identical sword of *Guy*, by *Henry* the eighth, in the first year of his reign, with a salary of eleven pence *per diem*.

In

In the time of *Richard* the second, there was a suit of arras hangings in the castle, representing the story of the famous *Guy*, which at the attainder of *Thomas de Beauchamp*, earl of *Warwick*, was bestowed by the king, on *Thomas Holland*, duke of *Surrey*, earl of *Kent*, marshal of *England*, and knight of the most noble order of the garter.

There is also preserved a stone coffin, which was dug up within the area of the castle. It is formed of one entire stone, with a round excavation in the solid upper part, for the head; and from the size of it, appears either to have contained the body of a female, or of some very young and slender person: but whether this be of as high antiquity as the *Roman* empire, even in its decline, as some have supposed, I am not certain.

In the year 1659 there was a military or garri-son establishment at *Warwick* Castle, for a governor, a lieutenant, and sixty soldiers, at an expence of 7*l.* 8*s.* per month.

The Park is extensive, and there is a charming ride through it, carried among the plantations which decorate the banks of the *Avon*; and
a beau-

a beautiful lake, of an hundred and fifty acres, occupies the south-eastern part.

At the extremity of a fine sloping lawn, washed on the south by the *Avon*, and commanding a very rich and interesting prospect, is a large green-house, in which is placed a magnificent vase, dug up near the banks of the *Tiber*; and as the inscription sets forth, transmitted to *England*, under the care and direction of Sir *William Hamilton*, K. B. envoy extraordinary, and minister plenipotentiary to the King of *Naples*. It is of white marble, and the embellishments are admirably executed, affording the most beautiful specimen of what were anciently termed “*vasa* “*pampinata* ;” its ornaments being borrowed from the vine, and exquisitely finished. Of its size, I can not trust myself to speak with accuracy; but it is so capacious, that the first idea which strikes an observer is, the almost insurmountable difficulty, the *Herculean* labour of bringing such an immense body hither, from the port where it was landed.

C H A P. XXXII.

Charlecott.—Compton Verney.—Kington.—Edge Hill.—Barbury.—Road to Buckingham.

Two miles from *Warwick*, crossed the *Avon*, at *Barford Bridge*; and by an excellent road, which passes not far from *Charlecott*, the residence of *Sir Thomas Lucy*, in the days of *Shakespeare*; and still possessed by a descendant of that family, soon arrived at *Compton Verney*, the seat of *Lord Willoughby de Broke*.

The exterior of the house is rather neat than splendid, and the rooms should rather be called commodious than magnificent; but the pleasure grounds are varied with great elegance, and the water and plantations are delightful.

In the green-house we were shewn a choice collection of exotics, and a most interesting display of, I think, every species of the heath, with which botanists are acquainted.

From the highest part of the grounds, looking to the north-east, we had a distinct view of

a con-

a considerable portion of the *Roman* foss way, running in a direct line towards *High Cross*, on the borders of *Leicestershire*, where it meets with the *Watling Street Way*.

The turnpike road, where it passes *Compton*, is composed of a whitish clay, which, on a nearer inspection, proved to be intermixed with *Fuller's* earth; and from the intelligence of certain workmen employed in the neighbourhood, I am led to suspect, that it is produced in large quantities, at no great distance.

Having mentioned this production, I am tempted to particularize a natural curiosity, which was obtained in this part of *Warwickshire*, and presented to me by my worthy and respected friend, *Thomas Ward*, of *Moreton Morrell*, Esq. It is one of those balls of hair, which have been frequently found in the stomachs of quadrupeds: but most singular, on account of its fineness of polish, and firmness of texture. The ball is perfectly spherical, measures three inches and one-eighth in diameter, and weighs nearly four ounces. It has been sawn through, and the interior is composed of red and brown hair, so closely compacted, as to be scarcely penetrable,
except-

excepting towards the centre. The outside is of a dark chocolate colour, smooth, polished, and as hard as stone. It was taken out of the first, or ruminating stomach of a fat cow; and the polish had so well guarded the hair, that although the ball was divided immediately, its inner part was found entirely free from moisture.

Having passed through *Kineton*, which the modern inhabitants are fond of denominating *Kingston*, for no better reason that I can learn, than because King *Charles* the first engaged with the parliamentary forces under the Earl of *Essex*, in the neighbourhood; we entered on the plain at the foot of *Edge Hill*, and saw the spot on which that memorable contest took place.

The site of a cottage in which the young princes (afterwards *Charles* the second, and *James* the second) remained during the battle, is marked by a plantation of fir-trees, reared by Mr. *Millar*, a neighbouring gentleman, whose seat is about a mile distant.

In this engagement fell the Earl of *Lindsay*, and his son, Lord *Willoughby*, with many other distinguished persons.

“ Then *Verney* too, with many a harness’d knight,
 “ And faithful courtier, anxious for thy weal,

“ Unhappy

Unhappy prince! but mindless of their own,
 “ Pour’d out his life upon th’ enfanguin’d plain,
 “ And greatly perish’d by his sov’reign’s side.”

Pieces of armour, buckles, spear-heads, and bones, are frequently turned up by the plough; and many a mouldering relic, snatch’d from its bed of earth, is preserved by the rustic virtuoso, as a memento of this scene of blood, horror, and carnage.

“ Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
 “ Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
 “ Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila:
 “ Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
 “ Grandiâque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.”

Ascended the hill; and as we rode along the beautiful terrace, which skirts the edge of it, enjoyed a very extensive prospect over this and the adjacent counties, reaching as far as *Birmingham*.

The objects, however, are not sufficiently interesting, when taken separately, to arrest the attention of a stranger for longer than a momentary glance; and the want of water is a deficiency in perspective, which scarcely any scenery can recompence.

About the middle of the brow of the hill, is an artificial ruin, castellated, which was erected by the late Mr. *Millar*, of *Radway*, the same gentleman to whom we are indebted for the plantation, which ascertains one of the most remarkable spots near the field of battle. Mr. *Millar* was a skilful architect, and an ingenious antiquary.

We proceeded over a level country (for there is no descent on the *south* side of *Edge Hill*) through the village of *Drayton*, to *Banbury*, leaving *Wroxton Abbey*, the seat of the Earl of *Guildford*, on the right.

Banbury is a populous town, and employs a considerable number of hands in the shag manufactory. It is irregularly built, and the roads are dirty.

On the north-east side is an ancient stone bridge over the river *Cherwell*; and part of the walls of the town are still remaining, as is likewise a narrow gate-way, by which we entered it.

The only remarkable events which I recollect in the history of *Banbury*, are, a skirmish in the reign of King *Edward* the fourth, between the adherents of the great Earl of *Warwick*, and
some

some of the king's forces; and that the town was garrisoned for the parliament, after the battle of *Edge-Hill*, but surrendered to the king himself, in a few days.

The old church, which was built of reddish stone (dug in the neighbouring county of *Northampton*), and profusely ornamented with carving and sculpture, being in a decayed condition, was to have been taken down in the year 1791; but before the workmen could prepare the scaffolding, this venerable fabric sunk under the weight of years, and fell of its own accord.

The modern edifice, which has been erected on the same spot, is rather a heavy than an elegant pile, but seems to possess great strength and solidity.

The noble family of *North* contributed, we were told, very liberally towards its erection; and between the period of the fall of the old church, and the completion of the new one, the dissenters accommodated the inhabitants belonging to the establishment, with the use of their meeting-house.

We rode through the little town of *Brackley*, at the border of *Northamptonshire*, and leaving

the Marquis of *Buckingham's* superb house and gardens, at *Stowe*, on the left, arrived at *Buckingham*, which is a very indifferently built town; and though it has the honour of giving name to the county, and has conferred the titles of marquis and duke on several noble families, enjoys only a share of the public business; the Lent assizes and the quarter sessions being held at *Aylesbury*.

A new church has been built on an eminence, called the "Castle Hill," which, though a plain and very neat structure, has no great degree of beauty or elegance, and appears by much too small for the town. Over the altar is a good painting of the Transfiguration.

The County-Hall is a brick building, opening into a large square, or market-place; but the cumbrous figure of a swan (the arms of *Buckinghamshire*), elevated on the roof, is a very disgusting and preposterous ornament.

Throughout the whole county of *Buckingham*, the manufacture of thread lace is the principal employment of the female inhabitants; and the perfection which it has attained, is really wonderful. Black lace is also made, but in smaller quantities.

There

There is an old bridge over the river *Ouse*, which was formerly commanded by the castle; so that the approach of an enemy on the south side, must have been extremely difficult, if at all practicable.

C H A P. XXXIII.

*An Excursion to the Villages of Claydon, Hillesden, and Gren-
don Underwood, with a particular Account of their Parish
Churches.*

FROM *Buckingham* we turned off to the right in order to examine some of the village churches in the neighbourhood, not with an intention of making an obituary, or of merely collecting their monumental inscriptions; but because every stone "is both an entertainment and a monitor;" and, as *Horace* observes,

" Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
" Lectorem delectandæ, pariterque monendo."

Having crossed the *Ouse*, we rode through the village of *Padbury*, leaving *Addington*, a seat of the late Lady *Tynte*, on the left hand, and approached *Middle Claydon*, the magnificent residence of the late *Ralph*, Earl *Verney*, of the kingdom of *Ireland*, and representative in several parliaments for *Buckinghamshire*.

Claydon-House is situated in a rich and fertile country, surrounded by venerable woods, and pasturage of the gayest verdure.

The

The grounds are in a state of wild neglect, and much of the taste, as well as splendour of the mansion, has been destroyed and annihilated.

Had the original plan been completed, *Claydon* would have far exceeded most modern houses in the kingdom, in grandeur of design, and stateliness of arrangement.

Every thing here was gigantic; the park, remarkably spacious, is surrounded with a high and close fence, which effectually preserves it from encroachment: the water spreads itself into a lake of vast extent; and is decorated with several islands: the offices are so numerous, that they resemble a little town; and the house so large, that the geography of it is not readily to be understood.

Fronting the south-west was a grand suite of apartments, surmounted with a dome, on a noble elevation, having in view a beautiful extent of varying ground; a river, two or three miles long; and an equestrian statue on the opposite hill. The dome is now demolished, and also a magnificent saloon and ball-room; which, if completed, would have been one of the most spacious and costly apartments in *Europe*.

Over the saloon was a *Belvidere*, surrounded by a gallery, which afforded a most extensive and delightful prospect.

The library which, I believe, never yet contained a single book, is capable of holding about eighty thousand volumes.

Contiguous to the house, on the east, is a large square, composed of offices and shops of every description: for the establishment of the late Earl *Verney* was so numerous, that it was thought advisable, even to erect a mill, for the purpose of grinding corn for the consumption of the household.

This little town is, however, now deserted, but while we regret the loss of those halcyon days in which *Claydon* flourished with luxurious abundance, we derive a pleasing consolation from the amiable character of Lady *Fermanagh* the present possessor, who is liberal, with prudence; and just, as well as generous: for she has, as *Congreve* says,

- “ The sense to value riches, with th’ art
- “ T’ enjoy them, and the virtue to impart;
- “ To balance fortune by a just expence,
- “ Join with œconomy magnificence,
- “ With splendour, charity !”

The parish church, which is only a few paces distant from the house, contains a monument, erected in memory of Sir *Edmund Verney*, knight, standard-bearer to King *Charles* the first, who
perished

perished at *Edge-Hill*, in the first battle between that monarch and his parliament.

Rode through *Steeple Claydon*, a large scattered village, to *Hillesden*, where was formerly an old seat of the *Dentons*.

The church is a small gothic building, with a round tower near the east end, and an octagon one, at the west.

The chancel is full of monumental inscriptions of the *Dentons* and *Isbams*, two families of considerable note.

On a black marble, in the north aisle of the chancel,

“ HERE LYES

“ *ALEXANDER DENTON, ESQ.*

“ WHO DIED

“ THE XVII OF OCTOBER MDCXCVIII

“ IN THE XLIV YEAR OF

“ HIS AGE.”

On a white marble monument, on the south side of the altar,

“ NEAR THIS PLACE LIES INTERRED

“ *DR. WILLIAM DENTON*, YOUNGEST SON OF SIR

“ *THOMAS DENTON*, OF *HILLESDEN*, KNIGHT.

“ HE WAS PHYSICIAN TO KING *CHARLES*, THE

“ 1ST AND 2ND. HE MARRIED *CATHARINE*,

“ DAUGHTER OF *BOSTOCK FULLER*, OF *TAN-*

“ *DRIDGE*

“ DRIDGE COURT, IN THE COUNTY OF SURRY,
 “ ESQUIRE, BY WHOME HE HAD ANNE, HIS
 “ ONLY DAUGHTER AND HEIR, THE WIFE OF
 “ SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS, KNIGHT, PRINCIPAL
 “ SECRETARY OF STATE TO KING CHARLES THE
 “ 1ST AND 2ND.

“ HE DIED IN MARCH MDCLXXXI, IN THE
 “ LXXXVI YEAR OF HIS AGE.

“ BLESSED WITH THAT HAPPY COMPOSITION
 “ OF BODY AND MIND, THAT PRESERVED HIM
 “ CHEARFULL EASY AND AGREEABLE TO THE
 “ LAST, AND ENDEARED HIM TO ALL THAT
 “ KNEW HIM.”

This learned phyfician was alfo one of the
 Confervators of the Corporation of the Great
 Level of the Fens, in *Cambridgeshire*.

“ Here, the great mafters of the healing art,
 “ Thefe mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
 “ ’Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
 “ Refign to fate.

* * * * *

“ Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
 “ Where are thy recipes and cordials now?
 “ With the long lift of vouchers for thy cure:
 “ Alas! thou fpeakeft not!”

On a fmall monument,

“ Near

“ *Near this place lyeth interred the body of the*
 “ *Honorable Godfrey Boate of the County of*
 “ *Tipperary, Esq. one of the Justices of his Ma-*
 “ *jesty’s Court of King’s Bench in Ireland in the*
 “ *reign of King George, the first. He married*
 “ *Cary first daughter of Alexander Denton of*
 “ *Hillesden Esquire.*”

On a large black marble,

“ *EDMUNDUS DENTON* Baronettus
 “ *(Filius natus maximus ALEX. DENTON de HILL-*
 “ *ESDEN Armigeri, et ESTHERÆ uxoris ejus, Filiæ*
 “ *unicæ et hæredis NICHOLAI HERMAN de MID-*
 “ *DLETON STONY in Agro OXON. Armigeri) obiit*
 “ *quarto die MAII MDCCXIV ætatis 38.*”

On another,

“ *MARY ROWE* Viscountess of *HILLSBOROUGH*
 “ *Daughter of ANTONY ROWE Esq of the County*
 “ *of MIDDLESEX, had for her first husband Sir*
 “ *EDMUND DENTON* Baronet of *HILLESDEN,*
 “ *and for her second, the Right Honourable Lord*
 “ *Viscount HILLSBOROUGH of the Kingdom of*
 “ *IRELAND; died AUGUST 23^d 1742 aged 58.*”

On another;

“ *Mrs. DOROTHY DENTON* the seventh Daugh-
 “ *ter of Sir ALEXANDER DENTON of HILLESDEN*
 “ *Knt.*

“ Knt. by *MARY* the Daughter and Coheir of
 “ *EDMUND HAMPDEN* of *HARTWELL* in the
 “ County of *BUCKS* Esq. died the 14 day of
 “ *APRIL*

Anno { Dñi 1712.
 { Æt. 75.

On a large monument, consisting of a pyramidal piece of dark clouded marble, rising from behind an antique sarcophagus, and ornamented with busts, is the following:

“ M. S.

“ *CATHARINÆ DENTON*

“ *JOHANNIS BOND DE SUNDRISH* IN COMITATU

“ *CANTII*, FILIÆ ET HÆREDIS

“ UXORIS AUTEM HONORABILIS VIRI

“ *ALEXANDRI DENTON* EQUITIS

“ E JUSTICIARIIS DE BANCO,

“ ET CELCISIMO *WALLIÆ* PRINCIPI *FREDERICO*

“ *CANCELLARII*.

“ SISTE ET DEFLE.

“ TANTIS VIRTUTIBUS FÆMINAM ORNATAM

“ MORTE IMMATURA ESSE PREREPTAM

“ PIETATE ERGA DEUM NON SIMULATA

“ AMORE IN MARITUM CASTO

“ LIBERALITATE IN EGËNOS PROMPTA

“ COMITATE IN OMNES SINGULARI

“ NOTIS

“ NOTIS ATQ. AMICIS CHARA VIXIT
 “ UTILE EXEMPLAR OMNIBUS RELIQUIT.
 “ TRACTO TANDEM MORBIS CORPORE,
 “ ANIMO TAMEN DOLORIBUS INVICTO
 “ VITA CESSIT
 “ DIE XXVI MENSIS JUNII ANNO SALUTIS 1733
 “ XXXIX ANNOS NATA
 “ UXORI OPTIMÆ MARITUS
 “ AMORIS ERGA
 “ M. M. P.”

A neat white marble slab, near the monument, has the following inscription :

“ HERE LIETH THE BODY OF THE HONOUR-
 “ ABLE *ALEXANDER DENTON*, ESQ. ONE OF THE
 “ *JUSTICES* OF HIS *MAJESTIES* COURT OF COM-
 “ MON PLEAS, AND CHANCELLOR TO HIS ROYAL
 “ HIGHNESS the *PRINCE OF WALES* ; WHO DIED
 “ THE 22^d OF *MARCH* ANNO DOMINI 1739 ÆTATIS
 “ SUÆ 61.”

On a white marble monument, erected against the south wall of the chancel :

“ *Near this place lies interred the body of*
 “ *GEORGE WOODWARD Esq. Envoy Extraordi-*
 “ *nary from the King of GREAT BRITAIN to the*
 “ *King and Republic of POLAND. He was the*
 “ *Grandson of GEORGE WOODWARD of STRATON*
 “ *AUDLEY in the County of OXFORD Esq. and*
 “ ANN

“ ANN his Wife, one of the Daughters of Sir ALEX-
 “ ANDER DENTON Knt. he died at WARSAW the
 “ 10th of November in the year of our Lord 1735,
 “ and in the 38th year of his age.

On a black marble, at the east end of the
 north aisle,

“ To the memory of
 “ Elizabeth Daughter of Sir Thomas Denton
 “ of Hillesden in the County of Bucks Knt.
 “ late Wife of Thomas Isham Esq.
 “ Son of Sir Euseby Isham of Pitchley
 “ in the County of Northampton,
 “ by whom he had two Sons, and one Daughter ;
 “ of which three, her son Thomas is only living.
 “ She died on the 20th of September 1667
 “ in the 51st year of
 “ her age.

“ Pia Mater, Certa Amica, Optima Conjux,
 “ hic jacet.

“ Quæ virtute suâ præluceat vivis
 “ Sibique fit superstes
 “ Matrona tam tenax
 “ Amicitizæ tam jurata cultrix
 “ ut nunquam amicos
 “ magis fugerit
 “ quam in eo temporis
 “ articulo quo morte est.

“ Tali

“ Tali et tam dignâ præreptâ
 “ Conjuge (ipso lumine chariore)
 “ Deus mariti cœcitatem munifice
 “ compensabit.
 “ Tali ne exemplum delebit Urna
 “ In cum defuescarit cineres
 “ Pati vestigia.”

On the north side of the church-yard, there is a stone cross, but no account of its origin could be obtained.

From *Hillesden* we passed through *Edgcott*, a small village, to *Grendon Underwood*, a very dirty place; infomuch, that it has been proverbially celebrated in this couplet:

“ *Grendon Underwood*,
 “ The dirtiest town that ever stood.”

It is situated on the borders of what was once called *Bern-wood* Forest; but it is now a country rich in corn fields and pasturage.

The name of the village is probably derived from the small verdant eminence westward of the Parsonage, *Green don*, in *Saxon*, signifying a green hill.

In the church, which is a neat gothic building, is an elegant monument by *Sheemaker*, representing

presented a gentleman, in a recumbent posture, and above, the medallion of a youth. The inscription is as follows :

“ JOHN PIGOTT

“ OF *DODDERSHALL* ESQ. AND ONE OF HIS MA-
 “ JESTIES JUSTICES OF PEACE FOR THE COUNTY
 “ OF *BUCKS*, DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 24TH
 “ DAY OF *SEPTEMBER* IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
 “ 1751, AND IN THE 47TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.”

“ HE WAS THE SECOND SON OF *ROBERT PIGOTT*
 “ OF *CHEWYNN* IN THE COUNTY OF *SALOP* ESQ.
 “ AND AS SUCH ENJOYED THE MANORS OF
 “ *GRENDON UNDERWOOD* AND *DODDERSHALL* IN
 “ THIS COUNTY BY VIRTUE OF A SETTLEMENT
 “ MADE OF THOSE MANORS UPON THE SECOND
 “ SON OF THAT FAMILY, BY *THOMAS PIGOTT* ESQ.
 “ THE LAST HEIR MALE OF THE ANCIENT FA-
 “ MILY OF THE *PIGOTTS* OF *DODDERSHALL*.

“ HE MARRIED *CHRISTOBELLA* ONE OF THE
 “ DAUGHTERS AND COHEIRS OF SIR *THOMAS*
 “ *TYRREL* OF *CASTLETHORPE* IN THE COUNTY
 “ OF *BUCKS*, BARONET, WHO SURVIVED HIM,
 “ AND RECEIVED AN AMPLE TESTIMONY OF THE
 “ GREAT REGARD AND AFFECTION WITH WHICH
 “ HE HONOURED HER WHILST LIVING, BY THE

“ GENEROUS PROVISION HE MADE FOR HER, BY
 “ HIS WILL, AT HIS DEATH.

“ HE HAD ISSUE ONLY ONE SON *ROBERT*
 “ *PIGOTT* WHO WAS BORN *JULY* THE 5TH IN THE
 “ YEAR OF OUR LORD 1735, AND DIED AT
 “ SCHOOL, THE 27TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, IN
 “ THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1747, AND IN THE
 “ 13TH YEAR OF HIS AGE; TO THE INEXPRES-
 “ SIBLE LOSS AND AFFLICTION OF BOTH HIS
 “ PARENTS.

“ *CHRISTOBELLA PIGOTT* HATH CAUSED THIS
 “ MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED TO THE MEMO-
 “ RY OF HER EVER HONOURED HUSBAND, AND
 “ DEAR SON, WHO BOTH LIE BURIED TOGETHER
 “ UNDERNEATH THIS CHANCEL, WHERE SHE
 “ INTENDS ALSO TO BE BURIED WITH THEM;
 “ AND HOPES TO RISE WITH THEM IN GLORY,
 “ AT THE LAST DAY.”

Over the north door of the chancel is a very
 small and neat tablet, thus inscribed:

“ TO THE MEMORY OF
 “ *HARRIOT LAMB*
 “ DAUGHTER OF *SIR THOMAS TIRRELL BART*
 “ OF CASTLETHORPE IN THIS COUNTY;
 “ AND SISTER OF VISCOUNTESS SAY AND SELE,

“ IN WHOSE VAULT, HER REMAINS
 “ WERE DEPOSITED
 “ ACCORDING TO HER OWN DESIRE.
 “ SHE DIED SEPTEMBER 18TH 1785.”

On a small black marble, in the floor,

“ IN
 “ MEMORY OF
 “ JAMES LAMB, ESQ.
 “ OF KIDLINGTON
 “ IN OXFORDSHIRE,
 “ WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
 “ 1ST NOV^R. 1777,
 “ AGED 75
 “ YEARS.”

On a piece of white marble, placed lozenge-
 wise, within the communion rails,

“ Under this stone
 “ lieth the body of
 “ Francis Gresley L. L. B.
 “ 20 years Rector of this Parish.
 “ He died Dec. 30, A. D. 1778
 “ aged 66 years.
 “ Reader learn from his example
 “ to love and fear
 “ GOD:

“ to be in charity with all men,
 “ and to expect
 “ thy reward in
 “ Heaven!”

On another,

“ In memory of
 “ *Mary Relict* of
 “ *Francis Gresley*
 “ who died
 “ August 10th, 1782
 “ aged 54.”

On an oval marble, against the fourth wall,

“ Underneath this stone
 “ *reposeth*
 “ the remains
 “ of

“ *Margaret Susanna Littlehales*

“ Second Daughter
 “ of

“ the rev^d Doct. Littlehales

“ *Rector of this Parish*
 “ and

“ Margaret his wife.

“ She departed this life the 8th day of Sept.

“ 1786

“ aged 12 years.

“ Releas’d, blest maid, from ev’ry wor,
 “ Beyond the reach of pain,
 “ Thy friends one consolation know,
 “ ’Tis meeting thee again.
 “ When th’ archangel calls thee forth,
 “ And souls and bodies join,
 “ What crouds will wish their time on earth,
 “ Had been as short as thine.”

Among other memorials in the church-yard is the following :

“ Sacred
 “ to the Memory of
 “ *Thomas George*, who died
 “ *September 1, 1786*, aged 45 years :
 “ and of
 “ *Frances*
 “ his wife, who died
 “ *August 28*, in the same year, aged 37 years.
 “ If filial piety,
 “ If conjugal affection,
 “ If parental tenderness,
 “ may claim the tribute of
 “ a sigh,
 “ Reader !
 “ let the tear of sympathy
 “ bear witness of
 “ the virtues
 “ here deposited.”

The walls of the church are covered with texts of scripture, enforcing several moral duties ; and at the west end are rude figures of Time and Death.

As these ornaments appear to have been set up at the destruction of the Rood-loft, at the Reformation, a conjecture may be permitted, that in small churches the loft might have been placed at the west end, instead of between the church and chancel.

I am not ignorant that it has been stated, that the rood-loft was *necessarily* placed between the church and chancel ; that all who entered the latter must pass *under the cross* : but this typification of the sufferings and duties of the Christian warfare, seems to favour more of the *symbols* and *spiritualizing* of some modern sects than to be a real account of matter of fact : and a learned author, who lived soon after the time of Popery, in some degree strengthens this opinion, by acknowledging himself *uncertain of the situation* of the rood-loft.

C H A P. XXXIV.

Doddershall.—Quainton.—The Church.—Monuments.

FROM *Grendon Underwood* we rode through a sylvan country to *Doddershall*, the ancient seat of the *Pigotts*, which contains some family pictures, but is much neglected; and from thence to *Lee-Grange*, formerly the residence of the *Dormers*, but now converted into a farm-house.

A chain of fish ponds, and a few venerable oaks are the only remaining indications of its former consequence.

On a neighbouring hill a beautiful screen of trees has been planted, which is seen at a great distance, and is an elegant ornament to the corn fields and smoothly shorn meadows contiguous.

Arrived at *Quainton*, a large, regular, and populous village, situated at the foot of a noble hill, which presents from its summit, perhaps the most extensive inland prospect to be met with in the kingdom; for the horizon on the west and north sides is an imaginary connexion between the clouds and the plain,—the true boundary
being

being only the weakness of vision, for there are no hills to interrupt the prospect.

The eye commands a much greater extent here than on *Malvern*, but it wants the *Severn*; for although where the view is most confined it reaches at least twenty miles, not a single river can be discerned.

More than fifty parish churches may be distinguished, and numerous seats of the nobility, and other persons of fortune.

“ Ah happy hills ! ah ! pleasing shade !
 “ Ah fields belov'd 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 bestow,
 “ As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 “ My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 “ And redolent of joy and youth,
 “ To breathe a second spring.”

The parish is a rectory of considerable value, the hamlets of *Doddershall*, *Lee-Grange* and *Denham*, being incorporated with it.

The church is of a respectable size, and probably was erected about the reign of *Edward* the third, or perhaps earlier.

It stands on a rising ground, at the eastern extremity of the village, and is remarkable for having in the church-yard one of the largest elm trees in *England*.

This tree grows near the entrance, anciently called the *Lyche* gate, and at funerals the custom is still retained of resting the corpses under it till the clergyman comes to meet the procession. The tower as well as the church is embattled, and at the four corners are four grotesque figures, probably of dæmons, which, in ancient times, were supposed to fly away at the sound of bells, which, on being put up, were usually sprinkled with holy water.

The building consists of three aisles, and there is a neat gallery at the west end, with a small organ.

In the abutment of the main arch leading to the chancel, the winding stairs still remain, which formerly led to the rood-loft; and on the partitions of wood work between the church and the belfrey, are some ancient figures of saints, indifferently painted; but all the coloured glass has been removed from the windows.

In the chancel are several monuments of great elegance, which are truly worthy of the attention of the curious.

The

The first, on the left hand, is executed in a very masterly manner. An emaciated figure of a young man is reclining on cushions, seemingly worn out by a consumption. At the feet is a lady (his mother) kneeling, and in tears. At the head stands his father, dressed in his robes as a judge, with a countenance strikingly expressive of a great soul, struggling with the keenest anguish.

These figures are remarkably fine, and the finishing of the whole is admirable. I think the hand of the judge and the countenance of the young man, can scarcely be excelled.

A pyramid of white marble rises in the back ground, and an arch of variegated marble is crowned with the family arms.

“ INTERRED IN ONE VAULT IN THE MIDDLE OF
 “ CHURCH, LYE THE BODIES OF THE HONOURABLE
 “ *ROBERT DORMER, ESQ. OF LEE-GRANGE, IN THIS*
 “ PARISH, LATE ONE OF THE JUSTICES OF THE
 “ COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, AT *WESTMINSTER;*
 “ AS ALSO OF *MARY, HIS WIFE, THE DAUGHTER*
 “ OF *SIR RICHARD BLAKE, KNT. DECEASED THE*
 “ 16TH OF MARCH, 1728; AND OF *FLEETWOOD*
 “ *DORMER, ESQ. THEIR ONLY SON, WHO DIED THE*
 “ 21ST OF JUNE, 1726, IN THE 30TH YEAR OF HIS
 “ AGE, A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF GREAT MERIT,
 “ AND

“ AND YET GREATER EXPECTATIONS. OF AN EX-
 “ CELLENT GOOD DISPOSITION OF MIND, AND PER-
 “ FECTLY WELL ACCOMPLISHED, WHO HAD REN-
 “ DERED HIMSELF MOST DEAR TO HIS FRIENDS
 “ AND RELATIONS, BUT CHIEFLY TO HIS PARENTS,
 “ WHOM HE LEFT INCONSOLABLE, INSOMUCH THAT
 “ HIS FATHER, UNABLE TO SUPPORT HIMSELF UN-
 “ DER SO GREAT A GRIEF OF MIND, SURVIVED BUT
 “ FEW MONTHS, DECEASING ON THE 18TH OF SEP-
 “ TEMBER, IN THE 77TH YEAR OF HIS AGE, AND
 “ OF THE CHRISTIAN ÆRA, 1726.

“ THE SAID *ROBERT DORMER* WAS THE SECOND
 “ SON OF *JOHN DORMER*, OF *LEE-GRANGE*, ESQ;
 “ BEING A BRANCH OF THE ANCIENT AND NOBLE
 “ FAMILY OF THE *DORMERS*, WHO HAVE LONG
 “ FLOURISHED IN THIS COUNTY, FOR WHICH HE
 “ HAD THE HONOUR TO BE CHOSEN TWICE A RE-
 “ PRESENTATIVE IN PARLIAMENT, AS ALSO ONCE
 “ FOR THE BOROUGH OF *ARLESBURY*, AND SEVERAL
 “ TIMES FOR *NORTHALLERTON*, IN *YORKSHIRE*,
 “ TILL SUCH TIME THAT HE WAS ADVANCED TO
 “ THE HONOURABLE BENCH, WHICH POST HE FIL-
 “ LED WITH GREAT LEARNING AND INTEGRITY,
 “ DURING THE SPACE OF ABOVE TWENTY YEARS,
 “ ENJOYING IT TO THE END OF HIS LIFE. BY THE
 “ DEATH OF HIS ELDER BROTHER SIR *JOHN DOR-*
 “ *MER*, AND HIS NEPHEW SIR *WILLIAM DORMER*,
 “ BARONETS, WITHOUT ISSUE MALE, THE ESTATE
 “ AT *LEE-GRANGE* DEVOLVED UPON HIM, AND IS

" NOW DESCENDED TO HIS FOUR DAUGHTERS,
 " *MARY, CATHARINE, ELIZABETH*, MARRIED TO
 " THE HONOURABLE SIR *JOHN FORTESCUE ALAND*,
 " OF *KNOWL'S HILL*, IN THE COUNTY OF *ESSEX*,
 " KNT. AND ONE OF THE JUSTICES OF THE COURT
 " OF COMMON PLEAS, AND *RICHARDA*, THE WIFE
 " OF *JOHN PARKHURST*, OF *CATESBY*, IN THE
 " COUNTY OF *NORTHAMPTON*, ESQ. BESIDES THESE
 " HE HAD ALSO A SON AND TWO DAUGHTERS, WHO
 " DIED IN THEIR INFANCY.

" THIS MONUMENT WAS BEGUN BY THE DIREC-
 " TION OF *MARY DORMER*, HIS WIDOW, IN HER
 " LIFE TIME, BUT SHE DYING BEFORE THE SAME
 " WAS FINISHED, IT IS NOW ERECTED (BUT AT
 " HER SOLE EXPENCE) AND CONSECRATED, BY THE
 " DAUGHTERS AND THEIR HUSBANDS, TO THE
 " MEMORY OF THEIR DEAREST FATHER, MOTHER,
 " AND BROTHER.

" ANNO DOM. 1730."

The above mentioned Sir *John Fortescue Aland* was a Doctor of Laws, and Fellow of the Royal Society. His seat at *Knowl's Hill*, once the residence of *Henry Spencer*, Bishop of *Norwich*, has been celebrated in a descriptive poem by Mr. *Barford*.

On a very small piece of marble, at the entrance of the chancel:

" Here

“ Here lyeth the body of *Richard*
 “ *Pigot*, Esq. eldest son of Sir *Richard*
 “ *Pigot*, of *Dothershall*, Knt. by Dame
 “ *Anne* his wife, eldest daughter of
 “ Sir *Edward Harrington*, Baro-
 “ net, who died at the age of six weeks.
 “ A. D. 1634.”

On another :

“ Here lyeth the body of *Margery*
 “ *Pigot*, daughter of Sir *Richard*
 “ *Pigot*, of *Dothershall*, Knt. by Dame
 “ *Anne*, his wife, eldest daughter of
 “ Sir *Edward Harrington*, Baronet,
 “ who died at the age of 18 weeks.
 “ A. D. 1643”

On another :

“ HERE LYETH THE BODY OF
 “ *LETTICE*,
 “ DAUGHTER OF THE HON^{BLE}. *THOMAS*
 “ *COOTE*, OF *DUBLIN*, IN *IRELAND*,
 “ ESQ. BY DAME *ANNE*, HIS WIFE,
 “ HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT *DOD-*
 “ *DEESHALL*, APRIL Y^E 7TH, 1693,
 “ AGED 2 YEARS AND 11 MONTHS.”

On

On another :

“ *Talium est regnum Dei*
 “ *Fleetwood Dormer, eldest son of*
 “ *Robert Dormer, Esq.*
 “ *by Mary his wife,*
 “ *Daughter and coheire of*
 “ *Sir Richard Blake,*
 “ *lyes here interred :*
 “ *hee begann this mortall life*
 “ *the 6th day of August,*
 “ *in the year of our Lord, 1693,*
 “ *and exchanged the light of*
 “ *this world*
 “ *for that which is eternal*
 “ *on the 9th day of June,*
 “ *1695.*
 “ *Quicumque non exceperit regnum Dei*
 “ *ut puerulus, nequaquam in id*
 “ *ingrediatur.”*

On another :

H. S. E.
 “ ANNA DORMER
 “ *FILLÆ HONORABILI VIRI*
 “ *ROBERTI DORMER ARMIG :*
 “ *ET MariÆ Uxoris ejus*
 “ *OBIIT ANNO DOMINI, M. D. C. C. V. I.*

“ *DIE*

A JOURNEY

“ *DIE JUNII XVI*

“ *ÆTATIS SUE*

“ *MENSE DECIMO OCTAVO*

“ *CORPUS TERRÆ MANDATUM*

“ *ANIMA DEO REDDITA.*

“ *SATIS VIXIT,*

“ *CUM DECESSIT IN DOMINO.*”

On the north side of the chancel is a monument of variegated marble, divided into compartments, decorated with urns and weeping boys, It is charged with no less than four inscriptions.

“ *Hic jacet*

“ *Quantum virtutis vivere!*

“ *Quantum pietatis mori!*

“ *potuit*

“ *Fleetwoodus Dormer, de Lee Grange, Eques,*

“ *Petri Dormer, et Margaritæ,*

“ *Thomæ Fleetwood Armigeri Filiaë*

“ *ex illustri Familiâ Fleetwoodorum*

“ *de Chalfunt in Agro Buck.*

“ *Proles unica,*

“ *Conjugem duxit Mariam*

“ *Filiam Eusebii Isham, de Isham,*

“ *in Comitatu Northamp.*

“ *ex ordine Equestri;*

“ *ex hac*

“ *Filiorum*

“ Filiorum Filiarumq; vicenariò numero

“ Pater factus

“ Postea non tam fatis concessit

“ Sed qua dignus vixit, Immortalitati

“ Magnum hoc viventium exemplar

“ et morientiu~ decus.

“ Obiit primo *Februarii*, An. D. 1638

“ *Ætatis* suæ 68.

“ Gratiitudinis ergo, Hoc monumentum pie

“ posuit

“ Filius natu maximus

“ *Johannis Dormer.*”

H. S. E.

JOHANNIS DORMER ARMIGER

“ DE *LEE GRANGE*, IN HÂC VICINÂ

“ *FLEETWOODI DORMER*, EQUITIS AURATI

“ FILIUS NATU MAXIMUS

“ VIR INGENIO, ERUDITIONE, ET VIRTUTE

“ PRÆSTANTI:

“ MORES URBESQUE MULTORUM HOMINUM VIDIT.

“ IN SENATORIUM ORDINEM COOPTATUS

“ PATRIÆ JURA LIBERTATEM RELIGIONEMQ;

“ EGREGIE COLUIT ET DEFENDIT.

“ ET UXORE *CATHERINA*

“ *THOMÆ WOODWARD* ARMIGERI FILIÂ UNICÂ

“ ET HÆREDE

“ SEX

“ SEX LIBEROS SUSCEPIT,
 “ JOHANNEM, ROBERTUM, FLEETWOODUM
 “ MARIAM, CATHARINAM, ANNAM.
 “ OBIIT DIE XXIJ MAII ANN. CHRIST. MDCLXXIX
 “ ÆTATIS SUÆ LXVIJ.”

“ H. S. E.

“ *Fleetwoodus Dormer Miles*
 “ *de Arle Court, in agro Gocestriensi*
 “ *Fleetwoodi Dormer Equitis Aurati Filius natus.*
 “ *Latinè, Græcè, Hebraicè,*
 “ *doctus.*
 “ *Bello Civili partes et fidem,*
 “ *secutus est.*
 “ *In Virginia Americæ regione aliquandiu*
 “ *sedem fixit.*
 “ *In matrimonium duxit*
 “ *Catharinam Ligon*
 “ *Filiam et cohæredem Johannis Ligon Arm.*
 “ *Eaq; defunctâ Mariam Harris*
 “ *sed in utroq; conjugio expers Liberorum*
 “ *Robertum Dormer ex Fratre, Nepotem*
 “ *Hæredem instituit.*
 “ *Decessit die xxvj Augusti*
 “ *Æræ Christi MDCXCVI*
 “ *annos natus LXXXI.”*

The above mentioned *Catharine Ligon* inherited the possession of *Arle Court*, which came into her family

family by the intermarriage of her ancestor, Sir *Richard Ligon*, with the daughter of Judge *Grevil*. She died in 1678, aged 72, and lies buried, according to Mr. *Rudder*, at *Cheltenham*, in *Glocestershire*.

The fourth inscription is as follows :

“ *Robertus Dormer* Arm.

“ *Memoriæ Patris et Patruï*

“ *de se optima meritorum*

“ *Marmora hæc consecravit*

“ *Honoris Pietatisq; causâ.*”

On the same side, but within the rails and near the communion table, is a sumptuous monument of *Sienna* marble, with pillars and pilasters of the most beautiful porphyry, supporting a richly ornamented frieze and architrave. A sarcophagus of black marble with yellow veins rests on eagles' claws on a slab of verd antique.

“ HERE LIETH

“ IN HOPES OF

“ A

“ BLESSED RESURRECTION

“ SIR *RICHARD PIGOTT*, OF *DODDERSHALL*, IN THIS

“ COUNTY, KNT. DESCENDED FROM THE ANCIENT FA-

“ MILY OF THE *PIGOTTS* OF *WADDON*, IN THIS COUNTY.

“ HE MARRIED *ANN*, DAUGHTER OF SIR *EDWARD*

“ *HARRINGTON*, OF *MERTON* IN THE COUNTY OF *OXON*.

“ BART. HE DIED WITHOUT ISSUE IN *APRIL* 1685, AND

“ DAME *ANN*, HIS WIFE, IN *JANUARY*, 1688.

“ HERE LIETH ALSO *THOMAS PIGOTT* OF *DODDER-*

“ *SHALL* ESQ. NEPHEW AND HEIR TO THE ABOVE MEN-

“ TIONED SIR *RICHARD PIGOTT*. HE MARRIED *LETTICE*

“ ELDEST DAUGHTER AND COHEIRESS TO *ROBERT LO-*
 “ *VETT*, OF *LISCOMB*, IN THIS COUNTY, ESQ. BY WHOM
 “ HE HAD ISSUE TWO SONS, WHO BOTH DIED IN THEIR
 “ INFANCY.

“ HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN *MARCH*, 1704, IN THE
 “ 60TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

“ *LETTICE*, HIS WIDOW, WHO LIETH HERE ALSO, DIED
 “ *NOVEMBER* THE 18TH 1735, AGED 84.”

To this last mentioned lady the parish is indebted for a superb pulpit cloth and cushion, of crimson velvet, richly laced, and fringed with gold, and embroidered with her arms, and the initials of her name.

On the south side of the altar, on a white stone :

“ H. S. E.

“ *Galfridus Ekins*

“ *Galfridi Ekins*

“ *hujus ecclesiæ pastoris*

“ *et Annæ uxoris*

“ *Filius :*

“ *Mortem obiit infans*

“ *Anno 1770*

“ *Hæu ! spes abreptas breves.*”

Beneath the effigy of a priest, in brass, in the the old letter :

“ *Quisquis eris qui transiens ita plega*

“ *plova sunique eris fueroq; es p̄ me*

“ *precor ora.*”

Round

Round the verge

“ Hic jacet Magister Jobe's

“ Spence quondam Rector hujus ecclesie

“ de Alkenton qui obiit vicefimo die meſe Sep-

“ tebr̄ Anno Dom. m.cccc. . . .

“ lxxxv̄ cuſ̄ aie Deus.”

Against the fouth wall is a ſmall painted monument, with the figure of a man in a doctor's gown, his wife, with a large ruff, and four children, all kneeling.

Above their heads is this ſentence :

“ Verbum Dei manet in eternũ.”

The faces, as well as apparel, are painted; the hair is repreſented with powder, and there are imitations of pieces of needle-work, hung up in frames, by way of ornament to the little cloſet in which the family is aſſembled.

Below are the following inſcriptions, in gold letters :

לְכַרְכַּהּ עֵינַי פְּרִי לְכַרְכַּהּ

PROV. Ch. x. v. vii.

“ τοῦ ἀγωνα του' καλον η̄γωνισμαι

“ τον δρόμν τετελεκα την λίσιν

“ τῆτῆρεκα λοιπον αποκειταμοιὸ τῆς-

“ -δικαιοσώίης γεφανος ὄν' αποδωσει

“ μοι ὁ Κῶριος ιν εκεινη τη̄ Ἡ̄μερ̄αι

“ ὁ δικαιος κέιτης.”

“ BEATÆ MEMORIA

“ VIRI TAM DOCTRINÂ QUAM PIETATE
 “ EXIMI LINGUIS, LATINÂ, GRÆCÂ, HÆBRAI-
 “ CÂ, CHALDAICÂ, SYRIACÂ, ARABICÂ, ÆTHI-
 “ OPICÂ AD CRITICISMÛ USQ PERITI VERNACU-
 “ LÆ BIBLIOM. EDITIONIS NOVISSIMÆ, PARI-
 “ TER ET ACCURATISSIMÆ AUCTORIS INTER
 “ NOMINATISS'. CONSPICUI, PASTORIS OCCU-
 “ LATISS'. VERBI DIVINI PRÆCORIS MAXIMÈ
 “ SÆDULI, MARITI FIDELISS'. AMICI CON-
 “ JUNCTISS'. PROPINQUI IN AUGUSTIIS PROXI-
 “ MI, DIVITIBS. ET PAUPERIB. PERÆQ. CHARI,
 “ DE ECCLESIA DEI LABORIBS. PRIVATIS ET
 “ PUBLICIS OPTIME MERITI RICHARDI BRETT
 “ 55^Æ THEOL: DOCTORIS DIGNISS'. HUIS. EC-
 “ CLESIAE PER 42 ANNOS RECTORIS VIGILEN-
 “ TISS'. QUI PER MORTIS CORPORALIS JANU-
 “ AM AD VITÆ ÆTERNÆ PROGRESSUS EST
 “ ATRIUM, AN^o. ÆTATIS SUÆ 70.

“ HOC MONUMENTUM MOERENS DICAVIT,
 “ CHARISSIMA EJUS PER 39 ANNOS THORI
 “ CONJUGALIS CONSORS ALICIA BRETT A^o. D'.
 “ 1637.

“ Infallitur inclusum, subjectum pulvere Brettum

“ Qui cogitat Christo vivit et usq; viret.

“ Instead of weeping marble, weep for him

“ All ye his flock, whom he did strive to winn

“ To Christ, to life, so shall you duly sett

“ The most desired stone on Doctor Brett.”

Which

Which jingling rhymes, and affected latinization, remind me of a whimsical couplet produced by a waggish fellow, by way of epitaph, for the late architect Sir *William Browne*.

“ Per totum *Townum*

“ Defunctum plaugite *Brownum*.”

The translation of the Bible, in the reign of King *James* the first, was undertaken and completed by 47 persons, who were divided into six companies: two from *Oxford*, two from *Cambridge*, and two from *Westminster*. Dr. *Brett*, then A. M. was of *Lincoln* College; the rest of the *Oxford* men were Dr. *Harding* of *Magdalen*, *J. Reynolds*, president of C. C. C. *T. Holland*, rector of *Exeter*, *Richard Kilby* of *Lincoln*, *Miles Smyth* of *Brazen-nose*, *R. Fairclough* of *New College*, *G. Abbot*, dean of *Winton*, master of *University Col.* (afterwards Archbishop of *Canterbury*), *Giles Thompson*, dean of *Windsor*, of *All Souls*, (afterwards Bishop of *Glocester*), *John Harman*, warden of *Winton* (and sometime Regius Professor of Greek), *John Aglionby*, principal of *Edmund Hall*, *John Perin*, Greek reader, fellow of *St. John's Col.* and canon of *Ch. Ch.* *Leonard Hutton*, canon of *Ch. Ch.* To these were also added Dr. *Thomas Ravis*, dean of *Ch. Ch.* and Sir *Henry Savill*, warden of *Merton*.

Near the steps leading to the altar, are the following words, on a brass plate :

“ Hic jacet dn̄s Joh̄s Helkys quond̄ Rector
 “ eccliē de Duntoū qui obiit ii^{do} die No-
 “ vembrī. A°. Dn̄i. M° cccc°. xxii°. cuj̄ aie pro
 “ xxx d̄. amē.”

On another, under a female figure :

“ Here lyeth buried under this stone Maif-
 “ tres Margery Verney late Wyfe to S^r Rauff
 “ Verney Knyght & oon of the daughters and
 “ heires of maist^r. John Jwardby squyer sum
 “ tyme lord of this towne, which Margery de-
 “ cessed the xxvj day of Juyn the yere of o^r. lord
 “ god m' v' Lij on whose soule Jhus have mercy
 “ amen.”

It is to be observed, that although mention is here made of a lord of the manor of *Quainton*, a lapse of many years has devolved that honour on the freeholders, who have a right to appoint a game-keeper, and to do all other acts, which a lord of the manor would and ought to execute. Perhaps there are few instances in which the feudal tenure has been so completely broken through, in any other place in the kingdom.

On the south side of the chancel is a table monument of black marble, with two fine busts ;

that

that of the lady subscribed "*Praivi*;" that of her husband, "*Sequar*."

" Ch' iddio Vuole, in Vuolo"

" *In Memoriam perpetuam incomparabilis optime mærentis et præcharissimæ Uxoris suæ et Liberorum suorum indulgentissimæ Matris cum ingenti amore et admiratione Virtutum ejus, hoc monumentum pie posuit lugens*

" *Maritus mæstissimus.*"

" MEMORIÆ JUSTÆ ÆTERNÆ.

" HIC JUXTA SITA EST SUSANNA DOMINA DORMER FILIA ET COHÆRES RICHARDI BROWNE DE ALSCOTT IN COMITATU GLOCESTRENSI EQUITIS AURATI, ET CONJUX DILECTISSIMA JOHANNIS DORMER DE LEE GRANGE IN HÂC PAROCHÂ DE QUANTON EQUITIS AURATI ET BARONETTI (FILII NATU MAXIMI JOHANNIS DORMER DE LEE GRANGE ARMIGERI ET CATHARINÆ UXORIS SUÆ UNICÆ FILIÆ ET HÆREDIS THOMÆ WOODWARD DE RIPPLE IN AGRO VIGORN ENSI ARMIGERI) QUI SUI ETIAM IPSIUS CONERES HIC REPONENDOS CURAVIT, QUI UNANIMO CONVIXERANT, UNO TUMULO RECUMBANT, PROLEM HABUFRANT, DUOS FILIOS ET DUAS FILIAS, VIDELICET JOHANNEM ET SUSANNAM, GULIELMUM ET CATHARINAM, IN QUIBUS RELIQUIT ILLA TANTUM SUPERSTITES GULIELMUM ET SU-

“ SANNAM, QUINTO DIE POST CATHARINÆ
 “ PARTUM (AD INFANDUM MARITI SUI DOLO-
 “ REM) HEU! ANIMAM EXPIRABIT AB OMNI-
 “ BUS DILECTA ET DEPLORATA QUÆ DUM VIXIT
 “ PIETATE IN DEUM, OBSEQUIO IN PARENTES,
 “ AMORE IN MARITUM, INDULGENTIA IN LIBE-
 “ ROS, HUMILITATE GRATIOSA MORUMQUE
 “ SUAVITATE ET CHARITATE IN OMNES SIN-
 “ GULARI ALIISQUE LAUDANDIS VIRTUTIBUS
 “ EXCELLUIT SUPER OMNIA IN EXTREMIS
 “ CERTÂ SPE ET FIDUCIÂ REGNI COELESTIS MI-
 “ RAQUE CHRISTIANÂ CONSTANTIÂ ET ALA-
 “ CRITATE PRÆDITA SPIRITUM ULTIMUM IN
 “ MANUS DEI UT CREATORIS ET REDEMPTORIS
 “ SUI FIDELISSIMI, CUM ARDENTISSIMIS VOTIS
 “ ET PRECIBUS, REDDIDIT APUD RICHMONDI-
 “ AM IN COMITATU SURRIÆ, VIGESIMO QUARTO
 “ DIE FEBRUARII, CUJUS CORPUS FOELICIS ANI-
 “ MÆ CHARISSIMUM PIGNUS, IN DIEM RESUR-
 “ RECTIONIS HIC REPOSITUM EST, DECIMO TER-
 “ TIO DIE MARTII PROXIMÂ SEQUENTI, ANNO
 “ DOMINI SALVATORIS MILLESIMO SEXCENTE-
 “ SIMO SEPTUAGESIMO QUINTO, ET DULCISSI-
 “ MI CONJUGALIS CONSORTU UNDECIMO.”

“ *Hic te (chara Susanna) locat sub marmore duro*
 “ *Consortis Thalami cura dolorque tui ;*
 “ *Ut cum nostra tuis siccentur lumina damnis*
 “ *Contribuant guttas saxa vel ipsa suas ;*
 “ *Quippe hic casta Fides, Pietas, Concordia, Virtus*
 “ *Omnia sunt uno contumulata loco.”*

“ PRÆIVIT

“ PRÆIVIT CONJUX CHARISSIMA, SEQUITUR
 “ MARITUS MOESTISSIMUS D^{NS}. J HNNES DOR-
 “ MER EQUES ET BARONETTUS, VIR PROBITATE
 “ CLARUS CUNCTISQUE DILECTUS, NUNC COE-
 “ LITIBUS ANNUMERATUS. OBIIT *LIGORNIÆ*
 “ IN ITALIÂ NOVEMB. 7^{MO} ET HIC INFRA SE-
 “ PULTUS EST FEB^{RII}. 23^{TIO}. A. D. 1675. O`N
 “ ΦΙΛΕΙ` ΘΕΟΣ ΑΠΟΘΗΣΚΕΙ ΝΕΟΣ.

“ SOLUS CHRISTUS. SOLA SALUS.”

The atchievement is divided in two parts, and beneath the impalements are the following inscriptions :

“ Para te ad	“ In patriâ meâ “ Patris cœlestis “ Gloriosâ vivo.	non redibo.”
me venire, ad te		

“ In cœlo	“ Citó cadet “ Caduca vita	Quies.”
mea Spes et		

On a black marble slab, near the monument,

“ IN THIS VAULT
 “ IS INTERRED THE BODY OF THE VIRTUOUS
 “ AND RELIGIOUS SUSANNA LADY DORMER,
 “ WHO MOST PIOUSLY LEFT THIS TRANSITORY
 “ LIFE

“ LIFE THE 24TH DAY OF FEBRUARY ANNO DO-
 “ MINI 167 $\frac{2}{3}$.”

“ Here way’ld by weeping marble and our eyes
 “ The dearest wife of Sir John Dormer lies,
 “ Belov’d of all, but love cannot retrieve
 “ Dead friends, ’t has pow’r to kill, not make alive.”

“ Here also lyeth interred the Body of Sir
 “ John Dormer of Lee Grange in the County of
 “ Bucks, Kn^t. and Bar^t. who died at Leghorn
 “ in Italy Nov^r. the 7th, and was buried Feb^r.
 “ 23^d 1675.”

“ Hic Jacet
 “ Corpus Gulielmi Dormer Baronetti
 “ qui obiit cœlebs sine prole
 “ nono die Martii Anno Dom. 1725,
 “ ætatis suæ 57.”

On another marble,

“ HERE LYETH THE BODY OF JOHN DORMER
 “ THE SON OF SIR JOHN DORMER OF LEE
 “ GRANGE KNIGHT AND BARONET BY DAME
 “ SUSANNA HIS WIFE ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS
 “ AND COHEIRES OF SIR RICHARD BRAWNE OF
 “ ALSCOT IN THE COUNTY OF GLOCESTER
 “ KNIGHT. HE DEPARTED THIS MORTALL
 “ LIFE THE FIFTH DAY OF JANUARY IN THE
 “ YEARE OF LORD 1666 BEING AGED SEVEN
 “ MONTHS.”

On a brass, in the middle of the chancel, be-
 low a female figure,

“ Ici gi ʒt Johane Blesʒ

“ dieu de salme eit mcy.”

I conjecture this monumental record to be very ancient : the use of the *French* language in epitaphs and inscriptions is rare ; and it is scarcely to be supposed, that this could have found its way hither since the time when that language was generally spoken in *England*, which was for about three centuries immediately after the conquest.

The ancient church at *Arundel*, in *Suffex*, presents one instance of a *French* epitaph, in the same style : and there is another at *Cookefield*, near *Alcester* (where *Isabell*, the foundress, is buried) with the date 1260. There is a third in *Danbury* church, *Effex*, as late as the year 1414 : and these are all of which I happen to have any knowledge.

Contiguous to the north side of the chancel is a small chapel, the mausoleum of the *Winwoods*.

Here, on a tomb, elevated seven or eight feet above the pavement, and enclosed with gilt rails, lye the figures of a man in armour, with a full-bottomed perriwig ; and his lady, in the dress of the times in which she lived, most exquisitely cut in white marble.

The coat of mail is remarkably well done. Near the monument is placed an iron helmet,

and a filken banner, the remnant of that ancient custom, which the religion of our forefathers suggested to them as conducive to the attainment of a blessed immortality.

The inscription does not mention in what wars Mr. *Winwood* served, but it is probable, in the unfortunate contest between *Charles* the first, and his subjects.

“ Here

“ lyeth the Body

“ of *Richard Winwood*, Esq. (one

“ of the Deputy Lieutenants of this

“ County in the reign of King

“ *Charles* the second) Son and Heir of

“ the R^t. Hon^{ble}. S^r. *Ralph Winwood*, Kn^t.

“ principal Secretary of State to King

“ *Charles* the first. He married *Anne*

“ one of the Daughters of S^r *Thomas*

“ *Read* of the county of *Barks* Kn^t.

“ and departed this life y^e 28th

“ day of June Anno Domⁱ. 1688

“ in the 80th year of his age.

“ Here lyes also interred the body

“ of the said *Anne*, who departed this life

“ the 1st day of *May* Anno Dom. 1691.

“ This monument was erected at the charge

“ of the above said Mrs. *Winwood*, in memory

“ of her dear Husband A. D. 1689.

“ Here

“ Here also lyes interred in y^s vault three
 “ neices of y^e above mentioned M^rs. *Winwood*,
 “ viz. *Elizabeth*, *Sufanna*, and *Martha Rachael*,
 “ Daughters of Sir *Gilbert Cornwall Kn^t*. and
 “ Baron of *Burford* in Com. *Salop*.”

Against a pillar, near the pulpit, on an oval
 tablet,

“ SACRED
 “ TO THE MEMORY
 “ OF
 “ THE REV^d. *THOMAS BOURNE*
 “ WHO DIED NOV^r. 4th. 1786,
 “ AGED 55 YEARS.
 “ ALSO OF
 “ *EDWARD EELES BOURNE*,
 “ SON OF THE ABOVE
 “ *THOMAS BOURNE*,
 “ WHO DIED APRIL 15, 1788
 “ AGED 13 YEARS.”

On a brass, in the floor of the chancel,

“ Of y^r charitie pray for the soule of
 “ richard Iwardby son of the sonnes of nic has
 “ Iwardby which decessed the x^o day of Iupll
 “ the yer of o^r lord m^o x on whose soule Ihu
 “ have m^o cp.”

On the outside of the wall of *Winwood's* cha-
 pel, is a large blue stone, with the following :

“ In

- “ In spe beatæ resurrectionis
 “ quiescit
 “ infra hunc Tumulum suâ curâ
 “ sibi suisq; dum apud vivos fuit, extractum
 “ (inter charos, at heu! brevis ævi liberos)
 “ Annam, Winwoodum, Georgium)
 “ Benjamin Archer S. T. B.
 “ Hujus Ecclesiæ per quadraginta annos Rector
 “ qualis fueris
 “ Hodieri Viciniam consulat:
 “ Priam omnibus indicabit supremus Dies.
 “ Anna uxor fidelis, mœstu defuncti vidua
 “ nec non Filii quotquot sunt superstites
 “ Benjamin, Gilbertus, Edvardus, Thomas
 “ Patris optime de femeriti nunquam immemores
 “ nunquam fatis memores futuri.
 “ Pietatis et Officii ergo
 “ posuerint
 “ Obdomivit in Christo xx die Augusti
 “ Anno Salutis MDCCXXXII
 “ Ætatis suæ LXXXI.”

Not far from the south-east corner of the chancel,

- “ Near this place
 “ are interred the remains of
 “ Mr. *James Lipscomb*,
 “ *Surgeon* ;
 “ who in the early part of his life
 “ served in the Royal Navy ;

“ was

“ was present in several memorable

“ *Engagements*

“ by Sea,

“ and at the Sieges of

“ *Pondicherry* and *Manilla*

“ in the *East Indies* :

“ always conducting himself

“ with honour and credit.

“ In the practice of the

“ Profession,

“ which for near thirty years

“ he followed

“ in this Parish,

“ his Integrity and Humanity

“ were generally acknowledged :

“ and he has left behind him

“ the Character of

“ an honest man.

“ He died *December* the 29th, 1794, aged 64.”

Near the east end of the chancel is a free school, which deserves to be more liberally endowed.

Contiguous to the church-yard is an Alms-house, for the relief of poor widows and widowers; built and endowed by *Richard Winwood*, Esq. whose monument has been described.

The Parsonage House is remarkably large and elegant, with handsome gardens.

In the middle of the village, which consists of four streets, which meet in a large opening, not unaptly called a square, stands an ancient cross, where a market was formerly held; and a large meadow, near the town, is celebrated for the Races held there, in the infancy of that sport.

A curious traveller, who passed through this part of the country a few years since, having expressed his surprize at the elegance of the parish church, and its numerous monuments, took the pains to consult several topographical histories, in order to become acquainted with its ancient state; but all the information he could procure, was contained in the following words: “*Quainton*, a noted place for horse-racing; and “the *last* place that believed in witches.”

About half a mile from *Quainton*, on the north-east, is *Denham*, an old seat of the *Winwoods*, the property of Lord *Francis Godolphin Osborn*. The house is moated round, but has been considerably diminished in size within the present century, several houses in the village of *Quainton* having been erected with the materials brought from it.

There is a large park, enclosed with a high wall; and, on the side of a hill, a grove of walnut-trees, called *Canc* (or *Carnoc*) wood.

CHAP. XXXV.

Wotton Underwood.—Dorton House.—Chilton.—The Church.

INTENDING to visit some of the numerous seats which are so profusely scattered over this part of the country,—we rode first to *Wotton Underwood*, the paternal estate of the Marquis of *Buckingham*, who has a fine house and gardens here.

Wotton is situated in what was formerly called *Bernwood* Forest; and the estate here was bestowed on *Richard de Granville* who came in with the Conqueror, and has continued in the the same family ever since that period.

The house, which is built in the same style as the Queen's palace in St. *James's* Park, but of a much larger size, and with a noble flight of steps leading to the entrance, stands at the termination of a fine treble avenue.

The apartments are spacious and elegantly finished. The stair-case is painted with the assembly of the gods, and the drawing room has some excellent carving in wood, by *Gibbons*.

A charming lake, whose banks are covered with rich shrubberies and plantations, is seen from the windows of the south-west front; and the sylvan scenery which borders the pleasure grounds, surpasses description. The family, however, has seldom resided here since the death of the late Earl *Temple*, when the magnificent house at *Stowe* came into its possession.

The little church at *Wotton* is neither a rectory nor a vicarage, but enjoys the privileges of both, under the title of a perpetual curacy, subject to the peculiar and exclusive jurisdiction of the Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

From *Wotton*, passing a thick wood, and a flat country, in which the roads are sometimes almost impassable, we came to *Dorton House*, the seat of Sir *John Aubrey*, Baronet, which owes to his taste, and the liberal application of a large fortune, some agreeable scenes, which make it a most comfortable residence.

The enclosures in front, consist of some of the richest corn fields and pasturage imaginable; and from the garden are agreeable views of wood, water, and fertility.

The rooms are neither very large nor gaudy, but they are all well finished; and hospitality is
still

still cultivated at *Dorton* with as much attention as was bestowed on it, by our ancestors.

In a gallery about a hundred and twenty feet long, the windows of which command a fine view of wood and water, we were shewn a collection of family portraits, (some of them by Sir *Peter Lely* and *Vandyke*,) and the drawing room is hung with *Indian* paper.

Over the chimney of the breakfast parlour is a picture of *Thomas Aubrey*, Esquire, brother to the present worthy baronet; and in the library a half length of *Fiennes Trotman*, Esq. formerly an active magistrate for this county.

Leaving *Dorton House*, and winding up the hill, we soon arrived at *Chilton*, another village within the circle of Sir *John Aubrey's* great estates. Here is a large house, once inhabited by the *Crokes*, and afterwards by the *Carters*, from whom it descended to the present Lady *Aubrey*.

The church is very small, but so full of monumental records that it might justly deserve the motto of *Leland*,

“ Recondit in antris

“ Multorum cineres.”

On brasses round the verge of a large brow stone, is the following inscription :

“ Here lyeth buried John Croke the ealder,
 “ knyght, onne of the six Clerks of the
 “ kynngys Courte of the Chauncery and af-
 “ terwards the Maisters of the said Chaunce-
 “ ry. He departed the ij day of September,
 “ in the yere of our Lorde mccccliv.”

On a brass at the head :

“ Sit manns hic somnns tamen ipse resur-
 “ gere sperat
 “ armerio clausus Crocus in hoc tombo.”

On another at the feet :

“ Qui timent Dominum, speraverant in Do-
 “ minum,
 “ Auditor eorum et protector eorum est.”

Contiguous to the south side of the chancel is a chapel, or oratory, of the *Crokes*.

The effigies of a warrior and his lady, reposing under a magnificent arch, decorated with a profusion of ornaments, and with the figures of eleven children in a recess under the frize, are enclosed with gilt palisadoes.

The

The inscription is as follows :

JOANNES CROCVS

“EQUES CLARISSIMVS VNÂ CUM VXORE

“*ELIZABETHA* EX ILLUSTRIS VINTONORUM

“FAMILIÂ QUI PARITER SVAE IUGVM CHRISTI VNA-

“NIMI IN UERÂ PIETATE CONSENSV SVSTVLERVNT,

“VITAM DEO CONSECRARVNT, OPERA INDIGENTIBVS

“EXHIBVERVNT, EXEMPLVM POSTERIS RELIQUERVNT

“IN HOC MONVMENTO CONDITI RESVRRECTIONEM

“IUSTORVM EXPECTANT.

“*JOANNES* ABDOMIUIT IN DOMINO DECIMO

“DIE *FEBRVARII* ANNO DOMINI 1608

“ÆTATIS SVÆ 78.

“*ELIZABETHA* ABDOMIUIT IN DOMINO VIGESIMO

“QVARTO DIE *JVNII* ANNO *CHRISTI* 1611

“ÆTATIS SVÆ 73.”

“PREVIVS AD CHRISTVM, PROPERO MEA LUX

“MEA VITA,

“CORDA DATE CHRISTO METAM PROPEREMVS

“AD ISTAM,

“VERE IGITUR FÆLIX ET VITA ET FVNERO CRO-

“CVS

“EST BONA VITA, BONA MORS, BONA GRATA

“DEO.”

On a brass at the edge of a white stone, near the monument :

“ HERE LYETH BURIED SIR *JOHN CROKE*,
 “ KNIGHT, AND LADY *ELIZABETH*, HIS WIFE,
 “ DAUGHTER OF SIR *ALEXANDER UNTON*, KNT,
 “ WHO LYVED MARIED TOGETHER 55 YEARES,
 “ 9 MONETHES AND DAYES FOR WHOME THIS
 “ TOMBE IS MADE AT THE CHARGE AND DI-
 “ RECTION OF THE SAID LADY *ELIZABETH*.”

On another brafs :

“ HIC JACET *JOANNES CROCUS* MILES, ET UNI-
 “ VS JYSTICIARIORVM DOMINI REGIS AD PLA-
 “ CITA CORAM IPSO REGE TENENDVM ASSIGNA-
 “ TA DVM VIXERIT, QVI OBIIT 23^a. DIE *JANV-*
 “ *ARI* ANNO DOMINI 1619 ÆTATIS SUÆ 66.

“ EPITAPHIV̄ VENERABILIS
 “ VIRI *JOANNIS CROCVS*
 “ ÆQUES AURATVS ET
 “ VNIVS JYSTICIARIO-
 “ RVM DE BANCO RE-
 “ GIS AB IPSO DVM
 “ IN VIVIS ESSET
 “ CONSCRIPTV.”

“ DISSOLVA LÆTUS CHRISTVM ADIRE
 “ SALVATOR PROPERA CORPVS ET CAPE
 “ NON

- “ NON FVIT HÆC TRISTIS, MEA MORS SED JA-
 “ NVA VITÆ
 “ NON LOCUS EST LACHRIMIS NON DOLOR VL-
 “ LVS IBI
 “ UITA BEATORVM CVM SANCTIS VNDIQVE SVA-
 “ UIS
 “ NIL MAGIS HAC DULCE EST NAMQ; SOPORE
 “ JACES
 “ CORPUS ADIT TERRAM PARIENTE QVOD PARI-
 “ EBAT
 “ ASTRA TENENT ANIMAM, QUAM DEDIT ANTE
 “ DEVS
 “ VSQ; DIEM QVO...NRA SALUS DOMINVSQ;
 “ REDẼPTOR
 “ ALTI SONANTE TVBA SVRGERE NOS FACIAT
 “ ABSTERGENS OCULIS LACHIRMAS ET UINCULA
 “ SOLUES
 “ MORTIS VT ETERNA CORPORA LVCE MICENT
 “ HÆC MEA SPES REQUIES, HÆC FIRMA FIDVCIA
 “ CORDIS
 “ VIUERE CVM *CHRISTO*, QUI MEA SOLA SALVS,
 “ *LONDINI OBIIT, &c.*”

On another :

- “ HERE LYETH ANNE CROKE WIFE OF ALEX-
 “ ANDER CROKE ESQ. DAUGHTER AND HEIRESS

“ OF RICHARD BRASEY OF THAME IN THE
 “ COUNTY OF OXON GENT. WHO DIED THE 22^D.
 “ OF MARCH A. D. 1622, AND IN THE 22^D.
 “ YEARE OF HER AGE.”

“ GOD’S LOVE AND FAVOUR IS NOT KNOWN AL-
 “ WAIES,
 “ BY EARTHLY COMFORTS OR BY LENGTH OF
 “ DAYES
 “ FOR OFTEN TYMES WE SEE WHOME HE LOVES
 “ BEST
 “ HE SOONEST TAKES UNTO HIS PLACE OF REST.
 “ LONG LIFE ON EARTH, DOTH BUT PROLONG
 “ OUR PAIN
 “ IN HAPPIE DEATH THERE IS THE GREATEST
 “ GAIN.”

This seems to have been a common epitaph about that period, for it again occurs in the church of *St. Nicholas at Colchester*.

On another brass :

“ AVE VIATOR
 “ STAY HERE THOU GENTLE PASSENGER
 “ AND VIEW THIS YOUNG MAN’S CHARACTER.
 “ HERE LYES THE BODYE OF A SONNE
 “ NEXT TO HIS SIRE, THAT TO GOD IS GONE

“ THE NEXT STEP FORWARD GRANDSIRE HOLDS,
 “ AND GREAT GRANDSIRE THIRD PLACE EN-
 “ FOLDES

“ THEIR VIRTUES SPEAKE THEIR PRAYSES BEST
 “ AND HERE THEIR BODYES QUIET REST.

“ VALE LECTOR.”

“ READER NOW PASSE, AND CREDIT THIS,
 “ WHO LIVETH WELL, SHALL GO TO BLISSE
 “ AND WHO SO RUNNES A HOLY COURSE
 “ AS THESE HAVE DONE WHOME I REHEARSE
 “ WHEN AS HEE VIEWS THIS CHARACTER
 “ WILL WISH HIMSELF INHERITOR
 “ UNTO SUCH WORTHYES MEN THAT WERE
 “ RENOWNED WHILST THEY LIVED HERE.

“ HIC JACET EDWARDUS CROKE QUI OBIIT
 “ QUARTO DIE FEBRUARII 1626.”

Some disputes have been entered into by different antiquaries respecting the origin of such expressions as “*fiste viator*,” &c. which are often to be met with on ancient monuments; and Doctor *Plott* supposes that this mode of address has been derived from the Romans, who sometimes threw up heaps of earth, or barrows, over the remains of their deceased generals near the
 course

course of the public military ways, to remind passengers, says he, very gravely, that “ as these
 “ buried were fometime mortal men, so they
 “ themselves are no better now.”

The following inscription is below the figure of a lady kneeling, in a small monument against the wall :

“ HERE LYETH ELIZABETH TYRELL LATE
 “ WIFE OF SIR JOHN TYRELL OF HERON KNT.
 “ AND DAUGHTER OF SIR JOHN CROKE OF CHIL-
 “ TON KNIGHT, WHO HAD ONE DAUGHTER
 “ NAMED DOROTHY, WHO DIED IN HER INFAN-
 “ CIE, AND THE SAID ELIZABETH DYED THE
 “ 16TH OF FEBRUARY, ANNO DOMINI 1631
 “ BEING THE 57TH YEAR OF HER AGE.”

The following inscriptions copied from two elegant white marble monuments, in the south and north sides of the chancel of *Grendon Underwood*, having been omitted in their proper place, are here introduced, because they relate to a descendant of the above mentioned Sir *John Tyrrell*.

“ Sacred

“ to the Memory of

“ The R^t Hon^{ble} *Christobella*

“ Viscountess *Say* and *Sele*,

“ Who

“ Who departed this Life the 23rd of *July*
 “ 1789, Aged 94 Years.

“ She was Daughter of Sir *Thomas Tyrrel*
 “ of *Castlethorpe* in the County of *Bucks*, Baronet,
 “ was first married to *John Knap*
 “ of *Cunner* in the County of *Berks*, Esq.
 “ next to *John Pigot* of *Doddershall* in the County
 “ of *Bucks*, Esq. and lastly to the R^t Hon^{ble} *Richard*
 “ Viscount *Say and Sele*, whom she survived.

“ In her Youth the Beauty and elegance of her Person
 “ Were the Admiration of all who beheld her :
 “ For her Chearfulness and pleasant Manner,
 “ She was beloved by all her Friends and Neighbours.
 “ Her charitable Institutions are the strongest
 “ and most conspicuous Proofs of her Munificence ;
 “ And her Justice was so correct
 “ That when she paid the last debt of Nature
 “ She had no other Debt to pay.

“ This Monument, and that opposite
 “ To the Memory of her respected Lord
 “ were erected in pursuance
 “ of her Ladyship’s Will.”

“ In Memoriam
 “ *Richardi Fiennes*,
 “ Vice-Comitis *Say et Sele*,
 “ Qui exivit hac Vitâ Vicesimo Nono

“ Die

“ Die *Julii* Anno Domini 1781

“ Æt: 64.

“ Charam Sponsam Duxerat *Christobellam*

“ *Filiam Thomæ Tyrrel* e Comitatu *Bucks*

“ Ordinis Baronetti Reliquam *Johannis*

“ *Pigott* de *Doddershall* in Comitatu

“ Eodem Armigeri.

“ Psalm 42. Quemadmodum Cervus

“ Anhelat ad Fontes Aquarum

“ Sic Anima mea :

“ Candide Lector,

“ Vive Deo, Sic tibi Vives.”

On a black marble in the floor :

“ M S.

“ VIRTUTI CÆLO FELICITER RECEPTÆ

“ JANÆ

“ MOSIS TRYON DE HARRINGWORTH

“ IN AGRO NORTHAMPT: ARMIG:

“ FILIÆ

“ JOANNIS CROKE DE CHILTON

“ IN AGRO BUCKINGHAM: ARMIG:

“ UXORIS

“ QUAM

“ PARENTES PRIAM

“ MARITUS

“ MARITUS FIDELEM
 “ HABUERE
 “ CONSANGUINEI CARAM
 “ OMNES AMABILEM
 “ HANC
 “ FAMILIÆ DECUS
 “ CONJUGIS DELICIAS
 “ AMICORUM DESIDERIUM
 “ IN IPSO FLORE FOECUNDITAS
 “ ABSTULIT IX MAII V^{TO}
 “ A PUERPERIO DIE
 “ ANNO CHRISTI
 “ MDCXXXVJ
 “ ÆTATIS XX.
 “ FILIOLA UNICO TOT LACHRIMAM SOLATIO
 “ SUBSTITUTE.”

On another black marble,

“M. S.

“ CINERES JOANNIS CROCUS DE CHILTON
 “ EJUS NOMINIS QUARTI IN AGRO BUCKING-
 “ HAMIÆ MILITIS AURATI HIC IN URNA SUNT
 “ REPOSITI QUI TUBÆ NOVISSIMÆ AD SPEM
 “ ANHELANT.

“ VIR {
 NUMINIS DEVOTUS
 LITERIS ERUDITUS
 FIDE SPECTATUS
 PROBITE INSIGNIS

“ IDEM

“ IDEM { PARENTIBUS SACER
 CONJUG. MARITUS REDAMATUS
 LIBERIS PATER OPTIMUS
 AMICIS PRÆSIDIUM.

“ QUI PATRIÆ ET PRINCIPI NATUS ET LIBA-
 “ TUS HINC PROPERE AT FELICITER FATO SUC-
 “ CUBUIT OBIIT DECIMO DIE APRIL: ANNO DO-
 “ MINI 1640 ÆTATIS SUÆ 54.

“ RELICTIS TRIBUS FILIUS ET UNICA FILIA
 “ QUOS SUSCEPIT EX RACHELE DULCI CONJUGE
 “ FILIÂ ET HEREDE GULIELMI WEBB DE MOT-
 “ COMBE IN AGRO DORCESTRIÆ MILITIS AU-
 “ RATI.

“ NON TOTUS PERIO.”

On another,

“ HERE LIETH THE BODY OF SARAH CROKE
 “ SECOND WIFE OF ALEXANDER CROKE OF
 “ STUDLEY IN THE COUNTY OF OXFORD
 “ ESQUIRE, AND DAUGHTER OF RICHARD BEKÉ
 “ OF HADDENHAM IN THE COUNTY OF BUCKS
 “ ESQUIRE. SHEE DIED IN THE 67TH YEAR OF
 “ HER AGE, AND IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
 “ 1667.

“ HERE LYETH THE BODY OF ALEXANDER
 “ CROKE, ESQ. SOMETIME OF CHILTON, AND
 “ AFTERWARDS OF STUDLEY IN THE COUNTY
 “ OF OXFORD, WHERE HE DIED IN THE 78TH
 “ YEARE

“ YEARE OF HIS AGE, AND IN THE YEARE OF
 “ OUR LORD 1673, BEING SON OF WILLIAM
 “ CROKE ESQ. AND GRANDSON OF SIR JOHN
 “ CROKE, BOTH OF CHILTON.”

On another marble,

“ HERE LYETH THE BODY OF

“ WILLIAM CROKE ESQ.

“ LATE OF CHILTON IN THE COUNTY OF BUCKS,
 “ SON OF ALEXANDER CROKE ESQ. BY HIS SE-
 “ COND WIFE, WHO DIED OCTOBER THE 6TH
 “ 1702, IN THE 77TH YEAR OF HIS AGE. HE
 “ MARRIED SUSAN THE DAUGHTER OF EDWARD
 “ FETTIPLACE ESQUIRE OF SWIMBROOK IN THE
 “ COUNTY OF OXON. BY WHOM HE HAD SIX SONS
 “ AND FIVE DAUGHTERS.”

On another,

“ HERE LYETH THE BODY OF

“ SUSANNA CROKE,

“ WIFE OF WILLIAM CROKE ESQ. &c. &c.

“ SHE DIED THE 17TH OF MAY IN THE 86TH YEAR
 “ OF HER AGE, AND IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD
 “ 1712.”

On another,

“ HERE LIETH THE BODY OF SARAH CROKE

“ ELDEST DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM CROKE ESQ.
 “ OF CHILTON, WHO DIED APRIL 6TH 1726, IN
 “ THE 74TH YEAR OF HER AGE.”

On

On another, near the altar,

“ HERE LYETH THE BODY OF ALEXANDER
 “ CROKE RECTOR OF HARTWELL IN THE COUN-
 “ TY OF BUCKS, SECOND SON OF WILLIAM CROKE
 “ ESQ. OF CHILTON. HE MARRIED JANE THE
 “ THIRD DAUGHTER OF ANTONY EYANS
 “ ESQUIRE OF BAGSHOT IN THE COUNTY OF
 “ OXFORD, BY WHOM HE HAD ISSUE TWO SONS
 “ AND THREE DAUGHTERS. HE DIED NOVEM-
 “ BER THE XXVII, 1726, IN THE 69TH YEAR
 “ OF HIS AGE.”

On another,

“ Here resteth the body of *Sarah*, the eldest
 “ Daughter of *Alexander Croke* Clerk, late Rec-
 “ tor of *Hartwell* in this County. Shee died
 “ September 25th 1728, in the 25th year of her age.

“ Mater mœrens posuit.”

On a small brown stone, placed in an obscure
 corner of the chapel,

“ Here
 “ lyeth the body of
 “ Sir Dodsworth Croke
 “ Knight and Baronet
 “ who died January the
 “ 16th, 1728
 “ aged 84 years.”

It is related of this unfortunate gentleman, that he was reduced to such necessitous circumstances, as to have been supported in his old age, by the parish in which he is buried; and where his ancestors had made so great a figure.

The relation of a very curious and affecting trial, in which this person, with his father, Sir *John Croke*, one *Larimer*, and others, were concerned, has been published, and is still extant. It was written by a clergyman, of the name of *Hawkins*, to inform posterity of the cruel injustice which he sustained from these conspirators, having suborned witnesses to prove him guilty of *felony*, for which he was tried at *Aylesbury*, on the 10th day of *March*, 1668, before the immortal Sir *Matthew Hale*, Lord Chief Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer, and *Hugh Windham*, Serjeant at Law, when this shocking instance of turpitude was brought to light; Mr. *Hawkins* acquitted, and Sir *John Croke* struck out of the Commission of the Peace.

The annals of the world have scarcely produced a more unprovoked, or more rancorous combination of wicked men, to injure an honest and blameless individual; for honest and blame-

less appears to have been the conduct of this worthy clergyman: but the inconveniences and dangers to which we are exposed in the great journey of life, do not altogether depend on our own conduct.

There are evils which no human foresight can avert, and from which human wisdom is insufficient to protect us. The possession of splendid talents marks a man as the butt for envy; and Virtue itself; with all the train of liberal and generous sentiments which attend it, excites the malevolence of the base and the fordid. The openness of candour does but too often expose a man to the sting of ingratitude; and the spontaneous gifts of Nature, like the perfume of the violet, but tempt the ruffian hand of malignity: they expand their bloom, only to attract the destroyer; and it has been well observed by a celebrated writer, that “ whoever happens to
“ unite in his character those qualities which are
“ apt to excite envy, will necessarily have many
“ enemies. A man of wit is detested by the
“ dull and the ignorant; and a graceful and
“ impressive elocution, and talents for managing
“ public affairs, naturally make a man envied by
“ all

“ all who aspire to be the leaders of parties, or
 “ the heads of faction, or pre-eminent above the
 “ rest of the world.”

At the west end of the church is a large and elegant monument of variegated marble, divided into three compartments, by pillars of the Composite order.

“ Under this Monument
 “ interred in the Vault
 “ lye the remains of
 “ RICHARD CARTER, Esq.
 “ Patron of the Church,
 “ and Lord of the Manor of Chilton :
 “ Native of the City of Oxford
 “ and early in his youth
 “ a member of Baliol College
 “ in that University ;
 “ from whence he removed to
 “ the Inner Temple London.
 “ In the reign of Queen ANNE
 “ he was put into the commission
 “ of the Peace
 “ for the County of Oxford.
 “ In the year 1715 under
 “ the appointment of FRANCIS
 “ Earl of GODOLPHIN
 “ Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum

“ he was made
 “ a Deputy Lieutenant
 “ of that County.

“ In 1719-20 he was appointed
 “ Junior Judge for the Counties of
 “ *Anglesea, Carnarvon, and Merioneth*
 “ in North Wales :
 “ and the year following
 “ was advanced to the dignity of
 “ Chief Justice of the grand sessions
 “ for the Counties of
 “ *Glamorgan, Brecon, and Radnor*
 “ in South Wales :
 “ in which he continued to the time
 “ of his death ;
 “ maintaining always the true character
 “ of
 “ a just Magistrate
 “ and
 “ an upright Judge.

“ He departed this life the 6th of
 “ January A. D. 1755
 “ Aged 83.”

“ In the Vault
 “ underneath
 “ lie the remains of

“ *GEORGE*

“ *GEORGE RICHARD CARTER, Esq.*

“ eldest Son of *RICHARD CARTER, Esq.*

“ He died *January 25th 1771*

“ in the *52^d* year of his age :

“ leaving out of six children

“ by *JULIA* his Wife

“ only two surviving Daughters

“ *MARTHA CATHARINE*

“ and

“ *JULIA FRANCES.*

“ A sound understanding, a benevolent disposition, and a peculiar good humour, rendered his character as truly amiable, as his integrity did respectable.”

“ INTERRED IN THE VAULT

“ BENEATH

“ LIE THE REMAINS OF

“ *JULIA*

“ THE WIFE OF

“ *GEORGE RICHARD CARTER, Esq.*

“ TOGETHER WITH FOUR CHILDREN.

“ SHE DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE

“ *4TH* OF *DECEMBER. 1768* IN THE *44TH*

“ *YEAR* OF HER AGE.

“ She was a chearful and sincere Friend, a
“ charitable benefactress to the poor, an affec-
“ tionate wife, and a tender mother.”

At the east end of the church is a flight of steps leading to a stone pulpit in the wall, now disused.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Long Crendon.—Nuttleigh Abbey.—Eythrop.—Aylesbury.

ONE mile distant from *Chilton* is *Long Crendon*, a very populous village, in which more than a thousand persons are said to be employed in the manufactory of needles. The buildings are, however, extremely irregular, and the streets remarkably dirty.

The church is large and lofty, with a tower in the middle, containing a ring of eight musical bells. At the north end of the transept is a beautiful window, with a rose, in stone work.

No account has been preserved of the foundation of this edifice; but from its appearance, and style of architecture, I conjecture that it was erected in the early *Norman* reigns, and probably by some of the family of *Bolebec*, who inhabited a castle in this vicinity, now totally destroyed. One of the same name, *Hugh de Bolebec*, was the founder of a castle at *Whitchurch*, in this county; and a great benefactor to the Abbey of *Nut-*

leigh, whose ruins are at no great distance from *Crendon*.

This religious house was founded in the reign of *Henry* the second, for regular canons, of the order of *St. Augustine*; but, like similar buildings, has yielded to the mouldering hand of time; and now exhibits a melancholy heap of rubbish and desolation.

A few broken arches are left standing in a meadow, and part of the old walls have been incorporated with those of a farm-house:—these, with the usual legend of subterraneous passages, never explored, the haunts of superstition, are all the traces of *Nutleigh* Abbey. This retirement is beautifully sequestered; so that it might have been justly said,

“ Safe from pangs the worldling knows,
 “ Here, secure in calm repose,
 “ Far from life’s perplexing maze,
 “ The pious Fathers pass their days.”

The silver bell, which used to tinkle in the ears of the religious, and was wont to summon the drowsy monk from his slumbers to devotion, is exchanged for the bleating of the flocks, or the lowing of the oxen; and the spontaneous adoration of the young ravens, from their “airy
 “ city,”

“city,” has succeeded to the pomp of prayer, and the ostentatious display of monastic piety.

The church of *Crendon* contains some ancient monumental inscriptions; but only one of much consequence.

It is on a large alabaſter monument, very gaudily painted, enclosed with gilt rails, and kept with great neatneſs and care; there having been an eſtate of about twenty pounds *per annum* left for the reparation of it.

The inſcription is in gold capitals, on a highly-polished tablet of black marble, beneath a reſeſ; in which, under a glittering arch, are the cumbent figures of a knight and his lady, reſoſing on ſatin cuſhions: and on either ſide, a little boy, one holding an hour-glaſs, the other blowing bubbles.

“ HERE LYETH BURIED SIR JOHN DORMER OF
 “ DORTON KNIGHT, ONE OF THE LORDS OF
 “ THIS MANOR OF CRENDON, AND DAME JANE
 “ HIS WIFE ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF JHON
 “ GYFFARD OF CHILLINGTON IN THE COUNTY
 “ OF STAFFORD ESQUIRE, WHICH SIR JHON HAD
 “ YSSUE BY THE SAID JANE, FOWER SONNES RO-
 “ BERT, JHON, GYFFARD AND WILLIAM, AND
 “ TWO DAUGHTERS ELIZABETH AND DOROTHYE
 “ (BESIDES THREE SONNES AND FOWER DAUGH-

“TERS WHICH DYED IN THEYR INFANCYE)
 “ELIZABETH MARRIED JHON DYNHAM OF BOR-
 “STAL ESQUIRE. THE SAID JANE DYED THE 9
 “DAYE OF SEPTEMBER 1605, AND THE SAID
 “SIR JHON THE”

The monument appears to have been erected in the life-time of Sir *John Dormer*; but it is rather surprizing, that the blank at the end has not been filled up; as the parish register informs us, that he was buried here on the 11th of *March* 1626.

From *Long Crendon* we proceeded towards *Aylesbury*, first passing *Winchendon*, the dilapidated seat of the Duke of *Warton*. The long avenues of lime trees, which rectilinearly intersect the pastures, and a terrace walk, are almost the only marks of its former grandeur. The estate is now in the possession of his Grace of *Marlborough*.

Turned to the right, and passed an artificial ruin, backed by a plantation of firs, which brought us within view of *Eythrop*, the seat of the Earl of *Chesterfield*, standing at the bottom of a valley, enclosed by gentle eminences, covered with clumps of trees.

A large piece of water occupies the flat, close to the house; and, in wet seasons, is apt to inundate the lower parts of the building.

The

The architecture of the house is neither striking, nor does it please the eye: it is large, cumbrous, and low, with an appendage of offices excessively oppressive and disagreeable.

This was the residence of the late Sir *William Stanhope*, K. B. from whom might have been expected some traces of his acknowledged taste, at *Eythrop*.

At the entrance of the house is a large armoury; but the rooms are, in general, gloomy and dismal: nor is the scenery or arrangement of the gardens at all superior.

Riding up the hill towards the south, we soon arrived at a whimsical turret, which was erected as a prospect house, by Sir *John Vanbattem*, Knt. the proprietor of *Dinton Hall*, an old house, about half a mile distant from it.

The public is indebted to Sir *John Vanbattem* for an illustration of the ancient history of *British Barrows*, in the "*Nenia Britannica*," to which he contributed many correct observations on several sepulchral tumuli, which were opened in this neighbourhood, under his direction.

Some relics are preserved in the mansion house, but the time would not permit us to gratify our curiosity, by visiting this collection.

The

The roads in this part of *Buckinghamshire* are so very deep, and the soil is so stiff a clay, that travellers are seldom found with sufficient perseverance to accomplish the ride just described.

Leaving *Hartwell House*, the seat of Sir *William Lee*, Bart. its rich plantations, and beautiful church on the left, we arrived at *Aylesbury*, which, though not nominally, is really the county town. Here the Lent Assizes, the Elections, and other public meetings are held; and there is something like the shadow of a corporation, but the names of Mayor, Aldermen, &c. are not assumed.

The town is populous, but very indifferently built; and the market house, which stands in a large square, is an irregular and mean edifice.

The County Hall is a brick building, with an extensive front, guarded by pallisades; and the courts for the administration of justice, and the transaction of public business, are handsome and commodious.

In old time, the town enjoyed some privileges, on condition of supplying the King with herbs for his chamber, straw for his bed, and green geese in summer, or eels in winter, for his Majesty's sustenance: and this as often as three
times

times every year, if the King should chance to come thither.

I do not believe that there are more *geese* at *Aylesbury*, than in many other towns; but the number of ducks and fowls reared here, and in the neighbourhood, is astonishing.

Aylesbury is of *Saxon* original, and the church bears evident marks of very high antiquity. Its external appearance is disgraced by a short leaden spire, under whose weight the building seems to be almost crushed: but the church-yard is agreeably planted with lime trees.

There are two schools, one for *Latin*, the other for *English*, established here on charitable foundations: both of them open into the church-yard, and the former is contiguous to the south side of the chancel.

It was once kept by the learned Mr. *Pugh*, to whom succeeded a most worthy and amiable teacher, the Rev. *William Stockins*, of whom I delight to say in the words of an elegant orator, “Magistrum ali quando meum, quem adeò ut
“parentem sum veneratus; cui quidem plus uni
“quàm cæteris omnibus me debere, ni profiterer
“palam essem ingratiſſimus.”

The

The church is spacious, but gloomy, and the organ is both too large and too loud for the building.

The *Packington* family shares in the honours of the manor of *Aylesbury*, and there is a very much elevated and distinguished gallery, nearly opposite the pulpit, for their use, which has not unaptly been called a bird-cage: but the irregularity of the pews and galleries in general, is a great disgrace to the church.

An antique statue, dug out of the foundations of a religious house, called "the Friary," near the town, is now lying in the north end of the transept. It is, perhaps, the figure of a *Norman* knight; but much of the armour is worn quite smooth: and some have supposed it to be of still higher antiquity.

Near the communion table are small tablets in memory of Sir *Francis Barnard*, Bart. and his lady, who resided near the church, at a house since occupied by the late celebrated *John Wilkes*, Esq.

Near the principal entrance, which is at the end of the south transept, is a neat monument in remembrance of *Hugh Barker Bell*, Esq. and *Ann*,
his

his wife, whose descendant the writer of these pages is sorry to have seen wandering about this place, in a melancholy state of mental derangement. There are several monumental records of the *Dagnalls*, a reputable family, which long flourished here, but is now extinct. In the north transept, on an old painted monument, with the date 1584, are the following lines :

- “ If passing by this place, thou doe desire
 “ To know what corpe here shryd in marble lie ;
 “ The some of that which now thou dost require
 “ This sclēder verse shall sone to the descrie.
 “ Entombed here doth rest a worthie dame
 “ Extract and born of noble house and bloud
 “ Her sire Lord Paget hight of worthie fame
 “ Whose virtues cannot sinke in Lethe flood.
 “ Two bretheren had she, barōs of this realme
 “ A Knight her feere, Sir Harry Lee he hight
 “ To whom she bare three impes which had to name
 “ John, Henry, Mary, slayn by fortune’s spight
 “ First two beīg yong which caus’d their parēts mōe
 “ The third in flower ād prime of all her years
 “ All three do rest within this marble stone
 “ By which the fickl’efs of worldly joyes appears.
 “ Good friend, sticke not to strew with crimson flowers
 “ This marble stone wherein her cinders rest
 “ For sure her ghost lives with the heavly powers
 “ And guerdon hathe of virtuous life posselt.”

Against the wall of the church-yard is a stone, in memory of a gardener to the classical Mr. *Wilkes*, with this line from *Virgil* :

“ Illum

“ Illum etiam lauri ; illum etiam flevère myricæ.”

The site of the ancient castle is now a garden, belonging to the vicarage house ; but the knowledge of the time of its decay is lost, and even the name of the street which leads to it, has long been changed from *Castle street*, to *Cat street*.

On the whole, *Aylesbury* is but a poor town ; and if its market were not well attended by the opulent farmers and graziers of the neighbourhood, the little consequence which it has at present, would soon be totally lost.

The fine vale which reaches from the skirts of this town almost to *Bicester*, in *Oxfordshire*, twenty miles westward, derives its name from hence, and is remarkable for containing, perhaps, the richest pasturage in *England* : which *Drayton* has mentioned :

“ *Aylesbury*’s a vale that walloweth in her wealth,
 “ And (by her wholesome air continually in health)
 “ Is lusty, firm, and fat ; and holds her youthful strength,
 “ Besides her fruitful earth.

* * * * *

. “ her soil throughout so sure,
 “ For goodness of her glebe, and for her pasture pure ;
 “ That as her grain and grass, so she her sheep doth breed,
 “ For burden, and for bone, all others that exceed.”

In

In this valley, about four miles from *Aylebury*, is a solitary place of worship, called *Quarendon* Chapel, situated in a flat meadow, which is frequently overflowed in rainy seasons, by the neighbouring brooks. Here are some old monuments of the *Leighs*, Earls of *Litchfield*, to which family it gives the title of viscount.

C H A P. XXXVII.

Aston Clinton.—Enter Hertfordshire.—Tring.—Peter the Wild Boy.—North Church.—Berkhamstead.—The Castle.

FROM *Aylesbury* we directed our course towards *Hertfordshire*.

Passed the village of *Aston Clinton*, full of neat villas ; crossed a canal, ascended a very steep hill, and enjoyed an expansive retrospect of the vale of *Aylesbury*, rich in corn, cattle, and pasturage, with several towns and villages at the foot of that great range of hills called the *Chilterns* : which was formerly part of the forest described by *Leland*, as extending from *Portus Limenus*, in *Kent*, to the distance of an hundred and twenty miles westward.

The lofty spire of *Leighton* church, in *Bedfordshire* appears as if at no great distance, and the towns of *Wing* and *Ivingho* are seen in the same direction. *Quainton* church, with the fine screen of trees on *Grange Hill* behind it, close the prospect on the north-west, while the eye loses itself

towards

towards the left, in the mild azure of the horizon.

We soon perceived a remarkable difference in the appearance of the country, as well as in the state of the roads, for we had exchanged the deep clay and miry tracks and verdure of *Buckinghamshire*, for fine hard chalky roads, and fields covered with loose flints, and a sickly herbage.

Weak verdure is however not at all the characteristic of *Hertfordshire*:—it is in general fertile and productive, but the abundance of flint stones scattered every where over the surface of the land, and spontaneously emerging from the soil, makes us surprized that corn and grass can find room to grow.

General *Lake* has a large modern built brick house, near *Tring*; and beyond the town, adorned with rich and luxuriant woods of beech and oak, is *Tring Park*, an elegant seat of *Drummond Smith, Esq.*

- “ Here nature’s charms the ravish’d eye invite,
 “ Here grandeur, strength, and elegance unite;
 “ Taste guides the rule, while judgment marks the lines,
 “ And all the Master in the structure shines.”

We descended into the little market town of *Tring*, through a street just wide enough to admit one carriage to pass. The place is mean and ill-built, but its church is large and ancient. At the eastern extremity of the town is an opening, which presents a view of the elegant mansion belonging to *Tring Park*, one of the handsomest houses of its size in *England*, and surrounded by delightful groves of spreading beech trees.

I am very much inclined to doubt the accuracy of *Cæsar's* account of the products of our country, at the time of its invasion by the Romans. He denies to us even the beech tree, but its wonderful beauty throughout the *Chiltern* country affords some ground for presuming that it is here in its native soil. This point it is, however, now too late even to attempt to decide.

From *Tring* we had an agreeable ride on a good road to *Northchurch*, a village contiguous to *Berkhamstead*, and like it full of genteel houses.

In the church yard, the spot is ascertained by a small brown stone, where lies buried “*Peter* “the wild boy,” a savage caught in the woods of *Germany* (and presented to King *George* the second) who seemed to possess more of the *animalium*

malium rationale than can be attributed to the brute. He became docile and conformed to the will of his keepers with readiness and punctuality; but it does not appear that he was capable of exerting that distinguishing characteristic called judgment, and therefore the mere possession of the faculties of memory and imagination scarcely entitled him to be classed with the human species.

If we contemplated this individual as something above the brute creation, as the apparently connecting link of that great chain which binds all nature together in its folds, we shall feel a degree of wonder and admiration at the nice gradations by which the different orders of beings are advanced above one another in mental powers, and corporeal excellence. If we look on him as the lowest of the human race, we shall superadd to that reverential awe which the *extraordinary* display of the providence of God naturally inspires,—an humiliating sense of the imbecility of mortals: it will teach us rightly to appreciate those faculties of the mind by which the higher orders of creatures are distinguished; and lead us to a useful and prudent exercise of those qualities and functions which are sparingly distributed among the sons of men.

If the appearance of the maniac be of all distressing scenes the most humiliating, next to it must be the sight of those endowed with very slight powers of reason and judgment.

Idiotism surely can not be seen by the proudest among us without inward mortification at the insignificance of the human character; without urging a comparison between its weakness, and the power which called it into life.

The one debasing itself to the earth, from whence it was animated, futile, dependant, wretched;—the flower of a day, the sport of fortune, the spark of accident! the other, great without limits, good without measure, omnipotent, and eternal!

Man, coming up like a flower; and like a flower cut down! Man! whose “*years* consume “ in vanity, and his *days* in trouble!” Man! who came naked out of his Creator’s hand, and is doomed to return to his kindred ashes! GOD! whose providence guards the immensity of his works, whose wisdom made heaven and earth! Who, at his word called all nature into existence; and who liveth for ever and ever!

Berkhamstead has the privilege of a weekly market but it is so much neglected that a stranger

ger would be puzzled to know on what day it is held.

The shabby and decayed condition of the market house, which is propped up by not a few rough posts, is in unison with the decrease of trade; but the town has in it many genteel houses, and the neighbourhood being pleasant, it is much resorted to by persons of fortune and fashion, so that a lively air of gaiety prevails here.

Splendid assemblies have been much encouraged at this place, which, if I mistake not, have sometimes been honoured with the presence of royal visitors.

The church is a venerable pile, on the north side of the principal street; and contiguous to it is a free grammar school for 144 boys, built, and endowed with very ample revenues, by King *Edward* the sixth.

In the church are several neat monuments; and near the pulpit lie two stone figures of a man and woman, said to have been the founders, but whose names are not preserved.

The monument of the late *John Dorien*, Esq. a banker in *London*, who sometimes resided at *Berkhampstead*, is a piece of elegant sculpture.

Beneath the figure of Hope, resting on an anchor, are the following words, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Northward of the town are the remains of a castle, which, together with the Honour, or Royalty, are vested in his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*, who is Marquis of *Berkhampstead*.

In this castle died *Richard*, Earl of *Cornwall*, King of the *Romans*, brother of King *Henry* the third, about the year 1272: as also, at a later period, *Cicely*, Dutchess of *York*, mother of King *Edward* the fourth.

Thomas, second Lord *Berkley*, having joined the Earl of *Lancaster* and his followers, in opposition to the *Spencers*, was committed to the tower of *London*, but made his escape, and was sent to *Berkhamstead* castle. The Queen soon afterwards returning from *France*, and the King (*Edward* the second) being made prisoner, he was placed in the hands of the same Lord *Berkley*, but the latter being suspected of favouring the cause of the royal captive, or at least of being disposed to treat him with more lenity than the "she wolf of *France*" desired he should experience,—the unfortunate monarch was committed to the custody of *John*, Lord *Maltravers*, and Sir *Thomas Gournay*, and,
in

in a short time, most cruelly murdered in *Berkley Castle*. Lord *Berkley* was afterwards indicted as accessory to the murder, but honourably acquitted.

From this place we took a delightful ride to *Ashbridge*, an old seat of the Duke of *Bridgewater*, which is situated in a nook of *Buckinghamshire*, almost surrounded by the county of *Herts*.

The park is stocked with very beautiful deer : there is also a breed of stags of a large size.

The neighbouring country is rich, sylvan, and verdant ; and it is said that a new house was intended to have been erected here some years ago ; but that the design was laid aside, or perhaps relinquished, in consequence of the progress of those immense works in which his grace has been so constantly and laudable engaged, in *Lancashire* : where the application of a large fortune prudently directed, is perhaps productive of more real and extensive benefit to society, than has ever been derived from the single exertions of any other man in this country.

Returned to *Berkhampstead*, well pleased with our excursion ; and the next day pursued our journey towards the metropolis.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

Two Waters.—*King's Langley.*—*Cashioberry.*—*Stanmore.*—*Watford.*—*Road to LONDON.*

Two miles from *Berkhampstead*, at the junction of the rivers *Bobourne* and *Gade* (from thence called *Two Waters*), are several paper mills, and here the road turns off to the left for *Hemel Hempsted*, a neat market town not far distant, the spire of whose church appearing to sprout from among the cherry orchards, which abound in this neighbourhood, is a pleasing feature in the landscape.

Passed a little verdant common enlivened by a gentle stream, called *Boxmoor*, near which is a neat villa of Mr. *Almon*.

Farther on, is *Langley Bury*, the seat of Sir *Beaumont Hotbam*, Knt. &c. &c. a plain well built mansion, surrounded by rich and venerable plantations.

The village of *King's Langley*, now only remarkable for its modest neatness, and the cheerful pleasant situation which it enjoys, was once honoured with a regal seat, of which some traces were a few years since visible.

This

This building is ascribed to King *John*, who is said to have capriciously deprived the ladies here of their *thirds*, at the decease of their husbands, in consequence of some personal indignity which they offered to his Majesty as he rode through the town.

Prince *Edmund*, son of King *Edward* the third, was born at this place, on which occasion a tournament was celebrated here.

It being *Sunday* when we visited *Langley*, we enjoyed the pleasure of hearing an incomparable sermon from Mr. *Jefferson*, the curate, a very worthy clergyman, and an excellent classic; to whom, if he had been still living, I would have paid a deserved compliment.

Cashioberry, the seat of the Earl of *Effex*, is on the right of the road, and only separated from *Grove*, the residence of the Earl of *Clarendon*, by a narrow lane.

A very neat and comfortable house in a little park nearly opposite, was inhabited by the Countess Dowager of *Effex*; and indeed the whole country is sprinkled with genteel villas and splendid seats.

Not far from the borders of the park, which belongs to the Marquis of *Abercorn*, there is an extensive opening towards the north, which includes

cludes the town of *St. Albans*, and its beautiful abbey church.

Watford is a neat market town, chiefly supported by travellers, but contains nothing very interesting to the tourist, the philosopher, or the antiquary: and from this place to the metropolis the ride would be truly dismal if the opulence of the country, the excellence of the roads, and the number of passengers, did not happily concur to dissipate the melancholy gloom produced by gibbets of robbers who have been executed; and to allay the apprehensions almost naturally suggested by the high hedge-rows and narrow lanes, of desperadoes and assassins, who brave a similar fate.

Having thus conducted my reader to the metropolis, from whence we commenced our excursion, he will permit me to apologize for the deficiencies, the inconveniencies, and the neglects, which he has been compelled to encounter; and to assure him, that feeling the necessity of his indulgent candour, I supplicate it, with the greatest earnestness and anxiety.

F I N I S.

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