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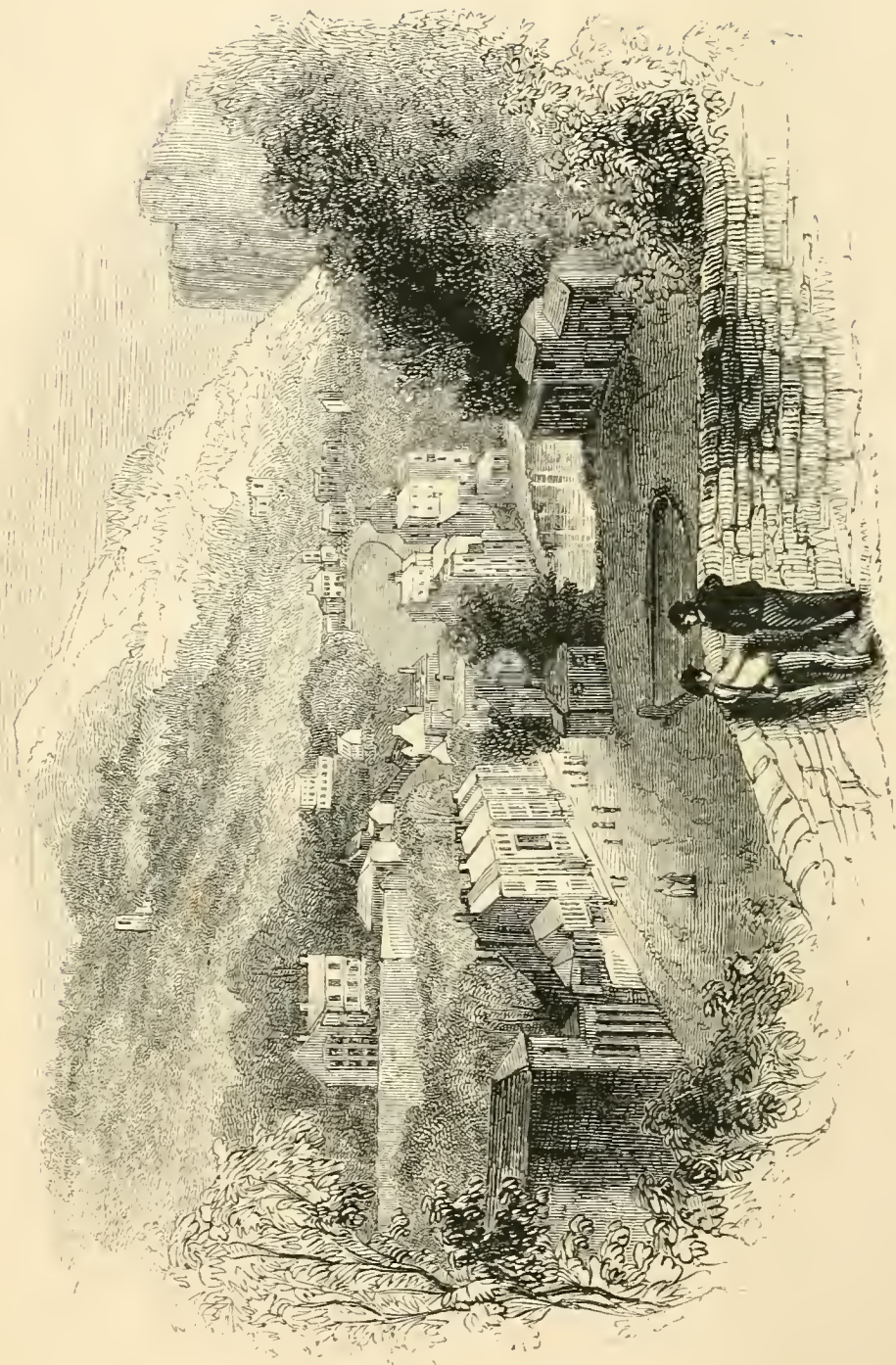
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MATLOCK.

THE
SPAS OF ENGLAND,

AND

PRINCIPAL SEA-BATHING PLACES.

BY

A. B. GRANVILLE, M.D., F.R.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE SPAS OF GERMANY," "ST. PETERSBURG," &c.

EVOL. 22
MIDLAND SPAS.



OLD WELL WALK, CHELTENHAM.

LONDON:
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1841.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Author of "the Spas of England" cannot put forth the concluding portion of that work without apologizing for the delay which has unavoidably taken place in its publication. In glancing at its Contents, which in spite of every desire of curtailment, have extended over upwards of six hundred pages, the reader will at once perceive that observations, embracing nearly two-thirds of the island, and referring to between seventy and eighty places, whether Cities, Towns, Spas, or Sea-bathing Stations, personally visited by the Author, could hardly be embodied in the form of a continuous narrative within a narrower circle, or in less time than has elapsed since the appearance of the First Volume containing the Northern Spas.

The Author, moreover, had to consult various documents, obtain much useful statistical information, and correspond with several persons in the country, in order to secure to his performance that degree of fullness and accuracy as to facts and deductions, without which he felt that "the Spas of England" would never earn for themselves the character of faithfulness, as well as usefulness, which has been accorded to "The Spas of Germany."

Lastly, the Author had to contend against many interruptions incidental to a London medical practitioner at this peculiar season.

Notwithstanding all these causes of delay, however, it is hoped that these Volumes appear opportunely, and at the very period of the year when such a work is most

likely to be wanted by those for whose service it is especially written, and who may purpose to pass the summer months either at a Spa or at some Sea-bathing place.

The Author next desires to call the attention of his readers to two particular features of the present Volumes. The first is the introduction of not fewer than three recently-discovered Spas of value, particularly the one in Lincolnshire, of which no account exists in any previous work. The second is the greater extent given to the consideration of CLIMATE, the eligibility of certain marine residences for invalids, and the local peculiarities of places with reference to habitation and the recovery of health in England, than has ever been accorded to similar subjects in any other general work published in this country, even when those works have been announced as treating especially of such matters.

If this portion of his Work serve its intended object, that of supplying people in delicate health with a real HANDBOOK of CLIMATE, the Author will consider himself well repaid for his pains. Under this head he can with confidence point to his account of Torquay, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Southampton, Ventnor, Brighton, St. Leonards, Hastings, Dover, and, above all, Bournemouth, contained in the present Volumes,—which have been made to embrace at great length, and not, as in other works, to the extent of a single page or so, every particular concerning those places as residences, most likely to interest the class of individuals here referred to—unfortunately a very numerous one.

In concluding what the Author had to state preliminarily of the present portion of his work, he has to regret that the great length to which it has already extended, prevents him from making use of the notes he had taken of a few remaining, though minor, mineral springs, principally in the vicinity of London. These notes must for the present lie idle in his

portfolio ; as it would be impossible, in justice to the Public or the publisher, to swell out farther with them the present Volumes.

If it may now be permitted to the Author to look back to his First Volume, he would avail himself of the present opportunity of so doing, principally with the view of performing a spontaneous act of justice to the managers and proprietors of that great railway which it had been his painful duty to comment upon in severe terms in the volume in question. Circumstances since the appearance of that publication having brought the Author frequently in contact with that establishment, he has been enabled to witness the many and important changes for the better, and the improvements as to order and regularity, that have taken place in its administration and the working of its details ; and he has great pleasure in adding, in his capacity of a medical man, that on the occasion of having to convey, a short time since, an invalid of great consequence, by a special train, from a distance of nearly an hundred miles, to London, the Author being placed in direct communication with two of the active directors, and the still more active secretary of the company, as well as with the principal officer who superintended the whole *trajet*, (which was effected in two hours and fifteen minutes,) he found them all, not only courteous and anxious to give satisfaction themselves, but strict and methodical in seeing that those who served under them should conduct themselves in the like manner, so as to ensure safety and convenience, as well as the best accommodation, for the illustrious patient.

While on the subject of the first volume, the Author ought also in fairness to make his acknowledgments to several private individuals, distinguished either in the literary or the medical world, not less than to the periodical press in general, (with a solitary exception that can neither hurt nor surprise the Author) for the encouraging manner in which they received his performance, and have urged him to its continu-

ance. But fearing lest his words of gratitude should be misconstrued into expressions of solicitude for the like flattering reception of his present Volumes, he forbears from using them.

One single observation before concluding, he will take leave to make in this place, in regard to what has been said of a part of the first volume by a single private individual. He refers to the venturesome opinion attributed to a young physician settled at Harrogate, as candidate for public support in the absence of Mr. Richardson, (who has retired since the publication of the "Northern Spas") animadverting upon the account given of Harrogate in that volume. Without stopping to inquire how far it is consistent with candour and moral courage for any critical writer to impugn an avowed work under the safeguard of an anonymous attack, it might be justly retorted upon him, in pure kindness, that in endeavouring to defend Harrogate from what he has been pleased to call "the misrepresentations" of the Author of "the Spas of England," he ought himself to have carefully eschewed misrepresenting, through a pamphlet of fourteen pages of misquotations, misapprehensions, and misversions, what that Author had really said of Harrogate: bearing in mind all the time, that whatever was said by that Author was founded upon positive and undeniable facts observed by him, as well as upon information proceeding from resident parties far more capable than the young anonymous writer in question, to judge of the accuracy, the fullness, and on the whole the encouraging description of Harrogate, contained in "the Spas of England."

109, Piccadilly, June 20, 1841.

. Some misspelling of names occurred in part of the First Volume, which the Author much regrets; such as "Wolsey" for *Worlsey*, "Cholmondeley" for *Cholmley*, "Travers" for *Travis*, "Woodwards" for *Woodalls*, "Hindewell" for *Hinderwell*, "Beavor" for *Belvoir*, "Valingate" for *Valingate*, "Studely" for *Studley*, and "Castlegilling" for *Gillingcastle*.

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**.* All communications respecting Errors or Omissions are requested to be addressed to the Publisher, Mr. Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough-street, London.*

SPAS OF ENGLAND.

SECOND GROUP; OR, MIDLAND SPAS,

AND

PRINCIPAL SEA-BATHING PLACES.

M I D L A N D S P A S.

CHAPTER I.

NEW BRIGHTON—WATERLOO—LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER
—ROAD TO BUXTON.

SEA-BATHING—Chemical Agents in Sea-water—Bromine and Iodine—
Opinions of their Efficacy—Other Ingredients of Sea-water—WOL-
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his Statues—A COTTON-MILL—Prodigies—The Factory Question—
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Reflections—ROAD to Buxton.

DR. FORMBY, a respectable physician of Liverpool, whom I accidentally met in the promenade-room at Harrogate, assured me that as many visiters now proceed to Liverpool for the benefit of sea-bathing, as are known to

attend Harrogate for the purpose of drinking those mineral waters, or bathing in them.

That people should select a place which in reality does not enjoy the advantage of genuine sea-water, with an intention of taking sea-baths, somewhat puzzled me, until the learned Doctor explained to me that of late years a new sea-bathing place had been created, exclusively for the accommodation of the wealthier classes in and about Liverpool, who, having now nearly deserted the once fashionable Park Gate, on the Cheshire coast, gladly availed themselves of the new establishment to which the emphatic title of *New Brighton* had been given.

On a second visit, therefore, to Liverpool, the summer before last, my principal care was to make inquiries respecting this newly-risen Brighton of the north, and to proceed thither, if necessary, in order to ascertain its condition, and form an idea of an establishment which seemed to have commanded the attention of a medical practitioner by whom sea-bathing was evidently placed upon a par with mineral-water drinking.

Now, few persons are more ready than I am to admit the advantage to be derived from sea-bathing; nay, I am prepared to contend that much more might be effected in the way of curing disease by means of the application of sea-water to the skin—and I will go further, and add, also, by means of a suitable internal use of sea-water—than has hitherto been accomplished. Long experience on this head,—my occasional residence on, and visits to the sea-coast in years gone by,—and my former services in the navy, when I had ample opportunities of watching the effect of sea-bathing on different classes of persons in this as well as in a tropical climate, have satisfied me of the immense benefit that may and might still more effectually be derived from the timely and judicious employment of sea-bathing. But I am not disposed, from any thing I have heard or seen, to go the length of admit-

ting that sea-bathing is better than bathing in a mineral spring, or drinking of its waters.

This subject being quite akin to that which forms the principal topic of my present volumes, and being, moreover, one of great importance in a medical point of view, I may be permitted to dwell briefly upon its bearings and applications. After which, I will proceed to the description of New Brighton, and any other sea-bathing place which the Liverpoolians may have provided for their own particular use. It is not, however, a professed treatise on sea-bathing that the reader must expect in this place, but only a few practical hints derived from personal experience, to the exclusion of every species of theory or opinions peculiar to other people.

Two very important agents, endowed with peculiar virtues in reference to the human constitution, have of late years been much commended and employed in the practice of medicine. I allude to *iodine* and *bromine*, both of which have been detected by recent analyses in sea-water. The presence of the former, indeed, has been doubted by two high authorities,—SARPHATE, of Leyden, who found no such substance in the sea-water near the Dutch coast, and Professor DAUBENY, of Oxford, who could not detect iodine in the residuum of sea-water taken up near Cowes. But an analytical chemist of equal weight, Mr. Schweitzer, of the German Spa at Brighton, has shown, in a very recent analysis of sea-water taken near that place, that iodine is present in it, although in so minute a proportion that 174 pounds of the water contain hardly one grain of that substance.

With regard to the other active agent alluded to, *bromine*, its presence in sea-water is admitted on all hands, and, indeed, may be said to constitute an essential ingredient of every brine spring,—as I have shown both in my former work on the “Spas of Germany,” and in the analytical table connected with the present volumes.

Independent of these, there are other very active ingre-

dients in sea-water. The first is chloride of sodium, which exists in the proportion of one to thirty-five,—or, in other words, a pint of sea-water contains $216\frac{1}{2}$ grains, that is to say, something less than half an ounce of common salt. The second is what medical men call muriate of magnesia, which is a combination of chlorine with magnesium—a salt endowed with well-marked properties on the human frame, and which constitutes one of the active ingredients of Pullna water, so generally used now in England, since I first made it known in this country, by my account and commendation of that water in “St. Petersburg” and the “Spas of Germany.”

But, in addition to these active principles in sea-water, Mr. Schweitzer has found in that taken up in the Channel a considerable portion of a substance which we cannot consider otherwise than important, from its two constituent principles, although we have little direct experience as to its immediate influence on the human constitution as a medicine. This substance, which was first pointed out by Wollaston in sea-water, even before it was detected in mineral springs, is the muriate of potash or chloride of potassium, as it is called by the learned, six grains of which are found in a pint of sea-water.

To complete this analysis, it should be stated that the same pint of sea-water contains also eighteen grains and one-third of Epsom salts, eleven grains and a quarter of sulphate of lime, with a very trifling quantity of carbonate of lime.*

After this account it will be readily admitted, that sea-water is in fact a *mineral water* to all intents and purposes; and that we may, therefore, look with as much confidence for beneficial effects from its employment, whether externally

* I have not mentioned another ingredient, muriate of lime, said by Lavoisier and others to be present in sea-water—because Schweitzer does not mention it as existing in that of the British Channel.

or internally, provided it be judiciously recommended, as from the employment of other mineral waters—proportionate to and in accordance with their respective chemical composition.

But this is not the whole question after all, if we adopt the views of one of the greatest luminaries of the medical profession, the late Dr. Hufeland, of Berlin, who, in speaking of sea-bathing, contends that its efficacy on the human frame is by no means to be ascribed to the chemical ingredients alone. “Since the sea,” observes the Prussian professor, “is the habitation of innumerable organic beings who live and die there, it becomes impregnated with a quantity of subtile and volatile animal particles of which chemistry knows nothing, but which extraordinarily increase the stimulating power of sea-water. The smell of the sea already manifests their presence, and the whole of the neighbouring atmosphere receives from it a peculiar quality, which is exhibited in the characteristic appearance of organic nature in marine districts; in the strength and freshness of their inhabitants, in the peculiarities of the diseases of the latter, and finally, in the healing power of the sea breezes over certain complaints, especially of the lungs: nay, modern experiments, especially those of the excellent Hermbstädt, have shown that even the muriatic acid of sea-water is volatilized and mingles with the air; so that we may with justice affirm, that on the sea-coast not only the water but the air is salt, and acts as an especial stimulus on the frame. These volatile particles,—the life which the sea maintains outwardly as well as inwardly,—the perpetual agitation of the water and shock of the waves, with the electric and magnetic currents produced by that shock,—lastly, the modification of the atmosphere around a sea station—these form a whole in which we may well seek for the reason of those surprising advantages which are sometimes derived from sea-bathing.”

If these views of Hufeland be correct, it is evident that sea-bathing, to be of the use he attributes to it, must be

performed in the open sea, and in the most marine station possible ; and that the best sea-water baths prepared at home, or in a tub, though comprising all the fixed ingredients detected in such water, is yet not a sea-bath. Where the latter is genuine, according to Hufeland's experience, confirmed by the observation of many eminent practitioners besides, the effect is stimulating and reviving, by acting first on the skin, and secondly on the nervous, lymphatic, and glandulous systems, as well as on the organs of secretion.

“ Although sea-bathing puts the whole frame into a state of agreeable and increased activity,” continues Hufeland, “ the nerves of the skin are, nevertheless, the organs most affected, and in which the power of sea-bathing as a remedy is most strikingly manifested.”

But independent of excitation, which alone will not explain certain other effects produced by sea-bathing properly conducted, we must take into consideration the probability that the humours and structural substance of the human body are, in such as use sea-bathing or reside long in the immediate vicinity of the sea, modified by the chemical agency of its chlorine, muriatic acid, and muriate of soda, applied to the skin. Accordingly it has been found, that sea-bathing is most beneficial in lymphatic and glandular complaints, and in certain diseases of the skin : also, in gout and rheumatism, and lastly, in affections of the nerves,—respecting which, the power of sea-bathing is great and extraordinary, and often unique.

My experience coincides with the view taken by Hufeland, respecting the manner and *modus agendi* of sea-bathing on the human frame. That some of the active principles of sea-water penetrate into the body through the skin, and by combination with some of its juices, alter their existing condition, is a truth of which I have long been convinced. For some hours after bathing in the sea have I often noticed a continuous taste of salt in the mouth, accompanied with a slight bitterness, although

not a drop of the water had entered the lips during the operation of bathing. Mechanical absorption of the material water, during the immersion of the body in the sea, is a fact admitted on all hands. Then, if absorbed, is it likely that a fluid charged with so many distinct and powerful agents shall remain inactive in the midst of life, and within the vortex of animal secretions, and excretions, and circulation? Certainly not.

I take it, that sea-water, particularly if used warm, and recently procured from the sea, and employed in the immediate vicinity of the sea, produces two distinct actions on our frame—the one of counter-irritation, or external,—the other of modification, or internal. We have thus, then, in our hands two of the most effective agencies to work with, while endeavouring to remove disease or modify it; and it must be the fault, indeed, of the medical adviser, if sea-bathing proves either injurious or nugatory. Properly directed, its results must inevitably be good.

It were indeed to be wished that the English were more inclined than they are to bathe,—especially in the sea, for which they have such ample means. Their propensity is not that way; or, at all events, it is, as compared to the *balneomania* of the Parisians for domestic baths, and of the continental nations dwelling near the sea-shore for sea-bathing, very greatly inferior. By a return recently made to the Prefect of Police in Paris, it seems that the number of bathing-establishments of all sorts in that capital,—which, on the termination of the war, was five hundred and fifty,—has since increased to eight times that number.

One hails, therefore, with satisfaction any manifestation on the part of a large community like that of Liverpool, spread over a *quasi*-maritime region, to secure to themselves the benefit of sea-bathing; and, in this respect, the people of Liverpool and the country around—ill-favoured as they are with regard to position in reference to genuine sea-water

—have shown their own conviction of the efficacy of sea-baths, by forming new sea-bathing establishments, and supporting them when formed, although placed at a somewhat inconvenient distance from the town.

Of these establishments, the principal one is New Brighton; the other has received the name of Crosby Waterloo—or simply Waterloo. Both establishments are much frequented during the bathing-season, and are well spoken of by those who have visited them. Thither, therefore, I repaired from Liverpool, to make myself master of every particular concerning them. Such of my readers as may be advised to use sea-baths, and who, living in counties nearer to Liverpool than to Margate or Brighton, desire to avoid the inconvenience, fatigue, and expense of proceeding to the latter places for that purpose, will not be sorry to peruse the account here contained of the sea-bathing places in question.

At twenty minutes after three, nominally at three P.M., I left the Prince's pier-head, in a good-sized steamer, nearly full of passengers, skirted the several docks, and admired particularly the new and splendid basins and masonry around them, honoured with the title of Waterloo; and dropping in this manner down the Mersey, along the coast, passed round the new sea-wall and nearly in front of Bootle, and Crosby Waterloo, when, taking to the middle of the stream, we steered towards the Cheshire shore, and made for the extreme end of a long peninsular prolongation, beyond and to the westward of the mouth of the river, where is seated

NEW BRIGHTON.

As we approached our destination, at the end of about half an hour's steaming, the green and lively coast of Cheshire, insignificant in other respects as it be, presents a pleasing contrast to the opposite shore we had just left, overwhelmed in brick and stone, without a single token of ver-

ture. The water, too, looked more bluish and sea-like than it had appeared off Bootle and Waterloo, nearer to the *embouchure* of the river on the Liverpool side.

The steamer (and there is one every hour in the summer performing this crossing) comes in at the end and alongside of a skeleton pier, constructed of wood, which enables the passengers to land on the dry sand. Close on the right-hand side is the north-west fort, which guards the entrance into the Mersey, and near to it is the lighthouse.

New Brighton is a settlement of little more than five years' existence, planted among the numerous sandhills, of all sizes and shapes, barely covered with long and coarse grass, which crown in double and triple lines the northern termination of the peninsula or tongue of land previously alluded to.

It must have required some courage to have planted the first dwelling-house on such a waste, and still more to have expected to attract others to follow the example. Nothing can equal the air of desolation which prevails around. The few clusters of houses and villas that have since been erected in this perfect desert, tend only to make the scene of barrenness still more striking, and suggest the idea of a modern village overwhelmed in ashes after some dreadful catastrophe. But the temptation of the delightful and soft sands, and sloping shores, which offer to the wealthy Liverpoolians a genuine opportunity of dipping into pure sea-water, was too strong to be resisted, and all minor considerations were consequently dismissed.

An hotel, called Grave's New Brighton Hotel, is the first important building on the left, ascending from the pier, along a paved *chaussée* projected across the sandhills leading to some of the more elevated of those curious formations, on which a number of large houses, facing the north, have been erected, and were in the course of construction. The sandhills, in the direction of this line of communication between

the landing-place and the upper buildings, look as if the sea had recently run riot among them, and had tossed them capriciously about. On these, houses are now being reared in regular succession, many of them on the more elevated brows of the hills inland, others below them, separated by an area of sand, which will be arranged as a carriage-road some day.

Smaller as well as larger marine villas are among the latter, which rest on some romantic and rugged rocks that project into the sea, at high-water, and are known as the Yellow and Red Noses. The style of architecture of the latter buildings is pleasing; the pointed Gothic, the cottage, and the Lombard styles prevail. Red-Nose villa, the residence of W. Rowson, Esq., is that which most attracts the attention of visitors. In the midst of the most unpromising waste have conservatories, greenhouses, and beautiful parterres been reared. Adjoining to it I noticed a pretty Elizabethan villa, on one of the Yellow Noses, beneath which I was led to explore a profound cavern, the work of centuries of sea-efforts, extending about a mile under the high ground.

In the same direction, overlooking the beach, are several other pretty villas, bearing the distinguishing appellations of Noughton, Stamford, and Portland, with a Tudor terrace.

The houses erected on the brow of the higher ridge of sand, inland, have more pretension to style, and are not unlike some of the best houses at Brighton. The Albion and Victoria, large boarding-houses, are among the first on the left, and the Montpellier crescent attracts particular notice. Houses, let to private families by the week or month, well furnished, and in every way as comfortable as can be expected in a place so recently started into existence, are among these ranges of showy buildings; all these have before, and about a hundred feet below them, the smooth and unruffled waves that wash the Cheshire coast, with the Irish ocean far visible on the left, and the Lancashire shore on the right.

The spectacle, to such as enjoy marine views, is pleasing

from the simplicity of its elements, and may serve to calm the nerves of the agitated invalid, or fatigued and exhausted merchant emerging from his perpetual counting-house prison.

Cliff Villa, a lovely spot, if such a thing can be made out of such a locality, terminates this colony at its farthest north-west corner. It stands on a rocky promontory, which the proprietor has, by means of artificial ground, converted into a species of garden. Near it is seen a row of Gothic villas, of two floors each, so arranged as to correct, by skilful contrivance, the inconvenience of the general and natural aspect of the whole settlement, which being directly northward, is of course much exposed, and renders the place unfit for a winter residence.

Yet every where the busy hand of man is rearing dwelling-houses still, making room for them on the brow of the rock, where none existed before, by clearing away the sand, or cutting down the crest of the cliff.

When once we have descended by a steep footpath upon the beach, we discover that the lowest range of houses, which from above looked as if it were level with the shore, stands rather at an elevation on a broad ledge of conglomerate sand, in horizontal strata; and that from the beach, the larger houses, already described as occupying the upper ridge of sandhills, such as the Victoria and Albion boarding-house, are not visible.

Bathing-machines are arranged in order on the delightful sands, which, by the bye, extend about five miles, as at Harlepool, on the eastern coast of England, and are free from quicksands, besides being hard and dry soon after low water. A bath-house has also been erected, where both cold and hot sea-water baths may be had at a short notice.

The colony, new as it is, enjoys already all the luxuries of an old settlement. It has its pump-house, its billiard and its news room, with livery-stables, and other conveniences. Throughout the upper village I did not observe a single shop

or storehouse of any sort, but provisions and water are carried about in panniers and small barrels, on asses, driven by little boys. Water of the purest sort is obtained from a remarkable spring, on the beach, covered by the tide at high water, yet perfectly free from any brackishness in half an hour after the tide has receded.

New Brighton, in fine, is a curious and extraordinary settlement of its kind, worthy of being visited, and I doubt not answering, in the summer, every purpose for which it was intended. It is the speculation of a man who I understood died about two years since, and has thus formed for his children a valuable property out of heaps of refuse sand, which he purchased for a trifling sum from a gentleman now living in the neighbourhood. The land so purchased has since been let on building leases, at 7s. 6d. per yard; and for some in the rear of the Victoria Boarding-house, at the time of my visit, as much as 10s. per yard was given.

After having explored every part and corner of the colony, I again directed my steps towards the wooden pier. Taking the direction along the strand, and jumping into the five o'clock steamer, I was presently relanded, for sixpence, on the Liverpool wharfs.

The establishment just described is the sea-bathing rendezvous, *par excellence*, of the Lancashire people of note; but the middle classes, and the wealthy shopkeepers, have also their Brightons and Margates, in the sea villages of Bootle and Crosby Waterloo. The former is within a short distance north of Liverpool, along the shore of the Mersey; and with Seaforth Church, and its own two obelisks near the beach, it forms a pretty marine group. The sands are favourable, but the water is hardly sea-water; it is seldom clear, and not very inviting. The road to it passes between a range of well-built marine villas; but being roughly paved in the middle, like some of the worst French roads, it is very trying to the nerves.

At five and a quarter miles from Liverpool, beyond Bootle and Seaforth, on the same shore, lies the new marine settlement, called

CROSBY WATERLOO.

It is a village of considerable size, spread at a short distance from the low-water sands; and in front of it a long line of neat cottages, one story high, each having a shelving verandah over the ground-floor window, presents its face to the south-western horizon.

The Waterloo Hotel, a building with somewhat more of architectural style about it than the rest, being two stories high, forms the head of or entrance into the village from the Liverpool-road. Like the other and contiguous buildings, it has between it and the beach, a large expanse of sandy soil, barely covered with short grass. Below it the sands slope gently down to the margin of the sea, and on these are seen several bathing-machines arranged in a row.

The place, judging from appearances, seems much frequented. Its aspect is westerly, inclined a little to the south. New Brighton, on the opposite, or Cheshire coast, may be plainly seen from this spot, which being situated near the embouchure of the Mersey, has constantly before it a busy and lively scene of arrivals and departures of sailing-vessels and steamers.

Behind the village the country is one universal flat, except where the eye catches, on the right, the gentle elevation on which stand some of the streets, and the more recently-built houses of Liverpool. High winds blow often, and sweep along this coast, making, I should think, the marine houses somewhat uncomfortable upon the least approach of cold weather.

The principal division of the line of marine cottages be-

fore described, is called the Marine Crescent. Each cottage has a small garden in front, and then the road of communication, beyond which is the flat green already mentioned, which serves as a general promenade. An attempt was made some time since to establish a rendezvous saloon, with gentlemen's baths and billiards; but it failed, and the place in itself is probably as dull as it looks wild and deserted all round—a proper retreat, however, for quiet and sea-bathing on account of ill-health.

I examined the beds and sitting-rooms of the Waterloo, and received a card of their terms, which are very reasonable. For two pounds sixteen shillings a week, a single person may board and lodge at this house, which in every way resembles some of the best appointed hotels at other and more fashionable sea-bathing places. The coffee-room is airy and neatly appointed; the bedrooms are of moderate size, and all those on the second floor look over the sands, and are consequently preferred. Every thing in the house looks clean, including the landlady, who seems moreover a quiet and pleasing person. The means of communication with Liverpool are frequent, omnibuses come and depart every hour in the day, at the moderate fare of one shilling.

Once more I am plunged into the region of red-brick mills, seven stories high, of factories and warehouses, with a suffocating atmosphere, and grubby faces. In one word, I found myself once again at the Royal Hotel, in Manchester, whither the *senior* railroad but one in England bore me in an hour and ten minutes from Liverpool.

Manchester, however, nowadays deserves a different character; and on a more minute examination of the principal and most central part of the town than I had been able to accomplish a few weeks before, when on my way through it to

Harrogate, I find it greatly changed for the better. An architectural mania seems to have taken hold of the wealthy factor, the warehouseman, and the cotton-printer; for instead of the huge unmeaning masses of red and dingy brick buildings, pierced with innumerable little square windows, we find now the houses of business externally decorated with columns, and porticoes, and frescoes, and pediments, and, in fact, ornamented like palaces. And these, in some of the principal streets; such as Mosley and Oxford streets, Spring-gardens and Fountain-street, have taken the place of what before were the dwelling-houses of the more influential citizens, who have removed to purer air and more favourable situations, south of the little and foul river Medlock.

Anxious to witness the new improvements and superior arrangements introduced into a few of the most important mills and factories of Manchester, I lost no time in sallying forth in quest of a very old acquaintance, a well-known and able mechanic and scientific man, a member of the Society of Friends. Proceeding down Mosley-street for that purpose, the very man I wanted hailed me from the opposite side of the way, surprised to see me. He immediately acceded to my request of accompanying me to one of the principal cotton-mills.

Our first visit, however, was paid to the apartments of the Literary and Philosophical Society, of which we are both fellows, and where, twenty-seven years before, we had sat together at a full assembly of the members, listening to the learned discussions of Percival, Henry, Hull, and Dalton.

On the present occasion, I found the great philosopher last named in the little laboratory of the institution, staring at me as if struggling to recognise an old acquaintance, whom length of time, and his recent severe attack of illness had probably obliterated from his intellect. Yet there was still upon his countenance that peculiar smile of benignity

which ever distinguished his otherwise striking physiognomy.

Dalton was in the act of endeavouring to loosen, with patient placidity, the stubborn glass-stopper of an empty bottle, and welcomed me with a single smile, after a moment's hesitation and a shake of the hand. Finding the effort difficult for him, "friend" Clare, by whom I was escorted, and who will, to the last day of his own useful life, cherish the gratifying thought of having been the favoured, as well as the constant, assiduous, and ever-affectionate friend and helpmate of the great philosopher, offered to assist him. But Dalton, gently withdrawing his hand, which held the bottle, from Peter Clare's friendly offer, proceeded to a little lighted furnace, heated the bottle, and presently loosened the stopper; after which, as if he had been exhausted by the effort, he sat himself down, and whispered with hesitation and difficulty some words, the meaning of which we could not catch. Peter, to rouse him, mentioned the last important papers on the Phosphates, which Dalton had forwarded to the Royal Society in the April preceding; hearing which, the philosopher instantly raised his eyes, and inquired if they had been read and published in the Royal Transactions. Having given him a satisfactory answer, and alluded at the same time to our former and frequent meetings in that very hall more than a quarter of a century before, I took my leave of this venerable man, who, besides the admiration he was wont to excite before his dreadful attack of illness, as one of the greatest, yet one of the most simple-hearted philosophers of his time, inspires, since that illness, and even commands, a still higher degree of respect, not unmingled with a feeling of commiseration at his present enfeebled condition.

From a sight of the great original, "friend" Peter conducted me to that very handsome and striking edifice, designed by Barry, the Royal Institution, (far out-

stripping in grandeur and beauty of form the building of the Royal Institution of London), in order to behold the effigy of the philosopher, executed larger than life, in the purest marble, by Sir Francis Chantry.

Although I had already seen this performance of Sir Francis at one of the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, surrounded by many other works of art,—and though I am no great admirer of that sculptor's classic taste and skill in delineating whole figures of an elevated character; nevertheless, the statue now before me, as it stood insulated in the square vestibule of the Institution, in its pure whiteness, and lighted from above,—pensive and meditating on some great mathematical truth, the limbs in a state of repose—struck me as being one of the happiest productions of the chisel of that artist.

It is related that, being asked the price he would charge for such a statue, the size of life, Sir Francis named two thousand guineas. Inspired, however, by his subject, and deeming it worthy of colossal dimensions, the liberal-minded sculptor executed his work considerably larger than life (the figure measuring eight feet), and thereby entitled himself to an additional sum of a thousand pounds; yet this he declined to charge to the subscribers.

It is not my present purpose to detain my readers with an account of my remaining peregrinations, escorted by my friend, over many highly interesting establishments in this great emporium of English manufactures; nor can I dwell on the architectural aspect of the various new or modernized buildings that have risen here in all directions. Still, one can hardly have been favoured with the permission to inspect the stupendous cotton-mills in Chorlton upon Medlock, near the Oxford road, belonging to Messrs. Birley and Co., in which sixteen hundred people are employed daily, whose weekly wages amount to 900*l.*, and among whom two-thirds of the number are females of young ages,—without desiring

to record publicly, when an opportunity like the present offers, the sense of satisfaction and admiration which the sight of such a prodigious and complicated establishment cannot fail to excite.

This establishment I examined in detail for the space of two hours, from ten till twelve o'clock, when all the hands engaged in the cotton department, as well as the millwright, the mechanics, the joiners, the plumbers, the painters, the turners, the moulders, the smiths, and the masons—for all these are daily at work on these endless premises,—went to their dinner.

I took advantage of the latter circumstance to post myself favourably at the door, so as to survey every one of the adult and younger girls, as well as most of the boys, employed in these mills. I had already seen most of them at their posts in the course of the morning, standing before thousands of power-looms, (of which one room alone contains upwards of 600), or guiding, and placing, and arranging the 80,000 spindles which daily twirl in these mills, under a moving power equivalent to 397 horses, and which convert annually four millions of pounds of raw material into cotton thread; and on both occasions I noticed few, very few individuals indeed, who appeared either weak or sickly, or in any way as if affected by the peculiar work they were engaged in, by the constant standing posture they are obliged to preserve, and the damp and hot atmosphere in which for eight hours a day some of them live. On the contrary, the majority of the grown girls had a smiling and good-looking countenance, neither emaciated nor bloated, and their figures appeared light, active, and free from any defect.

I can readily believe the story, often repeated in Manchester, which states, that when Sir Francis Chantry beheld this assemblage of young women in a cotton factory, he declared that were he in want of varied yet perfect forms and moulds of female structure, he should seek them in these very esta-

blishments. And yet how hardly have the master factors been dealt with by the philanthropist, for their supposed cruel and harsh treatment of these very creatures, whose frames were said to have been estropiated, and their health broken, by the severity of their employment!

As for the little urchins, many of them between eight and ten years of age only, whom I beheld in this place, engaged in several branches of light work—never has it been my lot to see a merrier set. They went through their allotted task, laughing and joking, with alacrity and unimpaired energy; and when I saw them issuing from the mills as the noon bell dismissed them to their dinner, so little tired seemed they, or so little pressed by hunger, that they would—like so many schoolboys just escaped from their gymnasium—stop by the road—wrestle—tumble about—throw stones—crack jokes together, and laugh immoderately; thus evincing at once what state of health they must have enjoyed at the time.

At the conclusion of my visit, one of the junior partners asked me, as a professional man, whether I thought the people in their factory looked as a certain great philanthropic lord had stated—miserable and slavish. Justice and truth demanded that my answer should be as decisive as it was immediate, in the negative: but how far the present state of things, which enabled me to give such an answer, be or be not the result of the act of factory discipline, which that lord, moved by the purest motives, has been instrumental in enacting, I was not prepared by any previous knowledge of the establishment to determine.

On quitting Messrs. Birley's great factory, and by their advice, we proceeded to a far different, yet equally surprising establishment,—the Locomotive Engine Manufactory, or, "the Atlas Works" of Messrs. Sharp, Roberts, and Co.

My friend Clare, who is himself an excellent engineering mechanic, explained every thing to me as we proceeded from one large compartment of these gigantic premises to another,

and imparted information on many points, respecting which I was before in total ignorance, especially with regard to the locomotive engines for railway trains. Of the latter, many were in progress of construction which were destined for the railways in Belgium—as well as for that which leads from St. Petersburg to Tzarcoçelo.

The view of these two great establishments—in one of which a bulky mass of vegetable fibre is converted, as if by magic, into the finest cloth, through the ingenious contrivances of machinery; while in the other the rudest and most shapeless lump of iron is wrought and moulded into some of the most wonderful agents of power and motion—would induce one to think that if the ingenuity of man's mind cannot impart life to organic matter, it can, at all events, cause inorganic matter to live. For what else but life is that wonderful, complicated, and all-working movement, elementarily generated by heat, playing upon the particles of water, by which almost every artificial thing man wants in this world is created and formed?

And now farewell to an old friend, with hearty thanks for his kindness and cordiality, and away by one of the public vehicles, which in three hours and a half is to deposit me at my next station, Buxton.

Stockport, the most important town we passed through, like many others in Lancashire and Cheshire, I found nearly double in extent to what I had known it twenty-five years before.

One of the most splendid specimens in this country of viaducts to carry a railway is now in course of rapid construction; and will, when completed, be not only the longest and loftiest, but, from its situation, the finest object of that kind to be seen in an English landscape.

The country beyond it is beautiful, and assumed at every step a richer aspect as we kept ascending. At Whaley Bridge, the surrounding landscape, however, is more striking than upon the summit of a very elevated ground, where

the first view is obtained of Buxton, with its gray buildings dotting the green vale, or scattered upon the surrounding hills. At Whaley Bridge, the Peak Forest canal comes in as a very pretty feature in the landscape.

This approach to Buxton from Manchester is not the finest. That from Matlock is the most imposing, as the whole road indeed is, from that place to Buxton.

I put up at the Great Hotel. It was full, and the last bed-room that remained unoccupied was assigned to my use.

CHAPTER II.

BUXTON.

Aristocracy of BUXTON—*Mea culpa, mea culpa*—Whose fault is it?—The CRESCENT—St. Ann's Clift—Living Panorama—GENERAL VIEW of the Spa—Improvements necessary, and suggested—The WELL HOUSE—A Kur-Saal—Buxton Mineral Water—Its Taste and Physical Character—CHEMICAL ANALYSIS—Azote present, and what are its Virtues? The GREAT PUBLIC BATH—Promiscuous Bath—Ludicrous Rencontre—The Gentlemen's PRIVATE BATH—Author's Experiment—First Impression and Secondary Effects—Deductions and *Advice*—The HOT BATHS—Their Nature and Management—Effects of Buxton Water heated—The CHARITY BATHS—Medicinal Virtues of the Buxton Water—Diseases most benefited by it—CASES—The late DR. WILLIS—SOURCES of the Mineral Water—Distribution and Supply—Investigation difficult—MYSTERY—Climate of Buxton—THE GREAT HOTEL—Its Comforts and Expenses—Miss P——.—LODGING-HOUSES—The GREAT BALL-ROOM—*Le Marquis de B*—— at MIVART'S.

THERE is a fragrance of aristocracy in the very air of this Spa, which at once bespeaks it the rendezvous of far different classes of visitors from those we have seen at Askerne or elsewhere, among the minor watering-places of the north. The very first *coup-d'œil* at the "Grand Hotel," as I surveyed the interior of that large building in my way up the principal staircase to the remote chamber assigned to me, showed me that I must take some pains with my toilet. Having done so, and again descended for the purpose of ascertaining from the landlord the address of Sir Charles Scudamore, whom I knew to be in Buxton, where he has for many years been in

the habit of taking up his abode in his professional capacity during the summer months, I was encountered by a tall and comely woman, wearing a cheerful smile on her fair countenance; who, accosting me with peculiar grace, inquired if she had the honour of addressing the author of the "Spas of Germany." I admitted myself guilty of the fact. "Then, sir," exclaimed my fair hostess (for in that sort of character I had soon to acknowledge her), "you have ruined us all, by sending every one of our best English families and countrymen abroad, with your book. Until you recommended the various baths in Germany by your description and account of them, and enticed patients to go thither, most of them were satisfied with what they could procure at home. In the case of Buxton, and our own individual hotel, the result has been most glaringly injurious. There was Lord ——, for instance, a catholic nobleman, who came here for the first time, three years ago, on crutches, and unable to move even a finger. He got much better in six weeks, and was induced to come a second time last year, when the benefits he experienced from these waters were even more manifest. Yet, this year, nothing would satisfy him but he must go to Wisbaden, where his lordship declares he is getting quite well; and he adds, that the two previous years he spent at Buxton had been productive of no earthly good to him:—both ungrateful and unnatural. However, we are, thank God, quite full just now, and we have no reason to complain. But the season is short nowadays, and hardly of sufficient importance to make it worth while for any landlord to continue the speculation of an expensive establishment like this; Mr. Shaw's predecessor was ruined."

I hung my head like a culprit, caught in *flagrante delicto*, and knew not what to say in extenuation of my crime! I, however, urged the probability of some other reasons being the cause of the present apparent desertion of Buxton, and my fair interlocutor was obliged to admit that

it wanted amusement and more society, and that in fact it was “a very dull place.” She agreed with me also, that the sojourning of the Duke, the sovereign lord of the place, with three or four more leading people of *ton*, visitors to the Spa, determined to take the lead, and to get the people together, by giving them a ball or an assembly once a week, would soon bring about the restoration of the Spa.

“Here is, for example, the Marchioness of ———,* who is staying in this very hotel. She is inclined to favour a greater development of the social capabilities of the place, by dining herself at the *table d’hôte*, and mixing more with the rest of the visitors, though, as you know, she is a great lady at the Palace; but as yet she hardly meets with any encouragement. In fact, all is yet to be done, and the beginning is but slight.”

In all her remarks, Miss ———, my fair hostess, was perfectly right; a truth of which I was not long in becoming personally convinced. For as what may really be called “the Spa” at Buxton lies in a nut-shell, it needed no greater industry or assiduity in the inquiries than I bestowed upon it, to ascertain, in two or three days, every particular merit and demerit appertaining to the place.

The hotel, in which I occupied a very comfortable room on the second story, looking north, forms the eastern termination or wing of that magnificent building (equalled in England only by one or two great edifices in Bath) called emphatically “The Crescent,” with which the late Duke of Devonshire decorated Buxton, after the design of Carr, an architect of great merit in his days,—some of whose works in the city of York I have had occasion to mention.

At the opposite extremity of this semicircular range of Doric building, raised two stories high, above a rusticated arcade, which, though narrow, offers a convenient promenade in wet

* Since a Duchess.

weather,—is another hotel forming the western termination of the Crescent, and called St. Anne's.

The remaining oriental part of the building between these two hotels, comprises various separate establishments; among which the post-office, and what here they are pleased to style a promenade-room, are the most important. Immediately over the arcade, fluted Doric pilasters twenty-six feet in height are placed between the windows of the principal story all along the front, supporting a suitable architrave and cornice, crowned by a balustrade which runs continuously along the whole façade, and is returned at each end of the building. The range of the compass in front of the inner sweep of this Crescent, measuring in extent two hundred feet, is W. S. W. and E. S. E.

While recording these notes in my tablets, at that hour of the day when the gayest scene of social life mingles with the natural beauties of Buxton, I was seated at an elevation of about a hundred feet on the top of a green hillock, called St. Anne's Clift, which extends east and west somewhat like the sixth part of a mile, and is placed exactly in front of the noble semicircular area of the Crescent, like a chord to an arch. Over its surface, wide gravel walks have been cut in various directions, the lowest of which, being laid out quite straight, in the direction of the longest axis of the hill, serves as a terrace, and is the most frequented of the walks on the hill, because the most sheltered as well as the least fatiguing.

The ample and semicircular area just mentioned, and which now lies before and below me, as well as the arcade beyond it, appeared thinly dotted with groups of men and women, some standing, and others walking backwards and forwards; while many more (single or in couples) I beheld nearer to where I was seated, rambling about on the serpentine walks of St. Anne's Clift. They were listening to the Duke's band, which plays (though not every day) between

eleven and twelve o'clock, and which seemed to be composed of young lads dressed in a French gray uniform jacket and caps.

At the west end of the lower walk on St. Anne's Clift is the Drinking Well. I approached it to view the spring, and did not remark that it was much resorted to by the perambulatory invalids or visitors, among whom, I recognised Marshal Viscount ——, the Marquis and Marchioness ——, since raised to a higher rank by inheritance, the Honourable Mr. E——, and a few, very few more of the *sommités*, who had temporarily quitted the commodious apartments of the Great Hotel, the head-quarters of those of "gentle blood." St. Anne's, too, pours out at this same hour, from its equally extensive range of rooms,—though not so choicely furnished, or so choicely tended,—its inmates, the merchants and their ladies from Liverpool or Manchester, the invalids from Ireland, and a few of the squires with their spouses and children, from neighbouring counties.

Beyond the Well, the surmounting urn of which only I could perceive from the spot I occupied on St. Anne's Clift, stretches the "Hall" with its ancient bath-buildings, and another quadrangular arcaded edifice called the "Square," behind which rises the new church* — its portico partially seen in the landscape. This last mass or group of buildings, clustered together, conceal the entrance into the parterre promenade or "Serpentine Walks," which wind along both sides of the Wye, and are situated at a short distance from the said "Hall," being separated from it only by the road. This latter, descending from the western extremity (called Hallbank) of the very hill on

* This elegant structure is actually built on piles; for though placed upon a hill we have here quagmires and uncertain ground. Divine service is performed regularly in it, and in the old presbyterian chapel. Not fewer than twelve reverends belonging to different rectories and livings, have been known at times to volunteer their services during the season.

which I took down this panoramic description, makes a circuit at the back of the Crescent to go and join another road leading into Low Buxton, on the right or eastern extremity of my picture.

Four or five substantial lodging-houses, with plain stone fronts and slated roofs, skirt this western road or Hallbank, descending *en echelons*, between the last of which and the shaded entrance into the promenade garden already alluded to, stands the public Billiard-room.

Such is the ensemble or grouping of this celebrated Spa, in its most important and prominent character, as seen from the elevated spot I selected—the best, in my opinion, for judging rightly of the place, and all it can offer of social resources and recreation out of doors, as well as of the movement and bustle of which Buxton is capable. The latter seems to be but slender; for in one hour after I had taken up my position on the hill, the show and hum of life in front of it had all disappeared.

This great centre of attraction at Buxton Spa is encircled at various rays of distance by loftier hills. That which backs the Crescent, and is seen to rise above it, is crested with a rich wood. Barren and moorlike are the western hills; whilst the one which shuts out the eastern breezes is crowned with a small village church and a few clumps of trees.

Many improvements suggest themselves to one accustomed to visit watering-places, which seem highly desirable at this aristocratic Spa. The two first and most prominent are a Kur-Saal and a more showy pump or well room. People should be enticed to go to the fountain-head to drink the water.

Early the following morning I proceeded to taste the water at the well, which is sheltered by a low Grecian canopy, where I saw many who attended to do the same; but they were all ordinary people, who deposited their penny contribution upon the stone-flag that covers the source. I saw none of the *crème de la-société* drinking the tepid spring;—but per-

haps it was too early, as few people were abroad ;—in which practice of late rising, visitors at English Spas do err egregiously ; and those medical men who suffer it to exist err still more.

A nearly decrepit old woman, seated before the scanty stream, with her shrivelled hands distributes it to the applicants as they approach her. Now it is one of the great attractions of the German Spas that smart female attendants are provided, and ever ready to supply the limpid and sparkling water in crystal or china beakers, which almost every visiter carries with him, without fee or reward ; not the slightest vestige of anything mercenary is suffered to appear in an operation which would cease to be natural were any pecuniary transaction mixed up with it.

Decorated well-houses, also spring-heads very neatly arranged with stone steps and balustrades, are conspicuous in Germany, and they have the effect of inducing people to congregate at the spot. Here the superior class of visitors seem ashamed of being seen to descend under the well-dome, and ask the old dame for a draught of the water ; they prefer having it sent to their lodgings or apartments—another most absurd practice which obtains only in this country. Could but these indolent persons behold the joyous, inspiring crowds of beaux and belles assembled, each with their beaker in hand, around the Therezenbrunnen, or the Sprudel at Carlsbad, or at the Ragozi spring at Kissingen, the example might convert them to early hours, and a more effectual mode of taking the mineral waters.

Arrangements of a similar kind as at those places might easily be accomplished at Buxton ; and, if necessary, the spring-head or well-house might be closed, after the morning hours, against intruders and mischief-makers ; suffering the surplus water which continuously flows from the source to pass into another stone basin, placed on the outside, for the more general and gratuitous use of the public.

As for a Kur-Saal, or Promenade-room, it is an absolute requisite for people who are drinking mineral, especially thermal waters. In a climate so uncertain as ours, a walk *sub divo* is precarious. That under the arcade of the Crescent is liable to the great objection of its being much exposed to draughts, and even to the sprays of rain beating in under it, in consequence of the considerable height of the arches, and the narrowness of the arcade—the latter being only seven feet wide. The stormy gales prevailing, as they must ever do, in this region of eleven hundred feet's elevation sweep at intervals through those arcades, and whistling with dismal violence, chill at the same time the poor invalid.

This and the preceding observation,—together with a third also, which I might make, namely, that the present promenade and news room at Buxton are really not worthy to hold the rank of an assembly-room in a market-town,—sufficiently show the necessity for a handsome Kur-Saal. Its site bespeaks itself.

There is, on the summit of the hill fronting the Crescent already described, an irregular area of some hundred feet. This should be levelled, and a Grecian temple erected upon it, with the principal or north front towards the Crescent, so as to receive all the reflected light from that amphitheatre, whereby the grave features of a Grecian portico would show boldly out. On the opposite side of the building another portico should jut out, upon a wide terrace facing the south; while the west and east sides of it might be shaded by an open colonnade, in communication with the south terrace. By these arrangements suitable exposure to the sun when desirable, and shelter from unpropitious winds when necessary, together with a general rendezvous in the centre protected altogether from the weather, would be completely secured.

A building one hundred feet by forty feet in the interior, and as many feet high, having a cassooned ceiling, and three quarter columns round the room to support a bold cornice;

with a gallery at one end for the orchestra ; the whole lighted by full windows down to the bottom, and lateral doors leading out under the colonnade ;—such a building I think would form a magnificent Kur-Saal—one worthy of the taste and munificence of the nobleman who takes so lively an interest in this Spa.

With such a patron it would be an insult to allude to considerations of expense, when speaking of such improvements as these ; yet it may be observed, that an edifice of the class I have just suggested, in a place in which stone is so readily procured, could not cost any very large sum of money. But with such an example of tasteful magnificence before him as the Crescent exhibits to the admiring stranger, which an illustrious ancestor hesitated not in erecting for the embellishment of Buxton, at an expense of one hundred thousand pounds, and without which Buxton would have been nothing—it is not likely that his present descendant, no less illustrious, and equally munificent as a patron of the arts, will long delay in giving to Buxton two such essential and ornamental additions as a KUR-SAAL worthy of his taste and wealth, and a suitable WELL-HOUSE.

To the latter, such as it is, I proceeded, as before observed, early one morning, in order to test chemically the mineral water. The glass with which the old woman was about to supply me with the water is constantly kept by her at the bottom of the little bason, under the running stream, and feels warm to the hand when taken up full : hence I felt a moment of surprise upon putting it to my lips, to find the water cold to the palate.

The water has no taste whatever, and is rather insipid indeed, as compared with waters which have a lower temperature,—say forty-nine or fifty degrees. I measured the time it took to fill a half-pint tumbler, through the little silver spout, and thus ascertained that the supply is at the rate of six pints in a minute, or nine hundred and fifty-five gallons in the day exactly—a supply by no means abundant.

On reference to Sir Charles Scudamore's and Mr. Garden's analysis of this water, we find it to be so nearly allied to pure water, that the learned doctor is inclined to ascribe a large portion of its well-known power on the constitution to the presence of four cubic inches of azote in a gallon of it.

Unquestionably we cannot attribute much to chemical ingredients found in a mineral water of acknowledged efficacy, if, in the aggregate, those ingredients amount in quantity to hardly two grains in a pint. A fraction of a grain of muriate of soda, and a fraction of carbonate of lime—the two most prominent ingredients in a pint of the Buxton water—are not likely to impart to it much energy or power. But is half a cubic inch of azote in the same quantity of water likely to do it?

I have my doubts as to the presence of what is called azote in mineral waters. Mr. West finds it every where. There is not a water he has analyzed with which I am acquainted, and in which he has not set down azote as one of its constituents. Other English chemists have also mentioned it, as I stated in the Introduction. Strange that in none of the German waters I have studied, the same principle should have been detected by the very eminent analyzing chemists who performed the analysis. The water at Baden-Baden is the only one that has been mentioned as containing azote in very minute proportions; but that statement is not made by a *chemist* of note, and is not to be relied upon.

The question of azote in mineral waters is a doubtful one, at all events. I suspect it will be found to be atmospheric air somewhat vitiated by the processes of analysis; nor am I inclined to attribute much virtue or power of acting on the human frame to a fractional quantity of such a gas, did it really exist in a mineral water.

No: the efficacy of Buxton water, like that at Schlangenbad, which is of the same temperature, is to be ascribed entirely to that very temperature. There we saw, in a former

work, a water producing particular effects, with very few chemical ingredients in its composition, but having a natural heat of 86 degrees. Here at Buxton, we have a water at nearly the same degree of heat, with fewer ingredients, still producing, not only similar, but even more energetic effects.

Those effects are seen even more strikingly produced by the application of a large quantity of the water to the whole body, than when only a small portion is taken internally. Hence, a plunge into the public bath, or into the more retired and elegant gentlemen's private bath, is always attended by phenomena which, whether during the immersion or after it, differ from those produced by ordinary water heated to 83 degrees of Fahrenheit.

In the public bath I saw many people bathing, three or four at a time, and several in succession. The operation with most of them was expeditious, the greater number of the bathers remaining but two or three minutes in the water, and being always in motion.

The water, from the dark colour of the rock at the bottom, and the darkness of the dome, (for it is in a vault under "the Old Hall,") looks, at first view, dingy and greenish; but it is as limpid, transparent, and colourless, as the one I drank at the spring. The form of the bath is an oblong square. The water surges about the middle, near the outer wall, to the height of four feet, and passes off at one of the extremities of the bath by waste pipes. Bubbles of air may be seen rising in succession from time to time. At other times a single one, much larger than the rest, will come up, to break at the surface.

The people bathing differed, it appeared to me, in opinion as to the impression made on them by the water. Some said it was very cold; others declared it was very comfortable. As the sun darted a slanting ray through the half circular window close to the vaulted ceiling over it, the surface of the water exhi-

bited a gathering of scum, having an unusual appearance in any mineral water, which took away from me the temptation I had at first experienced of trying the effect of the Buxton water at this nearest point of its source.

The overflowing or escape of the surplus water through the waste pipes, is never so quick but that the said scum, or floating matter, remains too long spread over its surface,—as I witnessed during the half-hour I kept watching the proceedings of those who were in the bath. Indeed, one of the attendants comes now and then with a broom, and sweeps from off the surface the coarser particles, and thus restores to the water its natural appearance. But, at best, this is but mixing up with the water, or dissolving in it, the objectionable substance.

Altogether, the bathing in such a *piscina* was not such as to please my fancy; and when I beheld the class of persons, too, who kept coming in (for the access is free and the bath always open), and their dress and appearance—when I saw the pot-bellied farmer of sixty, half palsied, and the lame artisan with his black and callous hands, and the many who suffered from cutaneous disorders—all plunging together, or one after the other, in quick succession—some of whom would set about scrubbing from their hardened cuticles the congregated perspiration of ages, with a handbrush kept *pro bono publico* on the margin of the bath;—I say, when I beheld all these things, I confess my courage failed me, despite of my constant desire to try on myself, and ascertain by my own feelings, the effects of the various mineral waters I have examined.

Sometimes the most ludicrous scenes occur in these generalizing plunging-baths, where every body is admitted and at all hours of the day. A gallant officer of the life-guards, seized of a sudden with the “rheumatics,” got leave for a fortnight from his regiment, and away he trotted to Buxton. There he found the place nearly deserted; but, as good luck would have it, among the few he met with an old friend. They agreed

to bathe at the same time, and early, that they might avoid coming in contact with the "multitudinous." Accordingly, they both plunged into the dark stream early one fine morning, rejoicing in the privacy of the hour; as, by the doubtful light which reigns in the locality at all times, and still more so very early in the day, they could perceive no other bather. But what must have been the amazement of the gallant invalid when, upon raising his head above the water, whilst yet recovering from the shock of the plunge, he heard himself addressed with "How do you do, Sir Richard?" by a mouth spattering and spirting out water like a porpoise, and belonging to a head which had also just emerged out of the tepid stream, but at the furthest dark corner of the bath. Sir Richard stretched his neck towards the said head, puckered up his eyelids to sharpen his visual organs, approached the individual nearer and nearer, when, lo! he discovered that the "How do you do, man?" was no other than his tailor from Chester!

After all, I am assured that there is but three-quarters of a degree of difference between the temperature of this and of the gentlemen's private bath already alluded to, which lies to the north of the source, and is thus far cooler from being further removed from it. The latter bath I did not hesitate to try.

The water is here collected on the same level as in the general bath, but the reservoir or basin, which is an oval of considerable dimensions, is lined with white tiles. Upon these the water appears of a beautiful transparent light emerald-green colour. The reservoir is in a vaulted room, to which access is had by a glass-door, through a dressing-room, furnished with every convenience that one can desire in such an apartment. The attendance also is perfect.

There are two such private baths for gentlemen, and the same number for ladies: besides the public one for either sex. I should have expected a much larger number of both to have been necessary.

I entered the bath about twenty minutes before eight, A.M., my pulse at eighty-two. I had drunk half a pint of the mineral water some time before. The immersion was by the steps, and therefore gradual. The feeling of cold on the skin produced by the first approach of the water formed a striking contrast with the pleasing warmth of the atmosphere of the room. When I let myself down into the middle, and at the bottom of the basin, by holding the chain which hangs from the centre of the ceiling, the shock was precisely similar to what I have often felt when plunging into the open sea at the same time of the day and year. It took my breath away, and tightened the thorax, producing, however, not the slightest vestige of disturbance, either in the head or in the movements of the heart.

I partially got out and recovered my breath, and again plunged into the bath, all within two or three minutes. The water felt still cold, but not so as to affect the respiration this time. After the first four minutes, I being either standing upright on the tiles which felt cold to the feet, floating horizontally under the water, a degree of warmth began to pervade the body along its surface, and was evidently on the increase at every half-minute. The skin felt soft—not puckered nor corrugated in any part, as is generally the case in warm water, and many mineral springs; when the hands were passed over the body, they glided readily over it.

Even after a few minutes longer, I experienced no inclination to sleepiness, and the head continued in the same state as when I went in. Before I left the bath, however, I ascertained that, contrary to the effect produced by an ordinary warm-bath, if I raised my limbs from the middle of the depth to nearer the surface, the difference of feeling, as to warmth, was what I should have estimated at about three or four degrees of increased temperature.

So much so was this the case, that quitting the position in

which the limb was previously stationary, and around which the water felt as if it had grown cold, and raising it to the position before alluded to, I could have imagined that I had placed my limb into a totally differently-heated water—into one, in fact, of a regular tepid bath, so genial was the first impression. But then it was only a *first* impression, which soon vanished, to be again renewed by seeking with the limbs, or any other part of the body, another and a new position.

At the expiration of about ten minutes, I might have fancied myself, from my own feelings, in a bath of 94° or 95° , or in a regular tepid bath; and this apparent feeling or impression was even stronger if I got on the steps of the reservoir, and quite out of the water, and immediately plunged into the water again.

Judging from this single experiment, which I have detailed minutely for very obvious reasons, I should say that the proper mode of using these baths would be, not to plunge, but to walk gradually and quickly into the water up to the chin, and out of it as quickly again. This operation should be repeated at least three or four times, occupying perhaps two minutes each time in doing it; and lastly, the bathers should return into the water for the sake of a real bath, which would then produce pleasurable sensations, and could be borne very well and quietly for ten minutes longer, or even a quarter of an hour,—during which time, the body would receive the full benefit of these volcanic waters.

There is no disguising the fact: Buxton is a cold and not a tepid bath, and only becomes tepid to the feelings by a little time and management—the same as in the open sea—but not in an ordinary water-bath at 83° . The difference here is, that the warmth, when once felt, is a permanent sensation, were you to remain even hours together in the bath; whereas in ordinary water, tepid bathing, or the open sea, or in a river or a spring in the sun, the water which at first might seem tepid, would soon progressively feel colder and colder.

This difference, which it is of the most vital importance to bear in mind, in using mineral baths, is invariably to be observed in thermal springs, and is to be attributed (as I remarked elsewhere) to the peculiar nature of telluric or volcanic heat, as contradistinguished from the ordinary heat of our fires.

An hour after coming out of the bath, all the glow produced by it had gone, and the back felt chilly. This is owing to the low range of warmth possessed by the Buxton water (83°), and is not noticed in baths of a naturally higher temperature, such as those of Wildbad, Ems, Wisbaden, &c.

The aspiration of a recent professional writer on the Buxton waters, that they might be endowed with less energy, is something approaching to "fudge." I should rather wish that they were just 15 degrees hotter than they are; and I should then expect to find them useful in many cases of disease in which they are of no service now,—without becoming in the *least* hurtful to those which are at present benefited by them.

The most marked effect of the Buxton water is that of stimulation, whether the water be taken internally or used externally only. If artificial heat be added to them, and the temperature raised thereby to 96° , 97° , or 98° (and such a bath I tried twice, noting at the time every minute effect on myself), the result on the constitution is not a whit more stimulating than what is produced by the water at its natural temperature. The fact is, again, that the stimulation is due, not to thermometrical heat, but to the portion only of telluric heat inherent in the water.

The hot-bath at Buxton is administered in a particular way, which deserves a separate description. At the eastern extremity of the Crescent, close to the Great Hotel from which there is a covered way to it, is the new establishment for hot-baths, erected under the superintendence of Mr. Sylvester. When a bath at 98° is required, it is ordered the previous evening. The attendant, who knows how important it is to retain

as much warmth as possible in the tiles, or marble lining of the bath, suffers the water which has been last used for hot-bathing in the day, to remain in the basin the whole night.

When I made my appearance to take a hot-bath at seven, A. M., one day, I found the basin so filled. By my thermometer I ascertained that the water in it was 86° . It had been used at 98° the evening before. It had consequently lost twelve degrees of heat in the course of the night. The appearance of the water, in which no soap or any other substance had been used, was slightly milky; and this is the aspect I found the Buxton water to assume when artificially heated, and suffered to cool down for several hours.

In letting this water out by the waste-pipe, I noticed that the attendant employed a species of scrubbing-brush to remove a certain oily slime which adheres to the tiles, and then to clean out the basin. Water was then let in from two pipes; the one conveying Buxton water, which by perpetual exposure to hot steam, is kept uniformly at the temperature of 86° , or there about; the other letting in hot water, maintained nearly boiling by steam also. In eight minutes I saw the basin filled, which is three feet deep, seven feet long, and three feet and a half wide.

The basin is sunk into the ground, so that the upper part is level with it. There is a step or seat at one end, about eight inches high, and four steps to go down into the bath, with brass railing on each side. This is rendered absolutely necessary to prevent accident from slipping down, on account of the particular nature of the deposit the water lets fall on the marble lining of the basin; which deposit is peculiar to all thermal springs more or less, and is here to be seen in great abundance in the two public baths for ladies and gentlemen, when these baths are emptied for the purposes of being daily cleaned out, and the rock exposed.

The thermometer being suspended in the water all the time, and the temperature 98° , I felt my pulse at twenty-five minutes

past six, A. M., rather below par, as to fulness, for me, and then descended into the bath, where I at once experienced those grateful sensations which warmth, applied to the body, invariably produces. I experienced quietude for the first five minutes, and found my pulse had got six beats lower, but was of double the fulness it had before; it felt like a soft but tense cord, and the beat was firm. In the next minute *my head*, which was particularly clear, and in a natural state before, became misty and heated. In the chest also, and throughout the body, I felt an inward increase of heat.

I was watching what would be the next effect, and expected an increase of these symptoms, which I never experience in an ordinary water hot-bath at 98°, but always more or less while bathing in thermal springs. They continued so for two or three minutes without increase, and then subsided, and merged into a general feeling of comfort, as experienced at first.

I continued in the water precisely fifteen minutes, during which no apparent difference of temperature had taken place in the thermometer. The water this time felt genial in every corner of the bath, and close to the very surface. It was beautifully transparent, and of a faint aquamarine colour. The minutest object could be perceived, but magnified considerably. The very lightest coloured hairs on the arms appeared dark from increased size, which seemed double their natural one at least.

Towards the last five minutes I repeatedly plunged my head into the water, but without any change of sensation resulting. As to the feeling of the skin, I missed completely, both when in, and immediately out of the water, that healthful *satination* which people have so often experienced in some mineral waters abroad; Wildbad for instance, and above all others. The skin of the hands was not corrugated, as when they are dipped in hot water for some minutes, but it felt rough when passed over the body, as if

it were a ground file. In other parts the hand could not be made to glide continuously, but would stick from the roughness of the surface.

When at the expiration of fifteen minutes I got out of the bath, the skin dried immediately upon the application of the warm linen brought by the attendant who was summoned for that purpose. There was not the slightest disposition to perspire afterwards, as is always the case on coming out of a more powerful thermal spring than Buxton; and although I returned home experiencing an agreeable sensation of genial warmth, which I certainly had not when I left the hotel in the morning (a morning both wet and stormy)—in an hour or two after, and through the remainder of the day, I was not sensible of any different feeling than I have in general.

There are only two hot-baths for the gentlemen, and an equal number for the ladies—with vapour and douche, or shower-bath, for each. This number of baths is not found to be small or insufficient, even when as many as one hundred and fifty baths in a week have been administered, according to the statement of the bath-woman. The price of the hot-bath is 3s., that of the gentleman's private bath of mineral water is only 2s.

There is room for improvement in this part of the Spa establishment of Buxton. The bath and antechamber should be kept more tidy. The brass work and stopcocks are suffered to be tarnished, and are never rubbed. The attendant on the bath, a young man, should wear a decent, neat, light-coloured dress and a clean shirt; instead of which he looked more like a grubby labourer just called from the plough.

The situation of the bathing-tanks themselves is ill-managed; for it is constantly exposed to the draught from the door between the bath and anteroom, the outer entrance into which is almost always kept open. A contrivance, too, of a wicker-basket with a pan of coals should be adjusted,

with a view of supplying the bathers with the necessary linen—quite warm—in the room they are to dress in; instead of which, at present, they have to get out of the water, after ringing the bell for the attendant, and await his arrival with a single hot sheet, which he throws on your back, and disappears.

I asked Mr. Serjeant ——, a constant visiter at Buxton, why these little contrivances and improvements had not been already suggested and adopted. His reply was laconic and candid. “It’s too much trouble.”

In connexion with my account of the baths, I may as well staté in this place, that I visited, with Sir Charles Scudamore, the Charity Baths, to which he is the senior physician, and saw him prescribe for some of the infirmary patients, whom he treated with great tenderness and humanity, taking down minutely their cases, in a room cold and stripped of furniture, and writing on a drum-head—the only sort of table he could find in the place. This charity has relieved, in the course of seventeen years, upwards of 21,000 patients, nearly 15,000 of whom had the gratuitous use of the baths and medical advice, &c. With regard to the latter cases, an account has been kept of the degree of benefit which they derived from the use of the waters, and from it we find that 12,608 have been dismissed, “cured, or much relieved.”

According to my own theory of thermal springs, and the effects observed at Buxton, when the hot-baths, consisting partly of natural and partly of artificial heat, are regularly used,—I should say, that they would be much more and differently influential on the constitution and in disease than ordinary baths, in which the whole of the heat from the ordinary temperature of between fifty and sixty degrees up to ninety-eight, is artificial; and therefore it is, that I am not surprised at the wonderful effect said to have been produced by the hot-bath on rheumatism and faulty action of some of the internal organs, and should, on the contrary, have predicated pre-

cisely those results. In fact, we find that the joint testimony of patients and doctors of this and the preceding ages, is in favour of a particular action being the result of the Buxton hot-baths, and this agrees with my own experience.

But Dr. Robertson in his little work, entitled "Buxton and its Waters," goes further in his estimate of that particular action, and asserts that the energy is even dangerous. I have nothing to advance against such a doctrine; as Dr. Robertson may claim to possess a larger practical knowledge of the Buxton waters than my own, for the ground of his theory. But *à priori*, I should not expect such effects as he has described; nor did I experience them in my own person; neither could I learn, from any of the several persons who assembled during my stay at the public rooms at the Great Hotel, that they had experienced such effects. The same I may observe of the many patients I have sent to Buxton.

My landlady, indeed, who is an exceedingly intelligent person, informed me that she had seen ladies who would plunge into the public bath without due advice, and be drawn out again in fits of hysteria. But these fits might have occurred if the said ladies had been suddenly plunged from a bathing-machine at Scarborough or Brighton into the sea, or had experienced any sudden shock of a similar kind. The first impression of the natural bath is that of cold and depression, as well as of a sudden constriction of the chest, suspending, or rendering difficult, the respiration. Such a series of feelings can never be said to be akin to "dangerous excitement;" though a reaction, at some more distant period, may possibly take place. That, however, is what takes place also after cold affusion used in hot fevers, and, *cæteris paribus*, the two effects may so far be compared together.

The efficacy of the Buxton water used as baths at their natural temperature is more strikingly manifested in cases of general debility, partial paralysis, and that peculiar state

of weakness which is the result of rheumatic affection, and repeated attacks of gout. In the latter cases, indeed, Buxton has acquired a well-known reputation; and to such as cannot have recourse to the more effectual waters of Wisbaden or Carlsbad, in that class of complaint, or with whose constitution the powerful and unjustly neglected springs of Bath do not agree, I know of no more desirable application for the occasion than this very water at Buxton. If care be taken to see that in all such cases every symptom of febrile irritability has disappeared from the system of the patient, the waters may be used internally or externally with safety. Sometimes the natural, at other times the artificially heated bath—and again, the pump or *douche*—will be found preferable during the treatment. These are points to be decided by the medical attendants on the spot, or by one well acquainted with the various effects producible by Buxton, though residing at a distance.

There is a result of arthritic affection which the practitioner often meets, consisting in an enlargement of the joints, which, if recent, I have known to be completely removed by the use of the Buxton water, applied as a *douche*. Indeed, either as a *douche*, or as a general bath, such patients as are plagued with stiff and enlarged fingers and hands from repeated attacks of gout, will find in the water at Buxton a means of relief.

Where I have seen the Buxton water perform wonders has been in persons who, having had annual, perhaps semi-annual attacks of genuine painful gout, have not courage enough to support pain, and fly at once to that curse of the human constitution, *colchicum*, to quell the “gnawing dogs,” and purchase a lull from sufferings at the inevitable risk of multiplying the attacks of the disease. In such individuals the constitution is lowered below its standard, by the morbid condition left nearly always present, in consequence of the interference perpetrated against a salutary effort or crisis of

nature; and it is also further depressed by the specific action of the drug generally taken in goodly doses to accomplish that interference. In many such cases that have fallen under my notice, much good has been obtained from two or three successive courses of the Buxton baths, used, of course, under proper precautions. I mention purposely that two or three courses are necessary, because I found that, in general, patients, doing infinite injustice to Buxton, think that if they have visited the place once for two or three weeks, they have done all that is requisite.

There is, also, another class of disordered constitutions to which I would refer, as having, in my experience, been greatly benefited by the warm Buxton bath at first, and the natural bath afterwards. These are the cases of exhaustion brought on from imprudence, either in very early or in adult life, and affecting the spine. They are generally accompanied by much languor, restlessness, without heat; and a sense of perfect debility in the back, without any specific pain. Such cases as these are wonderfully relieved by a course of the Buxton water, beginning with the warm bath, then using the tepid shower-bath; next the pump to the spine, and, lastly, a dip or two, every other day in the natural bath. In this manner I have lately almost resuscitated two cases, from a very distressing state of premature old age. The only thing to be attended to here is to discriminate accurately, at first, whether the debility of the spine be of the character I have just described, or an affection of the spinal marrow, or of the sheath covering it, or, in fine, of any of the branches of nerves that issue therefrom; for in such cases we have generally absolute or dissimulated inflammation, and the Buxton waters would do mischief.

In fine, I can conscientiously aver, from my extended experience of mineral waters throughout Germany, the Pyrenees, Italy, and England, that persons afflicted with any

affection within the limited ranges of disease specified in this chapter, who require the aid of a suitable mineral water, will find that needful aid at Buxton, provided they abjure, on proceeding thither, the sad and interfering practice of constantly drugging their stomachs by way of *treatment*, and leave nature to nature alone,—namely, the mineral waters, and the pure, elastic, and bracing mountain-air of the Spa.

I might enumerate specific cases, to a great extent, of recovery from the Buxton water left to its own energy on the constitution, if I were so inclined. But in a work in which I must limit to a chapter or two all that I have to say respecting Buxton, I cannot find space for more than the following illustrations of the efficacy of its waters. They are all interesting, but the second is so in particular, as having occurred in the person of an illustrious member of the medical profession. I can vouch for the authenticity of the facts.

For twenty years has the Rev. ———, of Longhills, near Branston, rector of the latter place, and of Potter Hanoth, been in the habit of going to Buxton for the benefit of his health. He never carried thither any particular complaint, but was always poorly and felt weak after the exertion and labours of his profession through the year, and stood in need of recruiting his strength and the vigour of his body. These he never failed to obtain after remaining a month at Buxton; but generally the benefit occurred two months or more after he had quitted that place. He both bathed and drank the water. The immersion was in the natural plunging bath, at an hour when none of the commoner people attended to bathe, which is a little before four o'clock. He used to remain only ten minutes in the water, which felt warm after the first sudden impression on the skin. He used to walk into the water—not plunge. He drank of the spring, but the water confined his bowels, and he was obliged to take simple aperient medicine, principally rhubarb. He attributes his present robust

state of health to that practice, which he has followed annually, the present year excepted.

Not long since, the late Dr. Willis, who died at eighty-four, a very hale-looking old gentleman, used also to frequent Buxton at the same time, and found the utmost advantage from the bath. But he used to remain about half an hour in the water, and always began his course by taking two or three hot mineral-water baths. A curious effect of the Buxton water was noticed in Dr. Willis, after he had put his shoulder out, in consequence of a fall from his horse two or three years before he died. The joint was never afterwards supple, or, indeed, very moveable. His nephew escorted the worthy Doctor to Buxton the year of the accident, and saw him get into the bath. After a short time of immersion the articulation became more agile, though not to any considerable degree, except when in the water. This state of things continued for some days, the limb feeling comparatively easy, and its motion little, if at all, retarded while in the bath; at length the same benefit was experienced even out of the water; until at last there appeared to be a nearly complete recovery. Dr. Willis used first to take the warm baths of the Buxton water for two days, and then the natural bath; his practice was to bathe four days and stop the fifth.

Mr. C—— knew the case of a Sheffield manufacturer whom he saw taken out of his carriage at Buxton a perfect cripple, and in a month beheld him again leave Buxton perfectly restored. His was a rheumatic complaint.

A General Ross, who had been wounded, was also a visiter at Buxton while my friend was there; the baths completely restored his health, which was impaired by an old wound in the right arm, producing constant pains, particularly in the night. The cure in that case was complete.

Having satisfied myself on the score of arrangement of

baths and the efficacy of the water at Buxton; the next object of inquiry I had at heart was, to ascertain the origin of the mineral waters themselves, and, if possible, the geological structure of their locality. These are points of importance, which I invariably make it my study to investigate at all the Spas; but it is not always possible to succeed, as the investigation is at times difficult, and attended with obstacles. Such has been the case with regard to Buxton.

The representation given me respecting the sources of tepid water, both by the bath-man and the Duke's agent, Mr. Haycock, whose urbane manners have made him a great favourite in Buxton, is this: a principal source under the Old Hall flows immediately into the public bath, through the Sandstone Rock, of which latter rock the bottom of the bath consists. This same source, before it enters the public bath, by means of stone pipes, supplies a reservoir, from which the gentlemen's private, or single, three-shilling bath is filled;—the waste water flowing constantly from it into the large charity bath. It also supplies the gentlemen's two-shilling bath, or new bath, as it is called; and likewise the ladies' baths, which consist in a similar manner of a public and two private baths. But the men's public bath, which is over the principal source, is said to receive from the bottom other smaller or tributary streams.

In estimating, therefore, the total quantity of the water from the principal source, we cannot assume any definite *datum* or number from the quantity received in any given time into the public bath, although its capacity is known; for the auxiliary springs yield a part of the whole. But we can estimate that quantity by approximation, and add to it that which flows from the same main source in a given time—(the capacity being known)—previous to any distribution of its contents being made through pipes to the ladies' and gentlemen's baths. This calculation I have not the means of making; nor has it been satisfactorily made by others.

As to the distribution from the main spring, I only take it on report. No medical man on the spot has ever ascertained at the well-head, whether or not the arrangement is as it is represented above, on the joint testimony of the agent and bath-man. Every thing is under ground, and is not shown. Mr. Haycock tells me, that at the well-head the water surges to within two feet of the level ground, and that it is generally four feet deep in the shaft of the well. Now here, and at the bottom of this shaft, I think the temperature of the Buxton water ought to be ascertained, and the arrangement of the strata, if more than one, clearly made out. Why all this is kept as a mystery is to me surprising.

Against any interference with this well, or any attempt to augment the water by borings and experiments, the agent has always expressed objections, and probably with good reason. He fears that the very numerous land-springs in this place might come into play, and interfere with the thermal springs; and the nature of the ground being so uncertain, it would not be an easy task to explore it.

Whether it be desirable or not, or requisite, to have more water if it could be procured, I am not able to say; but judging from information obtained in looking over the bath-man's register of the three-shilling bath, I find that as yet, in the present season, not more than four or five have bathed in a day in that bath—several more, but not a great many, in the new baths at two shillings—and the larger number in the public bath; and that, in fact, there has never yet been felt a lack of bathing-rooms, or of water.

I have already, though slightly, alluded to the climate of Buxton. I found it from experience (and I am confirmed in the observations by those of many patients who have repeatedly visited Buxton) such as is to be expected in all mountain regions in England: winter one day, summer the next. Winds hold their undisputed dominion, and sweep along the

undulated surfaces with a violence at times terrific : but being free from permanent dampness, they do less mischief than elsewhere. I am myself, probably, one of the most susceptible persons in the world, in the way of "catching cold;" and in town I never could walk in an evening dress, after dinner, the length of two streets, without getting one of those tiresome and unwelcome visitors, a sore throat. But at Buxton I walked out in that way in the evening, even when the wind was stormy, for an hour or two, and never experienced the slightest ill effect from it.

It rains a great deal in this place ; but the ground is soon dry, and one may walk immediately after with impunity. The architect of the Crescent had probably this peculiarity of the Buxton climate in his mind, when he judiciously surrounded the principal building with a covered walk, by means of an arcade. In addition to this convenience, at each end of the building he placed the two principal hotels ; so that each has immediate access, under cover, to a bathing establishment,—the St. Anne's Hotel to the natural Buxton water, the Great Hotel to the artificially heated Buxton baths.

Of the last-mentioned hotel I must speak in terms of praise, and to some extent ; as it is in reality the rendezvous of all the *élite* of the visitors who frequent Buxton. I have had occasion, also, to spend part of one evening in the saloon of the "rival house," or the house "over the way"—of which I heard the inmates speak favourably. The same praise is due to the "Hall" Hotel adjoining it, which is placed immediately over the spring, and has a staircase leading directly down to the baths, as at Ems, Wiesbaden, &c.

Curiosity induced me to enter the precincts of two or three minor hotels in Buxton and Lower Buxton, all of which appeared comfortable ; but the palm must unquestionably be awarded to the Great Hotel, which for size, and the appearance of its principal apartments, may vie with the

best Spa Hotels in Germany. There are not fewer than seventy-two best apartments in the hotel.

The Great Hotel occupies nearly half of the Crescent, beginning at the east end, and proceeding towards the centre. Its principal entrance is under the arcade; it leads to a great hall and the large principal staircase, both of which are common to the great ball or assembly room, as well as to the apartments of the hotel. On the ground-floor there is a small breakfast-room, and a large dining-room in which the table d'hôte is held, capable of accommodating one hundred persons comfortably seated. The principal floor is occupied by divers suites of apartments, more or less capacious, consisting either of two, three, or more pieces, suited for the accommodation of smaller or larger families who desire to live privately. Single sitting-rooms of different sizes, and of course different prices, may be had either on this or on the ground-floor; and many persons who do not like the constant ebbing and flowing of company, in a public or morning room at these places, engage such an apartment in addition to their own bedroom. A practice obtains here, such as I have described to be the prevailing practice in Germany, of inscribing the respective prices of every bedroom and sitting-room over the door; so that every body can please himself, and suit his choice to his purse—a circumstance which, coupled with the foreknowledge of the terms for board and servants, enables the traveller to ascertain beforehand the extent of the pecuniary outlay he is about to incur, during his *séjour* at Buxton.

When it is considered that the Great Hotel is intended to receive the higher classes of visitors, and that provision in every way suitable to their station has been made in the house, which (considering that the season lasts for a period of less than three months) must be onerously expensive to the proprietor,—the prices charged will hardly be deemed extravagant. I examined most of the apartments, and inquired

with some minuteness into the economy and management of the establishment; and I am bound to say, that a person must be very fastidious indeed, who cannot find comfort and satisfaction in this establishment, especially in the private apartments. The proprietor, Mr. Shaw, seems to have spared nothing to render his hotel such as to deserve the support and commendation of its inmates; in which he has indeed consulted his real interest. He has, moreover, had the good fortune to secure the aid, and vigilant as well as indefatigable superintendence, of a lady who might do credit to a higher position in society, and who devotes her best energies towards giving satisfaction to all, but especially to the fairer portion of the company.

Were I to suggest further improvements in this establishment, it would be in the department of the men-servants who wait at table in the great banqueting-room; and in providing a larger and gayer morning or breakfast room. The proprietor would find it to his interest to establish such a room on the best floor, looking to the front of the house; and he should place next to it a billiard and chess room. Such accommodation would always secure to the Great Hotel the preference of a numerous, yet select class of men-visitors,—who, after all, whether bachelors or not, are the best supporters of a great hotel in a fashionable watering-place.

It will not do to compare lodging-houses with hotels at Buxton, either in the way of accommodation or expense. The latter is as much lower at a lodging, as the former is higher at an hotel. “I should say, that Buxton,” writes to me an invalid lady who has been residing some time in the place, “does not contain more than eight or ten houses where the lodgings are comfortable, and of such an appearance as a lady would require. The lodgings I occupy are the best in the place, and are sometimes engaged by Viscount and Lady B——, who are constant frequenters at Buxton; indeed they are expected on the 10th of July (1840). This house, how-

ever, which is certainly the best in the place, is more expensive than one or two of the principal hotels for lodging; but a saving of nearly one-half may be made in the board for master and servant. A lady, her maid, and two men-servants, will be charged a guinea a day at the Great Hotel—whereas the same number of persons, it is supposed, could be boarded well for three pounds a week at a respectable lodging-house.”

These domestic details I give on good authority, which is all that can be expected from an author in such matters.

The great ball-room, to which I have alluded in the preceding description, is a spacious and lofty apartment in this hotel, highly decorated in the Corinthian style, to which admission is gained by a large door in the centre of the principal landing-place, at the top of the great staircase. It is open every Wednesday evening during the season, which lasts from June till September, for a dress-promenade, to subscribers at a charge of ten shillings for the season, or at that of two shillings for a single admission. But these assemblies, I understand, are “dull work” to go through, as the two besetting sins of the English, shyness *cum* stiffness, are said to prevail on such occasions more than usual.

The English are incorrigible in that respect; and although they admit the sin, they make no attempt at reformation. It is either dull gaiety or gay dulness with them all, whether “at home,” or at “quadrilles,” or at a “*soirée musicale*,” or at a “*déjeuner dinatoire*;” in fact, at a funeral, *tout comme* at a wedding:—and “*voilà la société dans ce pays ci; où le plaisir ressemble tant à l’ennui*,” observed the Marquis de B——, as he was settling a long bill at Mivart’s, after a heavy season of *gloomy pleasure*, and no sun, in London.

CHAPTER III.

ENVIRONS OF BUXTON—MATLOCK.

BEAUTIES of Buxton—Amusements within, and Enjoyments without—
 The GREAT STABLES—The Windsor Stables and the National Gallery
 —ROAD to Matlock—The Wye and its Marble Quarries—Approach to
 Chatsworth—The Park—CHATSWORTH—The Palace and the Temple—
 Splendid Improvements—THE QUEEN'S Little Oak Tree—A SERRE
 MONSTRE—The Largest Conservatory in Europe—Its Description—
 A Mountain of Glass—A *Four-in-hand* Drive through Australia—
 MATLOCK—Appearance, and Environs—THE SPRINGS—Old and New
 Baths—Sir Walter Scott and Byron—THE HOTELS—Composition and
 Efficacy of the Water—Author's Opinion—Temperature—Matlock
 and Schlamgenbad—DRIVE TO BELPER—Willersley Gardens and the
 Spinning Jenny—Difficulties of the Midland Railway—The ARK-
 WRIGHTS and the STRUTTS—A large Fortune made by Chalk.

IN describing Baden-Baden among other “Spas of Germany,” I felt it necessary to leave the task of giving an account of its romantic environs to an author, who had performed it infinitely better than I could have hoped to do. Even so must I act with regard to the beauties of the country around Buxton;—its “wonders” and horrors; its Peak and Tors; its Shivering Rock and Devil's Cavern; its falls, its caves, and its mines.

So many able writers have tried their skill at portraying this enchanting region, viewed during the summer months, and among them more than one with so much success, that I must refer my readers to those authors, if they feel any

inclination to know more of the "thereabouts" of Buxton than I am able or willing to give them. Even should they not wish to go further back than to my humorous predecessor, Sir George Head, who is the last of the topographic writers on the beauties of Buxton, they will be certain of finding in the "Home Tour" that which they will miss in the present pages.

There is hardly another Spa in England which can boast of so many resources to the invalid and the stranger fond of the beauties of nature, or the many productions, whether in geology or botany, with which the whole of the district around it abounds, than Buxton. This is no trifling boon to those who are compelled to pass a period of four or six weeks away from home, in the monotonous exercise of bathing and drinking mineral waters for the sake of health. It tends, indeed, to heighten the virtues of the Spa water, and helps greatly in restoring that elasticity and buoyancy of spirits, which is, at one and the same time, the cause and effect of renovated health.

The sources of enjoyment, too, within Buxton itself are neither few nor despicable; and what is, perhaps, more important to remark is, that contrary to the usual sordid practice of other English Spas, the high-minded and liberal nobleman, lord of the place, here willed it, that all such sources of amusements—the garden, the promenades, and the band—shall be without payment, and equally open to the poorer as well as to the richer classes of visitors. With all these advantages belonging to Buxton, it is a matter of surprise that medical men should not avail themselves more frequently of that Spa for their patients; for its reputation is not of the other day, but of two centuries.

My object, after so minute an exploration of the Spa itself, was, to push on to other and more important matters. But ere I quit the place, I must bestow a word or two on one of the most striking structures of its kind I have ever met with in

my travels, and which, next to the Crescent, forms the most attractive, and probably the finest feature, in the general landscape of Buxton. I allude to the *stables*, a very extensive building, which cost about 20,000*l.*, and was erected by the same architect who designed the Crescent.

The form and arrangement of this structure are particularly felicitous and well studied; and it is only to be hoped, since the presiding architect over the hallowed region of Windsor is gone to his last bourne, that the artist to whom shall be intrusted the erection of the new stables at Windsor,—for which a sum of money was readily voted by the enlightened House of Commons of Great Britain of 1839, equal to that which another Parliament had scantily doled out to Wilkins for a National Gallery—it is to be hoped, I repeat, that he may not produce any thing worse than these very stables at Buxton.

An interior circle of one hundred and thirty-eight feet diameter, open above, is surrounded by forty-four columns of the Doric order, twenty-eight feet high, which support a handsome cornice and a roof over a circular ride, twenty-four feet wide, and well sanded—along which the horses are exercised in wet weather. Around this ride are a series of eight stables, containing eighty stalls, arranged in sections of a circle, they are lighted by windows in front, and there exists an uninterrupted communication between them, except at the four grand entrances into the building. It is within these four entrances under cover and on each side, that we find the doors of access to the stables.

Externally the building is of a square form, the angles of which have been cut off; and within these beveled angles there are other stables of eight stalls each, together with harness and saddle rooms. The elevation of the outside is simple and harmonious, consisting of a series of large semi-circular windows on the basement, with a low story over, of dwelling-rooms having square windows. The centre of each of the four façades projects a little, and is surmounted by a

pediment, under which is the great entrance into the inner circle of the building. The roof, which is slated, is high and sloping, and the building itself is constructed of stone.

Around the edifice, outside, is a spacious coach-house yard, enclosed by four lines of carriage-houses, some shut in, others open, or having only a wooden railing before them; each is capable of holding fifty carriages. In the angles there is an engine-house, and in the centre of one of the sides is a smith's shop. Altogether, it is the most complete establishment of its kind, and serves admirably the purpose for which it was intended—that of accommodating with stables and carriage-room the visitors living at the principal hotels during the season.

Having engaged one of the few public vehicles to be had in Buxton, I took the road to Matlock Baths, with the intention of visiting Chatsworth by the way. Mine was but a sorry conveyance—a *sociable*, as they are pleased to style these single horse four-wheel carriages, in which people turn their back to each other, as in a *sulky*. I had, however, the pleasure of being alone on this occasion, and had all the benefit of the prodigious shaking which an unballasted light spring-cart is wont to exhibit, as it proceeds along over a tolerably rough road.

Among the things wanted in Buxton, by the bye, are light and neat single-horse carriages, or donkey-carts and saddle-horses, to render excursions easy, and put them within the reach of all. It is incredible how much the knowledge that such an accommodation is to be found at a watering-place influences people in their determination to proceed thither.

Topley Pike was the first hill of importance we ascended, when about two miles from Buxton on the London road. The hills around are barren, save here and there, where plantations of fir-trees have been recently made. The Wye, not far from hence, leaps over two or three cataracts of small depth, and takes its course south-east.

In some parts, the lofty embankments by the roadside, exhibiting on their denuded surface the blue limestone, look more like gigantic ramparts, especially near Madder,— a name given to a few straggling houses placed on the brow of the Ridge, and overlooking the Chee Tor, the summit of which is plainly seen from the London road.

Where the road reaches the flat table-land, it divides into that which leads to Sheffield, through a district picturesque and romantic at every step, by Millendale and Monsaldale, and into the less interesting and tamer road through the village of Taddington, which leads to Chatsworth.

Taddington is a small mountain-village placed in a slight depression in the ground, with a smiling country around, from which a hilly road descends through alluvial banks partially tilled, leading into a narrow gorge that resembles, though on a smaller scale, the larger valley of the Wye. On the eastern side of this gorge shrubby thickets cover the surface, and the upper line is crested with gray rocks like crenated ruins; while on the opposite sloping wall, its green face is broken by projecting perpendicular masses of gritstone, whose horizontal layers and vertical fissures afford a footing to the various creeping plants that mantle their surface, and complete their perfect resemblance to old ruined castle-walls of gigantic size.

Emerging from this pass we once more enter the dale of the Wye, and admire its beautiful windings and clear sea-green wave, sweeping by the foot of a successive series of limestone rocks, smooth and rounded, covered with sheep pasture, or brushwood.

We had presently left Ashford and Ashford Hall, the latter the residence of G. H. Cavendish, Esq. M.P., the former worthy of being noted for its marble works—the first of the kind established in Derbyshire. This is the spot whence all our London marble and statuary shops derive their supply of marble slabs and ornaments, and whence almost all the grit-

stone balustrades, vases, and battlements in the new building at Chatsworth, as well as the massive marble doorways, have been obtained.

The quarry where an exceedingly handsome kind of black marble is obtained, lies close to the Wye, whose water serves to turn the ponderous water-wheels which set in motion the wooden machine destined to saw, grind, and polish the different marbles.

I halted for half an hour at the small town of Bakewell, to examine the old chalybeate well—the water of which, having a temperature of about 60°, is even now used for baths. But its reputation is purely local; and the tourist stops a few days in the summer at Bakewell, rather to enjoy the sport of angling (which the liberal lord of the manor, the Duke of Rutland, allows to all free liberty of doing, in the lovely Wye), and the good cheer at the Rutland Arms, one of the best inns in the county.

Hence to Chatsworth the road does not boast of any remarkable feature, save when arriving at the brow of a shelving part of it, the Vale, in which that magnificent seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and its extensive park watered by the Derwent, are situated, lies open to view. This prospect, seen from a square tower, called the Duke's Stand, or hunting Tower, peering out of a thick wood upon a hillock which I beheld on my left, must be of the most enchanting character.

William Adam, of Matlock, published two years ago a full and interesting Itinerary, much of which is in a poetical style, but which visitors through this district will find of great assistance. It is to be regretted, that instead of the very indifferent sketch of a topographical map which accompanies the work, the author had not taken pains to draw up a full map, in which the places he describes should, at all events, be found. Such is not the case; and a map of the Buxton and Matlock districts, marking the roads and principal objects of interest generally visited—the course of the

water, the gentlemen's seats, the villages, the elevation of the hills, as well as the geology of the surface—is yet a *desideratum*, and one which is well deserving the consideration of Mr. Adam, as it would prove a good speculation. A map, an inch to the mile, of the two localities with their respective environs, properly coloured, would be welcome by all those who are about to explore this favourite region.*

Leaving the carriage at a very neat inn just before the gates of the park, I proceeded through them on foot, passing by the side of a perfectly new Swiss-like lodge, of considerable size—fine and striking, because approaching to the real size of those picturesque buildings, and not a mere mimicking tiny imitation of them, such as one beholds on London roads, where citizens' villas rear their dusty heads.

The ground expands right and left, and keeps gently ascending. The green-sward neatly covers every spot, and the surface, chequered by extensive woods, either on the margin or ridges of the highest hills, or down their shelving sides, is dotted in the more level plane with clumps, planted in various directions, in a most artist-like manner.

I was directed to take the footpath to the left, along which I passed a drove of fine-looking deer, some with their towering antlers, three feet apart, sailing majestically along, or stopping at times as if to face the intruder; while others were gracefully butting against each other.

A summer's heavy shower presently overtook me, and I checked my steps under a wide-spreading lime-tree. The bell of Chatsworth church was knelling, and drew presently through the pelting storm many village belles in their holy-day clothes, who, like myself, were compelled to shelter themselves under contiguous trees. Here, through a clump

* Some time after this chapter had been in print, my publisher sent me a second edition of Mr. Adam's "Gem of the Peak," which is enlarged, and in many respects improved. But the map, though somewhat embellished, is still deficient in the requisites I have pointed out.

and a long vista, I caught the first peep of the older part of the noble mansion I was in search of, and thither, without any further inquiry, in a few minutes afterwards I proceeded.

Although it was not a day on which admission is granted to the public, and to the Buxton visitors in particular,—a letter, of which I was the bearer, from the Duke's agent to the respected housekeeper, Mrs. Gregory, presently opened the gates to me, and ensured me the most urbane and kind reception from herself, as well as from her well-informed niece, Miss Browne, who is a model of a cicerone.

I must spare the reader an account of the state and other great apartments, or, indeed, of any division of the interior of this truly Italian and splendid palace, which, under the direction of his Grace himself, had just received, and was then still receiving, the richest and most gorgeous decorations,—the most prominent feature of which is, the profusion of gilding scattered in all directions, even over the entire of the window-frames and sashes—which are, moreover, glazed with plate-glass of large dimensions.

If there was a part of the interior of the building on which I should have loved to dwell in this place, it would have been the gallery of modern statues, which offered to my attention many specimens of art, both of this and other countries, but principally foreign, highly creditable to the authors; and also on the exquisite collection of original drawings, by almost all the best old masters of the various schools—which have recently been framed, arranged, and suspended in a long corridor over the principal story of the building.

But even here I dare not trust myself; for the theme might tempt me into too many digressions, although I might contend, as a valid excuse for introducing the present subject in a work like mine, that Chatsworth is one of “the lions of Buxton Spa”, and as such within my province.

No; my chief object in coming to view Chatsworth Palace, was to enjoy the fine exterior view of that celebrated structure,—now rendered more remarkable by the extensive addi-

tions made to the north of the older building by the present Duke, after the designs and under the direction of Sir Jeffery Wyattville, the late able architect of the vast improvements of Windsor Castle.

The finest effect produced by Chatsworth seen in perspective, is from the terrace in front of the great cascade. Two sides of the old square building are seen—the south and east; at the end of which latter, towards the north, is the library; and next to it the dining-room, with a little music-room adjoining; and further on the gallery of modern sculpture, the orangery, and what is called the temple, within which is the great ball-room and theatre. All these various and splendid apartments, from the library northwards, are the modern constructions alluded to, executed by Sir J. Wyattville, and have only started into existence since 1820.

The south front has a still nobler effect, with its new plate-glass, two in each window, and its massive frames richly gilded and recently; besides a grander flight of steps in the centre, which has been substituted for the old one. Another alteration, but not equally an improvement, is the having changed a Dutch parterre in front of these steps into a common English lawn. The former should be restored. A green lawn is insignificant in front of the best façade of so gorgeous a palace. It is moreover, a monotonous feature, as the great slopes to the eastward, towards the great artificial cascade, are also shelving lawns; and the further ground, on each side of an oblong sheet of water and lime-tree groves, where the fountain throws up its jet of 92 feet elevation, is again a lawn-like surface. It is furthermore totally out of character with the Italian terrace and flower parterre, spread below the balustraded terrace along the west front of the Palace—forming altogether a magnificently-decorated area, along the margin of which the Derwent is seen to glide, silent and dark.

Leaning against a singular sun-dial placed near the top of the Duke's private walk, a striking view is obtained of the grand square, or more ancient part of this palace, without

taking in a single portion of the new part of the building. It catches the grand front to the west, with its Ionic colonnade and pediment, overlooking the terrace and beautiful Italian parterre just alluded to, with a broad walk by its side. Along the edge of this, between each of the little acacia-trees, ought to have been placed those ancient marble busts and statues, supported on pillar-like pedestals, seven or eight feet in height, which now disfigure a small parterre of flowers, stretched almost in front of the group of stable buildings—a very striking architectural feature, by the bye, in the landscape. There, those works of art have not only been suffered to be covered by creepers, but some of them have even been, as it were, clustered together, by linking their respective neck with hanging bands of the creeping plants, under pretence of forming a species of *berceau*! Can this be good taste?

The little British oak planted eight years ago by her Majesty, as Princess Victoria, while on a visit to Chatsworth with her illustrious mother, who planted at the same time and in the same place (the Duke's private walk), a Spanish chesnut, is thriving beautifully, as the gardener assured me. In growing it has taken the lead of the foreign tree by at least eight feet in height, although both were in height alike when first set into the earth.

But not the least attractive of the many objects that claim the notice of the visiter in this fairy land, is one perfectly original and unique, just now starting into existence, which will command the attention of future visitors at Chatsworth, and to which the modern Parisians would unquestionably affix the title of "Serre Monstre." It is a truly gigantic conservatory, in course of erection, and probably by this time completed, at a short distance from the great water-works or cascades in the park. Here a spot of ground has been cleared of trees and shrubs, to the extent of two acres, one of which is being covered over with glass.

The merit of having first started the idea of such a conservatory belongs to Mr. Paxton, the Duke's head gardener,

who may have borrowed a hint on the subject, either from the great *Serres* of the Botanical Society at Bruxelles, or from those erected in the Botanical Garden near Edinburgh, under the superintendence of my very able and excellent friend, Professor Graham, in whose company I had the satisfaction of examining that establishment in the autumn of 1838. I say this because the design of the outward form of those two conservatories, and of this intended one at Chatsworth, somewhat resemble each other.

Be that as it may, the mode of construction and the colossal dimensions of the Chatsworth Conservatory are without a rival in Europe, as far as my knowledge extends; and of those Mr. Paxton is the sole contriver and architect.

The Duke, indeed, fearing that so gigantic an undertaking might prove above the strength of any single person—much as he has reason to value the talents and capabilities of his principal gardener—suggested to him the propriety of summoning an architect from London, with a view to consult him as to the best mode of carrying into effect the projected construction. This suggestion, however, was respectfully declined, and Mr. Paxton has very properly been allowed to proceed, and to carry into effect his own ideas and plans.

As that gentleman was absent at the time of my visit, I followed the escort of one of the under-gardeners, who seemed a very intelligent man, and who, to his other good qualities, added that of an unusual spirit of disinterestedness, which induced him to express to me a wish, that the house and grounds had been always thrown open to public inspection, without fee or reward to the servants. “Were I the master of this royal domain,” said the enthusiastic floriculturist, “I would open the gates to every one that presented himself, as is the case indeed at present, but I would suffer nobody to give money to the attendants. It ill-becomes the servants of such a master to receive eleemosynary acknowledgments from strangers for performing their duty: their service is

their master's—it all belongs to him.” In spite of this opinion I deemed it expedient, on leaving the grounds, to act *vis-à-vis* my patriotic conductor, as others had done before me; and my sentimentalist being probably loth to be the first to establish a dangerous precedent, took what I gave him, and thanked me for the same.

The form of this huge conservatory is that of a parallelogram, the longest side of which measures three hundred feet in length, and the shortest one hundred and twenty-seven feet. A wing eighty feet long will be added at the north and south extremities, in immediate connexion with the centre, so that the extreme length of the entire conservatory will be four hundred and sixty feet, or about the tenth part of a mile.

Around the principal area a solid stone plinth, or running sub-basement two feet and a half high, has been erected upon arches, on which a glass wall, with a neat inward curve of an elliptical form, has been raised to the height of forty feet, where it rests upon a horizontal square frame of iron beams supported by two parallel ranges of eighteen iron pillars, each of a light and airy structure. From this frame springs the lofty and bold glass dome, in the form of a square cone, with a transverse span of seventy feet, up to an elevation of twenty-seven feet; making the total height of this glass edifice at its culminating point, sixty-seven feet.

The glazed surface will contain seventy thousand square feet of glass, divided into slips each two feet long and six inches wide, arranged in perpendicular rows, and so that the slips of every two rows inclining to each other, form acute angles upwards and downwards, giving to the whole the appearance of a series of horizontal zig-zag lines of panes of glass one above the other. By the peculiar position of the narrow and light iron elliptical ribs which serve to hold the slips together, constituting the framework of the glass structure from the bottom to the top, both the inner and external surface of the conservatory present a

succession of linear angular projections, an arrangement cunningly and appropriately devised to withstand the force and weight of hailstones during storms, as well as the violence of the sweeping whirlwind—which would then be broken in its career by the inequalities of the surface.

Of this huge mountain of glass the largest portion was already glazed, and seemed to me to promise the grandest effect when the whole shall be completed. Nor was the ingenious contrivance (equally the invention of Mr. Paxton's own mind) for glazing the flanks and loftiest slopes of this *Hill*, as well as for covering its ribs with paint, less entitled to admiration. Its merits are simplicity and complete success. I must leave my readers to guess how a dozen or two of painters and glaziers may be enabled to crawl spider-like, freely and nimbly, over a surface of such fragile materials, without either bending a single one of the slender ribs, or fracturing a pane of glass. The whole construction, in fact, reflects great credit on the ingenuity of its architect.

Here then, under this enormous dome, some of the best garden soil will be strewed on the levelled ground, to the extent of seventy thousand square feet, including both wings;—and in it will be planted, sown, or transplanted, every vegetable production that requires a permanent atmospheric heat, higher than what is peculiar to our own climate—a temperature for which a suitable provision has been made under the conservatory, by means of boilers and pipes, conveying hot water along corridors some hundreds of feet in length, and high enough for a man to walk upright in them from one end to the other.

The various plants, shrubs, and flowers of the two tropics, and Australia, will be reared in this artificial southern hemisphere, arranged in groves and parterres, as if they were growing naturally on the spot, without the appearance of pot or box of any kind; streamlets of running water, or standing pools, will give freshness to the sultry atmosphere;

and meandering paths through these bowers, and a carriage-way across, and all round, will convey the enchanted visiter with ease to every part of this conservatory. Over the latter it is said that the noble proprietor intends to drive his visiter in a carriage and four—exhibiting a feat which has certainly never been performed *under* similar circumstances in England.

MATLOCK.

THE beauties of this region, coming from Chatsworth, first break upon the traveller as he crosses the Derwent over Matlock Bridge, at the bottom of the dale where the gigantic “High Tor” is seen to rise upwards of three hundred and ninety feet high, frowning with its broad mass of perpendicular rock, over the entrance into the hamlet of Matlock. The road is cut out of the stony bank on the right of the river, where the strata have a south-east dip, until we again emerge from the village, when the dale becomes once more, for a short distance, simply pastoral.

At this point, Matlock Bath, with the hotels and *museums* down to the river’s edge, and the many private dwellings and villas, either scattered on wooded hillocks, or perched upon the naked heights of calcareous stone, relieved by the dark-green foliage of mountain-trees, display all their varied beauties.

But this Spa demands a somewhat more minute description; although I cannot be expected to enter fully into the various details of the place in its character of a Spa—as I have done with Buxton—inasmuch as in the scale of watering places, Matlock holds an inferior grade. As a summer retreat, however, independently of its mineral water, it is superior to Buxton itself.

The village, or hamlet, consists of a row of neat houses, built at the bottom of a profound gorge or dale, on the right of the Derwent, following the crescent-like sweep of the

river, which on its left margin laves the High Tor and other rocks of the same description. Ascending a gentle undulation of the road along this line of houses, among which appear conspicuous the Geological and Derbyshire Museums of Vallance and Adam, author of the *Modern Tour* through this region already alluded to; we arrive at a large hotel placed on an eminence which stretches north and south, with a western aspect, its face turned toward the rocky cliff of the opposite bank. It is the old Bath Hotel. The ground in front has been levelled and converted into a pretty parterre of some extent. This, which was once the natural bank of the river, exhibits yet, below the surface, and down to the water's edge, the stalactitious and stalagmitic concretions left by the tepid spring.

It is evident from this feature, that the mineral water must have poured down in broad sheets along the shelving rocks, and so over the bank into the Derwent, crossing that part of the ground which is now the carriage road.

Turning to the south, as we stand in front of the hotel, and looking towards the entrance into Matlock from Buxton, the scene appears much more varied and interesting. Below, and straight forward is the broad street we have just described, with its several hotels and lodging-houses, all neat, in good condition, and inviting. Among the former, I ought to mention, in particular, "The Hotel," at which I took refreshment, and found it an excellent country inn.

Higher and almost perched on what appears to be the perpendicular side of a lofty peak, among thick plantations of yew and maple, and the hazel, with picturesque clumps of dark mountain trees, several well-built and showy houses are seen; one of which, not the loftiest as to position, bears the title of "The Temple." The highest habitable points of this romantic crest are occupied by castellated buildings, called the "High and Low Towers." From the extreme edge of this hill on the right bank of the Derwent, to the

edge of the equally lofty embankment on the left bank, (at an altitude of nearly 400 feet), the two opposite rocks seem almost to touch—a small space of blue heaven alone being seen between them.

At the extreme or furthest point of this line of perspective are the Fountain Baths and Gardens, a comparatively new establishment distinct from the “Old Bath” and the “New Bath.” The mineral water here rises fountain-like out of a circular basin of durable limestone placed upon a pillar, and is allowed to overflow. The supply is rapid and abundant, and the temperature something lower than in the case of the other baths, which does not exceed 68° of F. A spring of this water has been covered over and suffered to expand in a reservoir, which serves as a most inviting and limpid swimming bath, adjoining to the new hotel, to which these springs belong.

A notion prevails here, that this water is much lowered in its temperature and diluted in its composition by land springs; in consequence of which, attempts have been made to separate them high up the hill, but hitherto without success. Fresh experiments were intended for the same purpose; and my own idea, formed from the examination of the locality, is that, if borings through the rock which supplies the spring at 60°, were made to a sufficient depth in the direction of the stream, water would be obtained at a higher temperature.

The good people of Matlock have never abandoned the hope of one day discovering a stream of mineral water warmer than that of Buxton; in which case, they would certainly carry away the palm from that aristocratic Spa.

Nothing I could say,—had I even the vein of Darwin, who sung in his *Cruscan* verses these baths of Matlock, and the “Proud Masson,” or Mountain of Abraham Heights, which overhangs “the Temple” and other buildings—or could I wield the descriptive pen of Gilpin,—would convey the vivid impression produced by the sight of this singular rocky and

sylvan bowl, this deep and confined dale, within which Matlock lies—its dwellings lining the sides of the dale—the “ dusky ” Derwent shooting through it with its rapid stream—its outward boundaries formed by bastions of rocks covered with verdure. I stood in ecstasy, immersed in the contemplation of this enchanted scenery, on the margin of the parterre, in front of the Old Baths, and quitted it with regret. Could but a spring of water, fifteen or twenty degrees warmer than what now constitutes Matlock water be discovered, a very Wildbad would at once be formed in Matlock—the *ne plus ultra* of thermal Spas—leaving far behind Buxton, and the much over-rated Schlangenbach, or Serpent’s Bath of Nassau.

The houses are built of stone, and are neat in appearance. They had been quite filled during the season—principally, however, by people of the class of farmers and small landed proprietors, who have taken the place of the high aristocracy which, in the palmy days of Matlock—when there were no “ Spas of Germany,”—used to resort hither every summer for three months.

As a mere residence even during that period of the year, Matlock bath is desirable and tempting. The climate there is represented as being healthy. The air being constantly agitated by the currents of wind that sweep down the valley, we find an agreeable freshness prevailing in the summer; while by the protecting influence of the “ Heights of Abraham,” great shelter is afforded from the cold winds of the north and east in the winter. Hence, that season of the year is said to be milder in Matlock, than in more southern climates; and medical men are disposed to consider it as admirably adapted for invalids.

For either a permanent or temporary residence, the place offers excellent and sufficient accommodation, upon particularly easy terms—much below those of Buxton.

The *Old Bath* house stands at the head of the list, and with justice. It has, moreover, the merit of having been the

site of the first spring discovered in the place, to which circumstance Matlock Bath owes its existence.

A ball or dancing room, highly decorated and with a carved ceiling, forms one of the ornaments of the hotel, and used once to be the scene of much hilarity and harmony. But music's sweet sounds are seldom heard now-a-days in this handsome apartment.

As Gilsland Spa acquired additional interest from the "love" of the great necromancer of the north, "sweetly met and sweetly requited,"—so has this very assembly-room of Matlock acquired celebrity from the "love" of a necromancer of the south, whose romantic attachment for the heiress of Annesley had not the same happy result as that of his great poetical rival. In this room, Byron and Miss Chaworth met and loved.

The *New Bath* house, second in seniority, but not inferior in comforts and accommodation to the former house, sustains a high character as an hotel. It is a building forming the three sides of a quadrangle, the north wing of which, being the most modern, contains many spacious rooms—erected over the tepid bath, discovered second in succession. This hotel has a beautiful garden for the use of the guests, who admire greatly the order in which it is kept, and its wide spreading lime-tree a century and a half old. The fountain of the tepid stream is placed, with a glass tumbler ready at hand, just at the spot where the dwellers have to pass—as if to tempt them with a sight of the salutary spring.

"The Temple," more beautifully situated, as we have seen, than any other hotel, "Walker's Hotel," and "Hodgkinson's," deserve equally to be mentioned as worthy of praise, in their character of houses of entertainment.

Of the composition of the water, little can be said. No regular quantitative analysis of its chemical contents has ever been made; and we only know from Sir Charles Scudamore's account of it, that it contains a very small quantity of solid

ingredients, principally consisting of sulphates and muriates of magnesia, lime, and soda. Dr. Thomson holds Matlock water to be slightly calcareous, and almost pure. The tepid springs rise at an elevation, it is said, of 100 feet above the river, and are conveyed by pipes, covered over, into baths and basins. The most important of these, after passing through the premises of the Old Bath, forms a beautiful waterfall, and flows into the river, over the rough bank of Tufa.

Sir Charles Scudamore has a sweeping sentence respecting the efficacy of these waters, which would at once settle the pretensions of Matlock to the rank of a Spa. "I do not feel authorised," observes the learned physician, "to extol the water as a remedy in any particular class of disorders."

I have but a limited experience to set against this *dictum*; but from the taste of the water—the presence of carbonates and muriates of the alkaline earths—and the effects it had on myself as well as on some two or three patients I sent thither, I should consider Matlock water, drank freely as a common beverage through the day, to be likely to prove highly beneficial in dyspeptic and nephritic affections.

There is probably not another ride of ten miles in the north of England, continuous and uninterrupted, that offers such an interminable succession of beautiful features, as that distance of ground from Matlock Bath towards Derby, passing through Belper and Milford. Keeping the line of the Derwent dale, which it follows in most parts, nearly parallel, the road traverses some of the finest gorges and open country that are to be seen in mountain districts, or in this region of the Peak—the road itself being as fine and as good as any in England.

Matlock, in our days, is extending further south, particularly from and beyond the Old Bath; and cotton-mills are intruding their columns of dense smoke at the lower extremity of the hamlet. Here, at no great distance, are the celebrated Willersley gardens and grounds, the residence of a descendant

of him who, from the humblest state in society, raised himself and his generation to an unexampled pinnacle of fame and wealth, through a simple contrivance (the jenny) for spinning cotton, as a substitute for the more sluggish hand of man. His *château* is seen to advantage at the turn of the road facing a rocky portal, which leads to a chapel under the cliff. The pleasure-grounds are most liberally thrown open to the visitors of Matlock twice a-week, and are much frequented.

The road continues to skirt the elevated and rugged cliffs strewn with broken masses of gritstone, among which trees of every sort are seen to fasten their aged and knarled roots. The scenery is all the way eminently beautiful to within two miles of Belper. The Midland Railway was contending with no trifling difficulties, just about here, excavating a tunnel deep into the rocky bank of the Derwent, and crossing the latter over a rudely constructed bridge raised on single piles, and again cutting down the limestone rock beyond it to complete a profound excavation. These difficulties, however, have since been surmounted, and the public has just been admitted to the free use of so convenient a line of communication, which not only brings so many places and towns together at once, but also brings the south nearer to the north.

As we approach to Belper, the aspect of the country changes into a rich agricultural district, which was at the time covered with the heaviest and most promising crops.

From an insignificant village not many years since, Belper has risen to the important station of a manufacturing town, and is extending further every day in all directions, thanks to the activity and enterprise of the Brothers Strutts, the partners in industry and success with old Sir Richard Arkwright. The next market-town also, Milford, is swelling into great importance, under the same prosperous and fostering care.

It is curious that all the cotton-mills on the Derwent,

whether belonging to the Strutts or the Arkwrights, continue to be worked by water. This is a wonderfully fortunate circumstance for the industrious classes engaged in the works, and equally so for the inhabitants generally of the places where such cotton-mills are established. Their health and comforts are not bartered away by a heartless manufacturer, in a dense and smoky atmosphere or in moist and heated rooms, for a few hundred or thousand bales of goods annually produced at these mills.

The present Arkwright is the son of Sir Richard. He has an income derivable from estates worth perhaps 400,000*l.*, which he manages himself without any steward or agent. Mr. Strutt, the M.P., also is the son of Sir Richard's old partner, who is, I believe, still alive, and of very advanced age. The good fortune of this gentleman, who was originally brought up in Sir Richard's factory, is narrated thus:—The thread wound round the bobbing after its being spun, used to ride over the end of the bobbing or reel and break. It slipt or slid over, and Arkwright could not remedy the defect. Strutt was walking one day with him, when the latter said to Strutt, “If you could but find out the way to make this concern work better I would make a man of you. You shall have a share in the business.” “How much?” instantly enquired Strutt of his master. The amount was immediately mentioned, and Strutt being satisfied, at the same time relying most confidently on Arkwright's honour, took out of his pocket a piece of chalk, and proceeded to chalk over first one bobbing and then another, and so on to twenty bobbings, so that the thread could not pass or slide over the surface so treated, and kept therefore in its proper place.

Arkwright saw this, and admired its simplicity, and desired Strutt to do the whole; which being accomplished, Arkwright completed his bargain by giving Strutt a share in the concern, and treating him thenceforward as his partner.

On another occasion Strutt was asked to remedy another great defect in the machinery, connected with the ravelling of the thread or web. Strutt asked for a pair of scissors, cut off a bit of the flap of his own coat, made a small round washer with a hole in the centre, placed it under the wheel, and thus prevented its vibration, by which the ravelling of the thread was occasioned—a glaring and injurious defect in every species of cotton manufacture.

The old gentleman, who is in full possession of his faculties, is said to be anxious to dispose of the whole of his prodigious concern, which affords employment to nearly all the hands in Belper and Milford. He, I am told, will be satisfied with a moderate sum, and leave, as a bonus, 100,000*l.*, of the-purchase money, to lie for use in the concern for some years, at the smallest rate of interest for it, and without interference on his part.

Such are the men who rise from nothing by dint of genius of some sort or another, coupled with skill, assiduity, industry, mechanism, ability, and above all “honesty.”

CHAPTER IV.

DERBY—LINCOLN—MONKSWELL CHALYBEATE.

English Grumblers abroad—Look at Home—AN ENGLISH COFFEE-ROOM—True to the letter—DERBY General Rail-station—Fresh Robbery from English Farmers—First View of the CITY OF LINCOLN—Splendid Cathedral and Panorama—The Lunatic Asylum—THE NON-COERCIVE SYSTEM—MR. HILL AND DR. CHARLESWORTH—The Bishop of London and the Quakers—*Palnam qui meruit*—Results and Calculations—The HANWELL ASYLUM—Statistical Facts—Curious Deductions—Females require more Restraint than Males—Dormitories and ingenious Contrivance—ALCOHOL AND RELIGIOUS EXALTATION the parents of Insanity—Dr. Charlesworth's Doctrine—Moral Discipline of private Lunatics at Lincoln—Objections of the Author—MONKSWELL Chalybeate—Monk's Abbey—THE SPRING—Chemical and physical Characters of the Water—Composition and medical Applications—Strongly recommended by the Author—SUGGESTIONS for abating Establishment—Water preferable to Tunbridge Wells.

ENGLISH travellers, whilst in Germany, are incessant and loud in their complaints of the few comforts to be met with at an hotel, and of the rough, uncouth manner in which their meals are served.

But look we at home. How stands the case here? See, for example, what takes place at any hotel either at Liverpool, Manchester, or any where else. Take we, for instance, the Royal Hotel in the last-mentioned place. After having your luggage tossed in the most cavalier manner on to the pavement from off the top of the omnibus which has just conveyed you from the rail-terminus at the distance of two miles, your leather-box torn, your portmanteau scratched, and the writing-desk let fall on the floor by *mere accident* (whereby if it does not break or fly open, its contents are, at all events, prettily deranged) you are left shivering in a thorough draught of wind, between the entrance and the back-door leading into the yard, waiting for a sour-faced, sulky housemaid, who tells you she has no room, or only one, at the very top of the house.

After this encouraging introduction, if the waiter happens to be tolerably civil, you may obtain an answer respecting the locality of the commercial, or coffee-room, in which you are desirous to take shelter. Here, famished and tired, you survey all round the pew-looking boxes, in which nothing but their naked tables stare you in the face. The room is lighted by a hanging gas-burner, which has blackened the ceiling, and threatens suffocation. You take your seat on a narrow, sloping, black hair bench, or form, two feet away from the table (a fixture), and await the accomplishment of your bidding for tea, and “something to eat.”

This arrives at last. The caddy is handed to you with tea-dust in it, and some drab-coloured sugar is laid before you to sweeten it. Toast, swimming in butter, and almost glazed with it; a couple of eggs, through whose hundred fractures the best of their contents has been oozing out; a tongue, the coriaceous covering of which defies the serrated edge of a white handled knife, whose blade has been cleaned into a wafery thinness, and would be an object of curiosity, but for

the still more marvellously ridiculous accompaniment of a three-pronged fork, of bright steel, of a doll-like diminutive size ;—all this apparatus is thrown carelessly before you upon the naked Honduras, without the smallest white rag upon it to gladden your eye, or a napkin to comfort your fingers and lips ; it being against etiquette, that a table-cloth, which is an admitted appendage of a noon repast, or breakfast in the morning, should deck the table when something of an identical repast is made in the evening.

At length the well-brewed tea, within the queen's-metal, arrives, and you begin your meal, eyed and ogled by every inmate of the opposite boxes ; some lounging, " Times in hand," after a chop ; others, sipping their diluted bohea, with Niagara-noise ; and many laying the unction of gin-and-water to their stomachs.

This monotony is enlivened by the popping out of an impatient cork from a soda-water bottle, called for by a youngster who is just come in from half-price at the play ; or by the fresh arrival of some shivering outsider, per mail, or per rail. Still, your own uninviting repast proceeds, and you are just beginning to find it palatable, and enjoying a little peace, when lo ! " boots" pops in, and proceeds through the ceremony of *déchausséing* half a dozen people, exhibiting their soiled *chaussettes* to the submissive servant, who adorns the stripped extremities with slippers, that have received Heaven knows how many not over delicate feet before.

Such a manœuvre is rather more than your stomach can stand, and the desire to pursue your evening meal is so instantly checked by it, that in despair you pull at the summoner that hangs just over the table, and order the waiter to clear the cheerless board.

Now, surely, between such a picture, not a tittle exaggerated, and one at a *table d'hôte*, or even at a *souper à la carte*, in any of the hotels at Kissingen or Wisbaden, Carls-

bad, or Marienbad, there is unquestionably some difference ; but on which side the favouring weight preponderates, all unprejudiced and candid readers will find no difficulty to determine.

The fact is, we never think of what we suffer at home, when by mere circumstances we happen to be in the midst of strangers abroad, where you are expected to conform yourself to their customs and habits.

I have been reminded of these notes, which were taken down from nature at Manchester, by what I again beheld around me in the coffee-room of the *New Inn* at Derby, whither I arrived after my excursion from Buxton and Matlock. This hotel boasts of being in the close vicinity of the residence of Mr. Strutt, M.P., and of the new and lofty Catholic chapel then just about to be completed after the design of Mr. Pugin. The same routine as at all other houses of entertainment was gone through here, with the same farce of waiter, boots, and chambermaid, and finally with the same bill—at which, however, I had no reason to grumble.

Derby is emerging all at once from an almost sepulchral lethargy, or indeed impending sepulture,—thanks to the intersecting lines of rail-road which will bring hither people from all the quarters of England. The bustle has already began, after years of increasing deathlike stillness, and the consequences of it are immediately visible in the constructions that are every where going on ; in the new houses that have started into existence as if by magic ; and in the public improvements that have taken and are taking place in many parts of the town.

Professional engagements, which had accumulated during my absence to visit the Northern Spas, now compelled me to return to London ; and as good fortune would have it, I found myself at Derby on the first day of the opening of its railway to town—that is, within little more than seven hours of my intended destination. I had ticket No. 1, no passenger having

yet gone by the train, which the men appointed for that purpose did not seem to manage as if familiar with their work or duties. Fearfully and tremblingly therefore did I take my place in the well-stuffed carriage, and committed myself serenely to my fate.

That fate, however, was propitious, as will appear in another part of this volume; and in the afternoon of the same day on which I left the terminus at Derby, a little before noon, I reached London (at the distance of 130 miles) in safety.

The temporary station at Derby is near to that of the Midland Counties Railroad, which as yet performs only to Nottingham, and very regularly. It is also near the intended station now erecting for the North Midland, and will itself, judging from the designs exhibited to me by a director, be one of the most splendid buildings and establishments, if not the very finest, in this country. It is expected, however, that the three will combine, and be under one common roof in the "Old Meadows," an open place contiguous to the old London road, now possessed by the three several companies, where the buildings, and offices, and stations will occupy the area of twenty-five acres, which the Derby and London company have now for their own separate use.

In the mean time one of these railroads has since extended its usefulness as far as Leeds, and consequently to York; and hence the same facility of conveyance which has enabled us all along to reach Liverpool in nine hours, will now transport us to the archiepiscopal See of Yorkshire in the same period of time.

Has it ever occurred to political economists and statistical calculators to consider and reflect on the quantity of bread, or food of some sort or other—the amount in fact of the earth's produce—which the extension of all these unnumbered rail-lines has swept and will sweep away from the agricultural surface of Great Britain? For in most parts (so it happens) the rail-course has been through fair soil, round

about farms, and across corn-fields, annihilating much productive land as it proceeds onwards to form the new line of communication. Every inch of this is robbed from the farmer.

This notion is any thing but ridiculous, as my readers will find if they will take the trouble to cast up the many miles of straight railways already established in England, and square that distance by the average width of any railroad, taken both at the bottom where the rails are placed, and at the top of the two sides of deep cuttings. The amount total will assuredly astound them.

We have heard of opposition made to every new railway started, because it is to pass too near a park, or to cut up a pleasure-ground, or annoy with its clacking noise and sooty emanations a nobleman's seat, or a wealthy citizen's villa. But has it ever been urged as an objection, that the bread, already scanty, will, by the establishment of every new rail-course through the plain, be further diminished?

My engagements once fulfilled in London, I lost no time in resuming my tour through the midland region, in search of mineral springs, that either had enjoyed or deserved to enjoy reputation. Within the last three years one such was discovered in the fens of Lincolnshire, respecting which I had heard various reports, all tending to make me wish to see it. In this desire I was confirmed by the letters I received from one or two physicians in the neighbourhood, who were acquainted with the mineral water in question; and to Lincolnshire therefore did I proceed.

The county-town is, *per se*, an attractive object to a traveller, were it only for that magnificent specimen of a highly wrought and richly ornamented protestant temple which it possesses, and which justly takes its place amongst the first and most imposing of the ancient cathedrals in this country.

The first burst of the city of Lincoln, towered over to an immense height by that glorious cathedral, which comes suddenly and unexpectedly upon the traveller, as at the end of a

long level drive of many miles he reaches the brow of Cannick-hill, is grand in the extreme. It more resembles the spectacle of some of those foreign cities we meet in Alpine districts, than of an ordinary English town.

A wide hollow, or plain, along which courses the tiny Wytham from west to east, lies at his feet, and separates the cliff on which the traveller has been almost involuntarily arrested, from a similar, yet loftier hill opposite, which, like a screen to keep out the northern blasts, stretches in nearly a straight line parallel to, and not far from the river. The centre of this ridge is crested by the glorious edifice of Gothic craft; and few like it are to be seen in Christendom. Hundreds of red brick houses, with their red tiled roofs, beginning at the margin of the river, spread gently upwards and sideways upon the hill, until they actually creep up to the summit, to encircle the House of God. Here and there a single dwelling, with more pretension to modern fashion, exhibits its white or stone coloured front, contrasting with and diversifying the monotony of the general red mass.



High above this mass, on the western side of the cathedral, the running wall of the ancient castle appears prominent, bearing aloft its keep and round-tower, but dwarf-like by the side of the gigantic structure of the church.

Beyond the castle wall, a smaller, yet elegant looking building intrudes its quiet Ionic portico and low pediment on our attention, and reminds us of the Lincoln Asylum for lunatics, which has already acquired so much renown, though but young in the career of usefulness. Immediately below it, and in many other parts of the general mass of buildings, patches of green, or some more extensive fields, are seen to spread and stretch right and left, varying the universal tone of the landscape.

The view of the cathedral on this, the south side, is not so picturesque as when the building is seen from an angle-point; it is, however, much more imposing, from the extent of its flank, which occupies nearly one fourth-part of the whole visible area of the great assemblage of dwellings of human beings thus brought at once and unexpectedly under our cognizance.

As the spectator advances, and prepares to descend the long and steep Cannick-hill, the landscape unrolls more and more before him; and whilst on the right the eye reposes still on the green valley of the Wytham, it wanders on the left to remote points over the fertile plains of Lincolnshire as far as the neighbouring county of Nottingham. In respect to position, no other cathedral in England, not even Durham, stands more proudly or advantageously than that of Lincoln. It is a sight worth a long journey to behold.

Enjoying, as I did, for the space of two years, in Paris, under the immediate eye of Esquirol,* and the unfortunate Hebreard,

* I learn, since this was written, that this highly gifted and philosophical physician has been added to the long list of those choice spirits whom death has snatched away in the course of twenty-five years, from the time of my enjoying the benefit of their instructions and friendship.

the one at La Salpêtrière, the other at Bicêtre, two of the most extensive public institutions for the treatment of mental disorders, the opportunity of witnessing their method of practice, it is not surprising that I should have sought immediate admission to the Lunatic Asylum in this city, which we have seen to form a prominent part in the general landscape of the place.

Although I had seen the establishment a few years before, it was but hurriedly, and without any professed object. Now, on the contrary, the recent introduction into the asylum of a new system of moral management of the patients, under the guidance of a young, indefatigable, and skilful resident medical superintendent, gave new interest to the place, and tempted me to deviate from my own immediate object in coming to Lincoln—the examination of a chalybeate spring of ancient fame in its neighbourhood.

The better to judge of the importance of the change effected in the internal government of the asylum, I visited it alone at first, unexpectedly, and without divulging my medical character. The Lincoln Asylum, I may say, courts such visits. I repeated mine a second time for more ample details, being again accompanied by Mr. Hill, the medical superintendent; and lastly, I had the satisfaction of examining it for the third time in company with a noble earl and ex-minister, whose hospitality I was at the time enjoying, and who, in his capacity of vice-president of the institution, deemed it his duty, without first acquainting the officers of his intended visit, to go and see for himself the truth or misrepresentation of the facts alleged in favour of the new, or non-coercion system.

That his lordship was satisfied with the result of his visit, I have authority to state; and that I became myself convinced, after repeated examinations, of the eligibility of the plan, under certain conditions, I am free to confess, and do so with pleasure, as I felt at first incredulous of its practicability.

A learned and eloquent prelate, who never lags behind when the cause of humanity needs advocates, has, at a recent meeting of philanthropists in London, alluded to the great and happy innovation in the treatment of those who have unhappily become insane, which is so fully exemplified in the asylum of Lincoln; and he did not forget to refer, with perfect justice, to the Italians, the first originators of the improvement in question. His words well deserve being quoted in this place; and although in his general view of the question the right reverend prelate seems to have entirely forgotten, or to have been ignorant of, the extent of the merit which belongs to the Lincoln Asylum, in furthering the humane and sound principles and practice of the non-coercion plan, but has simply alluded to the experiment now making of that plan in the Hanwell institution, the manifest and mere imitator of the Lincoln Asylum, it is not a little gratifying to the advocates of that system to have the metropolitan bishop in their favour.

“ It has been proved by experience,” observed the Bishop of London, “ most satisfactorily, that if it was wished to proceed with any reasonable prospect of success in the attempt to mitigate, to ameliorate, and eventually to cure insanity, means must be adopted which were directly opposite to those which until lately had been deemed necessary, and which indeed had been considered as the only course to take. But the happy truth had at length been arrived at; and at the present moment there was not a person in the country who would not admit that the treatment of the insane, in order to insure a prospect of an amelioration of, or recovery from, the malady, must be gentle and mild. The experiment had been tried first in one of the asylums in Italy, and had been related by one of the greatest ornaments who had ever adorned the surgical profession (the late John Bell, of Edinburgh). That individual had, in one of the journals of his day, published a detailed account of the arrangements

of some of the lunatic asylums in Italy, and therein pointed out the advantages which had been derived by the adoption of a humane system of treatment, and contrasted them with the results of another plan observed on the continent and in this country. The harsher plan of treatment, however, continued in England until within a comparatively few years, when some members of the Society of Friends made attempts which were attended with such results as went to prove that the course of treatment, which upon their suggestion had been tried in the Retreat at York, was one most eminently calculated to produce the beneficial end. That treatment was one of mildness and gentleness."

To the efforts made by the Society of Friends in this cause, I trust I have done ample justice in another part of my present publication; but, in speaking of a true and full execution of the plan of not coercing patients, applied to a large lunatic asylum, in all cases of mental disturbance, no matter of what nature or degree, one is bound to defer the palm of originality and perseverance to Mr. Hill, whose work on the subject has probably led the way to a totally new era in the management of insane persons. It is Mr. Hill who has the merit of having proposed and undertaken the execution of a method which entails a prodigious increase of labour and responsibility on the medical attendants, and consequently (in the case of the Lincoln Asylum) on himself; a labour and responsibility, indeed, in which the whole intrinsic value of the system consists. For it is well to declare at once, that every patient suffering under insanity, no matter how violently he may be affected, may be managed without the usual and hitherto employed means of restraint, which occasionally extended to torture and corporal punishment, simply by increasing the number of keepers, and insisting on a never ceasing exercise of vigilance over their charge.

If the medical superintendent himself be not also for ever present and watchful over the keepers, the system will

assuredly not work continuously and successfully. The causes for irritation from the conduct of patients, and the temptation to resent them by a stretch of authoritative interference and severity on the part of their keepers, are unfortunately too frequent ever to justify the hope that, without the watchful eye of a superior officer, or the fear of it, subordinate officers will strictly and invariably execute their trust in harmony with the views and intentions of the head of their department.

Accordingly I found that Mr. Hill hardly ever left the house, and was at all hours of the day mingling with the patients, watching them and their guardians at the same time. "In order to become personally assured," observes the last Report on the state of the Lincoln Lunatic Asylum, "of the effect produced upon disorderly patients by the substitution of a system of watchfulness instead of restraints, the house-surgeon spent three hours daily, for thirty-eight out of forty successive days, among those particular patients and their attendants; and had the satisfaction to witness good order preserved, without either violence or intimidation on the part of the latter, throughout the whole period."

This, in an institution containing but an hundred patients, may be practicable, and with so zealous an official as Mr. Hill, it has been found successful as well as practicable. But how will the system work in an establishment of eight times that number, with only one medical superintendent resident? There, much of the trust must necessarily devolve on the inferior officers; and when that is the case, one can easily foresee what will be the result. We must not be too ready to believe what may be reported by friendly committees and their chairmen, who, in their earnest desire that the plan of non-restraint should succeed in a particular asylum with which they may be connected, see and report success where time has not yet been afforded for the full play of the experiment. To judge of the true and final value of a plan

like that of Mr. Hill, which enlists so soon the sympathies of the good and the humane, as applied to extensive lunatic asylums, we must await the slow operation of a much longer period of time than has yet been allowed at any other institution than that of Lincoln.

In the question of economy as connected with this subject, it is not my province to enter in this place. That the non-coercive plan of treatment will increase the expenditure of every lunatic asylum that shall fairly adopt it, I cannot for a moment entertain a doubt; for not only must the premises be enlarged in consequence, and much of the interior localities altered; but the number of keepers must be augmented, and all of them must be better paid, in order that they may be obtained from among a far better class of people than that which has hitherto supplied this order of attendants in a lunatic asylum. The public economist, however, will not disregard this branch of the question; and perhaps it will be found in the end, that owing to the increased expenditure of public money consequent on its execution, Mr. Hill's plan will be considered inadmissible in such large establishments as Bethlem and St. Luke's, and the several county lunatic asylums.

These observations I took the liberty of making, in the course of one of my visits, to the senior physician of the asylum, under whose grey hairs, bushy eyebrows, and brilliant quick-moving eye, one readily discerned the skilful and right-thinking practitioner. After a first introduction, he soon put me at my ease, by conversing freely and unreservedly upon the subject which engrossed my attention at the time, and by frankly avowing himself the staunchest advocate of the plan, as well as of the originator of it. In the course of one hour's conversation he displayed great shrewdness and ability, as well as fluency of discourse; and, to one like myself, who loves to study character, the frank and almost blunt manner of the speaker received, according to my think-

ing, additional effect from the association of a costume not unusual among provincial physicians, though very much so in London.

The doctor, I found out, is rather dogmatical in his opinion, yet original withal. For example, I had told him in-doors—after we had seen together the whole establishment, every part of which he threw open and described to me with great animation—that I thought the medical officer to whom the asylum owed so much was badly paid.

“Not at all,” said he; “I have no notion of making a man’s situation so comfortable, that he shall never think it necessary to look out for another much better. No one works half so well, and heartily, and zealously, as he who is anxious to better his condition. When our medical resident thinks that he has been here long enough to deserve a better salary, and he can get that elsewhere, let him go and get it—it is his due; it is a regular promotion: we shall rejoice for his sake; it is right he should get it, and I never look to keeping him. Whenever his character with the profession and the public shall have been well established, and he may choose to form and keep a private institution of his own for the treatment of persons afflicted with insanity, he will be sure to succeed in the speculation; and therefore why tempt him to stay, by the offer of a higher salary than he has at present?”

Mr. Hill was born in Lincoln, of parents engaged in trade. He was apprenticed to an apothecary at Louth, and passed his examination in London. He afterwards was appointed surgeon to the Lincoln Dispensary with Dr. Charlesworth, who, marking the young man’s merit and worth, and being a daily witness to his indefatigable exertions, as well as attention to his duties, befriended him. As his health was not of the best, and the duties of the Dispensary became very laborious, Mr. Hill, with Dr. Charlesworth’s assistance, watched for a vacancy in the office of house-surgeon to the lunatic asylum, and when it occurred he was unanimously elected.

Being of a turn of mind given to statistics, Mr. Hill, soon after his appointment, looked into all the registers of the asylum, and began to tabulate the facts therein contained. In doing this it is probable that he had seen how progressive the coercive system in the asylum had been reduced to a very low degree without any injurious effects, and hence he was induced to think that he might dispense with it altogether.

Mr. Hill has the merit of having succeeded in completely abolishing that system among the patients in the Lincoln Asylum. In justice, however, to the medical officers and boards, who have been very active and zealous in the discharge of their respective duties during a series of years previously to Mr. Hill's appointment, it is right to state that that gentleman found the plan of non-coercion more than two-thirds adopted already, measures of restraint and the use of restraining instruments having been reduced very considerably before his connexion with the asylum. This he himself very candidly puts forth in his book, by transcribing from the register of the asylum the various resolutions passed from time to time, and the measures adopted accordingly for the utmost possible diminution in the employment of coercion, and for substituting simpler and less aggravating modes of coercion when such was deemed absolutely necessary. Thus it appears from a comparison of the table of restraints for 1830, with the table for 1835, given in the appendix to Mr. Hill's book, that whereas, with a number of patients in the house, during the first of these years, amounting only to 92 (male and females included), the total number of instances of restraint had been 2364; in the latter of these years, with a number of patients greater, namely, 108, the total number of instances of restraint had only been 323; being a diminution of five-sixths of the number in the former year.

Mr. Hill, too, had the good fortune of finding the senior physician, an experienced and able practitioner, not only friendly disposed, but a warm advocate of the little or no re-

straint system ; and with him some benevolent and philanthropic clerical members of the weekly board, dignitaries of the Lincoln Cathedral, who showed a praiseworthy readiness in co-operating for the adoption of a system which had humanity to recommend it.

How far the system is applicable or not to very large establishments, such as the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum for example, in which from 700 to 900 patients are to be treated, it is not for me to consider. Whether it would be desirable to do so will depend, not only upon the safety with which, as it appears, the system can be applied to patients, judging from the example of the Lincoln Asylum, but upon the results that will hereafter be observed to follow its adoption with regard to recoveries.*

As yet, taking as a guide Mr. Hill's own tables and statements, it would seem that the recoveries under the coercive system have exceeded those under the non-coercive system by nearly thirty-five per cent. If then, the usefulness and advantage of a mode of treating lunatic patients is to be determined by the number of recoveries effected, the three years' experiment by Mr. Hill has proved that his system is not so good as the one followed during the years antecedent to his appointment.

The grounds for such an assertion are these :

During the years 1829—30-1-2-3-4-5, while the coercive system was pursued in the asylum, there were treated 264 patients, including those already in the asylum on the first of January, 1829 ; of whom 117 were discharged recovered, being one in two and not quite $\frac{1}{9}$ th. But during the years 1836-7-8, while the non-coercive system prevailed, 195 patients, including those who remained in the asylum on

* This application to Hanwell has since been made, its superintending physician having previously paid a visit to Mr. Hill for that purpose. The good results are as yet ambiguous ; and while they are vaunted by some, they are disputed or denied by others.

the first of January, 1836, were treated, and of those 65 only were discharged recovered, being one in three. I have purposely omitted to add to the total number of patients treated under this system, the patients reported in the statistical tables as having been re-admitted in consequence of relapses, as I find such patients to average nearly the same number in each year, under both systems, so that their omission cannot vitiate the relative proportion of recoveries. This then, it appears, is nearly thirty-five per cent. in favour of the coercion system.

But if the non-coercion system does not exhibit yet a vantage ground when examined in reference to the number of recoveries it produces, the rate of mortality under it (which is, after all, a better conclusion) proclaims its superiority over the opposite system, inasmuch as we find it in the latter to have been nineteen and a half, while in the former it was only fifteen per cent.; the suicides being almost always checked by it.

It remains to be seen whether this superiority is obtained at a much higher rate of expense; and for this purpose it would be important to ascertain the average cost of each patient treated in the asylum, from the time of his admission to that of his discharge, under the former and present system. For this calculation I have not at present sufficient materials. It will be necessary to include in the expenditure entailed by the system, the interest of the money employed in enlarging the premises, and altering them to suit the views of the promoter of the system.

In the meantime, some curious facts and philosophical deductions may be obtained, by the consideration of the statistical reports, regularly made for the last fifteen years, of the state of this asylum. In looking over the data furnished by such reports, of which Mr. Hill availed himself in his lecture on the management of lunatic asylums, delivered at Lincoln in June, 1838, when the author was only twenty-six years of age,

and which he subsequently published,—I was struck with that gentleman's statements and numbers respecting the coercive system, and have embodied them in a summary table, shewing at one view the working of that system even under a conscientious and well-directed management. My readers, I trust, will not grudge me the space I devote to the recording of these condensed facts, and the reflections that follow; for the subject, apart from its intrinsic importance, is one that must soon command general attention.

Summary of the total number of Patients who have been subjected to Coercion in the Lincoln Lunatic Asylum, during a period of eight years, both by day and by night, and with regard to females as well as males. Compiled from the Statistical Tables published by Mr. Hill, resident-surgeon.

Number of Patients.		Times Re- strained by Day and by Night.	Hours Dura- tion of the Restraint.	Number of Patients.		Times Re- strained by Day and by Night.	Hours Dura- tion of the Restraint.
1829	M. 26	1129	13,312	1833	M. 22	461	5,012
	F. 13	598	7,112		F. 20	648	6,991½
1830	M. 37	1690	19,763½	1834	M. 21	285	3,093½
	F. 17	674	7,350		F. 21	362	3,503½
1831	M. 26	426	4,433	1835	M. 14	135	1,194
	F. 13	578	6,397		F. 14	183	1,680
1832	M. 36	790	8,769½	1836	M. 2	2	14½
	F. 19	611	6,902		F. 10	37	319½

The total number of patients subjected to restraint, male, and female, amounts to 311; being 184 males, who were confined 4918 times, or 55,592 hours; and 127 females, who were confined 3696 times, or 40,255 hours.

From which it appears that every female, relatively speaking, had required to be restrained fourteen hours and a half more than any of the male patients.

The proportion of the patients restrained during the eight years, compared to the total number of patients admitted or re-admitted in the course of that time, has been 311 of the former to 344 of the latter, which is the total of admissions during the eight years, in the relative proportions of 190 males to 154 females.

One of the improvements introduced by Mr. Hill in pursuance of his system is the dormitories, almost entirely established for the prevention of suicides, so frequent under a former regimen. On being asked whether it was the apprehension of such cases being likely to be numerous, that had led him to place so many beds in dormitories instead of cells, Mr. Hill answered—"Yes; and that the larger proportion of lunatics in the asylum were disposed to suicide."

The cells on one side of the dormitories, all of which have excellent beds and beddings, and clean sheets, are for such lunatics as are dangerous to others, and are locked up, but not restrained, at night. At the end of the dormitories is a square sleeping-room, containing seven or eight beds, for ordinary quiet or convalescent patients. In this the night-guardian has to register the time, at every quarter of an hour of his watch, by pulling the string of a clock, so constructed, that one of many steel pegs projecting from the circumference of the dial-plate is pressed in by a spring, put in action by the string, when pulled by him at the proper period, which is every quarter of an hour. That period past, without the string being pulled by the guardian, who may be asleep, the dial turns round the space between two pegs, the peg passed over being left out in consequence. This cannot be pushed in by the hand afterwards, and remains, therefore, an irrefragable proof of the want of watchfulness on the part of the attendant.

Mr. Hill attributes the greater number of bad cases to the frequent and inordinate use of ardent spirits, and the next largest number to religious enthusiasm, devotion, or perplexity of mind on religious doctrines.

Dr. Charlesworth, in the course of his conversation, broached a doctrine of his own, to which Mr. Hill assented, namely, that all mental diseases are diseases of atony, requiring strength, good food, air, and exercise. He abjures and abominates every species of depletion, and places no reliance on remedies of any sort for such maladies.

"Lunacy is a complaint that must have its course. If at

the commencement of the disease all sources of irritation, excitement, &c. &c., be removed, the course will be of short duration, and so in proportion to the length of time that has elapsed between the attack and the removal of the patient to a retreat away from friends and familiar objects.”

I have reason to know that the late eminent Dr. Willis partook very much of this opinion, but could not be prevailed upon to believe that the total absence of coercion, even to the abolition of the *long-sleeved smock-frock* for patients who were inclined to do harm to themselves and to others (all of whom Mr. Hill allows to be at full liberty), would ultimately prove so beneficial as its advocates expected.

Setting aside this important question of the abolition of every species of restraint from a lunatic asylum, which in that of Lincoln has so far succeeded, though not without much struggle, and some schism in the councils of the institution; and unwilling to enter the lists with Dr. Charlesworth upon the subject of a non-medical treatment of insanity, I cannot remain equally silent with regard to another branch of the moral management of patients in the Lincoln Asylum, and which consists in mingling together purposely, and upon principles, the private with the ordinary patients, when they are all out in the airing-grounds.

Within doors, the private patients have separate apartments,* which, though well arranged, and usefully furnished, are not equal, for the charge of a guinea, or even fifteen shillings a week, to those in the York Retreat. But when out of doors, no distinction is made among the patients; and the reason given me by Mr. Hill is this, namely, that they would not be separated in the streets were they not confined, and

* All patients, except real paupers, pay certain charges per week for board and lodging, attendance, and medical treatment. These charges, generally speaking, are moderate, and suitable to the rank of the patient, of which the regimen of the asylum admits three. The first rank pays 1*l.* 1*s.* per week; the second rank 15*s.* per week; the third rank, males 9*s.*, females 8*s.* per week.

that, though made to live together with the pauper patients in the asylum, the better class are not bound to converse or hold intercourse with them.

With deference, I hold this to be an extremely bad reason for the practice, while, at the same time, I contend that there are many good reasons for its non-adoption. True, a wealthy lunatic, or even a sound man, as he walks through the streets, mingles with beggars, is passed by the filthy, and may at every step find himself among bad characters; and yet he neither feels insulted, nor derives injury from the admixture. But that admixture is transitory, and of short duration. Moreover, the man who is desirous of avoiding it, may choose another street, another walk, another part of the town; and may change his course as often as he pleases to eschew such company: nor can the man of low degree, even where the medley is inevitable, come up and elbow you, stand still when you stand still, follow you persecutingly when you walk away, stare you in the face, mock, and spit at you,—which I have seen, and every body has seen, to occur a hundred times in an assembly of men bereaved of their nobler faculties. The reason therefore is a bad one, because it is inapplicable, and the two conditions of circumstances are quite distinct.

But for not adopting the practice of mixing the private with the pauper patients, there are many excellent reasons.

First. The man of education, and who has been brought up as a gentleman, mad as he may be, may retain his feelings of delicacy and pride; he will be better dressed, and be shocked (how do we know he is not inwardly so?) at being associated with those whose coarse garments, coarse habits, rude manners, filthy tricks, and want of cleanliness, mark them out as of an inferior class. And if so, then the perpetual association, the inevitable company of such, their obtrusion on the same path, or along the same walk, must inwardly

offend and irritate, and thus far impede the recovery of the man of a superior caste.

Secondly. The sight of persons bereaved of their wits by hard inebriation from potent liquors, inducing the worst species of insanity, can ill accord with any anticipation of cure in the case of a gentleman or gentlewoman afflicted probably only with melancholy, or an aberration of a refined sort, as most of the mental disorders of that class of people are. The latter, therefore, will probably be irritated at, and ultimately, perhaps, (through constant association,) be driven to imitate, the grosser ravings of the low-born.

Thirdly and lastly. As the progress of recovery in all insane persons greatly depends on their power and means of conversing upon the very topics respecting which their reasoning faculties have been damaged; but so that they who are to converse with the patient as a means of cure, shall, by gentle and cunning gradation, turn his thoughts into a sounder channel; it is manifest that such a progress towards recovery will be retarded, and the damaged faculties be damaged still farther, if other patients, themselves in the worst state of low and coarse ravings, are to have a daily opportunity of forcing their conversation on the less afflicted and more refined invalids.

On the whole, and under every aspect therefore, the admixture of the better with the worse, of the low-born with the educated class, of the gentleman and the pauper, which obtains in the open airing grounds at the Lincoln Lunatic Asylum, is injudicious, uncalled for, and calculated to retard, if not altogether to mar, the recovery of the superior and private classes of patients.*

* Just before going to press with this part of my MS., which has been ready for many months, I received a letter from Mr. Hill, wherein I regret to find it announced that he had vacated the office he held in the asylum, for reasons by no means creditable to the feelings of those who ought to have patronised so meritorious and indefatigable a medical



MONKSWELL.

Leaving Lincoln by the Broad Gate, and following a narrow, rural by-lane, which, at the distance of two or three fields on the right, runs a nearly parallel course with the Witham, we discover the remains of a small and rude Gothic chapel, inclosed within a paddock, known by the country people as the Monk's-house. These vestiges seem to mark the seat of a sort of hermitage planted here by some recluse, on the margin of a mineral spring (a holy well probably), away from the bustle of a city which at one time had the rank of a petty capital.

Though evidently not belonging to the best age of that style of building, the Monk's-house, or Abbey (as it has also been called with singular inconsistency), is nevertheless an object worthy the attention of the stranger.

My purpose, however, was with the mineral spring itself, which now, thanks to the liberality of the proprietor of almost

officer. He, at the same time, communicates his intention of establishing an asylum for the reception of patients of a superior rank, as soon as he shall meet with a suitable house; and thus the conjecture anticipated by his kind friend, Dr. Charlesworth, is about to be realized.

all the lands hereabout, is protected by a stone water-course, having steps leading down to the spring, and a narrow, straight channel by which the superfluous water, overflowing from the covered stone basin, makes its escape down and across some grazing-fields, thus reaching the Witham at the distance of about three hundred yards.

The temperature of the water, repeatedly tried, was 51° F., that of the external air at the time being 60° . Taken up in a glass tumbler, the water appears colourless, and beautifully limpid, dimming instantaneously the external surface of the glass. I tasted it very deliberately, and drank a full half-pint of it. I found it particularly pleasant, fresh, and without any decided taste, unless at first one may fancy it somewhat sweetish.

There is no excess of air of any sort disengaged from the water, even after agitation, which hardly produces any bubbles in the liquid. None of the latter adheres to the glass. The stone channel is actually covered with a reddish yellow ochre, from deposit, yet the water over it is perfectly limpid and free from colour.

I concluded from this superficial observation, that in this water oxyde of iron is slightly suspended by carbonic acid, and almost wholly thrown down on the water coming in contact with the atmosphere as it emerges from the earth at the spring. Else it is strange, that with such a quantity of the oxyde as the sediment in the water-course would denote, there should not be something approaching to the taste of iron in the water;—for most assuredly in drinking it no one would suspect the presence of that mineral in it.

The stream is very abundant and incessant. It evidently proceeds out of a superior stratum in the same hill on which the cathedral stands, at about a mile and a half eastwards. Large pieces of iron-stone are found in that direction, and are even to this day to be observed in the old walls, where they have been very generally employed, alternately with blocks of

lime-stone rock. These latter masses, obtained from quarries in the immediate vicinity, have often in them round or oval nodules of iron-stone, of considerable size.

Not many hundred feet westward of the "Monk's Well," apparently derived from the same ridge, is another very abundant stream, which pours down the side of this hill, crosses the road, and proceeds on to the river. At all times the water of this spring has 40° F., only of temperature, and has been used for many years for a cold-bath, in a house erected for the purpose on the upland. It is limpid, colourless, and wholly free from any vestige of steel.

If a bottle-full of the Monkswell water be kept carefully corked and sealed for four or five days, and then tested, not the slightest indication of iron in it can be traced, nor is there any notable precipitate at the bottom of the bottle.* Yet, tested at the spring-head, with either gall or prussiate of potash, it is found at every trial to indicate, immediately, as well as abundantly, the presence of that metal. There are also indications of carbonate of lime in the water, and magnesia, but none of the muriates or sulphates.

On evaporation, a pint of it was found to contain $8\frac{3}{8}$ grains of solid ingredients, $1\frac{3}{4}$ of which is an oxyde of iron; the remainder is a combination of calcareous magnesia; ingredients which render the water extremely useful in all cases of dyspepsia attended by acidity, in green sickness, female debility or obstruction, cachexy, and all those cases of glandular relaxation, torpor and flabbiness of muscles, which are likely to be benefited by preparations of iron.

The water, as may be inferred from the above experiment, will not keep, or if at all, certainly not beyond one day, however carefully bottled. It must therefore be drunk at the spring-head; and administered in that way, it will be found extremely useful. Having ascertained its composition and

* See Introduction, page xxxiii., vol. I., for the reason of this phenomenon.

nature, I was not long in prescribing it, during my short sojourn in Lincolnshire, to persons in the town, particularly to two or three cases of young females, in all which instances the effects were highly satisfactory. I afterwards conversed with a gentleman who had drank for some days of this spring, a patient of Mr. Hewson, the able surgeon of Lincoln, who was kind enough to lend me his aid and his laboratory for investigating both this water and that of Woodhall Spa, to be presently noticed. In his case, one of general acidity of the stomach, the benefit had been very manifest.

I engaged Mr. Hewson to use more generally this natural and valuable preparation of iron, either as mineral water only, by sending the patient from Lincoln to drink it at the spring, or by using the dry sediment in doses of ten grains to a pint of common water, or what would be still better, of soda-water.

The people of Lincoln have here within their reach a useful water, if they will but know how to use it; and if Mr. Mainwaring will add to his previous liberality a little speculation, by erecting a small resting or pump room near to the spring, with a dry walk leading to it; and still better, if he should erect at the same time in one of the lower fields a swimming-bath, for which the supply of water is most amply sufficient, open to the air, and with an adjoining room for the convenience of dressing; a dip or two in it during the summer, rapidly executed, would prove a wonderful auxiliary in the restoration of strength, with those who have been long labouring under general or partial debility, unattended with fullness of blood, palpitation at the heart, or frequent head-ache.

I most gladly avail myself of the present opportunity of awaking the attention of those who are within reach of this chalybeate spring, to its sensible and beneficial properties, which I can conscientiously recommend as being equally important as those of Tunbridge Wells water, and in some respects preferable, being more generally applicable to various con-

stitutions. But I again repeat, the water must be drunk on the spot, for it will not bear carriage.

The reputation of the neighbourhood of Lincoln, however, as a mineral-watering place, will not rest hereafter on the fame of the "Monkswell" spring alone, now first divulged to the present generation; but upon a much more important discovery, made within the last twenty years, though rendered available only, since 1837-8, of a mineral water, remarkable for the potent ingredient it has been found to hold in solution to a larger amount than has hitherto been found in any other mineral spring in this country.

CHAPTER V.

THE WOODHALL, OR IODINE SPA.

HISTORY of its Discovery—Look for Coals, and find Mineral Water—Establishment of the Spa—Its Locality—Buildings erected, and Buildings required—THE WELL—Pumping Objectionable—Iodine Suspected and Detected by the Author, and MR. HEWSON—Presence Proved by WEST'S *Analysis*—Larger Quantity of it present than in other Waters in England—PHYSICAL and CHEMICAL Character of the Woodhall Spa Water—Its Taste and Medical Virtues—Diseases cured by it—Influx of Visitors — HOTEL — BATH-ROOMS — Accommodations and Charges—Improvements Necessary—Addition Suggested — LINCOLNSHIRE SALUBRITY — The Fenny District and its Drainage — New System effectual — Agricultural Advantage — GIGANTIC PROJECT—Recovery of vast Tracts of Land—Prolific Influence of Lincoln Climate—Dame Honeywood.

FROM one of the resident physicians at Horncastle, in the immediate vicinity of the mineral spring alluded to at the conclusion of the preceding chapter, I obtained the following succinct particulars respecting the history of its discovery.

“ In the year 1819, some speculators, under the idea of finding coal at Kirkstead, near Horncastle, caused a shaft to be sunk at that place, 100 yards deep; they then bored 100 yards deeper, when the works were discontinued, as it was stated, for want of money. Immediately on the discontinuance of this attempt, a gentleman, owning an estate in the parish of Woodhall, about a mile distant from Kirkstead, was induced, without previously boring, to sink a shaft thereon, of 280 yards in depth.

“ Boring was then had recourse to, which was carried 120 yards deeper, when this scheme, like all the preceding ones, was abandoned as hopeless. In this trial no regular account was kept of the strata passed through, but from the information and specimens received, it appears that the sinking was commenced in the clunch clay, which was found to be 120 yards in thickness ; they then passed in succession through forest marble, cornbrash, oolite, Bath freestone, lias, clunch clay again ; then a rock, composed of carbonate of lime, siliceous sand, alumine, a greenish substance resembling chlorite, and a portion of mica, in which many terebra-tulæ were embedded. In this rock the sinking was discontinued. Of the boring no other account has been obtained, than that they left off in a stone of a light colour. A brine spring was found at about 170 yards deep, which was the only water met with.

“ Several years then elapsed, the shaft was covered over, and nothing more thought of it, until at length the property coming into the possession of T. Hotchkin, Esq., his attention was drawn to the water, in consequence of several persons collecting what escaped from the shaft into a neighbouring drain, and reporting favourably of its curative properties. He erected a small bath for private use ; numbers flocked to it, and surprising cures were performed ; from which he was induced to provide accommodation for the public.”

Thus far my medical informant. About a twelve-month after the completion of the accommodations here alluded to, of which I shall say all that is needful presently, a meeting of the medical gentlemen, and of many of the gentry in the neighbourhood, took place at the New Hotel at Woodhall, for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the opening of the Spa, which seems to have fully established its claims and identity as such on that occasion. At that time, however, no one was in possession of an accurate analysis of the water ; and its virtues were only conjectured

from analogy, or deduced empirically from the result of some practical experiments made with patients, who derived great benefit from the water. Being in the neighbourhood, and feeling an interest in the matter, I paid several visits to the Well, and suggested the propriety of procuring a perfect and correct knowledge of the chemical composition of the water—a suggestion which, with many others that I threw out on the spot when visiting it afterwards in the company of the proprietor, Mr. Hotchkin, that gentleman immediately adopted.

Nature presents hardly a single feature of interest around this mineral spring; yet much has been effected, and more may be done, to render what was before desolate and unattractive, or is so still, less uninviting, and ultimately, I may say, even agreeable as a summer residence for two or three months.

Situated within a mile and a half only of the eastern bank of the Witham, and lower in its level than that stream, Woodhall, the small village which gives its name to the Spa so accidentally discovered, stands in the midst of a flat tract of land, which is often covered with water. Yet unfavourable as this situation may at first sight appear, there is nothing that judgment combined with taste, and a persevering spirit, aided by wealth, may not accomplish to render the spot one of gay and fashionable resort. Think of the origin of Leamington Priors, on the banks of a narrow and muddy stream; or of Cheltenham, once a miserable gathering of paltry hamlets placed in the hollow of a valley, damp, cheerless, and clayish.

A belt of fir plantations of recent growth, yet sufficiently tall to exclude the north and north-east winds, stands fortunately at a very short distance from the Well, and affords one of the means to be employed for embellishing the place. The new grounds, to the extent of some acres, are now marked out around the spring, the land having been previously extensively drained, so as to exclude all moisture from the

foundation of any buildings that may hereafter be erected upon it.

Not far from the Well a neat and unostentatious edifice has been erected, which serves as an hotel, honoured with the name of Victoria Hotel, the only rendezvous for the visitors to the Spa. Its two principal fronts are to the south and west ; and in connexion with it are two ranges of stables, separated by a large courtyard.

The baths are in a distinct building, closely adjoining the Well, and consequently at a distance from the hotel,—an arrangement that has been found inconvenient by the bathers, particularly the ladies, although the distance be not considerable. In general, where the thing is admissible, mineral baths should be near or contiguous to the dwellings of the invalids in public places like the present, especially where the climate is so variable, and the ground liable to get wet.

Here, at the Woodhall Spa, such an arrangement is not only admissible, but called for, and likely to prove materially advantageous to the whole establishment.

The fact is, that the present building in which the baths are situated, and that which contains the ranges of stables before alluded to (with their noisy annex “ a tap-room ”), should change places. Had the proprietor been properly advised by persons conversant in such matters, he would have connected the very neat building he has erected for the baths with the hotel, so as to form its eastern extremity. A more imposing and uniform front would thus have been obtained ; and an opportunity afforded of securing symmetry and effect to the building, by hereafter adding a similar wing to the other extremity.

Mr. Hotchkin being made sensible of the great advantages as well as necessity of some such an arrangement as this, from what I said to him, has decided upon forming a colonnade or covered way between the hotel and the bath-building, so as to make the latter quickly accessible when re-

quired. But a far greater improvement to the place would be to remove the tap-room and stables from where they now are,* for the purpose of rebuilding the former by the side of the present baths, for the use of that class of visitors (of whom I noticed a large number on the registers) who are likely to lodge in some of the cottages in the neighbourhood, and frequent the tavern for their refreshments; and the latter in a still more remote part. A new wing should be added to the hotel, containing other and more commodious, as well as showy bath-rooms, for a very different class of patients.

If this Spa is to progress forward and flourish (and few establishments of this kind are better entitled to do so from their intrinsic worth), it is manifest that a set of bath-rooms very different from those at present in use will be required. It is not to be expected that my Lord-this, and Sir-that, will like to frequent the very narrow and insignificant bath-rooms as they now exist, and dip into the scanty space therein allotted for each bath-tank, from which the honest farmer in the neighbourhood, or the shopkeeper from Lincoln and Boston, have just emerged.

As there is an intention on the part of the proprietor to build, in connexion with the Victoria Hotel, a banqueting and an assembly room, the former of which might be used as a promenade room in the morning for the water-drinkers, the alterations I have suggested as indispensable will be the more readily effected, as, by enlarging the body of the hotel, through the addition of those two new apartments, the general line of buildings might be directed towards the well, so as to bring the new bath-rooms I suggest within a very manageable distance of the water-source.

At present, the water, which is pumped up from a depth of sixty yards by iron pipes, and conveyed by pipes of the same material to a reservoir for distribution, becomes charged

* The removal of the stables, I understand, has taken place agreeably to this suggestion, and various other alterations are about to be adopted at my recommendation.

with the oxyde of that metal, which it possesses not in its natural state. The marble slabs in the baths are stained with the brown marks of the same.

This accidental addition to the chemical ingredients of the water must naturally alter its character, and render it unfit to drink in the pump-room by many invalids, who ought not to take preparations of iron of any sort whatever. By it, also, the relative character and power of the water are changed altogether, and what was before natural is now partly natural and partly artificial.

As the great depth of the Well renders the employment of more than one pumping arrangement down the shaft necessary, the number of iron pipes employed in that operation, and of those which convey the water from the Well to the reservoir, and thence to the baths, is such, that a surface of not less than 210 feet of iron becomes exposed to the action of a large quantity of muriate of soda, or common salt, contained in the mineral water. An easy remedy to this would be to use baked earthenware pipes for all operations respecting the pumping and distribution of the water.*

There could be no objection to retaining a small reservoir of the water which shall have been in contact, by proper and judicious contrivance, with iron pipes, so as to keep for medical use the iodine water charged with a small proportion of soluble carbonate of iron. Such a combination, artificially prescribed, has been found in practice so truly excellent for the recovery of certain diseases, particularly affecting the

* While this sheet was going through the press, a most important invention called the *Hydraulic Belt* having been brought to my notice by a friend, of the simple yet most effective nature of which I satisfied myself experimentally; I hesitated not in having it suggested to Mr. Hotchkiss to substitute the same for the inconvenient, cumbersome, and expensive apparatus of pumps and pipes, and I rejoice to learn he has immediately ordered its adoption. This is an immense improvement, which I would recommend to all those who have to draw water from great depths. Its simplicity and effect are, even at first sight, most surprising.

weaker sex, that to have an almost natural mixture ready at hand, in any quantity, would be advantageous to both patient and physician.

My minute observations of the water, made on the spot, led me at once to suspect the presence of some more active ingredient in it than had hitherto been detected, and iodine was one of the principles which I conjectured might be found on a proper analysis, judging from the good results that had been obtained from its use in the treatment of certain diseases. The very large proportion, too, of common salt in it seemed also to warrant that conjecture.

Mr. Hewson, of whom I have already made honourable mention, undertook, during my temporary absence from the neighbourhood of the Spa, to make some preliminary experiments, and to prepare for others which we afterwards repeated together for the purpose of putting to the test his own and my conjecture above alluded to. The result was most satisfactory. Iodine was found present in all the specimens of the Woodhall Spa water, tried, after evaporating it to two-thirds, by applying the test of starch, sulphuric acid, and the still more delicate test of chlorine gas in its nascent state.

Having afterwards obtained a solid residuum of 329 grains of saline matter, deliquescent in its nature, from two pints of the water, I suggested that we should try a portion of this re-dissolved, for the purpose of ascertaining whether, during the evaporation of the water to dryness at 199° Fahrenheit, and the drying of the residuum at 212° , the iodine had escaped; or whether, on the contrary, that important agent was still present with the saline matter, probably combined with some of the other ingredients. The result obtained after re-dissolving some of the said residuum in distilled water, and applying the chlorine test, was quite satisfactory, as to the presence of a considerable quantity of iodine.

Such being the case, I lost no time in urging on Mr. Hotchkin the necessity of immediately employing a practical

chemist of well-established reputation, to undertake a complete scientific analysis of the water; and on this occasion, again, I ventured with confidence to name Mr. West, of Leeds, for that purpose.

That gentleman, accordingly, proceeded to the Spa, and remained on the spot until he completed his analysis, a full report of which he afterwards, at Mr. Hotchkin's desire, forwarded to me; and I must say, that in the course of my long experience in matters of this description, I have not met with a more able, a more elaborate, or a more philosophical examination of a mineral-water than this report of Mr. West.

From it it appears, first, that I was correct in my estimate of the importance likely to attach to the Woodhall Spa, in the treatment of scrofulous disorders in particular, on account of the presence of that powerful agent, iodine—besides bromine; and, secondly, that the quantity of iodine contained in this water is larger than has hitherto been detected in any mineral-water in Great Britain—being more than half a grain in the imperial gallon.

Mr. West's report ought to be published at full length, but its purely scientific character precludes its insertion in this place.

For my present purpose, however, it will suffice that I should quote a few of Mr. West's remarks on the inquiry he engaged in at my request, in order to give greater authenticity to my account of this new and important Spa. The ultimate analysis will be found in my general table.

“At Mr. Hotchkin's desire I forward thee the annexed statement of the experiments on the Woodhall Spa water, as well as of the report founded on them. In thy work the whole will probably shrink to a few lines, but as some of the results are remarkable, and the water is certainly uncommon, it is proper that thou shouldst be made acquainted with the processes resorted to. Thou wilt observe, that as usual with me, I confine myself to chemical statements almost entirely, and leave medical comments to medical men. * * * *

“The chief peculiarity of this water is the abundance, as

compared with others, of that active principle—iodine. It has been stated that the largest proportion before found in any British spring was one-tenth of a grain in a gallon.* In stating the present spring to yield about five times that quantity, I am guided by the most precise and delicate tests and experiments detailed in my report. * * * The iodine in this water, *without concentration*, may be shown, with proper precaution, by starch and chlorine,—a circumstance not recorded, as far as I am aware, of any other water in Britain.

“The total quantity of gases is very large; when fresh drawn up from a considerable depth it is remarkably ‘brisk,’ and may be compared to Champagne wine. The quantity of carbonic acid is unusually large.”

To this I may add, that when the water was taken from the reservoir, and had passed through the iron pipes, a considerable quantity of iron was found in it on analysis by Mr. Hewson and myself. But Mr. West naturally was directed to procure the water at the bottom of the Well by means of bottles, and he then found no traces of iron in it; thereby confirming my original opinion, that to employ iron pipes to pump the water from the Well is highly objectionable, and is a practice which must be immediately put a stop to, with the only reservation already specified.

I may also state, in reference to one of the gases, pretended at first to be present in this water,—namely, sulphureted hydrogen—that the people at the Spa seemed to rely most upon the supposed large quantity of that gas contained in the water for its virtues,—hoping to rival Harrogate (the great object of envy in the north); but that I found by the usual tests on the spot hardly any trace of that gas, and I stated the fact at the time of my visit, much to the dismay of the parties interested. Mr. West’s analysis bears me out in this point also; his remarks on that head are, “the sul-

* See Dr. Daubeny’s Table of the iodine and bromine in certain mineral-waters of Great Britain.—*Phil. Trans.* 1830.

phureted hydrogen is in too small a quantity to be important—indeed *too small* to be measured.”

But for the loss of this very ordinary and generally prevalent gas in the mineral waters of England, especially in Yorkshire,—the Woodhall Spa has been most abundantly requited by the detected presence of the two far more important ingredients already mentioned, iodine and bromine, particularly the former; and the public generally, as well as those who are more immediately interested in the Spa, may well rejoice at the substitution of two such ingredients for sulphureted hydrogen.

Lastly, I may state that the specimens of the water analyzed were taken at a depth of a hundred yards below the surface of the water, which is itself fifty yards below the mouth of the Well. The whole depth of the Well is about one hundred and seventy yards, seventeen or eighteen feet of which is through a soft freestone rock, from whose surface brine-water has been seen to percolate constantly, by the person employed to go down to examine and arrange the pipes belonging to the pump. These pipes plunge about twenty-five yards below the surface of the water.

Taken from the former depth in my presence, I found the water turbid or rather opalescent in its appearance; the taste was intensely briny, but neither bitter nor unpleasant. It is brisk and sparkling, and its temperature about 55° . Very faint indications of sulphureted hydrogen were obtained by acetate of lead when the water was tested immediately, but none shortly after it was drawn. Neither gall, nor prussiate of potash showed tokens of iron in it.

When taken from the pump out of the reservoir or cistern, in which it must have undergone some modification owing to the iron pipes, as I said before, the water is transparent but ochreous in colour. It froths a great deal when shaken, as if some mucilaginous or animal matter were present in solution, and the froth persists on the surface of the water a long time,

adhering also to the side of the glass. When agitated to and fro in the tumbler, the water does not seem to wet the glass, but to slide over it quickly like an oily liquid, or rather as water would do over an oily surface. To the touch the water feels unctuous; so likewise does the deposit in the cisterns. The first impression on the tongue is unctuous, followed immediately by a strong briny taste, but not so much so as that of sea-water. It is not in the least bitter, and the saltish taste continues in the mouth for about ten minutes.

Here then we have an established fact, that at Woodhall, a few miles from Lincoln, there exists a most remarkable spring, supplying large quantities of mineral water, endowed with most important chemical properties, which, in the hand of a judicious and skilful practitioner, may be made instrumental in curing some of the diseases mostly prevalent in England, dependant on scrofula or glandular affections, and on disordered digestion, including symptomatic rheumatism, rheumatic gout, and gout itself.

This is indeed a wide and interesting field of practice, and one in which art may triumph while humanity shall rejoice. Like every other potent remedy, however, the Woodhall water must be prudently and sagaciously used.

A pint, and with some people half that quantity, acts as an aperient. It should be drank warm, — some of the mineral water being kept hot for that purpose, in a wooden cistern heated by steam conveyed through the body of the water by a worm of brass tinned inside and out.*

Though recently discovered, the Spa has not lacked visitors. On examining the register kept at the pump-room, I found from twenty to thirty inscribed in each day in the month of

* I am not satisfied that the process of tinning is a sufficient protection against the probability of a briny iodinated water being altered in some degree from exposure to the metal. Some other heating process must be devised.

August. In the space of seven weeks from the end of May, nine hundred and seventy had taken baths, paying three shillings; and altogether in the course of the twelvemonth, about two thousand had bathed. Those who drank of the water were only three hundred, and judging from the handwriting of the signatures, as well as from the names, I should imagine that the majority of the visiters were farmers and people belonging to the industrious classes. Indeed neither the bath-room accommodations, nor the pump-room are calculated for very superior classes of persons. The proprietor must, to secure the latter, erect more suitable baths near the hotel, on the site of the present stables, as I before suggested, to which the conveyance of the mineral water from the Well through stone pipes, by a small steam-engine, would be an easy task.*

But if the accommodations for the baths be not of the first class, the hotel provided for the accommodation of the visiters is not liable to that objection. A very interesting young person, with an imposing figure and very intelligent countenance, active and apparently mistress of her business, has been placed at the head of the establishment. In her company I went over it in detail, and was much pleased with the arrangements and accommodations within it, particularly of the bed-rooms, of which there are several single as well as double. All the best of them have a favourable aspect, and some of them look over the fir plantation in the vicinity, or extend the range of their views as far as Horncastle one way, and the ruined remains of Tattershall, one of the best preserved castles of the pure Norman age in this country. Every part of the furniture and bedding is perfectly new and

* Before the expiration of the approaching season, much of this will have been accomplished; as the spirited proprietor, who has already laid out a large sum of money since my visit, is determined to spare no expense to render this important Spa deserving of the countenance of the better classes of society.

of the best kind, and no expense has been spared to secure perfect comfort.

The terms are not extravagant, and indeed much the same as those at all the spas in England. A single person may board for five shillings per day, and secure an excellent bedroom for one shilling more per night. If he has a servant, the latter will be boarded and lodged for three shillings per day. A private sitting-room is charged a guinea a week ; but few need require that accommodation, as there is both a morning-room and a drawing-room for the use of the boarders.

Those who wish to live privately will find a private sitting-room and private boarding most convenient, and by no means extravagant, being charged six shillings a day for the latter, and three shillings for the former, or three guineas a week altogether. Surely the expense of twelve guineas for a month's course of the water cannot be said to be too large for the recovery of one's health. Perhaps the charge which might be reduced is that for the baths. Three shillings a bath is too much ; invalids should be tempted, by some *bonus* in the way of a general subscription for the whole season, to use more baths than they do at present, when a person taking twenty-four baths in six weeks pays at the same rate for each bath as he who takes only half a dozen baths. This should not be so. The terms for drinking and the use of the pump-room are two shillings per week each person.

To some people the idea of sojourning in the midst of the fens of Lincolnshire while seeking health at the spring of Woodhall, may seem preposterous, as they probably attach to such a locality the old reputation of its being particularly unwholesome. But however just such an opinion may have been formerly, it has ceased to be generally applicable to the whole fenny district of the county, since the introduction of an extensive and most effectual method of draining. That method consists in drawing off from the lowlands the ordinary drain-water sufficiently early to allow room for the flood-water (whenever any such comes down) to pass away.

This is now effected by means of a twenty-horse steam-engine, in lieu of the windmills previously employed.

It is to be regretted that a plan which has worked quite well in the three or four fenny districts where it has been adopted for the last four or five years, should not have long ago been followed in all other parts of the county similarly situated. Had this been done, the farmers of some of the parishes near Lincoln, Boutham for instance, would not have had to deplore, as they did in 1839, the general submersion of their lowlands, whilst covered with crops of corn of a most beautiful and promising appearance.

The water collected in the sectional drains is pumped into the Delph, a large drain something like a canal, which runs nearly parallel to the Witham, and thence it either flows or is lifted into the river.

These successful operations have been the means of bringing much land, before useless, into cultivation; and the progressive improvement of those lands has been such, that very large crops of corn are gathered upon them now. Indeed, the quantity of wheat raised on every acre of well-drained fen, is larger than that produced by the same quantity of land elsewhere, in the middle part of Lincolnshire.

The corn is certainly not of so good a quality as that grown on ordinary lands; neither is it so heavy. This arises from the peculiar nature of the soil of a newly-drained fen, which consists of a loose black peat, generally eighteen inches, and in some places two feet, and even two feet and a half deep.

To obviate this difficulty in the arable soil, many of the farmers on the recovered lands have, within the last few years, adopted with great success the plan of "claying" the supersoil. Clay is found immediately below the upper loose peat stratum. Towards the end of the year men are set upon digging trenches a yard wide, and parallel to each other, the whole length of the field, with a depth of from four and sometimes five to six feet. They first throw up

and arrange on the one side of such trenches the supersoil, and next fetch the clay from the bottom, and lay it along the opposite side. The former is then thrown into the trench, and the extracted clay deposited over it, while the two soils are mixed near the surface, and their amalgamation completed further by the subsequent use of the plough.

On such lands presenting a firm and consistent soil, I have seen corn grown nearly as good in quality as that which I had noticed on the higher lands in the vicinity of the great Roman road, on the Sleaford road, and also on what is called the "Clift Row."

After all, the true and effectual remedy for all the submerged lands, and those still liable to such inundations, among which I include those lands more immediately connected with the Spa which has formed the subject of the present chapter, would be to enlarge the Witham, and make the outfall at Boston more spacious than it is at present, in order that it may carry away a larger quantity of water between tide and tide.

Connected with this important operation, comes naturally before us that gigantic, yet plausible scheme, propounded by the eminent engineer who superintends the wonderful doings at Hartlepool, for the formation of a new general outfall into the German Ocean of the waters of not fewer than four rivers, the Witham included; by means of which, while their discharge into the great estuary called the WASH would be greatly facilitated, and made more regular as well as uniform (thereby improving not only the lands of Lincolnshire, but those of Norfolk), valuable land, to the extent of 150 thousand acres, principally of alluvial deposit, would be recovered, at the cost of twelve pounds per acre, the average value of the fee-simple of which might be expected to be at least forty pounds per acre.

This tempting speculation has been offered to the public by a company, I understand, already formed and in earnest,

styled *The Company of Proprietors of the Great Level of the Wash*.

When I add that Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord George Bentinck, the Earl of Hardwicke, the Honourable Eliot Yorke, M. P., and others, are in the direction, my readers will readily conclude that this is not a mere wild scheme to catch the unwary.

Do I mention these facts, or enter into such matters for any purpose alien to the principal object of my present volumes? Far from it. The *assainissement*, as the French, with a word untranslatable, yet full of meaning, would say, of the lowlands throughout the extensive districts of Lincolnshire before mentioned, which must follow as the natural result of the success of such an operation as Sir John Rennie recommends, must render the climate near and about the Spas partially described in the preceding and present chapter perfectly safe; and do away with the old prejudices entertained against Lincolnshire fens. Hence my introduction of the matter just treated, and which I deemed it my duty to study, and submit to my readers.

After all, perhaps, the climate of Lincolnshire may not require my advocacy to prove not only its salubriousness, but its beneficial influence on longevity, as well as in promoting the multiplication of mankind, even before the draining of the fens had been dreamt of. For I find on the grave of Dean Honeywood, in Lincoln Cathedral, a registry of births and deaths (entered with a precision equal to that of her Majesty's registrar-general for births, deaths, marriages, &c.) which shows how prolifically the generations near the fens went on in the Reverend Gentleman's times. The said Dean of Lincoln, it appears, was grandchild of a dame Mary Honeywood, and one of three hundred and sixty-seven persons lawfully descended from her, all of whom she had seen before she died: viz.—16 children of her own body, 114 grandchildren, 228 great grandchildren, and 9 of the fourth generation—Total 367.

CHAPTER VI.

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH—WILLOUGHBY NEW BATHS—
DERBY—RUGBY.

An Invitation — STAMFORD Springs — Stage-coach a Rarity—DERBY, Improvement, New Buildings—The New Catholic Church—Great Change in Derby occasioned by Railroads—Mr. Strutt's ARBORETUM — The Largest EMBARCADERO in England—First Opening of the Derby Line to London—Ticket No. 1.—Awkward Journey—RAILROAD SPEED—Gluttony and Philosophy—The Long Coach—ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH—Source of the MOIRA Water—Its Physical, Chemical, and Remedial Properties—FOUR Analyses of the Water—all Different! What ought to be done?—Bathing in the Moira Water—The IVANHOE Baths—THE HOTEL—Mode of Living at the Spa—STRIKING CASES of Cure—WILLOUGHBY New Baths—RUGBY School—Road to Wil- loughby—The WELL—The Water—Properties Physical and Medical —Want of Accommodation—SUGGESTIONS—Excellency of the Water —Opinion of the Author thereon.

WHILE yet in the neighbourhood of Lincoln, busy in examining the geology of Woodhall Spa, and the agricultural capabilities of the country around it, I received from Dr. Hopkinson, a leading and much respected physician at Stamford, a letter inviting me over to that city, in reference to the principal object of my inquiries into mineral waters. “It would delight me,” says he, “to see you as a visiter here. Stamford is very convenient on the north road, and if you would only let me know a few days previous to your coming, I will be ready to make your stay as interesting as I can. We have two or three mineral springs hereabouts: one rather

out of the common way. These I should like to show you, and I will at the same time get together all the matter I can about Woodhall, respecting which you have written to me. I know your work on the Spas of Germany well enough to make me desirous of knowing the author and assisting him all I can in my humble way."

The invitation was a tempting one, and still more so from the very polite manner in which it was expressed. For some time I hoped to have been able to avail myself of it with a view to my intended publication; but when the period arrived for proceeding thither, the calculated time of my absence from town, during which I had to perform a certain determined quantity of work, and the pressing engagements that awaited me in London, compelled me to abandon the idea of going to explore the springs alluded to by Dr. Hopkinson, for whose considerate kindness I beg to return him, in this place, suitable acknowledgments.

My object now was to direct my steps towards the midland counties, in search of certain mineral waters which seemed to me worthy of examination, judging from the information I had received and read about them; although to the public at large one only of the whole number seemed sufficiently known—namely, that of Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

Accordingly, I made that place my next point of destination; and proceeded to Nottingham by the *old-fashioned* mode of conveyance—a stage-coach, which, by the bye, in the midland counties, is becoming more and more of a *rarity* every day, and will end by being "a wonder."

After a short delay in Nottingham, sufficient to inspect its staple manufactures, I reached at last the capital of Derbyshire by the neat and short railroad which connects the two cities.

DERBY, as I had occasion to state once before, exhibits strong marks of general improvement, by an extension as well as renovation of its principal buildings. The range of edifices, consisting of the royal hotel, a new post-office, and the bank

in the corn-market, is a mass creditable to the town. The style of the front is an imitation of the late Mr. Wilkins's "peculiar," of which a tolerable specimen may be seen in the building of St. George's Hospital, at Hyde-park-corner, especially as regards the arrangement of the windows, which is by no means a commendable one. The principal feature of the whole range is the rounded angle, and here Grainger's-buildings at Newcastle were in the architect's mind when he designed the elevation.

Like Preston and Lancashire generally, and indeed a great many other places in England, Derby shows the daily increasing importance of the Catholics in this country, both as to numbers and wealth, as well as with regard to their staunch adhesion to the religious rites of their creed. I allude to the erection of a very large cathedral-looking chapel, which has been very recently completed. It is in what is commonly called the Gothic style; but although the whole, especially the tower, looks imposing, when the several members of the building, either externally or internally, are examined separately, it is impossible not to be struck with the want of unity—a lack of a continuous spirit of invention, and a total failure in applying means to one end. No one, for example, who beholds the stately tower would expect to find side-windows of such paltry dimensions in the body of the church, nor such *mesquines* doors for lateral entrances; still less (within the church) such petty side-aisles—a positive apology for those stately divisions of a large Gothic temple. As to the shafts which separate the nave from the aisles, and support a flat roof, though they are formed of clustered pillars, their general diameter is really so insignificant (bearing no proportion to the general size of the edifice) that they resemble more the single trunks of an old avenue of lime-trees than Gothic pillars, and are evidently disproportionate to their object.

The fact is that this building is too narrow for its length, and too lofty for its width; defects that help materially to

disfigure the façade of this New Catholic temple, which will be a striking, but not an admired nor a correct edifice.*

The junction of three railroads in this County-town, bringing travellers and goods from the north and the south, and also from the west, is already sensibly changing its character, its general appearance, and its importance. I remember the time when Derby, in spite of the silk manufactures, its lace, its hosiery, and its wrought iron and copper works, appeared to a traveller one of the dullest county-towns in the heart of England. It is now full of bustle, lively, and apparently in the enjoyment of greater wealth, comforts, and even luxury, than it has ever before possessed.

Simultaneously with these advantages, one is happy to see,—both from the spontaneous inclination of the citizens themselves, and the public and patriotic spirit of one or two of the wealthiest among them,—a corresponding advance made in the cultivation of the useful as well as the polite arts, and of many other branches of knowledge.

A relation of one of the representatives for the city, whose mansion I beheld not far removed from where the new Catholic church rises, is the spirited individual to whose exertion, and I may say munificent liberality, every citizen I spoke with seemed to attribute much of the improvements in and about the place. His picture gallery, which is probably destined for the ultimate use of his fellow-townsmen, is, in the mean time, open for their inspection, and serves to give them correct notions of taste in the fine arts.

This same individual is at present engaged in adding a feature to Derby, which will, of itself, form one of its best attractions. Under the well-known skill and taste of the author of many able and very useful works on agriculture and gardening—the only man whom government might have placed with confidence in the management of all the royal and public parks and gardens, if they were desirous of seeing

* The building was not quite finished when these remarks were written.

them always in their best attire and most favourable condition—Mr. Loudon, in fine,—an *arboretum*, or collection of trees and shrubs of every country, is just about being completed, by direction of Mr. Joseph Strutt, the spirited individual alluded to. The grounds extend to nearly eleven acres, including the gardens and buildings, for all which a sum of from ten to twelve thousand pounds has been appropriated, by the munificent donor of this beautiful as well as useful establishment to the town.

“Access to the arboretum,” observes Mr. Adam, who has recently given a short account of it, “will be permitted on fixed days and at such times as will accommodate the artisan as well as the peer, and all parties whose time is more at their command. Here, therefore, the working classes of Derby will have a place of delightful resort, calculated alike to administer to their health and pleasure, as well as the refinement and cultivation of their taste, by affording them frequent opportunities of beholding the noblest combinations of artificial gardening.”

The arrangement of the *arboretum* is equally ingenious and effectual. The scientific name of each plant, with its corresponding denomination in English; its native country or *habitat*; the family or natural order to which it belongs; its height; the year of its introduction, and many other particulars, are let into brick tallies, which, after being glazed, are stuck into the ground at a short distance from the plant.

But Derby promised fairly, at the time of my visit, to possess another equally striking and novel feature in the immense building which it was expected would be erected as a general station or *rendezvous* of the Midland, North Midland, and Derby and Birmingham lines of railway, if a coalition of the three companies could be accomplished, willing to work under one roof.

The head stations of the three railroads are near to each other on an open space of ground, called “the Old Meadows,” contiguous to the old London road, and not far from

the town, and it is calculated that the offices and buildings would occupy an area of twenty-five acres, with a continuous line of frontage to the principal edifice of upwards of a thousand feet. What a chance for an architect of genius and imagination !*

I happened to be on the spot, the day on which the line to London was first opened. As a matter of study and curiosity, I determined on taking my departure by it for the capital, whither a pressing summons obliged me to go for a few hours, although my destination was at the time to the Spas of Worcestershire and Shropshire. But the expected rapidity of my movements, in going and in being able to return by the same means in nearly the same time that under the old system of travelling I should have employed in proceeding direct to my latter destination, eschewing the journey to London, induced me to make the experiment.

All Derby was in a bustle on that eventful morning. The opening of the first railway from the town to the capital was the opening of a mine of wealth. I was the first on the spot, and had ticket No. 1. Every director was present. Preliminary experiments had been made daily for a week and upwards; yet every thing seemed in a state of confusion, every body spoke or commanded, and when the carriages were to be brought up to the temporary platform, it was found that something was to be done to the iron stop of one of those circular moving machines in the ground which serve to turn the vehicles. The operation was performed with bad and inefficient tools, and took some time to be completed. This was not very encouraging to me, who was silently watching every movement, and saw all the hesitation and whispering and going to and fro around me.

When all was ready, it was found that there were but few persons who would proceed, and the train ended by being

* This expectation has since been fulfilled, and the front elevation of this general embarcadero, I am told, is as magnificent as I had anticipated.

composed of three or four first-class carriages only, certainly very splendid and comfortable. With these we started for Stonebridge, on the London and Birmingham Railway, a few miles north-west of Coventry, where we expected to be taken in tow by a train from Birmingham. But we were not quite ready when the train came in sight, and it whisked along, giving us the go-by and leaving us in the lurch.

However, a locomotive with suitable fuel and water was soon procured and tacked to our three or four solitary vehicles, which started on their venture at the risk of finding every impediment and none of the ordinary aids on the road, inasmuch as we were interlopers on the line, appearing for the first time upon it, and not in our right and pre-concerted time.

The consciousness of this made my travelling companions in the same carriage and myself somewhat nervous: yet we could hardly help smiling, in the midst of our apprehensions, at the vacant and stupified stare of workmen we found on the road and our own line, who had just time to scamper off; and at the astonishment of some of the policemen who were seen running to take up their flags which they had not expected to be so soon called upon to wave again after the passing of the last Birmingham train; and above all at the gaze of wonder and curiosity of all the people employed at the different stations, upon beholding the arrival of a total stranger on their premises.

We made our journey good, nevertheless, though not without considerable anxiety, and I inwardly thanked my stars to find myself again upon my legs, passing under Hardwich's splendid arch at Euston grove, where we arrived in seven hours from Derby: no great performance truly, now-a-days, for a distance of one hundred and thirty-five miles!

Matters, however, have since been better managed in respect to this particular line of communication, which has been made both shorter and more convenient by bringing the intersecting line of the Derby upon the Birmingham Rail.

way to London nearer Rugby. The whole distance is now performed in six hours.

Railroad speed, when most of the danger of that mode of travelling shall have been obviated by more prudence, better management, and a stricter *surveillance* on the part of the public authorities than has hitherto prevailed, will form a subject of interesting speculation. We hardly know what we have got by this extraordinary invention, for we are amazed, and have not yet set about calculating its results.

Let us take an example: Nothing marks time more effectually than the regular recurrence of our usual hours of repast. The lapse between breakfast and dinner is so brief that we may almost say that the first is hardly digested when we are summoned to the second. Now, to be able to say that in the short space of time which intervenes between these two repasts, you shall run over one hundred and thirty-five miles, (rattling, in that time, through not fewer than seven different counties on your way from London to Derby), will strike one with more amazement, and with the conviction that time has indeed been annihilated, than could any other computation of distance contrasted with speed. Yet such is the feat which a gourmand might easily accomplish any day in the week if he pleases, by means of the leviathan power that now regulates our movements.

We will suppose our traveller quietly at his breakfast at home in town at about nine o'clock, poring over the debates and quaffing his bohea, free and independent, and with all the world before him. A penny-post letter is brought him marked "Derby." It was written but a few hours before; the ink indeed may be said to be hardly dry. It might have been written over-night from Grosvenor-place, and yet not come to hand sooner. It brings an invitation from a frolicsome friend, to dine at Derby on that day, at a quarter before seven o'clock. "Good! I like the fun of the thing." It is half-past nine o'clock. "Get me a cab and put my things to dress in." Behold him at a quarter before ten o'clock starting

from Euston-place, and lo! in three hours before the appointed time for dinner, our gourmand is at his friend's house at Derby, calling out for luncheon!

But that is not all. If the dinner be not protracted to what is now (thank Heaven!) no longer a fashionable hour, and the cellar of the Derby friend be not too attractive, his guest may leave him at half after eleven, reach home by six o'clock, go to bed, have a sound nap, and be again at breakfast at his own table at nine, where he was the preceding morning,—fancying that he had jaunted it down to Derby and back again in his dreams!

Now this may lead us to a little philosophy. The average rate of travelling on all the railroads in England by the first-class stations train, has hitherto not exceeded twenty miles per hour, including stoppages, and twenty-five exclusive of them. By the trains which call at all the stations, or what are called “mixed,” the average rate has never exceeded *twelve miles*.* At the former rate, therefore, travellers, according to John Smeaton's well-known anemometrical tables in the “Philosophical Transactions,” will have been scudding with the velocity of a “very brisk gale;” and it is only on extraordinary occasions that they will have been on the pinions of a “high wind,” approaching to “a storm,” when the engineer, pressed to make up for lost time, has pushed on his locomotive at the rate of between thirty and thirty-five miles per hour, or fifty feet per second.

Henceforth, therefore, the expression of “I flew like the wind,” employed to signify the utmost speed, will no longer be considered as a poetical but as a *real* figure of speech; while, in order to express greater speed than that which hereafter will constitute our ordinary movements, it will become necessary to adopt the phrases of “we flew like a storm,” or, “we went in a storm,” which, according to the same

* This last rate of travelling may be the average, and as such I have found it reported in a public journal: but my own experience, even with all the delays perpetually occurring, gives me a somewhat greater rate of speed.

eminent engineer's experiments, before alluded to, mean, that we ran at the rate of fifty miles an hour, or seventy-four feet per second—the rate which we are promised to be conveyed at on the Great Western, when once completed, so as to arrive at Bath from town between shaving and breakfast, or, in other words, between half-past seven and ten o'clock in the morning!

As for the unfortunates who must travel by the “mixed,” they will be exactly in the same predicament as those stage travellers who, upon the first introduction of the light four-inside post-coaches, rattling at the speed of ten miles and a half an hour on our astonished turnpikes, down to Dover or Portsmouth, were yet obliged, from motives of economy, to stick to the “long coaches,” tracking along the whole of one night and the best part of the following day, at the truly Germanic pace of five miles per hour. The two classes of travellers will stand in something like the same relation as to expedition. But as to the chances of interruption in their progress, or the dangers of a smash, the *long coach* passengers of old would have had infinitely the advantage over the “mixed” passengers of the present day.

Mixed or unmixed, however, as the accommodation of the Derby line enabled me soon to leave town again, in order to complete what I had to do respecting the mineral waters of that neighbourhood, let us return thither, and discourse on a Spa which has acquired a certain celebrity within the last thirty years; I mean

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.

There is an indistinct tradition in the place, that springs of mineral water abounded here in former times; and that the sick and the lame from far and near came to be healed by them. The real mineral water, however, which at present gives to Ashby its character as a bathing-place, cannot boast of having been so long known; for it was discovered

at the bottom of a colliery, not longer than twenty-four years ago, during the progress of working a coal seam at the depth of about seven hundred feet from the surface. It is said to surge from various parts of the mine, at the rate of about two hundred gallons an hour, but in slender streams.

This mine, or colliery, called the MOIRA, being three miles from the town, the water could not be made available at or very near the spot; although, on its very first coming to light, it suggested by its marked and predominant taste, to those who first noticed it, the probability of its being endowed with medicinal virtues.

That taste is strongly saline; and the water indeed differs little from that of the ordinary brine-springs which, as we shall see presently, abound in that saliferous belt of land, connected in part with coal-fields, which crosses England in a diagonal direction, from N.E. to S.W., embracing, among other places, those about to be noticed in the succeeding chapter.

In this view of the case, I am inclined to place the mineral water at Ashby between the Woodhall Spa water and that of Tenbury Well, which will be hereafter described. The taste, however, is more intensely briny, and more decidedly bitter. I had some of the water sent to me on my return to London, and made good use of it, not only in experimenting its effects on my own constitution, but by requesting three or four courageous friends to give it a trial also.

When I look at the printed analyses of this powerful mineral water, I am sadly puzzled which to adopt as the correct one. By referring to the general table at the end of this volume, it will be seen that I have adopted Dr. Ure's analysis; but I have also stated that Dr. Thomson differs from him, in more respects than one, as to the constituents of the water. Professor Daubeny, too, who in 1829 discovered bromine in it, and published his researches in the "Philosophical Transactions of 1830," is at variance

with Ure's experiments ; and lastly, in a " Guide of Ashby-de-la-Zouch," published in 1831, I find another analysis, which, in respect to one ingredient alone, the muriate of soda or common salt, differs from Dr. Ure in not less than 1796 grains and a half—a difference certainly not to be accounted for by the one analysis referring to a wine gallon, and the other analysis to an imperial gallon, of the water.

Equally do the two last-named analyses differ in the proportion of another ingredient ; one which, in my long experience of mineral water, I consider of so much importance, that on its being present in a larger or smaller proportion, depends, in my opinion, some of the most salient virtues of the water. I allude to the muriate of magnesia—a medicine with which I have obtained the most unlooked-for success in obstinate cases of dyspepsia, and other complaints of the digestive functions.

Well, then, in reference to this identical and important ingredient (and the reader of the " Spas of Germany" will bear in mind that it is principally on account of its presence in the Pullna, that I first recommended and made more general in England the use of that water now so much employed in London), Dr. Ure's and the analysis in the Ashby Guide are at variance by at least 190 grains in the gallon of water ! Who are we to trust to ?

Dr. Ure's analysis seems to be the one adopted on the spot ; for it is distributed at the baths, printed on a card ; while the one inserted in the Guide-book has not even a name attached to it as an authority ; unless, indeed, we are to surmise, from something stated in his preface by the editor, that Dr. Kennedy, the very estimable and respected physician at Ashby, vouches for its accuracy.

Be that as it may, every one interested in the question of mineral waters, and of the potent one at Ashby, which certainly, judging from its apparent physical and salient characters, deserves the attention of the profession, will re-

gret that such discrepancy should exist on the subject of the intimate constitution of that water. In such a conjuncture they cannot but form a wish that the plan I suggested in reference to several other mineral springs, the analysis of which was doubtful before, may be adopted,—namely, of having a fresh examination of the water instituted by a well-known chemist *intimately acquainted with, and constantly employed in*, the difficult art of analyzing mineral waters. And I would suggest for that purpose, either M. Schweitzer, of Brighton, whose elaborate analysis of sea-water I have already alluded to; or Mr. West, of Leeds, the gentleman who so ably and scientifically analyzed an analogous water to that of Ashby, and the water of Woodhall Spa.

As there are no gaseous ingredients mentioned in any of the already published analyses, it is likely that none exist, and in that case the Ashby water might with due care be transmitted to either of those chemists for a fresh examination. At all events, I must repeat that, with such glaring and very important variations as now exist in the several accounts of the water under consideration, it is quite impossible that a medical practitioner can recommend the use of it with sufficient confidence.

The Ashby water is used principally for bathing. A few drink it, in which case it is invariably mixed with warm water. I have stated that the spring is at a distance from the town. The water therefore is brought from the Moira mine in carts or tanks, to the boats on the canal, and is thence conveyed on a truck to a large reservoir at the baths.

These, which are called “IVANHOE BATHS,” (probably because the Great Wizard of the North, in his interesting novel of Ivanhoe, alludes to a castle in which Prince John held his high festival, and which is supposed to have been the Castle of Ashby-de-la-Zouch), were erected in 1826, after the design, and under the direction of an architect of the town, Mr. Robert Chaplin, who erected likewise the handsome

hotel which stands contiguous to the pleasure-grounds, and at a short distance south-west of the baths. Both buildings are of freestone, and of the Doric order.

I never descended into the mine to examine the locality from which the mineral-water springs, neither am I prepared from personal knowledge to make any observation upon the several appliances of this Spa; but as a lady, a patient of mine, who was directed to proceed to Ashby for her health last year, has supplied me in her letters with the best information that any person likely to go to the same Spa could desire, inasmuch as it can be depended upon as impartial and accurate, I prefer, with her kind permission, letting her speak, in justice to the parties interested in the establishment.

“ I directed my course to this place, and I am very much obliged to you for having fixed on so beautiful and comfortable a resting-place. The hotel is surrounded by grounds, well laid out with walks in all directions, and the baths are adjoining. The former is a very handsome building, capable of accommodating a very large number of visitors, and admirably arranged. My apartments are in a corner of the house, quiet and cheerful, and so comfortable am I, that I shall certainly prolong my stay here. The baths, which consist of six bathing-rooms, and corresponding dressing-rooms for the ladies, with two waiting-rooms, on one side, and an equal number of bath-rooms for the gentlemen, besides a large cold swimming-bath and billiard-room on the other side, are kept in the best order. In the centre is a well furnished pump-room, used sometimes as a ball-room, fifty-two feet by twenty-seven, and is surmounted by a dome.

“ The house is full all the summer and autumn; but not in the winter. Residents in it may dine at the public table, and take all their repasts in that way, for five shillings per day, besides paying for servants; and half a guinea a week for a bed-room; together with from ten to fifteen shillings more for a private sitting-room, if required. This hotel consists of a

handsome hall, with parlours; a gallery above, round the house, with rooms; and an upper story of the same kind: excellent beds; and I was as comfortable as at my own home, without the trouble of *keeping order*. The house stands out of the town, has a varied prospect around it (the ruins of the castle, a beautiful object, included), and is altogether a desirable *séjour*. Indeed I have been much pleased, and met with great civility."

I may add that the charges for bathing are very moderate, and that almost every form of baths can of course be obtained at the establishment.

The Moira or Ashby water, taken internally, will act as an effectual aperient if drank early in the morning in the dose of a large glass mixed with warm water, the proportion of the Moira being about $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{3}$ of the whole. As an alterative, a wine-glassful of the same mixture of Moira and warm water, drank two or three times a day, will be of service. Some have it fetched, and drink it at home, others prefer going to the pump-room.

Many very striking cases of internal disease were mentioned as having been cured by the internal use of the water, as well as of rheumatic and paralytic affections, by immersion in the water tepid, sometimes by warm-bathing, and at others by warm spunging of the body with the water. A case which had made great sensation at the time, was that of Lady C——y, who recovered entirely under the use of this water; and I have been informed, that the Rev. Dr. Evans, head-master of the school at Market Bosworth, was in possession of the particulars of a case of recovery even more striking.

In bathing, the water occasions a sensation of itching, and often produces so much exhaustion at the time, that restoratives and rest are required before the patient can return home. But after that has subsided, much vigour returns.

The Moira water is never heated, as it would throw down its salt. When a hot or a warm bath is required, plain boiling water is added in adequate proportions. It is hardly

necessary to explain that the water has received the name of *Moira* from the circumstance of the Earl of Moira, Marquess of Hastings, being the lord of the manor, and principal proprietor in the place.

Ashby has the further advantage of being well located, of enjoying very pure air, and of being surrounded by beautiful drives, and many noblemen's seats, houses, gardens, and parks, among which Calke Abbey and Melbourne Hall deserve particularly to be mentioned.

Whilst on a visit at Colonel W——'s, in one of the prettiest parts of Yorkshire, during my northern tour, I conversed with not fewer than three persons, two ladies and a gentleman, visitors like myself, who, upon learning my errand, of one accord strongly recommended my examining a mineral water in Warwickshire, the name of which even had never come to my knowledge. It was said to be of the same nature as the one at Harrogate, and the place to have, of late, become much frequented as an incipient Spa. The individuals here alluded to had, each in his or her separate case, derived great benefit from the water in question, and all agreed in stating, that although they had not been able to bear the sulphur water at Harrogate, to which they had been recommended, they had felt no inconvenience whatever from the water at Willoughby new baths, or

WILLOUGHBY SPA.

Learning, therefore, one day, as I drove into Rugby, that I was in the vicinity of the place, I engaged a light carriage at the Spread Eagle in that smart little town, to carry me thither.

Before I took my departure, however, I wished to indulge myself with a well-pondered survey of as much of the exterior of the new Gothic building of the famed grammar-

school of Rugby as its position would allow. Internally, I knew I should have nothing of interest to see, judging from the interior of Eton and Winchester and Westminster colleges, with which I am acquainted, and in which one looks in vain for any of those decorations, appliances, and accessories which enrich so much most of the colleges at the two universities, and the two catholic establishments of Stonyhurst and St. Mary's Oscott.

As a seat of learning, indeed, under the auspices of its present highly-esteemed head-master, so well known among the admirers of classical knowledge and English literature, I am aware that I should have found the interior redolent with scholastic lore; but as I look for something else in collegiate life, connected with discipline, the formation of character, and the means adopted both to bring out the good and hidden qualities of some, and to repress the precocious and obtrusive evil propensities of others—which *something else* I knew is rarely to be met with in English colleges—I purposely avoided a visit within doors.

This new Gothic structure, I well remember, made some noise when it was completed a short time back. I neither recollect, nor did I inquire for, the name of its architect. From the street which faces the gateway, the building looks insignificant, and of no great extent. But it gains upon the observer as he walks along its exterior, keeping it on his left till the chapel comes in view, and, by continuing round the latter, bringing the open playground in sight, with its ancient and lofty trees, and garden-front. The latter, from the variety of its several parts, including the said chapel on the left, and the body of the building with its turreted portion on the right, forms altogether a picturesque group. There is much merit in the edifice; but for size, elevation, position, and importance, the new college of St. Mary, at Oscott, leaves this of Rugby far behind.

Judging from the little I saw (though I professed not to

form an opinion), I should imagine that the general discipline within these walls is not unlike what is met with in other similar institutions in this country, with some of which I am acquainted, namely, that much liberty is permitted to the pupils, who, provided they strictly attend to their studies, are left to learn by experience only the most eligible mode of acquiring the knowledge of how to live in this world with our fellow-men. In the very entrance or porch of the college, some of the scholars were "roughing it" or were playing at ball; while others, mere striplings, kept going in and out at full leisure and uncontrolled, bent on exhibiting themselves to advantage in the street of humble Rugby, by assuming the airs of dandies! On the play-ground, too, a great number of pupils of all ages were scattered and engaged in various ways, who seemed to be unwatched by any under-masters.

The road I took on my way to the new baths of Willoughby leads first to Dunchurch, and passes in front of Bilton Grange, once the residence of the purest writer of his time, Addison. Dunchurch itself lies on the eastern extremity of Dunsmore Heath, and the road thence to Willoughby Baths is through an open country, highly cultivated, looking at the time as green and fresh, though we were approaching November, as if it had been in the summer months. Scarcely a leaf had fallen, and none but the loftiest poplars were tipped with the golden hue of Autumn. Extensive pasture lands, dotted with cattle, stretched on the right and left of the road.

With all the appearance of wealth, which may be supposed to spring from a territory of such marked fertility, the soil being in general of the best description, the labourers' cottages in villages, and those which every now and then I noticed by the road-side, are the very emblems of poverty. Some are of clay, or of mud and brick-rubbish mixed, others of mud only, or of rough stone and timber. They are thatched, but the thatch is old, and in many parts decayed. Their walls are generally limed over, but the surface is broken and

in patches. Such is precisely the appearance of Willoughby village, which is an assemblage of mud hovels and dilapidated cottages.

In the north, the proprietor of the gig one hires to travel in, or his son, or his hostler,—who usually drives you, and is not unfrequently a labourer besides, well acquainted with his own district,—helps you in your expedition with what he knows, if you will but properly question him : he is an index-post of great use if you will but peruse it fitly. But in these mid-land counties a gig conveyance is a sort of *half* posting, at a shilling a mile, with a *whole* postilion, who never knows any thing. Of all the classes of people travellers have to do with on the road, none is possessed of so little local information as your “boy,” young or old, no matter which. “What is the name of that hill just there?”—“I don’t know.”—“Who lives in that fine building through that handsome gate, and at the end of that fine avenue?”—“Why it belongs to Squire ——, dear me, I forgets the name :”—and so on ; no matter on what tack you put him, he will be sure not to answer the helm.

The way to the baths from the village is by a rough unmade road, or narrow lane, and across some fields towards the only part of the surrounding country, which presents the least appearance of a hill.

I stood now before the well, from which the water so much extolled by my Yorkshire friends is drawn. Honest Mr. Longstaff, who presented the appearance of a village schoolmaster, but who, as the proprietor of the premises, most cordially did the honours of his modest abode, in which he was as cordially aided by his respectable-looking helpmate, soon entered into an account of the manner in which the water was accidentally discovered about forty years ago—a manner so natural that it cannot interest my readers. He next proceeded to uncover the well to show me its depth, and the nature of the soil round the shaft.

The water stands at the depth of fifty feet from the sur-

face, to which level it has been known to remain constantly, even on the days in which more than twenty baths had been served. The original borings, which were made in search of potable water, extended to 100 feet without detecting any, but two feet beyond that, the mineral water burst forth, and ascended to the pre-stated level.

Mr. Longstaff purchased the property, and let the well, but lost the rent, and now has taken it into his own hands.

I lowered my thermometer into the well, and found the temperature of the water to be 48° of Fahrenheit. On testing it with acetate of lead the presence of sulphureted hydrogen was immediately detected, but the quantity is small. Not wishing to judge of the water obtained by pumping, which is here also performed foolishly through leaden pipes, I had some of it drawn in my presence from the bottom of the well in a jug. Its taste is very pleasantly saltish, but has none of that bitterish *après goût* which indicates the presence of either the muriate of magnesia or of lime, or both. It is agreeable to the taste when drank cold, and feels soft to the palate. The most squeamish may drink it without disgust, in spite of the presence of sulphur.

My impression at the moment was, that the water is in *reality* what one of the springs of Leamington is *pretended* to be—a genuine sulphureted saline, suitable to the most delicate constitutions—well adapted, above all, for female constitutions, and also in certain maladies of children attended by the smallest suspicion of scrofula or worms, or accompanied by cutaneous eruptions.

Its being pleasant to drink is a very great recommendation ; and in that respect it is superior to the strongest waters at Harrogate. It seems likewise to sit well on the stomach ; and I feel disposed to think, from the little personal experience I have had, that, drank early in the morning with a small portion of plain boiling water—just enough to warm it—this sulphureted saline will prove sufficiently active as a purgative—one of the first, I may say the principal quality

that a mineral water should possess, in order successfully to combat chronic or inveterate diseases.

In every respect I feel disposed to think that the Willoughby Spa water would prove superior as a remedial agent to some other springs in the neighbourhood, which have acquired a certain degree of renown, though not endowed with such *primâ facie* advantages as seem to belong to this place. I say *primâ facie* only, because the chemical analysis of the water itself has either never been made, or is so indifferent that it is never mentioned—at least to my knowledge. Mr. Longstaff had it not, and with some difficulty could I make the good lady of the well comprehend that a knowledge of the precise ingredients of the water was necessary before one could recommend it.

“Why so?” would the honest dame reply. “We know that it has done and is doing an immense deal of good to sick people—that it has cured Mr. *this* and Lady *that*, and the clegyman of our neighbouring parish, and that it has been recommended by the doctors at Northampton and Daventry, and even Warwick in spite of Leamington; and such being the case, where is the use of scrutinizing farther?”

Her lord, however, who had culled a bit of science in his intercourse with the world, soon understood the importance of my suggestion, and on my assuring him that an analysis by a reputed chemist would not be very expensive, he agreed to have it done. Whether he has or not, and whether this last season has proved to him, by an encouraging increase in the number of bathers, that it is for his interest to attend to that suggestion, as well as to the many others which I took the liberty of giving him for the formation of a Spa, such as patients of any importance could visit and remain at,—I have not had the opportunity of ascertaining.

The place, as I saw it, wants every thing to make it fit to receive visitors. And as I contend that the water should be used as an internal remedy in preference to bath-

ing in it—to which latter use it seems principally to have been confined—it is evident that many more people would attend, were there any accommodations besides the few neat little rooms in the dwelling-house of Mr. and Mrs. Longstaff.

The back of this house is to the south, and very pretty. In the horizon rises Staverton-hill due south. Shuckburgh (the name of which reminded me of that *naïve* correspondence between the lady of Sir Francis, who resides at this villa, and a fashionable daughter-in-law of a duke, which appeared in all the papers after its first publication in an able Sunday tory journal) lies to the left of Staverton. The grounds appeared in beautiful order, and the view is delightful. Opposite is the village of Flecknoe. All these places so seen are on the borders of Northamptonshire, like Willoughby itself, which is the first village within the line of Warwickshire. The highest ground about this district is seen from Mr. Longstaff's house, distant from the last-mentioned miserable village about a mile.

There is, not far from the house, an inn which had not yet been licensed, nor had it any accommodations at present ; therefore visiters must secure board and lodging under Mr. Longstaff's hospitable roof.

The Lemm, a small insignificant brook, dignified as a river when it proceeds through Leamington, is close to the end of a large field to the south of the house, and in that direction we find a better approach to Willoughby Baths.

By it I took my departure towards Southam, on my way to Leamington, passing between Lower Shuckburgh and Napton, and crossing the Oxford canal not fewer than three times.

At the Craven Arms, in the market-place at Southam, an excellent inn, by the bye, I changed my vehicle, and, passing through a country tolerably green and full of trees for the distance of nine miles, but totally devoid of interest, I reached at length the king of the English Spas of the present day.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SALT-WELLS.—TENBURY.

The two Rival Spas—A Halt among Salt Springs—“LADY WOOD’S Saline”—Taste, Appearance, and other Physical Characters of the Water—Its Analysis—Advantages in Glandular Diseases—ABSURD EULOGIUMS—A Case of Cure—Accommodation—Approach to Dudley—The CASTLE and the CAVE—Commercial Inns—*Commis Voyageurs*—French and English “TRAVELLERS”—A Jolly Party—Sad Statistics—A Blazing Atmosphere—Effects on Health—MR. MURCHISON and the SILURIAN System—His Opinion of the Origin of Mineral Waters—Admanston and Salt-Moor Springs—SIR HUMPHRY DAVY’S Analysis—DR. LLOYD of Ludlow—Tewkesbury and Droitwich—TENBURY WELL—Discovery and First Analysis—The Author’s Visit and Opinion—Road from Worcester—Lucky Farmers—The Ward Estates—Farmer Chillingworth—Prince LUCIEN of Cannino.—Examination of Tenbury Well by the Author—Its Geology—Experiments—Taste and other Characters of the Water—Discrepant Analyses—A Fresh One Recommended and Accomplished—IODINE Discovered—The Effect on the Constitution—What is Iodine?—Disease cured by Tenbury Water—The SPA quite in its Infancy—Every thing remains to be done.

As I am approaching the confines of the two most fashionable watering-places in England—the two rival spas of the present day—Leamington and Cheltenham, my desire to hasten thither becomes every moment stronger. The reader who has kindly accompanied me so far through my excursion, is probably even more impatient than myself to repair with me to those renowned resorts of invalids and idlers, in order to ascertain how far their rapidly-acquired reputation be a just one, and upon what grounds it may be founded.

Yet, even with all these considerations, I must crave the further delay of one chapter, and the indulgence of dedicating

it to the brief description of part of a group of mineral springs or wells which dot a curious, though by no means extensive district, from Dudley to Ludlow, and which embrace the Dudley Wells, Droitwich, Tewksbury, Admanston Spa, the Moor-Spring, and Tenbury.

It is necessary to clear the ground before us of two or three of these minor mineral springs, ere we proceed to treat of the more important ones in and about the same counties ; inasmuch as the consideration of the latter, which it imports my readers to see fully discussed, may derive additional interest and light from the succinct information it is my intention to bring forward respecting the former.

When I say that the springs of which we are about to speak are minor ones, I do not refer to their chemical constitution, and the probable medical powers possessed through it ; for in those respects they are probably far above in value those of Leamington and Cheltenham. But I call them minor, or of less importance, because they are either not employed at all, or very little, for the purposes of an ordinary spa, Tenbury excepted. The excursion is not a long one, and may be considered as episodal to our work. We shall afterwards return to Birmingham, and having taken a rapid survey of that neighbourhood, proceed on our road to the great Spa on the Lemm.

My steps were first directed to the

SALT WELLS,

near Dudley, which have since been distinguished by the euphonous title of “ Lady Wood’s Saline Spa.”

The approach from Dudley, distant about two miles and a half south, is down a steep hill into a valley, and through a vast extent of coal-pits, all at work, presenting the same dreadful appearance as at Wolverhampton, Newcastle, Durham, and Bradford, with hundreds of heaps of coke

burning, and a suffocating sulphurous atmosphere hovering above and around them.

The way is rough, tortuous, and difficult. It crosses the Dudley-canal, and at the distance of two miles and a half, as before stated, a gate for carriages and a turnstile for foot-passengers lead through a dell or gill down into a hollow, where the said Lady Wood's Saline Spa is found.

It is but a poor concern at present. The well, from which the mineral water is pumped by an ordinary pump, is covered over; and a small building had just been erected, like a cottage, by the side of it, with two indifferent looking bathrooms. The supply of water is not plentiful, being about twenty hogsheads in a day only.

The water is clear, its taste is strongly salt, with a degree of bitterness so marked, though not unpleasant, that it will linger a long time on the palate. Its temperature, I ascertained to be 50° of Fahrenheit. Mr. Cooper, the London chemist, has found by an accurate analysis, which is printed and circulated at the Spa, 80 grains, and a little more than half a grain besides of saline ingredients, in the dry state—that is, without any water of crystalization. In a wine-pint of the mineral water, nearly fifty grains of that quantity are of common salt, nineteen are muriate of lime, and seven and a half muriate of magnesia. There is both a muriate and a carbonate of iron, making altogether a grain and a fraction; but neither iodine nor bromine has been found in the water.

From this it will be seen that as a chemical compound, the Lady Wood's Saline Spa presents a combination of ingredients, endowed with considerable discutient power, and might be employed with success in the treatment of glandular and scrofulous affections, provided they are not at their stage of inflammation. It cannot, however, be expected to act as an aperient, still less as a purgative, and so far it could hardly be employed without the aid of some other medicine

which forms, in my opinion, a great drawback to the employment of mineral waters, and consequently to be avoided if possible.

In conceding thus far a decided and specific action on disease to the Salt-wells Water of Dudley, I do not mean to encourage the pompous and absurd eulogium inserted in the printed paper which gives its analysis, and where it is stated that the water had been recommended by the analyser himself, and all the eminent physicians in the neighbourhood, “as one of the best mineral waters in the kingdom, for almost *every disease* incident to the human body.”

An honest and intelligent tradesman of Birmingham, whom I met in this expedition, and who was certainly not an interested party, assured me that the water had acquired more celebrity for the cure of weakness of limbs and palsy, than for any thing else. As a proof, he related the case of a friend of his who had suffered under a paralytic stroke, by which he was at once deprived of motion and vision on one side of the body, as well as of the power of speech, whereby he became totally unable to attend to business. He applied to this Spa, where he took several warm-baths, and drank some of the water for three weeks, at the end of which time he was completely restored. Yet the poor man had, in the first instance, tried every medical advice and means, including electricity, without any effect, and to the serious detriment of his scanty purse.

The spot or hollow in which the well-house stands, is surrounded by wood. The Salt-well Inn, at Netherton, perched on the top of a hill, and looking down upon the Spa, is the only house of accommodation for visitors I could perceive in the neighbourhood.

Ere I proceeded farther I deemed it necessary, on my return from the well, to halt at Dudley, in order to rest and refresh my horse for a couple of hours; and this I did at the second best inn in the town, a sort of commercial house.

How interesting, by the bye, is the approach to Dudley from Birmingham, barring all the iniquities of burning coal-fields and iron furnaces! A series of hills appears in view before the traveller as he journeys onward, on the summit of one of the principal knolls of which peers Dudley Castle, in picturesque ruins; while upon another hill, much further on the left, the distant church of Netherton rises conspicuously. The sloping sides of the Castle Hill are covered with wood, into which the public is admitted, with Lord Ward's permission, for the purpose of walking, and examining a celebrated cave.

I have already had occasion to mention how convenient I had found it, in my travels through the country, where I was not personally known, to take up my abode at a commercial inn, and enjoy the advantages, privileges, and solid comforts of commercial travellers, in the room especially set apart for them. My modest equipage had indeed all that was required in its appearance to favour my scheme, which was still further promoted by the mode of conveyance I so often adopted "the single horse *chay*;"—and the perpetual pulling out of my desk, to scribble away my notes, settle accounts, and arrange bills, on the commercial-room table, had also a knowing air of business.

Almost every country in Europe has that class of people whom in this country we call "commercial travellers." France had, at one time, not fewer than six or seven species of *commis voyageurs*, one or two of whom only, the *voyageur libre* and the *voyageur à commission*, resembled most the "commercial traveller" of England, emphatically so called. Since the *messageries* and *voitures accélérées*, however, have placed Paris and other great commercial cities within an easy reach of the provincial shopkeepers, all these commission travellers have disappeared, and none but the lowest in rank remain, which is little removed from that of a common pedlar.

Not so in England, for here commercial travellers are still

personages of importance, and far from dwindling in number; they have, on the contrary, rapidly increased, and like rank grass, multiplied to such an extent, that it is no uncommon thing to hear, now-a-days, a modest shopkeeper in a small county-town say, that "one sees nothing in the streets but dogs and commercial travellers."

Nor is this all; for while multiplying in number, they have also assumed, if not acquired, an air of increased importance in their own estimation, which is never so readily acknowledged or assented to by any one, as by the three classes of people following,—the smart, will-o'-the-wisp-moving, coffee-room maid, who waits on them at table, and has a wink for this one, and a pet word for that other, so as to keep them all in good humour; the demure lass who, brass-candlestick in hand, lights them to their chamber; and lastly, the hostler, who washes their gig, and takes care of their nags, after the "traveller" himself has peered into the manger to ascertain that the corn is there.

When I entered the commercial room at Dudley, it was on a Sunday, and at vesper time. Every one belonging to the town was at evening service; but here I beheld around the centre table, which, for the sake of greater snuggerly, had been pushed close to the fire, a merry party of four young men, of the class just described, who, being at dessert, cracked as many dry nuts as dry jokes, and drank bumpers of port to "our noble selves." At the end of an hour the time of reckoning came, and my jolly *fellow* commercial travellers, who had, I must say, often tempted me with their invitation to join in a glass, and who, from their attire in the tip-top style of fashion, might have been mistaken for independent gentlemen,—paid their eighteen shillings a-piece, like real gentlemen, and took their departure, *cigare en bouche*, "for a lark out of doors."

"Surely," said I to myself, "these people must be driving a fine trade, to be able to afford themselves this sort of ex-

pensive mimicking of their betters. Do they or their masters suffer? Is not this another example of the miserable effect which the immense distance now existing between the industrious and the easy classes of society, (strongly marked by the excess of luxury displayed by the latter), cannot fail to produce;—namely, the creation among the former, (whose poverty appears only the more conspicuous by the contrast,) of either a strong feeling of envy, which ends in murmurs and discontent, or a desire to imitate the extravagances of their superiors, which must terminate in ruin and a prison?”

Judging from the sad statistics proclaimed by the chief magistrate of London in 1839, at a dinner given in support of the funds of the “Society of Commercial Travellers,” the probability of the last-mentioned lamentable results in regard to that class of people, seems no longer problematical. His lordship upon that occasion stated, that the total amount of money paid by the Society to members who had declared on the funds for the year was 11,109*l.*, and to the families 8866*l.*; while the money received by the Society from members was only 3272*l.* As to the number of claimants that had been relieved by the sums in question, they were not fewer than 1118, and consisted of 362 members, 319 widows, 384 children, and 53 orphans!

Misfortune and ill-health may doubtless be admitted as two of the acting causes of such distressing results; but that extravagance in squandering present gains, and improvidence in not securing for themselves or families the needful succour on a rainy day, by subscribing to the Society’s funds while the sunshine was abroad, must be failings of no ordinary frequency among commercial travellers, is proved by the numbers recited at the Mansion-house, and illustrated on a small scale by my little adventure in the commercial room at Dudley.

It behoves me to state, after having laid such stress on

the awful appearance and condition of the atmosphere throughout the whole region of blazing fires I had just been traversing, and which resembled a large town burning to the ground, that in no part of that district, without exception, did I notice the smallest vestige of any ill effect produced by such a dense and sulphureous atmosphere, either on the young or the middle-aged of both sexes; all of whom, on the contrary, appeared healthy and with a good complexion, while many were well-looking and had a pleasing countenance.

After this example, and that of Bradford described in the first volume, who shall venture to say aught against the heavy and smoky air of our great Babylon, in point of salubrity?

Being on my way to Tenbury, there to examine a recently-discovered well of briny water, the recent analyses of which, by Professors Brande and Daubeny, had been communicated to me by the proprietor, I felt desirous of making myself acquainted with the most recent facts and theories respecting this class of mineral springs, which in Worcestershire particularly (on the borders of which Tenbury is seated), and in Shropshire as well as Cheshire, have attracted considerable attention on the part of the physical geologist.

For this purpose I had recourse to that very elaborate and important work of R. I. Murchison, Esq., which treats of a series of rocks that had not been classified by geologists before him, occupying a definite place in the general stratification of this island, and first seen and studied by that author, in that part of England and Wales which Tacitus states to have been inhabited by the *Silures*, and hence called *Siluria*.

To this system or group of rocks, which previous writers, speaking of some of the oldest deposits of the earth's crust, (among which those rocks are to be found), had not separated

into particular formations, Mr. Murchison has affixed the distinguishing appellation of *Silurian*: for how could he have described in an intelligible manner objects that had either been confounded with others by the geologists who preceded him, or had not been properly picked out from the rest, and classed,—unless he had previously and collectively defined them by a distinct generic denomination?

Obliged, by a similar consideration, to find distinguishing appellations for the subdivisions of his new group of rocks, the same Author has followed the example of old Father Smith, the late eminent practical Scarborough geologist, in his mode of subdividing another group of rocks of distinct geological structure in England, called the *Oolitic*. For this purpose Mr. Murchison has borrowed from the names of the localities in which the particular subdivisions of his silurian group appeared more conspicuous, the distinguishing denominations he has assigned to them. These sub-divisions, of which he admits four, he has called *formations*, in obedience to the practice of geological writers; and the way in which he has distinguished them has been by adopting a corresponding topographical prefix: thus—1, The Ludlow; 2, Wenlock; 3, Caradoc; and 4, the Llandeilo formation.

But as these *formations* cannot always be very distinctly separated the one from the other (for No. 1 and 2 will occasionally appear as if forming a whole, and so will No. 3 and 4), our author has adopted the terms of “upper silurian rocks” to denote No. 1 and 2 together, and “lower silurian rocks,” to denote the two other numbers combined.

It is farther to be observed that each of these sub-divisions is characterized by the presence of a corresponding series of organic remains.

I trust I have made myself understood to the generality of my readers, and to those of the fair sex in particular who may not be conversant with geology, by giving them, without any display of learning, or many technical terms, with which unfortunately modern geology is *hérissée*,—a succinct and plain

description of a work, containing a series of geological researches which, in one point of view, bears on the subject of my present chapter, and on that of my volumes generally. Such a work, and so recent too, could not be passed over in silence in a publication on the mineral waters of England, particularly where they seem blended with the silurian system. That work has excited the most lively interest in the scientific world of this and other countries; nor is it too much to say, that from the industry which seems to have presided over its execution, not less than from the splendour of the unrivalled map, and other illustrations by which it is accompanied, Mr. Murchison's volume has stamped his fame as a philosophical as well as practical geologist of no ordinary character.

In regard to myself I only hope I have not done him injustice by my brief *résumé* of the intention of his work, or misapprehended his meaning.

Well then—Mr. Murchison has taken occasion, in the work in question, to discuss the subject of mineral springs whenever they occur in his silurian region; and in so doing he has set an example worthy of imitation to his contemporary geological writers, who seldom condescend to take that subject into consideration, as I have shewn in speaking of thermal springs and telluric heat in a former publication.

The springs principally noticed by Mr. Murchison are some of those to which allusion was made at the commencement of the present chapter, namely salt or briny springs; among which I had selected for a particular description those of ADMASTON, two miles from Wellington in a north-western direction, and of SALTMoor, two miles from Ludlow in a south-eastern direction.

Unfortunately, the death of a respected fellow-practitioner, Dr. Du Gard, of Shrewsbury, on whose accurate knowledge of Admaston Spa, and personal assistance in examining it myself, I had depended, occurred just at the time of my intended visit, and prevented the accomplishment of my

wishes. As a spa, however, Admaston is entirely neglected.

Tewkesbury New Spa and the briny sources at Droitwich would equally claim a notice in this place, as being important members of the group of "Salt-springs" referred to in the introductory part of this chapter. But in neither case is their rank as mineral watering-places such as to call for, in a publication like the present, more than a passing record of their existence.

With regard to the SALTMOOR spring, the facts alone of its having been once a place of great resort for invalids (though never in the style of our modern spas) and of its water having been analyzed by the first chemical philosopher of this country, the late Sir Humphrey Davy, are sufficient reasons for my more extended introduction of the subject.

Mr. Murchison, in noticing this spring, and after having quoted an old and rough estimate of its component parts made by Dr. Lloyd of Ludlow, proceeds to frame an ingenious theory as to the origin of the water. I know not how far we may be warranted in classing it with the Salt-springs, as its name implies. Its real composition,—notwithstanding two analyses, the one said to have been made by Sir Humphrey Davy, but most unfortunately mislaid by its proprietor, Mr. Charlton, and the other quoted by Mr. Murchison—is not truly known; inasmuch as the latter has since been declared by its author to have been inaccurate, as may be seen from the following extract of a letter from Dr. Lloyd, of Ludlow, with which I was favoured in January, 1840, in reply to inquiries I took the liberty of making respecting the spring in question.

“The analysis quoted in Mr. Murchison’s work, was made by me many years since; but with too much haste and, I fear, inaccuracy to be depended upon. Since I have been favoured with your letter I have again examined the water. The result of this examination varies considerably from the

statement quoted by Mr. Murchison; indeed I believe the water has undergone considerable change. It has not now a trace of sulphureted hydrogen, with which it once abounded. Its salts at present consist of *muriate of soda*, with sulphate of soda, and carbonate as well as sulphate of iron.

“ I consider it a very safe and efficient chalybeate, possessing also mild aperient properties in the quantity of a pint. It was in high local repute a few years ago; but probably owing to its distance from the town (two miles), it is not now so much frequented, though in my opinion it possesses qualities of high value, and I have no doubt it would be much resorted to were proper accommodations to be met with on the spot.

“ The spring rises in the midst of scenery of singular beauty and variety, and has certainly advantages in this respect over any Spa in the kingdom.”

I have allowed Dr. Lloyd to speak for himself for the information of my readers, as I have not seen the spring; although my researches into another much more important source to be presently described, had called me to within five miles of the place. But at that time I had neither read Mr. Murchison's work, nor received Dr. Lloyd's letter, and consequently was perfectly ignorant of the existence of Saltmoor Spa.

Judging from Dr. Lloyd's more recent account, then, it would seem that the Spa must not be considered as of the same class of that near Dudley, or of those at Droitwich, and Tewkesbury—all briny springs, and as such very important. But as Dr. Lloyd has not made a quantitative analysis of the water, that point must remain for the present undecided.

Tenbury, on the contrary, which is the well I have just alluded to when speaking of my journey to the immediate neighbourhood of Ludlow, a twelvemonth since, is a de-

cided briny-spring, closely allied to the salt-spring near Dudley, though much more potent, for reasons which will presently appear; and I had hoped, therefore, to be able to trace, in a successive line from Dudley to Ludlow, a regular stratum of the briny element in a south-western direction; as unquestionably there exists a continuous one in Worcestershire in a line southwards from Dudley.

Mr. Murchison thinks, if I understand him correctly, that the great subterranean store-house of rock-salt and briny-springs in England, is the red marl, or the upper member of the new red sandstone, though he has shewn us that many other deposits are also saliferous.*

THE TENBURY WELL.

This is another of the many mineral waters which the occasion of my inquiry into the Spas of England is likely to bring into public notice, and which, if properly managed, may be converted into a Spa of considerable importance.

As the well is but of recent discovery, and must be wholly unknown to the generality of my readers, I shall enter a little more minutely into the particular character and circumstances of the place than I have done with the rest of the group of springs forming the principal subject of the present chapter. Every thing is as yet in its infancy at Tenbury Well, although the mineral-water itself is perfect. But if the suggestions I took the liberty of making to the proprietor, and his declared determination to see them carried into effect, should hereafter be accomplished, and the mineral-water properly and judiciously employed, there can be no doubt as to the

* Mr. Murchison has recently proved that the red ground of northern Russia, in which so much rock-salt and so many salt-springs abound, is the *old red sandstone*, similar to this around Tenbury.

very great benefits that will result from the discovery of this well.

At the close of the year 1839, after my return from visiting most of the mineral springs of England, a gentleman called upon me, and placed in my hands two distinct analyses of a mineral-water which had been discovered in the summer of that year on his premises at Tenbury. The analyses had been executed by Professor Brande and Professor Daubeny. At the same time, a list of cases of disease which had already been benefited by the use of the water was communicated to me, including the instance of the recovery of the gentleman's own child, who, after drinking the water for a few days, expelled a number of lumbrici, five or six inches long, which I saw.

On inquiry I found that neither of the analyses had been made on the spot. Indeed, I suspected as much upon looking at the papers: for there was no mention made of any gaseous contents in the water.

As an additional reason for me to take notice of the newly-discovered spring at Tenbury, a letter from a most respectable physician, Dr. A. W. Davis, of Presteign, practising within twenty miles of that place, reached me soon after, vouching for the statements and representations already made on the subject. In consequence I was induced to run down to examine the well and its locality, and make every necessary inquiry into the real state of the case.

A distance of 133 miles in our days is nothing, and accordingly in a very few hours, thanks to railroads and quick coaches, I reached my destination. Yet not so quick but that I could, *more meo*, pick up a few notes by the way, on the country through which I travelled, the best part of which was new to me; and could also gather some information from a civil fellow-traveller or two.

Our line of road, after quitting Worcester, took the direc-

tion of the Abberley Hills, and on the left of the road was seen spreading what was once Lord Foley's, and is now Lord Ward's park, between Great and Little Whitley. There is an exceedingly pretty Italian lodge connected with the park; and I was informed also that the fresco paintings in Whitley church are celebrated. The park is screened from the north-west by the range of hills just mentioned.

A very intelligent farmer and his wife, who were journeying part of the same way, and seemed well acquainted with the neighbourhood, supplied me, very good naturedly, with as much information on many points of interest to me as I had time to inquire about. They stated that, in proceeding to Tenbury (of the fame of whose mineral spring they had but a recent and not very clear impression) by the line I had taken, I should find the road traversing a very pretty country as far as the hills, but one dreary enough beyond them, until within five miles of Tenbury; and such proved to be the case in reality.

I could not help noticing to my friend, the farmer, the state of the land right and left of the road, which had the appearance of good arable land. "Yes," said he, "it is good for barley and turnips. Wheat-land, just here about, you see little or none; but not far from hence, and in some parts, wheat-land will often produce as much as forty bushels an acre, which is by no means common in this country. Such land as that will let for thirty shillings an acre, while this which you see near us does not fetch as much as twenty. The general average, however, in this part of Worcestershire is twenty-five shillings. The facility of transporting the produce by the road and the Severn is a great help to good prices, as is also the vicinity of some principal towns, such as Dudley, Kidderminster, and Worcester. My honest informant admitted that, although within the last twenty years the English farmers had made several improvements in the

way of raising produce at a less expense, they were nevertheless still in the infancy of that important branch of agriculture ; and he was right.

Be it as it may, of such species of lands as are here described, the Foley estate consisted, in the purchase of which the trustees of the minor Lord Ward invested 800,000*l.*! All the tenants on this vast estate are old and most respectable, having been upon it for a succession of generations. No marvel neither, if they pay but an average rent of 1*l.* 5*s.* per acre, while they can raise forty bushels of wheat on it, which they will sell in the market, at the average price of the last many years, for 16*l.*, or 8*s.* a bushel!

What wonder then that Farmer Chillingworth, of Holt Castle, which I beheld a little way off on my right, should have become a rich man by renting six hundred such acres, farmed by him in a way superior to that of any other farmer in the neighbourhood, and penned with as many sheep, the mere wool of which (when wool was not a drug, as it now is) sufficed to pay his rents!

Farmer Chillingworth is a great personage in these parts, as having risen from nothing to great wealth, through sheer industry and perseverance, accompanied by honesty. He keeps up the Castle as it formerly stood, spends little or no money, goes to market himself and attends the audits, one hundred of which he had been present at, when his health was drank the year before. He is a bachelor, but has sundry nieces to inherit his wealth. *Avviso ai poveri preti della parrocchia.*

Noblemen's and gentlemen's country residences were seen on various points of the vast extent before us as we proceeded along, and my informant related that of such there were many, and at one time of great consequence. Hardly any of these, however, are now tenanted; and little or no style is kept up in those that are. He well recollected the time when a lad (and his portly dame nodded assent), that

at all the principal seats there was kept up a great state, and a stud of horses for the visitors.

My fellow-traveller seemed to make a distinction from his sweeping assertion in favour of Thorngrove, an ancient family-seat, near to which we passed before coming to Holt Castle. It stands on a slope, dressed as a park, and looks with its front to the north-east, the broad Severn running just below it. "There," said he, "there it was that Lucien, the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, first resided when he was brought to this country, and the reputation he has left behind him was that of an exceedingly good man, charitable to the poor, quiet, gentlemanly, and clever. The general orders given to his domestic physician were, that he should see all the poor when sick, and supply them gratis with all necessary medicines. His departure occasioned much grief in the neighbourhood."

Alas ! he too is gone to his last account since this eulogium was passed upon him by an honest and unsophisticated English yeoman, who, while pronouncing it, could not divine that his simple and feeling language in praise of the Prince of Canino found a response in the bosom of the person he then addressed. For that person had been well acquainted with the excellent qualities of the head and heart which distinguished the illustrious individual in question, and which were only second to those of another still more illustrious brother, the eldest of the same highly-destined family, whose days it has been my good fortune, under Providence, on one particular occasion to preserve. After having worn two diadems in the space of eight years, he too is come to spend, on the same free soil which Lucien had so long inhabited, the evening of his life, with unaffected resignation, and in the exercise of all the best virtues that can adorn the heart of man !

THE TENBURY WELL was discovered at the back of the

house of S. Holmes Godson, Esq. (brother of the member for Kidderminster), who owns, in and about the place, considerable property, and seemed to me to be just the person to encourage and promote in every legitimate manner the success of a mineral water.

As usual, it was in searching for better potable water, that the one charged with very marked mineral qualities was detected. The hint of nature once given, every means was adopted to profit by it. A shaft thirty feet deep was sunk, three feet in diameter; it was lined with bricks down to the water's edge, and the water was ascertained to be six feet deep.

On my getting to the well I found that the water had reached nearly to the top of it in the course of the night. This phenomenon, I was informed, had occurred often before, and the taste or sapid properties of the water were always on such occasions impaired.

The examination of the situation of the well, and of the ground in which the latter had been sunk, as well as of the many specimens of rock dug out of it and preserved, satisfied me that upper, or land-springs, must inevitably pour their contents into the shaft, considering the dip of the stratum in which the well is situated, and the nature of that stratum. We were here standing on a part of the old red system; and judging from the first impression made upon me by the mineral water, as well as by my own superficial observations around me, guided by what I had learned in Mr. Murchison's book, I thought that we should find the stratification of the well, below the fresh-water spring-beds, (which here consisted of strong gravel super-imposed to blue marl, the latter measuring somewhat more than ten feet, and of a hard blue limestone, three inches thick, dipping from S.E. to N.W.), to be red marl conglomerate, over a close or compact cornstone, and below this other beds of the

old red sandstone, through some fissure of one or both of which last-mentioned rocks the mineral-water probably sprang.

A more minute examination of the well than had hitherto been instituted having been made soon afterwards, in consequence of my requesting that the well should be cleared of all its water, and secured from the land-springs, it was found that its geological arrangement corresponded exactly with the preceding supposition, thrown out and committed to writing by myself, on the spot.

The Tenbury well, therefore, is a briny spring belonging to the old red sandstone, in which the western part of Worcestershire abounds; but in the combination of its ingredients, and particularly with reference to the presence of two new ones, which a fresh analysis has elicited, Tenbury water must, for the present at least, be considered as quite different from those found in that part of the country.

Having ordered the entire shaft to be exhausted of its upper water, down to five feet of water only in the well, I lowered the thermometer, and found the temperature to be 48° , that of the air being, at the time, 38° of Fahrenheit. The water, then drawn up, appeared turbid, but after resting a short time it became limpid. I could not find the smallest trace of sulphureted hydrogen gas; neither was there any disengagement of free carbonic acid from it, but I have since been told that it always sparkles now.

The taste is strongly salt, and bitter at the same time;—the bitterness continuing for a long period, but not so long as the taste of salt, which is the last to vanish. But this bitter taste is by no means disagreeable, is totally unlike the taste of a solution of common Epsom salts, and rather resembles that of Pullna water.

Immediately upon swallowing half a tumbler of the Tenbury

water, a disturbance, or rather commotion, is set up in the abdomen, which, upon a repetition of the same quantity of the fluid, after a proper interval, will be found in most cases to end in a way desirable under such circumstances.

The supply of water in the Well, since it has been secured from land-springs, has proved very abundant, and of permanent strength, and is likely to continue so.

We now come to its analyses. Professor Brande, who examined a quantity of the water sent to him, which must have been diluted by land-springs, judging from the results of his analysis, as compared with those of two other chemists, found in the imperial pint fifty-nine grains of common salt (chloride of sodium), and as much as fifty-one grains of muriate of lime. But Professor Daubeny, who analysed the water, subsequently, I believe, found only thirty-nine and a half grains of muriate of lime, but he detected as much as $89\frac{1}{6}$ grains of common salt. The specimen of water he analysed, therefore, could not have been much diluted. Professor Brande also found sulphate of lime and sulphate of magnesia, neither of which salts Professor Daubeny detected in his specimen. And yet the whole quantity of *dry* matter which each of the Professors had obtained by evaporation was nearly the same—there being $3\frac{1}{3}$ grains difference only—the one indicating 120 grains, and the other $123\frac{1}{3}$.

Here then had I again, as in the case of Scarborough Wells, and many other Spas I visited, more than one authority, but each of the first respectability in chemical sciences, to deal with, while endeavouring to learn the real composition of the Tenbury water. Another difficulty of coming to a right conclusion arose from my own notion, acquired on the spot, and while in the act of tasting and duly considering the water, that perchance it contained iodine, and probably bromine also, in which case the recently discovered Well would become far more important as a medical agent, while the cure of some of the cases of disease stated to

me to have been healed by the water, would be readily explained.

Accordingly I recommended to Mr. Godson that a fresh analysis of the water should be made by Professor Brande, to whom immediate application was made through me for that purpose; and upon that gentleman's declining the appointment, owing to his numerous engagements, I advised that Mr. West, of Leeds, should be sent for down to Tenbury to examine the water on the spot.

This is what has been done, and the result of that chemist's analysis is the one which my readers will find in the general Table of Analyses at the end of the present volume. Mr. West has found the total saline ingredients in a wine-pint of the water to be below one hundred grains; he, like Professor Daubeny, could not detect a single trace of sulphuric acid, which Professor Brande found combined with two bases in his analyses. Mr. West has ascertained the presence of a larger quantity of common salt than either of the Professors; and of more muriate of lime than Professor Daubeny, though less of that substance than Professor Brande. But what Mr. West has detected further in the Tenbury water, which the two Professors do not mention in their analyses, besides some free carbonic acid, and nitrogen (azote), is a portion of iodine ($\frac{1}{19}$ th of a grain) in an imperial gallon of the water, with marked traces of bromine also and potash.*

* Nearly at the same time Professor Daubeny having been requested by Dr. Davis to examine afresh a sample of Tenbury water forwarded to him, discovered iodine also. This fact, which he communicated to the Ashmolean Society on the 1st of June, 1840, was published in the "Athenæum" the following week. Mr. West reported the result of his analysis to the proprietor and myself, on the 18th of May preceding, announcing the discovery of iodine, but did not publish any account of it. The Professor was not aware of Mr. West's analysis till I communicated it to him some time this year.

The water, in fact, as it now appears, varies very considerably from what was previously believed to be its composition. I am, on the whole, bound to admit Mr. West's analysis as the most correct representation of the constituent parts of the Tenbury water.

Iodine, a substance I first mentioned as an important constituent part of the Woodhall Spa water, in which it is present in a much larger proportion than in the Tenbury water, is a name which during the last few years has made some noise in medical as well as purely popular works, although it is probably unintelligible to the majority of those who have seen it in print, or heard it mentioned. A large number of the non-professional readers, who may favour me with the perusal of these volumes, may be in that predicament. It is therefore important they should be told that that peculiar solid substance or matter, which in burnt sponge (once so generally employed as a domestic remedy for the removal of wens of the neck) imparts to that marine production its particular sanative property, is what has been called *iodine*,* by the practical chemist, Courtois, who discovered it more than twenty-five years ago in France, while boiling certain marine productions, somewhat similar to the sponge, such as kelp, and other sea-weeds, &c., in the manufacture of soap.

A Genevese physician, led by the analogy of the sponge, in which the same particular matter as in the sea-weed was soon afterwards detected, was the first to think of employing the newly discovered substance, instead of the sponge itself (just as one uses now quinine instead of bark, from which it is obtained,) for the cure of wens in the throat and other analogous tumours. The result having agreed with the analogical theory of the worthy Doctor, and all succeeding brethren having followed his example with equal success, iodine not only became a standard medicine for the removal of all those diseases, but its employment was soon extended, with more or

* Because when heated it rises in *violet*-coloured vapours.

less good effect, to the cure of many other complaints, especially such as affect the glandular system.

Hence such mineral waters as have been found to contain iodine in this or any foreign country, have been justly considered as additionally valuable, provided the quantity present be not smaller than in the case of the Tenbury water; for however potent the substance in question may be as a medicinal agent, it should certainly never be administered in infinitesimal or homœopathic doses.

Such waters, however, are by no means common. Indeed, only two or three of them exist abroad, and in this country not many more. The whole inquiry is but a recent one, and was never conducted, perhaps, with that degree of strict attention which it has received from chemists within the last five or six years, and never more so than during Professor Daubeny's investigation, and that which I was instrumental in having undertaken of the waters of Tenbury and Woodhall, in Lincolnshire, the latter of which, at present, can boast of holding in solution the largest quantity of iodine hitherto known to belong to any mineral water in England.

I believe that iodine was first detected in this country by the late Professor Turner in the water of Bonnington, near Leith. Next came Mr. Murray, who announced it, as we shall see by and by, as being present in the Gloucester Spa. Mr. Ainsworth was third in the field, in regard to the Cheltenham water, in which he contends he found traces of iodine. But it is to Professor Daubeny that the credit belongs of having been the first to ascertain, by a careful chemical examination of several British mineral waters, as detailed by him in the Philosophical Transactions for 1830, their proportion of that substance, the presence of which alone had been hinted at by his predecessors.

It will have been seen, however, under the head of Woodhall Spa, that all the proportions found by Dr. Daubeny are as nothing compared to that which that Spa contains, and which

amounts to more than half a grain of iodine in the gallon. I have seen somewhere, (but I forget the precise work), that a chemist of the name of Cuff, at Bath, announced the presence of iodine in the water of that Spa, which he professes to have discovered by evaporating thirty gallons of the water. *A priori*, looking at the high temperature of that mineral water, I should say that Mr. Cuff was mistaken.*

Now the presence of iodine, in due proportions, in mineral waters is not only valuable because it imparts to it those properties (peculiar to itself) which in the hand of the physician have proved so useful for the removal of particular classes of disease; but also because it accounts for the cure of those very diseases accomplished by the employment of certain mineral waters before the existence of that singular substance in them had been suspected; so that the practitioner having been furnished, as it were, with evidence of the efficacy of iodine before he could imagine that he was employing it—evidence, consequently, not liable to error from personal bias or pre-conception—proceeds afterwards to the employment of those mineral waters which are known to contain the substance in question with redoubled confidence in its power.

The medical practitioners who recommended the Tenbury water before my visit to that Well, like those who employed the water of the Woodhall Spa under precisely similar circumstances, were exactly in the condition expressed in the preceding paragraph; and they will now proceed with increased confidence in the application of their respective waters to a variety of diseases, in which iodine, disseminated

* In one of the chapters on Cheltenham, we shall presently see that a larger proportion of this principle had been announced, some years before the date of the discovery at Woodhall, in the waters of that place; but the statement has not been confirmed by any chemist in this country; and is contrary to one made by Dr. Daubeny, two years before, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1830.

by the superior manipulatory hand of nature, is likely to be of essential service.

The cases of diseases cured or benefited by the Tenbury water, taken internally, reported to me upon good authority, are tolerably numerous, and extend to all those classes of disorders which are accompanied by internal or external glandular swellings, by fullness, stagnation, or congestion in some of the largest secretory organs; also to liver complaints, inactive state of the intestines, scrofula, and what is vulgarly called scurvy. Employed externally, it has relieved gout, rheumatic gout, and paralytic affections.

In one or two instances of the latter diseases, in three cases of hepatic or liver dyspepsia, and as an alterative in mild complaints of the mesenteric glands, I have used with effect the Tenbury water, drank in doses of from ten to twenty ounces in the day, in divided portions.

As the water seems to bear well being bottled and transported, it may and has been recommended in that way to patients who could not run down to the borders of Shropshire. But in regard to the mode of administering the water in this manner, much remains to be done at the Well in bottling it, to prevent its being spoiled by keeping—a result I have seen happen on two occasions.

The case, already alluded to, of one of the children of the proprietor of the Well, whom I saw, is an interesting proof of the great and speedy efficacy of this water in verminous diseases attended by enlargement of the abdomen, and no doubt of some of its glands. Dr. A. W. Davis, of Presteign, who has favoured me with his opinion on the subject of the water, assures me that in all the varieties of dyspepsia, nephritic disorders, and scrofula, as well as in cutaneous affections, even to the most inveterate forms of *impetigo*, he has found the Tenbury water decidedly beneficial.

And now that I have fairly and very fully laid before my readers the nature and value of this new mineral water, I

wish I could add that all is to be found at Tenbury that is required to make the water available on the spot, in the way of baths, pump and promenade rooms, hotels, lodging-houses, walks, roads, and other accommodations requisite to constitute it a Spa of the first class, by which visitors of the easy and superior classes shall be attracted, and at which, when once there, they shall be pleased to remain the necessary time. The contrary is the case; the proprietor having been, by the opposition raised against turning a footpath now extending across his grounds, thwarted, at present, from converting them in the best way to the use of the public.

This gentleman, indeed, appeared very zealous in the cause of the mineral water; and upon the assurance given that he would exert his utmost to convert into a suitable Spa the present establishment, which to this day wants every thing to make it so, I explored the whole neighbouring land, found it to be excellently and admirably adapted for the required purposes, marked the spot where the baths should be, and that on which the pump-room and promenade-room ought to be erected, in accordance to the best experience I have acquired at foreign Spas. I finally sent down one of my sons, a young architect, who had accompanied me in my tour through the German Spas and principal capitals of Germany, to survey the grounds, and chalk out the desired improvements and buildings. But no step has, in consequence of the above-mentioned dispute, been taken as yet to render Tenbury habitable for people of consequence, except that temporary baths have been run up in the very place which I deemed objectionable; a band has been engaged to play to those who repair thither to drink the water without making any lengthened stay in the place; a master of the ceremonies has officiated; and a general meeting has taken place, at which the prices of the baths and for drinking the water were settled. All these arrangements are of very little consequence compared to those

which should be made, and which there ought to be a steady determination to carry into effect.!

And yet no place is more calculated to be a second Leamington than this very Tenbury, with its beautiful neighbourhood, and various interesting objects of both nature and art within easy reach of the Well. Neither is there in that part of England a mineral water which, when properly managed, aided by all the auxiliaries alluded to in my introduction, is likely to acquire a greater reputation.

Beyond the recommendation of its mineral water, therefore, I cannot at present proceed in regard to Tenbury, consistent with my straightforward system of stating in the account of my tour nothing but facts, and "things as they are," and not as they are *likely* to be. For the former will never deceive any of my readers—the latter might end in the disappointment of many.

I shall, therefore, await a future opportunity of detailing all the improvements and the requisite creations of a real Spa at Tenbury, when they shall truly exist, and I will then enter more particularly into a description of the many beauties of its neighbourhood.

CHAPTER VIII.

BIRMINGHAM—ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, OSCOTT.

BIRMINGHAM Factories and Politics—The Centre of Railroads—Its Public Buildings and Poverty—Unrivalled Manufactories—DISSATISFACTION—Reasons for it—Plain Philosophy—Two Home Arguments—Grumblers without Reason for Grumbling—SUPPLY of Water at Birmingham—Its Injurious Qualities—SOHO and WATT—Aston Hall, Charles I., and Monmouth—“ Trial by Battel”—INCREASE of Papists and Popish Churches—Public Education—ST. MARY'S COLLEGE—Locality and Character of the Building—Its Origin—MAYNOOTH College—Bishop WALSH, and his Munificence—The MARINI Library—Dr. WEEDALL and Professor LOGAN—Museum of Religious Antiquities—The Three Canonicals and the Murderous Knife—Chinese and Old Italian Paintings—INTERNAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE COLLEGE—The Dormitories and Play-grounds—Prevention better than Punishment—STAFF, Studies, and Examinations—Education for the London University—National Advantage from Colleges like St. Mary's.

BIRMINGHAM, the city of brass-factories, and of riots,—which about the middle of the seventeenth century was all for revolution and rioting, and at the close of the succeeding century became a partisan of royalty, and an enemy to revolution; again to change, in the very next, or our present century, from royalism to sansculottism, under the name of chartism;* but always and upon each change immersed in

* 1641-2. They rebel against Charles I., and declare for republicanism. 1791. They proclaim their hostility against the French revolution,

riots and the wanton destruction of property ;—Birmingham, I say, by the fortuitous circumstance of having been converted into a centre of almost numberless radii of conveyance or railroad-tracks to every part of the kingdom, is become a city of more than double its former importance.

If any one, either from the north, or the north-east, or the north-west, desires to visit the capital or proceed to the south, how can he do it better, at a cheaper rate, or more expeditiously, than by going through Birmingham? And if the Londoner or any other traveller from the south, the south-east, and the south-west, desire to reach the opposite points of the compass in England, how again can he carry his intention into effect more advantageously than by going through Birmingham? This was the case with myself on more than one occasion during my excursion to and from the different Spas of England; and hence my introduction in this place of the name of that city.

Birmingham, in fact, sees daily traversing its dense population many thousand strangers, who must all leave more or less of their wealth behind them.

Yet with all this, Birmingham complains of being poor, and really wears all around the livery of poverty rather than of opulence. Take away its celebrated Town or Music Hall, and the very striking gothic edifice, erected after the design of Barry, for the Grammar-school, founded under a king, who was never a king; besides two other lesser, yet still handsome buildings—that of the Society of Arts, and the Parthenon;—take away these, and what remains to illustrate this vast city, which, as the emporium of hardware, and the cradle of certain productions of art and mechanism, is probably better known,

and sackage, and burn the property of those who doubted the rights of kings.

1838. They riot and set fire to houses and shops, contending as chartists for principles not far remote from those of the French Revolution.

and its name more familiar to foreign nations, than that of any other city in England, the capital excepted ?

It is in the last character that Birmingham shines with unrivalled merit. In whichever part of England you may be residing, the metropolis itself even included, if you apply to a tradesman for any thing out of the common way in any branch of human ingenuity, in which metals form a prominent part, the answer is almost always, " I must send to Birmingham for it."

And truly they are wise in so doing, for when one has been indulged, through the liberality of the proprietors, with a visit to Collis and Co.'s establishment, in Church-street, there to contemplate and admire almost every kind of manufactures, useful as well as ornamental, whether of silver, iron, brass, or copper, which are produced upon those endless premises ; or with the examination of the finest display in the world of cutlery and steel articles, exhibited in the show-rooms of Messrs. Maplebeck and Low ; it is impossible not to admit the policy as well as the justice of employing none but a Birmingham manufacturer, when we desire to possess in perfection any of those articles of luxury or necessity.

Wherefore, then, if the Birmingham manufactories be always at work, are its artisans grumbling and dejected ; betraying symptoms of inward discontent, as they either pace the streets or group themselves in different parts of the town, looking as if they envied your better coat and hat, and could not bear the sight of your superiorly-fed looks, and cleaner complexion ?

The question has been answered by Baron Dupin, in his admirable opening discourse on the statistics of trade. " Because the demon of discord has infused into the minds of the working classes the idea that they ought to be discontented ; that they ought to protest in masses against the cruelty of their lot, against the unequal portion which has fallen to their share of the productions of the soil and national in-

dustry ; and finally that they are born not only to an equality of rights in the eye of the laws (which, in fact, they enjoy), but also to an equality of fortunes and salaries, which no people has ever enjoyed, or ought ever to enjoy."

Has there ever been, or can there ever be, an equality of talent, exertions, and bodily strength, the real producers of capital, and consequently of the means of realizing a fortune, or deserving a higher salary ? If not, wherefore insist upon an equality in the distribution of wealth ?

If the earth had indeed yielded its treasures without labour on the part of man, if indeed capital were not the production of individual exertion, but, like the air we breathe, or the water we *may* drink, were found ready produced, and within the lawful reach of every one who chooses to take it ; then truly the socialist, and the chartist, and the agrarian, and the leveller, and the equaliser, might exclaim against the iniquity of the existing differences noticed in society, with regard to all those comforts of life, and superior means of enjoyment, which at present can alone be ensured by capital, and the possession of which constitutes the abhorred distinction between he who has it and he who has it not.

What would the artisan himself say, who, having by his greater attention to work, or by his superior acquired ability, or by his greater power of prolonging the hours of labour, owing to better bodily health, succeeded in earning in one of Messrs. Collis's numerous departments of manufactory, double the amount of wages earned by a fellow-handicraftsman in an adjoining department,—should afterwards find the surplus reward of his own superior merits and exertions claimed and shared by the latter, on the plea of equalising the wages of each, in virtue of some such levelling law as your present *philosophers* are striving to establish ? Would he not protest against the iniquity of such a law as applied to himself ? Or what would be the feeling of any other of the Birmingham artisans, who, having at the death of an in-

dustrious and economical parent become possessed of larger means of subsistence than those afforded him by his own labours merely, should hear his right to the enjoyment of the superior comforts of life so acquired, disputed, and a share of them demanded by a less fortunate fellow-workman, under the same plea of equalisation of wealth? Would he not exclaim against such a forced and manifestly unjust distribution?

And yet, the latter as well as the former class of artisans is to be found now-a-days in the ranks of the discontented, who, at times, are seen parading the streets and other public places in Birmingham, with minds poisoned by demagogues, murmuring at the superior comforts, better means of living, and *display* of wealth (which is, in fact, its *distribution* precisely where most needed), by which certain other classes of society, apart from themselves, are distinguished! Do they forget that those same classes, (since gold is not like air and water, which we may all have if we but desire them,) could not have reached their envied station, either now or at any time previous, except through the very means by which the superior workman, or the workman who has inherited from his father the result of better workmanship and a saving of wages, has reached his own preferable position, the enjoyment of which he would consider it a hard law to be compelled to share with others who have not deserved it?

It is curious that when you come to talk quietly and *tête-à-tête* with these murmurers and malcontents (unless it be your spouters, lecturers, or ringleaders), they are unable either to assign a cause for their dissatisfaction, or to point out the means of removing the latter. "They are out of work,"—that is all I was ever able to learn or gather from them, whenever, during some of my inquisitive rambles, I accosted any of the *désœuvrés* about the streets of Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Preston, and Halifax. But is that a reason why the entire frame and constitution of civil

society, which is of many centuries duration, and has been the most powerful engine in bringing mankind to its present very far superior state of worldly happiness, should be shaken, broken down, and torn up by the root?

Immersed in these reflections, which, at the time of the visit to Birmingham I am now recording, were naturally suggested by the very recent occurrence of those disgraceful outbreaks of popular commotion that have since formed the subject of parliamentary consideration, I left the field of those commotions to direct my steps towards more congenial scenes in its immediate neighbourhood, where science and learning offered to an inquisitive traveller opportunities of mental enjoyment not to be neglected.

The supply of water for domestic purposes in such a densely populated city as Birmingham, deserved some consideration at the hand of a physician; and into this I inquired before I proceeded farther. A very intelligent tradesman and artificer with whom I conversed on this point, and who is himself an old inhabitant and housekeeper, assured me that the ordinary water of wells in the town is almost everywhere contaminated by the percolations of waste water from the factories, and, when drawn, appears generally greenish, and has a metallic taste. The poorer people, who cannot afford to pay water-rates, and must be satisfied with the well-water, are constantly subject to eruptions of the skin, particularly on the hands and legs.

A stranger, on his first arrival at Birmingham, if he chooses to live in lodgings, should take care that the house he is to inhabit does not derive its water from a well (the drinking of which will excite *internal commotion* of a painful sort), but is supplied from the reservoirs near the Sutton-road and the Canal, from which Birmingham receives some of the purest water, by means of a powerful engine, which forces the water even to the highest floor of the loftiest building.

Soho next claimed my attention; but, much as I was

struck at the view of that field of Watt's greatest achievements in perfecting that most wonderful combination of physical force and mechanical ingenuity—the steam-engine—which has now nearly changed all our previously received notions of the relation between time and distance, and between labour and production,—it would ill become me, an unskilled man in such matters, to attempt a description of that spot in this place

Rather let me turn to the contemplation of Aston Hall, not far removed from Soho. This stately fabric, seen at the termination of a long avenue of trees, after having rang with the carousals that usually attended the visits of Charles to his friends and adherents (it had done so during two days previous to the disastrous fight at Edgehill), and after having been battered by the parliamentary troops, became the seat of one of the greatest benefactors of mankind—of him, on whose account *Soho* has become better known throughout the civilized world, than, as a watchword, it had been to the troopers of Monmouth.

Following afterwards the Sutton-road until I had left the village of Erdington behind me, where that awful tragedy of Mary Ashford was perpetrated, in which her foul destroyer, Edward Thornton, was destined to renew in our days the singular spectacle of a “trial by battel,” I drove across the country for two or three miles on my left, in order to reach St. Mary's College at Oscott.

That the Papists—some of the earliest and most determined of the dissenters from the pure and primitive Apostolic Church of Christ—are increasing in number in this country; that they are assuming, at this present time, an attitude of importance which none of the other classes of people who dissent from the religion of the state, the truly Catholic and Apostolic, arrogate to themselves; that they are actually enjoying privileges, honours, and immunities which, since the expulsion of the second James, who took Father Edward Petre the Jesuit into his privy council, and

welcomed Ferdinando d'Adda, the Pope's nuncio, to Windsor, had never been accorded to them;—all these are facts so glaring that to deny them would be to deny the light of day.

In the course of my extensive tour through England, particularly in the northern counties, I declare that the tokens and appearances of Romanism met me in so many places that I could almost have fancied myself travelling through a Roman catholic state. I do not remember having seen more places of worship, or many much more magnificent ones among them, in the Roman catholic state of Baden and even Bavaria (except in the capital of the latter), than I have noticed in my peregrination north of Birmingham. I was admiring, one day, a recent and very imposing structure of Mr. Pugin, having the outward show of a cathedral, which had just been opened for the Roman worship, when a gentleman well acquainted with that skilful architect assured me that he was then engaged in superintending the construction of twenty-two other Roman catholic churches, principally in the Gothic or English style of architecture, in which Mr. Pugin is known to excel.

Indeed, their chapels and churches in England and Wales are said to be upwards of five hundred, many of which are larger and handsomer than the majority of the churches of the dominant religion; besides twenty convents, and not fewer than nine colleges in England alone for the education of the Roman catholic youths.

One of the latter institutions, conducted by the Jesuits at Stonyhurst, I have already mentioned and described in a previous volume.* A second, still more important, and one which deserves, on every account, the attention of my Protestant readers, is that the title of which I have placed at the head of the present chapter. As it laid in my way more than once going to and from the Spas of the midland counties, I

* In that account there are two typographical errors, as "Ascott" for "Oscott," and "Brownhill" instead of "Brownbill."

could not resist the temptation of visiting it; the more so as I knew that among the students of the establishment there were three or four belonging to Roman catholic families of the highest respectability and exemplary character, with whom I had been in habits of professional intercourse.

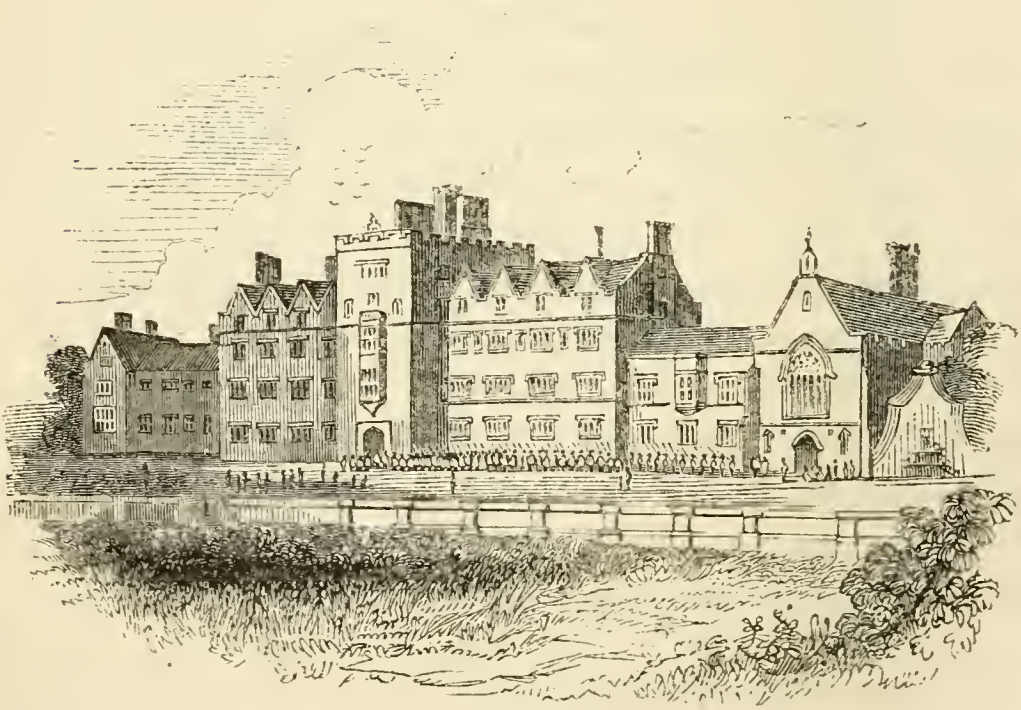
Another motive for such a visit I found in that universal attention which the subject of education, with or without the aid of the church, commands, at the present moment, in this country, especially in reference to the Romanists. Such a motive is indeed paramount, and my readers can hardly blame me for introducing into my present work, as an episode, the account of the new college of St. Mary's Oscott. Thither, therefore, I drove from Birmingham on Sunday, the 27th of October, 1839.

Within the last three or four years an almost barren tract of land, part of an elevated plateau, distant about five miles north of Birmingham on the road to Sutton-Colefield, and a little to the left, has been invested, by the liberal support of the Roman catholic gentry, and the munificent donations of one of the higher clergy of that creed, with an importance which, though unperceived at this moment, may and will exert, at some future period, a commanding influence through a very extended sphere of society in England.

In the centre of that previously barren spot, over the surface of which parterres of flowers, green-plats, and serpentine walks have been traced by a skilful hand, and plantations raised as screens against the colder winds, and a noble extensive parapeted terrace erected, commanding a vast panorama before it—in that centre an imposing mass of building has been reared, which presents one of the most striking and solid examples of the Elizabethan style of architecture that has been executed in modern times. That building is St. Mary's College, which, with its adjoining Gothic chapel, is the combined production of Pugin and Potter of Lichfield.

The edifice, which is of red brick with sandstone ornaments and accessories, extends nearly three hundred feet in length, with its front to the south, and contains within every possible collegiate accommodation which the classical, moral, and physical education of one hundred and thirty, or more, children of the Roman catholic nobility and gentry of this and of one or two foreign countries can require, or the theological instruction of young men destined for the priesthood can demand.

The engraving here introduced will convey to the reader a better idea, than any description of mine can, of the general elevation and appearance of the college, with its central square tower, over the entrance door of which are inscribed the words "*Religioni et bonis moribus.*"



To the right of the College, and connected with it, is the church recently finished under the special direction of Mr. Pugin, which has cost at least 15,000*l.* The view exhibits a processional ceremony performed in the open air by the clergy

of the college, proceeding to a temporary altar erected under a gorgeous tent outside the chapel.

The origin of this institution and imposing building is shortly this: prior to the French revolution the Roman catholic clergy of this country were educated in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. That ever-memorable convulsion, and the perpetual state of warfare which it led to between this country and France, as well as the abolition which ensued of almost every institution for ecclesiastical purposes in many parts of the continent, threw the Roman catholic bishops in England on their own resources, with regard to the education and formation of the required number of clergymen for their flocks; and they endeavoured to meet the pressing wants of the times by establishing in this country separate colleges under the exclusive jurisdiction of each. Circumstances rendered it expedient to combine the education of the laity with that of the clergy, and the practice has continued to the present time.

It was for similar reasons that the "famed" Maynooth College was established in Ireland in 1795, with the sanction as well as the pecuniary aid of government, continued ever since, for the special object of educating and qualifying persons to be parish priests. But there a first and very important error was committed in its organization, which has extended to this day its baneful influence over the results of that system of education. That error consisted in confining the object of the institution to the rearing up of none but young aspirants for the priesthood; instead, as in the case of the Jesuit's college at Stonyhurst, and of this of St. Mary, of devoting it to the education of laymen as well as ecclesiastics; thus tending to infuse liberality of sentiment among the latter, by bringing men of all classes and professions together.

Old Oscott was founded two years before Maynooth College,

that is about 1793, and the building was gradually added to, as increasing wants rendered that step necessary. Further and more extensive additions becoming again urgent, it was deemed advisable to erect a new edifice, instead of increasing the already unsightly pile of the old buildings. The new college, accordingly, was commenced in March, 1835, and opened in August, 1838, a little more than a year before my visit.

It at once bespeaks the liberality of the Bishop of Cambrayopolis, Dr. Walsh, the papist prelate of the midland district, as well as the thriving condition of the old college institution, that the necessary funds for the purchase of the land, the construction of the building and for its furniture, amounting to about forty-five thousand pounds, have been supplied partly by the former and partly by the latter.

This fact, as far as it concerns the college itself, shews one of the advantages to be derived from combining with the ecclesiastical the secular education of many young people; inasmuch as by such a plan pecuniary resources are obtained, which render the establishment what it ought to be,—independent of all government subvention, and of course control, on the one hand, and of all eleemosynary support, which would be derogatory, on the other. And yet the pecuniary charges made at this establishment for the secular education of youth are exceedingly liberal.

Not satisfied with merely contributing towards the establishment of the new college a great part of his own wealth, which he so well knows how to distribute in works of charity and benevolence (as I learned from various quarters), the pious and reverend person just named has added another precious gift to his previous munificent donation of money, by presenting to the college a collection of 12,000 volumes, well known as *La Biblioteca del Marchese Marini*, at Rome, the publisher of a new edition of Vitruvius, from whose

executors the books were purchased by Dr. Walsh. These 12,000 volumes, which, including duty and carriage, cost nearly 3000*l.*, were incorporated by desire of the donor with the library of the college, which amounts now to about 18,000 volumes.

This library is rich in the writings of the Fathers, and in ecclesiastical history, the classics, and classical archeology. It is also well supplied with literary and scientific journals, and with the transactions of literary and scientific bodies. It moreover contains a valuable collection of tracts in the various departments of literature and science, formed by Cancellieri and Visconti, being part of the Marini library; and grievous was the mortification experienced by the learned at Rome when this unique collection was transferred from thence to England.

A very handsome room, fifty feet long, has been assigned for the methodical arrangement of the Marini library, adjoining to which is the much larger, lofty, and covered apartment, containing the remainder of the college library—forming the west termination of the grand façade of the building.

To this and every other part of the establishment I was conducted by the professor of mathematics and mathematical physics—a secular priest, like the rest of the principal instructors of the establishment; who, with the utmost readiness and urbanity, shewed and explained to me whatever most attracted my attention. Mr. Logan, the gentleman in question, had been deputed for that purpose by the Rev. Dr. Weedall, the rector of the college, a person of most amiable, mild, and winning manners, by whom I had been kindly received after the celebration of their morning service.

From the library, my curiosity led me to the Museum before I proceeded to take a more general survey of this very extensive building, in which no expense appears to have been

spared to render it most effectually applicable to the various purposes it is intended to accomplish.

The Museum is one principally of religious antiquities, and is situated in one of the upper rooms of the central tower. Mr. Pugin, who, though a layman, fills in the college the office of professor of architecture, considered as a branch of art, is a principal contributor to the Museum. The Earl of Shrewsbury, also, has made many important additions to the collection by his numerous donations, among which I may mention a complete set of canonicals, three in number, with a stole and cape, most profusely and tastefully wrought in gold and embroidered in silk, to represent various figures of saints and bishops, so accurately finished, and the colours so vivid, that the whole would seem to be the work of the other day, and by the most skilful hands. Yet they were discovered accidentally, not long since, in some recondite place in the Roman catholic cathedral of Waterford, supposed to have been concealed in it in order to save them from the rapacity of the protestants.

Whether this last expression was meant to apply to the triumphant soldiers of William of Nassau, who, having reduced the popish garrison of rebellious Waterford to extremities in 1690, compelled them to surrender nearly at discretion; or whether it refers to a much earlier period (1617), when the exorbitance of the papists obliged the government to banish all their regulars, which at that time did in great numbers swarm almost everywhere in Ireland, and to issue a proclamation against the papist clergy,* I was not able to determine. The exquisite workmanship of the canonicals certainly would incline one to consider them as the production of the more recent of those two periods; and so do their freshness and high state of preservation.†

* October 13th, 1617.—*Cox's History of Ireland.*

† These objects are evidently of foreign handicraft.

Not far from where these splendid objects were displayed, the worthy Professor pointed out, with some degree of exultation, another object contained in a glass case, and by him considered as a proof of the loose and ready way in which Roman catholics are often accused of murderous crimes against protestants. That object was a short dagger of well-tempered steel, which bore inscribed on one side of the broad end of its richly-gilt blade, near the hilt, the words, "Memento Godfrey, Ætat. 12, 1678," with a death's-head; and on the other side, "Pro Religione Protestantium." "The murder of Godfrey," said Mr. Logan, "was ascribed to the Roman catholics at the time; but when the dagger which inflicted the fatal wound was examined, it exhibited the above tokens of a protestant murderer's knife:"—a very unsatisfactory proof this; for the papist who could encompass the death of an innocent youth, would not scruple at fixing the odium of that foul act upon the protestants themselves, by using the poniard of one of the defenders of the reformed religion, whom he had probably murdered before or robbed of his weapon.

There is a small painting in this collection, exceedingly well preserved, its colours most vivid, which appeared to me to be the work of Giotto, as it strongly resembles some of the paintings on the walls of the Campo Santo, at Pisa, known to be the production of that earliest of the Italian masters. It represents Christ, of mature age, placing a diadem on the Virgin Mary, while cherubims sound the organ at their feet, and angels stand on each side.

As a specimen of the handicraft of some of the converts to the Romanists' creed in China, another very curious picture, representing the Madonna and Child, was pointed out to me, supposed to be about one hundred and fifty years old, and to have been brought over from that empire by one of the missionaries. It seems executed by scratching the quicksilver at the back of a looking-glass into a design of the group, the

heads and hands being afterwards painted of a dark ochre colour. The drapery of the Madonna and Child are of gold-tinsel pasted on the back of the glass, and so is the halo around the heads, which are decorated with diadems of sham jewellery.

The Archeological Museum is only one of the many appliances contained in this college for aiding the professors and assistant-masters in the work of instruction. There is also a costly apparatus both for mechanical philosophy and chemistry, as well as incipient collections of natural history. These are placed in various parts of the building, the internal arrangement of which seems deserving of all praise, whether for amplitude of room, cleanliness, order, and the suitable style of its solid yet tasteful furniture. It is a model for a college worthy the attention of those who, in these times of renovated zeal for education, are, or are likely to be, at the head of collegiate institutions.

The great staircase, of oak, in character with all the essential parts and ornaments of this Elizabethan edifice, leads to a very spacious and long corridor, parallel to the entire front of the building. The strangers' room, a very handsome apartment, is on this floor. It contains a central oak table, with chairs to correspond, covered with green velvet; and I noticed around the walls a series of alto-relievo carvings in wood, representing the several events of the Passion of our Saviour. They were purchased abroad for the college, are of an oval form, and about ten inches in diameter. Paintings presented by Lord Shrewsbury are to be seen in this room, as well as in the library and along the corridor.

Below the latter, on the ground-floor, a similar corridor, with a tessellated pavement, leads to the grand refectory for the general students, to that of the priests, and to the dining-room of the "philosophers." There is likewise the great room for general study, which is a gallery fifty feet long by fourteen feet wide, wherein the scholars are arranged on

parallel forms in two series, with the prefect and sub-prefects of studies seated on elevated rostra, overlooking the whole room, and maintaining the strictest order and silence.

Small libraries of reference exist for each class, even down to the youngest children of eight years of age.

At the back of the principal building two wings project about sixty feet, forming a quadrangular court, with the playground beyond it, which is upwards of six acres in extent, and will be soon sheltered from the north and north-east winds by a very extensive and growing plantation.

In the upper floor of these wings are the dormitories, which are far superior to those of Stonyhurst, admirably as I, at the time of my visit, thought the latter calculated for their intended purpose. As at Stonyhurst, these handsome and well-aired apartments are arranged with a number of single beds and curtains, but of better, more showy, as well as uniform materials, so as to constitute a succession of separate sleeping-places, one for each student. When occupied by the students, they are watched by appropriate superintendants, who visit every apartment frequently during the night, to enforce order and perfect silence.

Into these apartments the boys retire at about nine o'clock, P.M., in regular procession, accompanied by sub-prefects, some of whom are also stationed on the different landing-places of the great staircases leading to the dormitories.

The personal surveillance practised over the actions of the students extends to the play-grounds, both to the one out of doors and to those in doors—of the latter of which there are several, for such of the boys as cannot or choose not to play in the open air. Among the amusements, gymnastic exercises and tennis-ball are much and properly encouraged.

This system of vigilance is a system of prevention ; and works marvellous results. Hence, although the general discipline of the establishment is a firm one, and the inculcation of good manners as well as of moral principles is a leading principle of it, penal inflictions are never necessary, and the object of education is attained by moral checks only. For similar reasons, no " fagging," bullyism, or *supercherie* of any sort, is allowed among the boys, and any overbearing on the part of some towards others is instantly checked.

Nor is it to be supposed from this, that the mode of life led by the students must be that of a recluse ; for in no establishment of the same intention have sources of gaiety and means of amusement been more liberally provided, in the shape of music, fencing, and dancing rooms, besides all other diversions of out-of-door exercises.

To carry this system into effect no mean Staff of officers is required. Accordingly I found, upon inquiry, that independent of the rector and vice-rector, the prefect of studies, and the prefect of bounds or discipline, there are twenty-four superintendants, exclusive of the professors and teachers, and thirteen priests.

As the establishment professes to prepare young men for matriculation at the Universities of London and Dublin, at which Papists are admitted for degrees, for which reason the form of studies has been altered so as to suit it to the London curriculum,—and as an application has been made (so I understand) to government, to permit the students of Oscott, when once they have matriculated, to return to their college to complete the higher studies previously to taking their degrees, it is manifest that the course of studies to be pursued at Oscott will be of the most comprehensive kind. It is, in fact, already so, although students are not admitted, at present, older than fourteen years of age.

But if the application just alluded to should be granted, young men will continue at this college until the usual

period of life at which under-graduates generally quit their colleges at the English universities.

Ample provision exist in the present Staff of the college for such an extension of education ; inasmuch as there are already two professors of Greek, and two of Latin, a professor of history and geography, one of philosophy, another for mathematics and mathematical physics, one for experimental philosophy and chemistry, one for natural history ; lastly, a professor of theology, for those who intend to embrace the ecclesiastical state.

The professors of classics and mathematics are assisted by numerous masters, and there are also resident in the house native teachers of the French, German, and Italian languages, with all of whom I had the pleasure of conversing at the plain but abundant mid-day repast in the combination room, at which I was hospitably invited by Dr. Weedhall, after some hours spent in examining the establishment.

Looking at one of the half-yearly examination papers, which extends to every branch of knowledge taught in the college, from the highest class (philosophy) to the lowest, including the rudiments, it is impossible not to admit the superiority of the arrangement of the studies and selection of authors over those of some other national colleges in England. If, indeed, all that is there set down has been taught and learned, and has afterwards been displayed by pupils, under fifteen years of age, at a public examination of several days, the sooner some other collegiate establishments in this country look to themselves, and strive to come up to what is here done, that they may not lag behind in the great work of public education, the better will it be for those confided to their instructions.

This is said without any reference to the question of the religious creed which certainly imparts its peculiar colouring to some of the studies at Oscott, though it does not take

away from the general character of the instruction given its comprehensiveness and perfect adaptation to many institutions of protestant foundation, guided by more enlightened principles of religion.

One great, and I would almost call it, national advantage to England, arising from such institutions as Stonyhurst and St. Mary's is, that they render unnecessary the temporary emigration to a foreign country of the children of its wealthier Roman catholic subjects, and of the young men who desire to enter into the priesthood. Very few, if any of them, are ever sent away now to France or to Italy for their education, as was incessantly the case half a century ago ; a circumstance which tends to keep them steadfast in their allegiance as true Englishmen, despite of any feeling to the contrary which a diversity of opinion regarding the religion of the state might be supposed to engender. After a residence of many years at Rome or in a Roman catholic college on the continent, apparently for the purposes of education, how many were there not, in former times, who returned to England perfect foreigners in their hearts, imbued with the strongest prejudices against this country and its dominant religion ?

CHAPTER IX.

ST. MARY AT OSCOTT CONCLUDED.

A Dialogue extra-professional—Church of ROME, and Church of ENGLAND—Interior of St. Mary's Chapel—SOLEMN MASS—Effect of Pomp, Incense, and Music—LOW MASS, or the Romish Liturgy—Secret Prayers and Unintelligible Language—CHURCH SERVICE of the Romanists in England and on the Continent—Saint Roque and Saint Filippo Neri—English Parochial Church—LITURGY—Its Beauty and Inspiring Character—Objections stated and answered—Improvements desirable—Frequent Repetition of the same Prayer—Manners and Style of Preaching—EXTEMPORE Orisons—IRVIN'S Absurdities—Easy Mode of doubling the present Church Accommodation—PEWS and greedy Pew Openers—Simony—Points of Difference in the two Creeds—QUERIES—Will the Romanists answer?—Written EVIDENCE and TRADITION—Both against them—Romanists the real Seceders from the Christian Church—The Apostles and the Holy Fathers proclaim it—CHURCH OF ROME of the two first Centuries truly Catholic—CHURCH OF ROME of the last sixteen Centuries effectually Schismatic—PRAYER for its Conversion.

OF the truth of the surmise contained in the concluding period of the last chapter, I soon had a convincing proof in the person of a most respectable-looking Roman catholic gentleman, the father of a young priest, just returned from Rome, who had, in company with his son (originally a pupil in the Old College at Oscott) been to visit a younger son now pursuing his education in the New College.

We recognized each other in the evening in the public

coffee-room of one of the principal hotels at Birmingham, as having met in the chapel of St. Mary in the morning; and upon my acquainting him with the apparent effect which the pompous ceremony there celebrated had had upon an honest citizen of Birmingham who had escorted me that day to Oscott, as well as to other places in the neighbourhood, he engaged readily and with a vivacity beyond his years, in a deliberate discussion with me,—first on the merits and value of the respective liturgies of the Romish and Protestant churches, and next upon a few of the leading points of difference between the two creeds.

On my reaching St. Mary's on the day already mentioned, accompanied by the honest escort just alluded to, we found every body at chapel, into which we were courteously invited to enter by a servant of the institution.

A priest in his white surplice and a golden stole was in the act of *reading* a sermon to the assembled congregation,—a practice unknown in Roman catholic churches on the continent, where the preacher either delivers his discourse extempore, or from memory; in which latter case he is occasionally prompted by a person who sits behind the pulpit, in such a way as not to be observed. The sermon, generally a short one, forms part of the ritual of high mass or great festivals, the ceremonies of which are suspended during its delivery, and then the officiating clergy and attendants present remain seated in their respective places.

To enter at this very moment of time into the body of a large and imposing edifice, having a single nave, but lofty and of great length, with a proportionate breadth, though without columns or any other striking architectural ornament, and to glance immediately as well as uninterruptedly at a multitude of apparently devout persons assembled within it, would alone, under any circumstances, be sufficient to excite attention in a stranger. But here that multitude was not, as in the churches and chapels of the protestant faith,

composed merely of the many who attend the service, separated into groups of various numbers shut up in pews, and of the single minister who read it. The contrary was the case; for besides the countless numbers of lay people of both sexes, arranged, without the appearance of the smallest confusion, in parallel lines on both sides of the nave, where they occupied about two-thirds of the length of the chapel,—we beheld also two hundred youths of gentle blood, students of the college, neatly and uniformly dressed, similarly arranged on cross benches, with their superintendants at their head; while beyond them scores of priests, deacons, subdeacons, and acolytes, the former in their splendid vestments of gold, the latter in scarlet tunics, surmounted by a short white surplice, were seated in pompous hierarchy, on dignified stools, which rose gradually from the floor to the wall on each side of the inner or sacred space in front of the great altar—itsself gorgeously decked and brilliantly lighted by massive candelabra, bearing lofty tapers around the tabernacle.

These were the things by which my honest burgher of Birmingham, who had never entered a popish church before, had been particularly struck. But when, at the termination of the sermon, he beheld the high priest, followed by his two deacons and the acolytes, moving towards the altar; and there, after bowing before it, and going through many secret prayers and open ceremonies, he saw him incense the symbols of the Eucharist and the altar itself, to be himself, in his turn, incensed by one of the deacons—when the volumes of curling smoke from the censer rose and expanded through the church with a fragrance which reached to where we stood—when the full swell of the majestic organ, accompanying the human voice, was heard immediately above us, its cadences directing the melodious harmony of the anthems, the ejaculations of the chaunting priests, and the responses of the congregation,—O then the protestant burgher of

Birmingham stood enthralled, and marvelled at every thing around him !

Apprehensive lest he should in any way cause a disturbance of the service by his astonishment and admiration, I whispered to him that, since we could not conform to the many outward tokens of worship which were expected from Roman catholics during mass, particularly as the high priest was about to pronounce the words of consecration, and to adore and elevate the host—we had better leave the chapel—an object we easily accomplished, for upon entering it we had kept respectfully out of the crowd and near to the door.

Having reached the terrace, my simple friend, who seemed lost in amazement, declared he had never suspected the Romanists' church service to be so much more imposing than our own, and added that he had never felt himself so irresistibly drawn into real devotion as at that moment.

I had by this time resumed my note-book, and was proceeding to take down my observations of the general and particular character of the elevation of the building, when presently I missed my companion, and learned from a solitary man in authority, who was guarding the grounds during the hours of church service, that he had slipped into the chapel again, out of which indeed I saw him issue with the crowd at the conclusion of the mass.

“ I am quite determined,” said he, the moment he perceived me, “ to come here again next Sabbath day ; and I wonder that all the people of Birmingham do not flock to this place of worship, to feast their eyes on the splendid dresses of the priests, and their pompous ceremonies, to have their ears delighted by most heavenly music, and their sense of smell gratified by the outpourings of the swinging censers.”

“ Just so,” exclaimed the venerable looking father of the young priest, whom I mentioned before, addressing himself

to me as I concluded my anecdote; "the Birmingham burgher is right, and the example of his conversion (for I cannot doubt but your travelling friend will be a convert to our holy faith after next Sunday) will show that the liturgy of the Roman catholic church, in other words, the mass, is a more captivating form of religious worship for the followers of Christ than that which the disciples of Luther have adopted."

—"There I think you are in error," I replied; "my protestant friend, as he himself stated, was struck with the richness of the vestments, the pompous ceremonies he saw performed in the course of an hour by many people in gaudy dresses, and by the intoxicating effect of the oriental perfume issuing from the censers, as well as by the music; but he said not a syllable as to the nature, character, and words of the service, or as to the meaning and intention of the prayers uttered by the priests, in which, truly, the liturgy consists, and not in the outward forms only. How could he indeed have formed any opinion on either of those essential points, when the principal part of the service is purposely mystical, its language wholly unintelligible to him, and (even supposing it to be intelligible) when many of its prayers are expressly muttered so as not to be heard by the congregation? What would be the effect produced in the way of exciting and keeping up devotion in any denomination of christians in England, if upon entering a protestant church to pray to God with his fellow creatures under the directing voice of a pastor, an individual were to hear the latter read from the desk the various prayers in an unknown tongue, and find that even some of those were designedly uttered in such a tone of voice as not to be heard? Could such a christian be edified or benefited by a liturgy so read or pronounced?"

"And yet even in such a case, were the organ and the human voice, accompanied by many instruments, to swell out at the same time in melodious strains—were aroma to be scattered

about the altar,—and were multitudinous assistant clergymen to be moving to and fro in the performance of their respective functions; many, like the unlettered Birmingham burgher, whom you claim as a convert, would be reconciled to the gross absurdity of the whole, and consider that, provided the senses were but gratified, the intellect and the heart need not be consulted in matters of religious worship.

“ This is precisely the history of my Birmingham friend at the chapel of St. Mary. He was caught by the forms, and never troubled himself about the substance. Had the service been ‘ low mass,’ instead of the pompous high or ‘ solemn mass,’ the effect would have been far different; and thus it is that we ought to compare the respective merits of yours with those of our own liturgy. If pomp is to be taken into the account, as necessary to excite devotion, then we must quote our own cathedral service on all great and solemn occasions, when the bishop, and dean, and archdeacons, and canons, and minor canons, and prebendaries, and many of the regular clergy, with choristers and chaunters innumerable, all in their respective vestments, take a part in the celebration of the liturgy, cheered, gladdened, and inspired by the organ, and other instruments of sacred music.

“ The true catholic and apostolic church of England has preserved for all solemn occasions, and in suitable places, in common with yourselves, many of those pomps and ceremonies which appertained to the primitive church, and which are neither a mixture of the expiring pagan forms passing into those of the christian faith at the period of its first promulgation, nor a direct misinterpretation (not to say violation) of the written word of the Divine Founder of our faith—like many of those you have retained from the time when, as popish followers, you separated yourselves from the church preached by the Apostles and the holy fathers, their successors. But I again repeat, these forms do not constitute the liturgy, they are only its accessories.

“ We must therefore compare your ordinary and daily mass with our usual church service on Sunday, setting aside the daily service in all parochial and metropolitan churches, at which what is called the communion service is not read. So viewed, the Romish equally with the English liturgy, is composed of two parts,—the common prayers and those of the Communion. The protestant allots generally an hour and a quarter for the two parts, which are kept distinct, and are invariably followed by a discourse. The Romanist mixes the prayers and the Communion throughout, and omits the discourse, and despatches the whole in fifteen or twenty minutes.

“ The worshipper of the mass, on attending, generally takes a book of devotion with him, and prays with himself during the celebration of the mass, most of which is inaudible to him, and were it audible, must be unintelligible. For how many popish devotees can there be in a large and mixed congregation who comprehend the ancient Roman language, in which the mass is said? In most of the English popish chapels or churches, and throughout France, in the present day, a missal containing the Latin service, and its translation in the vernacular tongue by the side, is used by the educated Romanist; but even then the devotional exercise is ‘ individual,’ is not in common with the surrounding brethren, and has no direct communion with the officiating priest; for the latter oftener than not is not heard through the service, except in some few parts. Surely, nothing of this is calculated to inspire and maintain devotion.

“ Let us for one moment transport ourselves into a Roman catholic country, where the exercise of that religion is unrestrained by national customs or hostile laws, as being the religion of the majority; and let us enter one of their great parochial churches to see how the ordinary daily liturgy, ‘ the low mass’ (without reference to any great festival or ceremony, plenary indulgences, *quarant’ore*, ves-

pers, octaves, and other occasional prayers) exercises its influence in promoting and maintaining devotion, and a solemn impressive worshipping of God. Take we Saint Roque at Paris in our way, or Sainte Gudule at Brussels, or Santa Maria della Salute at Venice, or the Duomo at Milan, or Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, or, lastly, St. Filippo Neri at Naples.

“In all these extensive and magnificent temples there are many chapels or altars, in or before each of which, and sometimes in three or four of them at the same time, low mass is said on Sundays and other days, from an early hour in the morning until noon or an hour later. A few devotees are seen before each of them, seated either upon benches, or upon chairs which they transfer from one place to another, kneeling or sitting, while a few are standing. Some read a book of devotion, others attend only to what the priest is doing, and seldom catch what he is saying, although, through frequent repetition of many of the Latin expressions, invariably alike in all masses and on each day, they can guess at a great deal. A few have a missal either in its original language or translated, by means of which they can follow in silence the officiating priest. A little boy, or at the most two such, (sometimes with surplice, but oftener without any) attend on the priest, pronounce the responses, and help him in some of the most solemn parts of the ceremonial forms of the mass, such as handing the wine to him for consecration.

“During the whole of the time that the mass endures, which, in good truth, is short enough, the frequent passing to and fro of listless and idle perambulators or strangers attracted by curiosity, or of devout people going from one chapel to another, disturbs those who are attending to the service. The aisles of those imposing temples seem like open streets, with as much and constant a thoroughfare, and nearly as much bustle and noise; so that collective devotion and inward meditation

are perpetually intruded upon ; whereby individual as well as congregational worship is made less effective and imposing in your churches, by the ritual of your Divine service.

“ That this is what may be called your liturgy—the one to be properly compared with the liturgy of the English church, and not your ‘ high mass ’—is evident from the fact that the latter is seldom celebrated as compared to the former, which is, in good truth, the more frequent means the Romanist has of joining in public devotion and supplicating his Maker in common with his fellow creatures. - Most of you are contented with one mass, others will daily attend two or more ; and when inflicted as a penance by the ghostly confessor after auricular confession of sins, some will attend a dozen masses in a day. All this has come within my own knowledge.

“ To say that I have never seen tokens of sincere devotion in any such persons as in the midst of noise and bustle attend mass, and are evidently and wholly absorbed in the one sacred thing before them, would be a dereliction from truth. But the general impression of the impartial beholder who visits the principal churches alluded to on ordinary occasions is, that distraction, absence, and inattention prevail in them over devotion.

“ It is, however, only just to make a distinction in favour of the Roman catholics of England, who, from the disposition and arrangement of their places of worship, as well as from the peculiarity of the manners of the country, being less exposed to all the causes of intrusion, interruption and distraction so common in the great churches of the continent, evince as much devotion as their countrymen of the dominant religion do in their own churches.* Yet even among them, when the ordinary

* I have had already the satisfaction of rendering this justice to the English Romanists in a previous publication. Indeed, the supreme

service only is celebrated, the remarks made before on the mass apply with equal force.

“ Look now to the Divine service in an Anglican church, and to its form of worship and liturgy. Free from all mystical ceremony ; uniform throughout the kingdom ; borrowed from the primitive church of Christ in many of its parts, and consequently simple as well as beautiful, and the more beautiful and simple because drawn up in the vernacular language of the worshippers,—its import is perfectly intelligible to the meanest understanding, although in composition and choice of expression, or even of single words, it can vie with the finest efforts of philological science. Such a liturgy is not only calculated to inspire and keep up a feeling of devotion, but is capable of opening the heart of the most hardened or apathetic, and lending it words wherewith to supplicate its Maker for grace, peace, and forgiveness, in unison with all the brethren around, mutually inspiring each other, and cheerfully attending, following, or re-echoing the set words of prayer solemnly pronounced by the minister. Not the slightest disturbance or interruption, except by mere accident, can occur to this one great and congregated act of public worship offered to the true God. Every one's eye is upon every one, while the spirit is directed above ; and the appearance of reverential awe and attention which uniformly prevails around the officiating clergyman (unlike what we have seen to take place around the altar at which the priest celebrates low mass) is both cause and effect of itself ; whilst the two are to be found in the peculiar ordinances and arrangement of the service, as well as in the uniformity of time, place, and prayer adopted.

“ What a cheering, pleasing, and encouraging idea to the head of their church has scarcely another foreign community under his spiritual sway so respectable or sincere, as well as profusely liberal in support of their faith, as the Roman catholics of England.

protestant christian is that which must strike him when, on the sabbath-day, and in the bosom of his parish church, surrounded in devout congregation by most of his fellow citizens of the same faith, called together for the same purpose, he raises his voice to the throne of God, and reflects that hundreds of thousands of fellow-worshippers are, like himself, engaged in praising the Creator of all things, and in bending their knees in adoration of HIM with the same solicitations, in the same words, and in the same language, and at the very same moment of time throughout the realms he inhabits! Such an idea, I avow, has often increased the fervour of my prayers, and imparted, in my estimation, a greater solemnity to the religious ceremony of the hour."

—"Yet," observed my patient and attentive interlocutor, "how many of your protestant brethren, even including some of the clergy, have at all times, and in these days more loudly than ever, complained of the existing liturgy, particularly of some parts, and above all, of its extraordinary length! The latter objection I have so often heard made, that I should think it must prevail to a great extent; and where the complaint has been conceived, there devotion must have been damaged and listlessness prevailed. Now, by the short duration of our ordinary mass, we eschew the possible occurrence of such a feeling; and when solemn mass, a service necessarily much longer, is celebrated on stated days, listlessness is precluded by the very ceremonies and accessories which attracted the serious attention of your travelling companion."

—"I doubt much," was my reply, "whether a natural want of devotion had not preceded instead of followed the complaint made by some individuals against the length of the English liturgy. I will admit, however, that some truly religious and conscientious christians have urged special objections, which seem plausible, to certain parts of the

service; a circumstance by no means marvellous, considering that those objections are urged against what is of human devising, namely, the order and form of the service constituting the liturgy, and consequently, like all human things, fallible. Some object to the length of that service, as you have stated, not because there is *too much of it*, but because there are in it many repetitions which seem unnecessary. But such an objection is equally applicable to your own, though much shorter, service of the mass, in which the priest repeats many times the same *introits, prayers, offertories, secrets, &c.* Still, if repetition tend not only to prolong the general service unnecessarily, but likewise to diminish the effect it would otherwise produce on the congregation, we are entitled to consider it as objectionable.

“ The repetition of the same prayer within a short space of time, some think, takes from its effect on the mind and heart of those who utter it. In an especial manner, say they, ought we to avoid repeating more than once, during the same period of daily worship, our great act or profession of faith—the Creed—which should not be pronounced but in the most solemn and emphatic manner, and never with any variation in the words of its context, as occurs when that solemn declaration of our belief is read aloud in the order of morning prayer, and again in that of the communion. The latter, which is the one originally settled at the Council of Nicæa, and which the Romish as well as the Anglican church adopts, declares, and pronounces in common, without the smallest variation,—being more impressive and comprehensive than the more ancient ‘symbol,’ or the so-called Apostles’ Creed,—should be the one, and only one, assigned for our service, and ought to be most emphatically delivered at the very beginning of that service, immediately after the confession and absolution. It is then that the repentant and absolved christian, feeling within him the high and consoling character with which he is invested, exultingly

proclaims his faith in those tenets which have served to secure him that character.

“ In the litany (others of the objectors remark), which is intended to comprehend requisitions of every possible kind, we have (if it is to be read every Sunday), all that we can possibly ask. We ought not, therefore, to repeat under another form, and with many more words, prayers with the very same objects. What earthly ruler or potentate to whom we owe allegiance, and from whom we expect protection, should we venture to address with a petition for an especial favour twice or thrice at the same audience, varying only the words of the petition or prayer ?

“ We find another set of devout christians in the English church, whose objections are not to the length but to the manner of the service. Some of these think, for example, that the first prayer of the preacher on entering the pulpit, and before beginning the discourse, should be an extempore invocation, and always varied, like the result of inspiration. A set prayer, they contend, has no, or very little effect in preparing the souls and minds of the devout to take in the holy words that are to follow. We either see it read by the preacher, or know it to proceed from the faculty of memory, and we cannot imagine it to be the effect of an innate feeling of true devotion, when we hear the same clergyman repeat, Sunday after Sunday, the same prefatory aspiration or prayer for aid in enabling him to deliver properly the word of the Lord, and his congregation suitably to receive it. An extempore orison at such a conjuncture would be free from all such objections ; nor can it be considered unsafe, as stated by some people, to leave to the preacher the liberty to compose such a prayer, lest he should introduce into it foolish, or ridiculous, or heretical expressions ; when we know him to be entrusted with the very privilege, but much more extensive, for the next hour, during which he

may, either extemporarily or from some written pages, deliver whatever his views or his imagination may dictate.

“ The effect of a spontaneous prayer of invocation before the sermon, varied on every sabbath day, was the first means by which Irving, at the commencement of his pulpit career in London, acquired that celebrity which led the loftiest spirits and the greatest orators of the age, Sunday after Sunday, to the Scottish Chapel, in the vicinity of Hatton-garden, but which he so lamentably lost as soon as he began ranting, and went on every year raving more and more, in proportion as he lost himself in metaphysical abstractions and absurdities.

“ Lastly, some object to the general duration of the sermon. To be effective, and command uninterrupted attention, a discourse need not extend beyond thirty-five minutes.

“ It has struck me that by removing these various objections, the duration of the whole service might be so shortened as to admit of three full morning services instead of one, thereby gaining that which seems at this day to be so deficient—church accommodation for the increased population of each district, without spending money to erect new churches, but allotting some of it instead for the support of additional clergymen to each church. A full morning service of an hour and a half duration, at ten, twelve, and two o'clock, would leave scarcely an excuse to any one for not attending church on Sundays. It would also have the additional advantage of affording to the humbler classes (who now attend only the minor service of the evening, because they are occupied in taking quietly their midday frugal meal with their children, an indulgence they enjoy but once during the week,) the benefit of being present at one of the full services of the morning, followed by the solemn service of the Communion, which they so seldom, if ever now attend.”

—“ You have abstained from touching,” said my papist friend, “ upon another great objection which obtains in the case of almost every parochial protestant church and even chapel in

England that I have accidentally entered, where the unbecoming sight at once obtrudes itself on your attention, of a greedy pew-opener, pocketing shillings or sixpences from stray visitors as fast as he locates them in pews, until the very fobs of his waistcoat bulge out with the coins. I made my way into a fashionable chapel at the lower end of Regent-street, one day in November last year, and gave my shilling to secure a seat in one of the pews, as I was anxious to hear a favourite preacher. I saw afterwards six more persons in succession do the same thing. You cannot have failed to have observed this practice in the different churches you must have visited in the course of your excursions from one Spa to another. Now, if money is to be paid by a stranger on entering a protestant church or chapel, it ought surely to be either as an offering towards the support of the incumbent, or for the poor of the district. But that a servant should traffic in seats in the house of God with such as are desirous to hear his Holy Word, is scandalous; the more so as the traffickers generally dispose, for the time, of pews and seats appropriated or belonging to individuals who have already paid for the same. Are not these traffickers like the men whom our Saviour expelled from the temple?

“ How different is the case in a Roman catholic church. There the seats are all free, and the whole space belongs to all who come to occupy it; the smallest coin is, in some few churches on the continent, demanded from the devotee by some poor woman for the accommodation of a chair when no other sitting accommodation remains; but in our Roman catholic chapels in England, even that trifling semblance of traffic is forbidden. The only appeal to the congregation is for charity during part of the service, generally while the sermon is proceeding, in the same manner that your deacons or churchwardens receive oblations for the poor during the Communion-service collection, or at the doors on particular occasions. A young acolyte in his proper vestment, and some-

times a common attendant, tenders a small leather bag as he walks through the groups of assembled devotees, receives their voluntary and very moderate contributions, which are afterwards carried to the sacristy, emptied out in the presence of the principal priest, taken an account of, and laid in store for the poor or the necessities of the church. Such subventions, being perfectly of an eleemosynary kind, and not for the private lucre of an individual, lose at once the character of mercenary hire, drink-gold, or simony in fact, which the slipping of shillings, one after another, into the hands of the pew-openers in church for their individual gain, most unquestionably resembles, and is therefore to be abominated."

Thus far did our dialogue proceed respecting the influence of the ordinary liturgy of the Anglican and Romish church, in promoting, fixing, and keeping alive true devotion among their worshippers, by their respective rituals; without any reference to those much more important differences existing between them, which in reality constitute the foundation of the two religious creeds. I felt that subjects of so awful a nature were scarcely within the province of two discussing laymen, and I am equally sensible that their discussion at full length into which we again engaged on the following morning, is not strictly admissible in this place.

After long argumentations, quotations, and references in attack and defence of the leading points, by which the Roman christian faith is prominently characterised, I left my friend to the consideration of many queries, naturally suggested by the singular positions for which he contended in support of the holiness of his own church; and to those queries he was not then prepared with satisfactory answers.

—"As the followers of that church," I observed to him, "while defending their particular tenets, contend for something which they hold to be 'positive' and 'infallible;' whereas, upon that subject, we are satisfied with a system of denegation only;

it behoves them to adduce proofs of the correctness of their affirmatives out of the same written evidence, whether inspired or historical, from which we derive our reasons for protesting against the manner of their early separation from the true apostolic church, and their dissent, in practice as well as interpretation, from the words of Christ, as handed down to us in writing by his Apostles and their disciples, to be the foundation and pillar of our faith.

“To begin with what is most important. In which of those Apostles or disciples—nay, to come nearer as to time, in which of the first teachers of christianity immediately after them, for the space of more than two hundred years, can the Romish churchman point out a single passage to show that those holy followers of their Divine Master ever called together the devout christians in order to pray to God, and upon such an occasion took a portion of bread and wine, consecrated them by means of the sign of the cross and the whispered words of ‘*Hoc est corpus meum,*’ &c. employed by the priest of the present day at mass,—ate the one and drank the other,—firmly believing them to be the real and self-same body and blood of the Saviour, and taught their congregation to believe the same; instead of simply considering those elements as the representatives of the spiritual presence of the body and blood of HIM in remembrance of whom, and of the foundation of His religion, they were instituted?”

“We deny that any such passage exists in written evidence; or that, at any time after the death and resurrection of their Master, when the Apostles went about ‘preaching and breaking of bread,’ they proclaimed and believed in the corporeal presence of Christ’s natural flesh and blood on all or any of those occasions. Consequently, the ordinary mass of the Romish church, which is, in reality, nothing else but the communion of the priest under both forms, and under the firm conviction just alluded to, preceded, accompanied, and

followed by prayers in the presence of the people, is not of apostolic origin or authority.

“ But should the Romish churchman retreat from written evidence, as insufficient for his purpose, to oral tradition, and pretend that by it an authority is obtained for believing that the miraculous transformation of the spiritual into the real body and blood of the Saviour was taught by the Apostles and the immediate disciples of Christ, then let him single out such an authoritative tradition in any part of the volumes of the oldest of the uninspired writers. Let him point it out in CLEMENS ROMANUS, for instance, who, besides having been Bishop of Rome, the third in succession after the Apostles, had seen and conversed with the Apostles whose preaching was still sounding in his ears, and was contemporary with many who, like himself, had been instructed by the Apostles, and had heard all their traditions. Or let him refer for the same purpose to the more learned books of CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS, a zealous convert to christianity of the second century, who, abounding more than any other christian writer in knowledge of every description, including that of heresies and schisms in the primitive church, would certainly, if he had heard of such, not have omitted a tradition involving so portentous and miraculous an exhibition of God's power, repeated at all times and at all hours, at the bidding of every priest, no matter how many thousands of them may be engaged simultaneously through the Roman catholic world in celebrating the mass.

“ I cannot call to my aid just now, with equal certainty, the authority of a third holy father of the christian church, IRENÆUS, whom the papists will certainly not reject, and who, having been a diligent collector of apostolical traditions, must, if such a one as they assume had existed in his time, about the closing of the second century, have recorded it. I have no means of referring to his writings; but if the tradition

in question had been there recorded, the Romish churchman would most assuredly have brought it forward."

—"What!" exclaimed the startled papist, "do you not hold the words of the Saviour himself, at the Last Supper, sufficient to establish the dogma of transubstantiation? Surely you are not ignorant of the fact that even Luther himself declared, in perfect despair, that the interpretation given to those solemn expressions by the church of Rome, was the only part of its creed he could not demolish and overcome. And have not those very words of the Holy Founder been farther and fully commented upon and expounded in the way in which our church receives them, by the most inspired and enthusiastic of his Apostles—Paul?"

—"It would be useless for us, unlearned in these matters," I answered, "to attempt to go through the varied and endless arguments, comments, and subtile disquisitions to which those questions have given rise, from almost the very first moment of the introduction of the dogma under consideration into the religion of Christ by certain of the bishops of Rome, (long after the Apostles), down to the present day, including the very learned and recent opinions on that subject of one of the exemplary members of your communion, Dr. Wiseman, well known at the college we both visited this morning. He, and all those who contend for the material transmutation of the elements of the Eucharist after the consecration, assert that such a doctrine *has always been held* by the church of Christ from the time of the Apostles; and in support of their assertion they refer us to certain passages in the writings of the Apostles, which, they insist, prove that in partaking of the Eucharist, they firmly believed that the bread and wine they took were the real body and blood of Christ.

"On the other hand we, who reject such a doctrine, and deny that the passages so quoted convey the meaning attached to them by the Romanists, consider the words of

the Saviour, as reported by three out of four Evangelists, and commented upon by St. Paul in more than one instance, to have been figurative; and we look upon the sacramental bread and wine as tokens that the body and blood of the Saviour are *spiritually* present at our partaking of his Holy Supper, as they were *materially* present in the person of Christ, when the Apostles were made first partakers of it, at its first institution.

“ You admit (so I find it in a very able work, entitled, ‘ Dictionnaire des Hérésies,’ &c., by PLUQUET, a staunch Romanist,) that although the words in which the followers of the church of Rome express their notion as to the nature of the Eucharist are quite plain, yet that they convey SOMETHING WHICH IS DIFFICULT TO COMPREHEND; and you confess also that the meaning we attach to the words of that sacrament expresses a THING EASY TO CONCEIVE, though you pretend that that meaning is contrary to the rules of ordinary language.*

“ Upon your own shewing, therefore, the difficulty of the question would seem to be one of words and not of substance; since we must firmly believe that if there existed two ways of conveying his intended meaning to the Apostles, when Christ instituted the Lord's Supper, the one easily comprehensible, the other difficult to comprehend, the Saviour would naturally have preferred the former.

“ But because that meaning is admitted by us to have been figurative, you, the Romanists, contend that such could not have been the Saviour's intention, as he had nowhere prepared the Apostles to receive, in a metaphorical sense, the words he pronounced at the institution of the Eucharist. The answer to that observation is short and conclusive. Through-

* “ Le sens des catholiques est très-facile dans les termes; mais il exprime une chose difficile à concevoir.—Le sens des réformés est opposé aux règles de langage—mais il exprime une chose très-aisée à concevoir.”—PLUQUET *Dictionnaire des Hérésies*, vol. i.

out the New Testament, Christ is represented as addressing the Apostles, and his disciples, in a metaphorical language. He has compared himself to a door, to a tree, to the true vine, &c., in order to convey more impressively his meaning on various occasions. That this has been his general practice we have no less an authority for believing than Christ himself, who near the close of his career, and subsequent to the institution of the Holy Supper, having declared it to be expedient for the disciples' sake, that HE should 'go away' (John xvi. 7 and 25), and again taught them various things in a mystical sense, exclaims, 'These things have I spoken to you in proverbs; but the *time cometh* when I *shall no more speak* unto you in proverbs.'

"Does not this declaration go to shew that Christ had hitherto employed a figurative or metaphorical language to convey his meaning and precepts to his disciples, as one more suited to their till then untutored understanding, and likewise more akin to the habits and customs of oriental people?"

"Your churchmen rely much on their own assertion, that Christ had never led his disciples to expect, by any figurative expression used at any time previous to the Last Supper, that he would compare bread with his body, as a metaphorical mode of instituting the principal ceremony in the Eucharist. This is an error. Has not Christ pointedly alluded to such an intended metaphor, when he said, shortly before, 'I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE?'"

"What could have been the object of the Saviour in instituting the Sacrament by means such as he employed, following up the idea that he was 'the bread of life,' when being seated at the table with his disciples, to eat the Passover which he had ordered two of them to prepare, 'he took bread and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you.' And the same of the cup of wine, taking which he said, 'This cup is the new testament in my blood which is shed for you?'"

“ The object was evidently a twofold one. First : To explain to the disciples farther than he had hitherto done, his forthcoming crucifixion, in which his body would be broken, and his blood spilt to secure eternal life to them and the rest of sinners, for whom it was given by the Father as a redeeming sacrifice. Secondly : To establish by a simple conversion of the ordinary Jewish rite of the Passover, which Christ had met his disciples to celebrate under the levitical law, into His own Holy Supper,—a perpetual commemoration of that redeeming sacrifice of body and blood which was to be productive of such mighty and everlasting effects on mankind. Hence the concluding words : ‘ This do in remembrance of me.’

“ Are not these natural and very intelligible inductions from the process adopted at the Lord's Supper ; and such as even the church of Rome herself adopts ? Then why invent also, as she does, any additional explanation of the two ceremonies, which renders the whole thing unnatural, and as her own advocates admit, *incomprehensible*, and places the Saviour in contradiction with himself ? For I will not say what many pious and religious prelates and commentators have already said much more forcibly ;—how could Christ's real body and blood be ate and drank by the Apostles, when it was Christ's body, and the blood that animated it, which were the instruments whereby the bread and the cup were handed over to them. I will only ask in my turn—How could Christ expect to impress on the disciples' minds, as it was manifestly his will and intention to do, the fact that his body was about to be led to sacrifice and be broken for their sins, if he at the same time told them to eat that body and drink that blood, before the real sacrifice was accomplished ? And again, to what purpose could such a real, instead of a symbolical eating of Christ's body have served, which was not effected by the latter only ?

“ The two ceremonies, therefore, of breaking the bread and

drinking the cup, and the words by which they were accompanied, could only have been emblematical; and I hold, individually, upon this subject the further doctrine, that in the like manner that God the Father had, in the olden dispensation, instituted, under a covert meaning, the rite of the Passover, (of which all the congregation of Israel was to eat, but no stranger, unless by circumcision he had first become like one of them,) in order that it might be a link to bind the people together, as a sign that 'the strong arm of the Lord had redeemed them from their captivity in Egypt,' and also that it might serve as a ceremonial test, or token, by which that favoured people of God might be distinguished; so God the Son, acting in his Divine nature, while yet in human flesh, instituted likewise under a covert meaning, the rite of the Holy Supper (the Passover of the new dispensation) to be a test or token by which his favoured people would not only commemorate his death and their own redemption from sin through it, but also shew that they 'are followers of HIM who died on the cross, Christ the founder of their faith.'

“ In the same way, then, that baptism was made the sacramental ceremony by which those who wished to enter into the profession of the Gospel were to be introduced into it,—so was the sacrament of the Lord's Supper made a ceremonial token of recognition among those who had adopted that profession. In this respect the Founder of the Christian faith did not differ from the founders of any other religion existing in the East in his time, who all had established some particular *token and password* by which their disciples and followers were to know each other.

“ That this must be the case, is made manifest by Christ himself in that part of the Gospel which first led me to adopt the present view of this debated point of difference between your church and the church of England, and in which I find that, soon after the establishment of this token of re-

cognition among the professors of Christianity, the Saviour used it himself in order to make himself known after his resurrection to Cleophas and his companion 'whose eyes were holden,' and could not recognise Jesus until he gave the sign and password.

"To awaken their knowledge of HIM, he began at Moses and all the prophets, expounding unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself; and yet they knew him not; although, as christians, they must have been aware, through the instruction of the Apostles, of the applicability to none but Christ of all he was saying. But when, presently, Christ sat at meat with them, and *he took bread and blessed it, and brake and gave to them*, then 'their eyes were opened and they knew him.' Upon which Christ, having accomplished, by the application of his own established token and word among his followers, his desire of being seen by the disciples after his resurrection, 'vanished out of their sight.'

"You must admit that this gospel fact alone, better than any learned disquisition, proves the intention, the object, the use, and the real meaning of the Lord's Supper, and of the words that accompany it; and that its meaning is not the one which the Romish church has attached to it—TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

"There is, therefore, not the smallest vestige of Divine, apostolic, or primitive church authority for the most mysterious, incomprehensible and astounding dogma of the church of Rome, which forms the basis as well as motive of the mass so often brought before its worshippers, and the non-attendance of which, at least once on every Sunday, has been declared by that church to be a sin, to be expiated by a given number of years in purgatory, unless forgiven by the priest after auricular confession."

Such was the first of the queries I left for the meditation of my zealous popish interlocutor at Birmingham, and the

same I would present for reflection and a reply to any of his fellow-believers.

Suitable queries, also, I ventured to put to my accidental friend, respecting the authority for another startling dogma of his church, whereby private confession of sins is commanded and made a sacrament, to precede necessarily, according to the tenets of that church, the true sacrament of the Eucharist, whenever the devout, during the mass, intends to partake of the latter.

—“Admitting,” said I, “that the solemn declaratory words of the Saviour to his Apostles, ‘Whosoever sins ye remit, &c.,’ had conferred upon those holy men the high privilege and faculty of hearing the confession of sins made by the christians, and of absolving them, being penitent;—in what part of the same Scriptures, or of any of the written records of the Acts of the Apostles, or of their successors for the first two centuries, is it stated, that either the former or the latter, in consequence of their own interpretation of the words of their Divine Master, had insisted, in any one instance, on a detailed enumeration of every sinful thought and deed being privately made to them by the penitent sinner, as a condition for receiving absolution? Or, if no written evidence can be produced for such a dogma, but only some supposed tradition, shew me the holy father of the primitive church before the third century who has mentioned and specified such a tradition as having come down directly from the Apostles.

“‘Confess your faults one to another.’ This expression of St. John distinctly points to the meaning we should apply to it, namely that we should publicly and in the presence of one another confess our sins; and in this sense the injunction was interpreted by the primitive and early christians; for they publicly, and in places of worship, declared their own transgressions and prayed for forgiveness.

“But how can such an expression be applied to the mode in which the Romish church has ordained the confession of

sins to be conducted, namely, in private, and always to a priest, and to a priest only? Had such been the intention of the Founder of our faith, would he not have coupled a distinct and specific injunction for a previous confession to the Apostles, at the same time that he imparted to them the power of absolving or retaining sins?

“The confession of sins, inculcated in the New as well as the Old Testament, and in many places, was the purely fraternal confession of one to another, or of one to many, or of many, publicly, to an Apostle, as was the case with the thousands who came out of Jerusalem and Judæa to St John the Baptist, confessing their sins that they might be baptized. Would the Church of Rome contend that that transaction proves the establishment of auricular confession by the Scriptures, and that the Baptist had heard from each of the thousands of penitents who came to him, their individual and private confession? Such a supposition is not only absurd but impossible.

“Not only there are no traces of auricular or sacramental confession in the Scriptures, but in the precepts even given by the holy fathers of the church, respecting confession of sins during the first three centuries, no vestige is to be found of sacramental confession as understood by the Romanists; not even in TERTULLIAN, who wrote a book on the very subject of penitence, and would have mentioned the practice of private confession to a priest, had it existed in his time.”

In the like manner one might go on testing by queries and appeals to holy records the nearest to the time of the Founder of the christian faith, the many other dogmas or notions of the Romish church, which they hold distinct from the Anglican church, and for which they have neither a written nor a *real* traditionary authority.

But I have preferred limiting to the two important ones just disposed of, my introduction into a work like the present

of a subject so alien to its real object ; because the one being directly and the other indirectly referable to the form of Divine service of that church—the mass, which was the origin of my conversation and discussion with the stranger at Birmingham, who considered the mass as vastly superior in *words and deeds* to the liturgy of the Church of England,—it became necessary that I should venture upon such an introduction, for which, moreover, there is a somewhat parallel example in a recent and well-known work nearly analogous to my own.

My conversation ended at last by my pointing out to my popish friend that they, the Roman catholics, were, in fact, the real dissenters, or rather schismatics from the christian church, and not we, the so-called *protestants*. For as the Apostles, who had been sent abroad to instruct the uninitiated, had taught by their gospels and acts all converted christians to assemble together, and when so assembled to pray, and publicly to confess their sins, that being penitent they might receive absolution for the same ;—to love the Lord their God with all their hearts, and to sing psalms to his glory, which the inspired writers had prepared : to search and read the Scriptures, both of the old and new dispensation: to obey the Commandments : to proclaim aloud their faith and belief in the Divine and triunal essence of Christ, his redemption of the world, his life, death, and resurrection ; and finally, to eat of the bread and drink of the wine in thankful commemoration of the mediatorial sacrifice of Christ ;—(and they had taught nothing else except the performance of good works by precepts and deeds) ;—the Anglican church had a right to consider herself as the true, the catholic and apostolic church, inasmuch as its liturgy or manner of worship embraces with the strictest precision all these apostolic injunctions, neither adding to, nor taking from, their meaning and intention.

“ Now you of the Romish establishment,” added I, “ on the contrary, have not only taken from and added to the meaning

and intention of the apostolic injunctions, but have entirely perverted the words as well as the objects of some of them ; and what is still worse, you have interpolated and mixed up with the worship of the Founder of our religion, the worship of many of his sainted followers, constituting them and addressing them as mediators or intercessors between God and his creatures ; whereas the only mediator is, and can only be, the Divine Founder himself.

“ You have been unmindful of the apostolic counsel to the Colossians, ‘ Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the TRADITIONS of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.’

“ You have, in fact, so altered the substance as well as the principles of the christian worship, that, compared with the best account we possess of the primitive church, it would be difficult to believe the religion of that church and yours to have sprung from the same source : and these vast differences you only began to introduce two, three, and even four hundred years after the foundation of the faith, and some of them even at a much later epoch.

“ Had the christian religion, like all the human systems of knowledge, been one susceptible of gradual improvement, then the progressive changes you have introduced into it might have been accepted, if necessary, in order to forward its amelioration. But the religion of Christ, like himself, was perfect at its birth ; and his injunctions to the Apostles were not to amend, improve, or add to the code of doctrines, principles, and precepts which during his lifetime he had revealed, preached, and enforced by his example ; but to go and ‘ preach the kingdom of God ;’ in the manner he had himself taught, as necessary to constitute a christian, and to ensure his salvation.

“ That church, therefore, is less likely to be wrong which is the least removed from the rites, tenets, and doctrines of those primitive times ; and such is the case with the Angli-

can church : and may God vouchsafe that the church of Rome of the last sixteen hundred years may return to the state of faith and practice of the church of Rome of seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago, resuming her former purity and sanctitude."

CHAPTER X.

LEAMINGTON.

ORIGIN and rapid Progress of Leamington—What it was, and what it is—The ROYAL HOTEL—Company—Table d'Hôte—Socialism—Accommodation—The MORE FASHIONABLE HOTELS—The Lansdowne and the Clarendon—The Imperial—The Regent and its Table d'Hôte—Charges extravagant—LODGINGS and Furnished Houses—New Buildings—Eligible Situations—Streets and Shops—Reckless Speculations—Ruin rather than Fortune—Who is the Cause?—The ROYAL PUMPROOM—Its Architecture and Defects—The SALOON—The Public Walks and MALL—Aristocratic Patients—North-west Winds and Early Fogs—The MINERAL WATER—Pumping again—Physical Character and Taste of the Saline—First Impressions—Its Use in Medicine—The FIVE WELLS—Analysis of Leamington Water—Pretended Sulphur Water at the Pumproom—Its probable Source—MRS. LEE'S Sulphur Well—Lawyers not friendly to Mineral Waters—The OLD WELL—to be Preferred—Mode of Drinking it—The ORIGINAL WELL—Goold's Establishment the best at Leamington—BATHS—The Leamington Salts—Mineral Water genuine and abundant at Leamington.

FEW of my readers who have reached “years of discretion” will fail to recollect that eighteen or twenty years ago Leamington was almost a *terra incognita* to the *élite* of society in this country. What is it then which has changed so quickly the station of that Spa in the estimation of the public, and, for the last ten years, but particularly within the last seven years, has caused the said *élite* to congregate together

in that place in countless numbers, determined to go thither and nowhere else? For that there are at that Spa, at this very moment of my writing, dukes and their duchesses, marquesses, earls, and barons, with their coroneted partners—not to mention the many Ladies Augustas and Louisas, baronets and their spouses, besides military knights and their ladies—no one can affect to be ignorant, who peruses those daily gossips of fashion, the newspapers.

This is a problem we must endeavour to solve.

Dr. Short, a learned Theban in his days, howbeit he dwelt and wrote in such a place as Sheffield, proclaimed in his two large quarto volumes on the mineral waters of England, exactly one hundred years ago, that people strove in vain to make something of the mineral springs of Leamington; for that, instead of containing nitre, as it had been pretended by some cunning resident doctor, they were nothing but “a puddle of weak briny water.”

There was, therefore, a Leamington, and something of a mineral water in it, even a century ago; but nobody thought of the one nor cared for the other, until a rhyming cobbler, Satchwell, assisted by an honest friend, set about erecting baths for the invalids, and procure decent accommodation for their service. Success so far crowned his endeavours, that it was soon found necessary to look out for some more mineral water besides the one already known, in the discovery of which Satchwell and his friend were not disappointed.

Still the place continued in obscurity for many years, notwithstanding the preceding efforts of half-a-dozen physicians from Coventry, Birmingham, and Northampton, to bring it into notice; and the visit of a solitary specimen of aristocracy to the Wells, “*an Honourable Mistress Leigh*,” is recorded in the history of the times, as a proof of the wonderful progress the Spa had made towards notoriety.

It was Dr. Lambe who, in 1794, in a paper descriptive of the Leamington waters, published in one of the volumes of

the "Memoirs of the Manchester Philosophical Society," first gave Leamington that lift to fame, which attracted thither not fewer than three duchesses in one season, who determined at once to bring Leamington to a par with Cheltenham, then in great vogue, and likely to cast Bath and every other Spa into the shade.

A search was instituted for more water, and again *it was found*. This made the fourth spring discovered in the place since the "briny puddle" of Dr. Short. A fifth, a sixth, and a seventh, however, came in sight in the course of time; so that, by the end of the year 1816, just twenty-five years ago, Leamington Priors boasted altogether of as many mineral springs as Cheltenham. Indeed, it seems to me that, as fast as the last-mentioned fashionable watering-place added to its discovered treasures of mineral waters, Leamington, to keep pace, as it were, with its rival, never failed to discover soon after an equal number of springs.

All these, nearly clustered together, were found in what is called the Old Town, or more properly speaking, in the original village south of the river Leam, with the exception of one which lies to the north, and close to the bank of that river. Beginning at that spot, over which what is called the Royal Pumproom has been raised, a new town, spreading wide to the eastward and to the westward, and creeping up a gentle acclivity northwards, has been forming within the last twelve years, and is still progressing.

Such is the brief history of this now highly fashionable Spa, which, a little more than thirty years ago, had only "The Dog" and the "Bowling Green" as houses of entertainment to tempt the visitors withal; besides a few rustic cottages for the convenience of the invalids; but which now boasts of a dozen of the most superb hotels in England.

My *pied à terre* on this, as upon a former occasion, was the Royal Hotel, for it lies handy in the way of one who

reaches Leamington by the eastern road—not the most interesting of those which conduct to this Spa.

For the purpose I had in view, the Royal is as comfortable a house of entertainment as any of the best hotels in the place; and probably more convenient. Bachelors, as well as married people, have assured me of this. Its interior arrangement is good. The principal part of the establishment is its large dining-room, in which nearly all the inmates assemble to a copious breakfast, with every morning luxury; and again, at a table-d'hôte dinner, presided over by one of the senior dwellers in the house. The company then retires to the withdrawing-room for the evening, where cards, music, and conversation are introduced, to enliven and cheat the duller hours of a Spa-residence. I have met with many select and agreeable persons at these convivial meetings; and were I to take up my abode for a time, as a visiter, at Leamington, rather than be bored with expensive lodgings and housekeeping, I should settle, by preference, in this very house, and enjoy its public dinners.

The most amusing part of this species of socialism is the mutual contribution of chat, small-talk, and scandal, which every guest at the table brings, and pours out *pro bono* at the hours of repast. So situated, a new comer at Leamington need not remain longer than three days a stranger to the “low and high doings” of the place, and will find himself in full possession of its red-book intelligence, and the *carte du pays* in an equally short period.

The Royal, like most other hotels, has a spacious and well-appointed coffee-room, but this is not much frequented, for the reasons I have just mentioned.

The upper part of the house, which is very extensive, and divided into many sleeping-rooms and apartments well furnished and with comfortable beds, is placed under the superintendence of an upper housemaid, who manages the service of that department with the help of several under servant-

maids, with great regularity and civility. The rooms are of good size and lofty; but, with the exception of those to the north and a few to the east, none have a pleasant look-out. Altogether, the appearance of the building, its entrance-hall and staircase, and the general aspect of the rooms, are of sufficient importance to satisfy the greatest stickler for outward show in the hotel he is to dwell in.

I know I shall be considered a very Mohawk for detaining my readers on such an hotel, instead of leading them at once to the tip-top emporiums of fashion—the Imperial, the Clarendon, the Lansdowne hotels—superbly furnished and admirably conducted; or even to the Regent, the only other hotel where a table d'hôte on the footing of that at the Royal, and even somewhat more magnificent, is kept. But to these I leave their aristocratic or wealthy visitors to pay a just tribute of praise. They pay in purse pretty smartly, and if that be a recommendation for the rich and the noble, it is for them to commend the establishments.

Of the charges at these places I need only say, that the amount of a bill for drinking tea in the evening, and sleeping one night at the Royal, and breakfasting next morning at the public table (most bounteously supplied, to be sure,) was thirteen shillings and sixpence, of which the servants took one-third exactly. With dinner it would have been eighteen shillings, which, multiplied by seven, gives us six guineas per week, a sum of money for which a bachelor could be boarded and lodged most comfortably at a German Spa for the space of a fortnight at least.

At the Regent the charges are not inferior to those of the Royal, and they are, in proportion, much higher at the other great hotels, which are only family hotels, and have no table d'hôte.

Copp's card makes it out that his board at the Royal, with the use of the public rooms cost only three guineas a week; but when one adds another guinea for a sitting-room, with

an equal sum for a fire in that and the bed-room, and thirteen shillings and sixpence for wax and night candles, besides charges for servants, it will be found that the weekly sum I originally stated is the real amount of the total charges.

Every thing in fact is extravagantly dear at Leamington. House-rent for the season is very high; lodgings are difficult to be had, and seldom under two or three guineas a week for two rooms. This is the case with those in Victoria-terrace, a very striking pile of buildings lately erected to the south and close to the bridge, resembling some of the best houses in our Regent-street, and having shops equally magnificent. But this, though a convenient, is not the choice part of the town. If the stranger desires to lodge himself more like a man *comme il faut*, he will secure a first floor in Union-parade, or Lansdowne-place, or in the Upper-parade, and pay from eight to ten guineas a week for the same. As to a whole furnished house in any very eligible situation, such a luxury, when to be had, is "pretty" and "dear."

With all the extravagance of charges, however, the hotel-keepers, as well as the proprietors of houses, make but a sorry business of their respective concerns, and the speculators in both, I trow, are burning their fingers. The old town has hardly had time to grow older, when a new one starts into existence. Who is to inhabit all these flimsy semi-palaces, it is not easy to conjecture.

Every road leading into Leamington has been seized upon and flanked with buildings. To the westward of High-street, on the border of the Warwick-road, a row of lofty houses rear their pretending heads, in imitation of those in Brunswick-square at Brighton, or in Kemp-town, but look in vain for dwellers. On the eastern side of the same street, round by "All Saints," the oldest church in the place, Priory-terrace terminates in another road, on the left of which rows of Gothic villas have started up in the last three years, called

the Leam Villas generally, but marked distinctly by other names, such as Clifton Villa, Methuen Villa, &c. They face the south, and have opposite to them lines of other houses with greater pretensions, whose principal front being north, I should consider undesirable as residences. Here again, both among the villas, and these rows of larger houses, signs of more house-room than people can require stare you in the face.

All these buildings are south of the bridge. Northward, the fashionable Parade, over the broad and brilliant pavement of Union-street, the rendezvous of the beaux and belles temporarily dwelling in Leamington, pedestrians as well as equestrians, leads to many cross streets, at right angles with it,—Regent-street and Warwick-street in particular, in which houses without end, and shops, many of them as sumptuous as those in our Regent-street, have been erected.



I must likewise notice a range of tolerably fair-looking houses nearly adjoining to Newbold-gardens which latter are close to the bridge, and extend along the bank of the Leam eastward. This range has an inclosed green before it, and a terrace fronting the parade. Beyond it is Regent's-grove, Hamilton-terrace, and Lanark-villas, all of them with a north-west aspect. Opposite to the former of these places is the Victoria boarding-house, on the left of Bath-street,

looking down the grove. Its rounded front, with six columns on the first story, resting upon rusticated piers, produces a good effect; which is more than can be said of the larger number of the new buildings in Leamington, where more outrages have been committed against genuine taste and sound rules in architecture than could have been expected, at this time of day, even in this country.

This multitude of houses of every description—this launching out of builders, and shop and hotel keepers, into thoughtless speculations—has been attended by incessant changes in the ownership of property, followed by bankruptcy. Many begin with a magnificent shop one season, who are compelled to close it before the next. A bold and high-spirited hotel-keeper has struggled through several seasons, who has taken his place at last in the Gazette; while some other less unfortunate speculators in brick and mortar, having come to the wrong end of their purse, have been glad to make over their responsibilities for whatever they could get, to some successor, equally bold in the undertaking, and destined, probably, to be equally unsuccessful in the end.

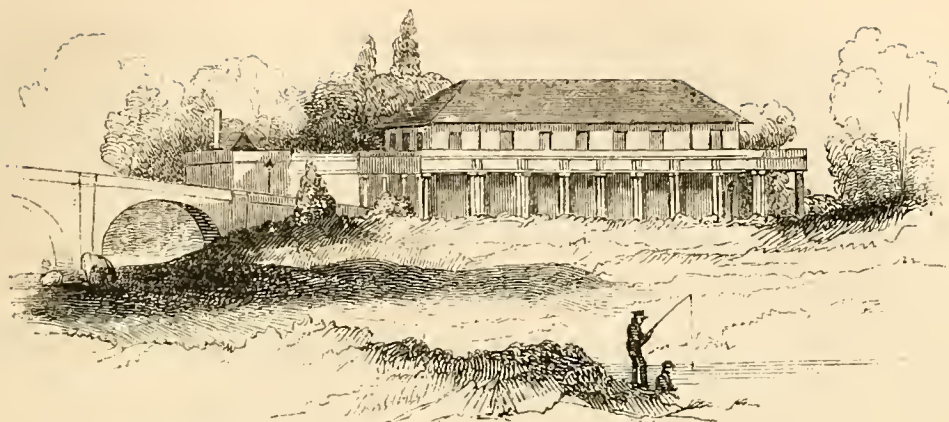
Now all the mighty doings just described in the way of building, and which are of recent date, nor would ever have been dreamt of twelve years ago, are the work of one man—the cause and prime mover of the bustle, the start, the progress, and the increase of Leamington; and that man is a physician, of whom we shall say something anon. It does not require the foresight of Merlin, Murphy, or Madame Krudener to predict, that if the said great doctor does not let his mantle fall on some well qualified and equally lucky esculapius, Leamington without him will be what Brighton is already becoming, now it is without the King—an extended mass of modern dwellings, most of them mouldering and falling into decay: for as the reputation of the mineral waters was not the cause of the present crowds of people of fashion and rank who visit Leamington, so will it not be of sufficient

weight to keep them faithful to that practice, when the waters only, and *no other* attraction, shall remain to distinguish Leamington from other Spas.

That I have entered into this the least interesting, though by no means the least important, of the details connected with Leamington, namely, house-room and accommodation for the visiters, ere I proceed to examine the mineral waters themselves, which these visiters are supposed to come to Leamington to drink, will not, I trust, be imputed to any bad taste on my part. Having so done, I may now fulfil the latter part of my duty, without interruption from the interference of more ordinary subjects, and give continuously the narrative of my proceedings and reflections on what may be considered as the medical part of the question and its auxiliaries.

Although the last discovered, the springs over which the Royal Pumproom is erected claim priority of attention. Every other spring in the place has something of a receiving-room attached to it, in which people meet to drink the water; but the *rendezvous* of the greater number of those who visit Leamington for the sake of the waters is the Royal Pumproom, which was erected twenty-seven years ago, after the designs of Mr. Smith, of Warwick, and at the cost of twenty-five thousand pounds.

Passing from the Royal Hotel up Bath-street, and crossing the bridge over the Leam, which was in my time undergoing considerable alterations and improvements, that have since been completed, the general mass of the building comprising the Pumproom, as well as the adjoining baths, appears immediately on the left, its longest front, one hundred and six feet in length, being laid parallel with the street, and nearly opposite Newbold-gardens. A wing projects at each end, thirty feet by twenty in extent, the sides of which, as well as the front of the building, are ornamented by a colonnade of duplicated pillars of the Doric order.



The general effect which such a building might have produced is perfectly *manqué*, from the glaring defect of its extreme lowness, being only thirty feet high; the columns of the arcade being of course lower—certainly not more than fourteen feet in height. Nor is the interior of the principal room much more striking, though its dimensions (seventy-five feet by twenty-eight) are more in accordance with taste. Still, to make good the claims which its *prôneurs* at Leamington set up for it, of being a building “excelling all the baths in England, and rivalling the thermæ of the ancients,” one would have expected something better than merely four naked walls in the interior of the room, distempered over with a deep peach-blossom colour; having on one side high chimney-pieces of painted wood, and pilasters similarly painted, to imitate Sienna marble; with a plain white-washed ceiling, from which hangs pendant an ordinary chandelier, serving to light up at night four casts of statues in different parts of the room, besides the large counter at the upper end of it, at which the water is distributed in the morning.

The new Promenade-room at Harrowgate, and the recently-embellished Pump-room at Bath, and even the Montpellier Rotunda, at Cheltenham, I need hardly observe, cast this Royal Pump-room of Leamington into the shade.

However, at this room by early morn I attended more than once, in expectation of beholding the numerous company which I had been told was then in the place; for “Lea-

mington was quite full." But I looked in vain for more than a few straggling parties, principally ladies, from eight till ten in the morning. As they all, once or twice in the course of that time, made their appearance on what is called the New Mall and walks, in a species of pleasure-ground attached to the Pump-room, I could not miss many of them, by following their example, and examining each morning not only the quantity but the quality of the visitors. The latter was everything that had been represented to me. At Leamington, unquestionably, no dross of society, or even ambiguous characters, will be found among those who assemble at the Pump-room for their health and the waters. The place is yet too choice and too costly to admit of any but the very tip-top of society. Accordingly one recognised the moment one entered the Mall, in the pale faces of some fair damsels,—the hurried and puffing steps of a portly Lady Gertrude,—the halting gait of a certain right honourable,—and the saffronized looks of a haughty perambulator, persons of importance in society, members of distinguished and well-known aristocratic families, or wealthy commoners. But the number was never considerable upon any such occasions, and formed a singular contrast, in the estimation of one who has seen all the principal spas in Europe, with what is witnessed at all the leading mineral watering-places on the continent.

The conclusion to be derived from this fact is, that not one tithe of the people who come to Leamington take, or are desired to take, the water; and such appears to be really the case.

Of course, where nature has denied better means for a public promenade around a pump-room, it would be unjust to complain that the proprietors of this establishment (whose exertions, as far as they have gone, merit commendation, and might well be imitated in other places), had not provided some gayer and more picturesque gardens and pleasure-grounds than those I have just alluded to. The Leam,

which drags its sluggish course by the side of the Pump-room, continues it along the margin of a large green field or paddock, over which, and around which, is the only promenade for the drinkers of mineral water attending here in the morning. The Great Mall, or that part of the walk which is widest, and resembles a short avenue, is north-west by south-east; and in the advanced state of the year, at which the Leamington season begins, and with the ordinary climate of the country, such an aspect is the very worst for people who are made to walk between each glass of the mineral water they drink, in order to promote a certain effect on the internal secretions as well as on the skin. The latter is checked by exposure to the winds which then prevail from those two quarters.

I have seen, on a morning when the green paddock swam with a floating *stratum*, two or three feet high, of white fog, and the wind from the south-east forced dampness and chilliness into the very marrow of their bones, invalids of all classes and ages tripping along with a rapidity that was perfectly discordant with the notes then issuing from the green kiosk where the band was located. These people hoped by this means to ward off the almost inevitable consequences of exposure to cold, sore throats, and influenza.

In the Royal Pumproom, a respectable looking dame, by no means a "*belle limonadière*," presides at the counter, and distributes the water to every applicant who has entitled himself to that privilege, by inscribing his name in the book kept open there for the purpose of a general subscription, either for the season, or for a fixed number of days only. She draws the water, *more anglico*, by that most objectionable of all modes, a pump, whose pipes descend to the depth of thirty-four feet in the well containing "the saline water;" but not so deep in that of the twin-well which supplies the one charged with sulphureted hydrogen gas,—those being the two sorts of mineral waters discovered on this spot.

The temperature of the saline water I found to be 52° . Drank cold it tastes unpleasantly saltish; when warmed, this taste is even more nauseous. As this water, according to the analysis of the most approved chemists, contains a larger quantity of the common salt (chloride of sodium) than any of the other wells in the place, with not less than thirty-three grains of muriate of lime and magnesia combined—both bitter salts—it is not surprising that the taste of it should be disagreeable. Of purgative ingredients it contains only thirty-two grains and a fraction, and that is glauber-salts. This proportion is not sufficient to render the water active; the more so as its purgative action is somewhat restrained in its operation by nineteen parts of a grain of peroxide of iron in a pint of the water.

The first impression produced by the water a short time after its reception, on persons easily affected by iron, is that of headache, which continues sometimes till after breakfast, or until after some decided effect on the *digestion* has been produced; but for the latter purpose a large quantity of it must be drank, as I observed people to do, who scrupled not to use for that purpose a huge tumbler I saw on the counter, that positively frightened me. At whose recommendation they do so, I know not; but I should be sorry to see any of *my* patients imitating such an injurious practice.

In the hands of a skilful physician, this water, as an alterative, in diseases of glandular obstructions, attended by visceral debility, without the least disposition to inflammation or fulness, may prove highly beneficial; and as such I have prescribed it with effect in several cases, after becoming personally acquainted with its character and mode of action.

In recent times additional ingredients have been detected in the mineral waters of Leamington, by the aid of improved analytical processes; but they are perhaps too minute in quantity to add to the medical virtues of the waters. I allude

to iodine and bromine, both of which have been found by Professor Thomson, of Glasgow, in proportions of one grain of the former in eleven gallons of water, and one grain of the latter in ten quarts of water.

These proportions of the two principles in question, found in the saline water at the Pumproom, have also been detected at Robbins's Well, now the Victoria. It might indeed have been expected, that considering the geological bed out of which the mineralized waters are drawn at Leamington, all the wells that have been sunk or may yet be sunk into it, would supply a nearly analogous water. Throughout the district it is, as nearly as possible, the same as lias clay deposit, with saliferous marl, and subincumbent sand-stone rock, so uniformly disposed that the mineral water may with certainty be expected at depths varying only between twenty and sixty feet from the surface. Within that range are all the saline wells at present in use at Leamington; five in number, namely: 1. The Old Well (Lord Aylesford's). 2. Abbott's Original Well (Smith's and Goold's). 3. Curtis's. 4. Mrs. Lee's. 5. The Royal Pumproom.

Two other wells were formerly open, Robbins's, afterwards the Victoria, and the Bazaar Imperial Fount—in the latter of which there was the only chalybeate water known in Leamington. But these, at the time of my visit, were closed.

As usual with English mineral waters, the gaseous contents of these of Leamington are trifling in quantity. The proportions of carbonic acid are rarely more than three cubic inches and a half to the pint—too little to impart any taste whatever to the water. But here again mention is made by the analyzers of azote, to the extent of a half or three quarters of a cubic inch to the pint; with such proportions also of oxygen, given as distinct from azote, as confirm me in the suspicion that the azote so invariably detected by English chemists in the mineral waters of this country, and never by continental chemists in those of the rest of Europe, cannot be

derived from any other than the common air usually suspended in all waters, and decomposed during the process of analysis.

As the composition of all the saline springs in Leamington, therefore, may be considered to be nearly identical, I have only inserted in my table the analysis of that of the Old Well, and of the Royal Pumproom, together with the analysis of the sulphurous water at Mrs. Lee's, which contains the largest proportion of sulphureted hydrogen gas of the three so called sulphurous wells existing in the place.

One of the latter, as I before observed, is that in the Royal Pumproom. I tested, as well as tasted, that water, which I found to differ most materially from the Harrogate water, and to resemble the one at Askerne, described in my first volume. It is a water having an exceedingly nauseous taste, and a most objectionable look besides, being of a dark yellowish green hue, with many floating particles in it. Doubtless the darkness of the colour may be ascribed to the folly of employing a leaden pipe to pump the water up with. Still its origin, which I feel convinced is in the bed of peat earth of that low piece of ground that lies between the south wing of the Pumproom, and the bank of the Leam (a very narrow space), would sufficiently explain the peculiar tint of the water; and such, I repeat, is the difference that will always be observed between the genuine sulphureted waters from rocks (which are the only pure and fit to use in medical practice), and those derived from bogs and quagmires. Add to it, that in the present instance of the sulphurous water of the Royal Pumproom, the source of which is on the very border of a small river, of a deep, dirty, and muddy appearance, thickish, and scummy on the surface, and receiving the drainage of the town,—the sulphureted hydrogen gas may, by the infiltration of such river-water through the bank, be derived, to some extent, from its decomposing ingredients. I merely throw out this hint, as of a possible case, not with-

out the authority of experience derived from former and analogous cases.

I am inclined to look upon the sulphur water at Mrs. Lee's Wells as preferable, both from its taste and appearance, as well as from the copious change produced by the test I applied to it on the spot. Indeed the thing speaks for itself. The first water from the pump was slightly brown. It had lodged in the leaden pump and become decomposed; but it came up quite clear after repeated pumping, and then the test instantly detected the sulphur.

This establishment offers another instance of the ruinous effects of law-suits to defend property when invaded by one's neighbours, as we had occasion to notice at Harrogate. The original proprietor, finding the sulphur water of his well suddenly to deviate into what is now called the Imperial Fount, by the sinking of a shaft to form that new establishment, employed the men-at-law to protect his property and stay the invader. After a suitable length of quibbling, a proposal of arbitration was submitted to, but not until the unlucky man was ruined and compelled to shut up his establishment. The Imperial Fount people, on the other hand, did not fare much better, and their establishment also was closed, as indeed I found it at the time of my visit.

Mrs. Lee, however, having purchased the property of the former Well, caused it to be sunk fifteen feet deeper, and found the sulphureted water once more. The establishment, nevertheless, is but little frequented; and yet I should think the water deserves the attention of the medical men of the place, for many of the cases in which a saline water of considerable power, charged with sulphureted gas, is required. It approaches nearer to the milder Harrogate and Knaresborough water than any I have yet tasted, and is infinitely superior to the sulphur water at the Royal Pumproom.

The only genuine saline spring in Leamington, after all,

I imagine is the *Old Well*, in Bath-street. It is the spring originally noticed by Satchwell, which for a long time continued open to the heavens, when the water bubbled up freely; but which its noble proprietor, Lord Aylesford, ordered to be enclosed, allowing at the same time to the poor the free use of the water. A more modern and pleasing building was placed over it a few years ago, which, with some houses opposite, equally the property of Lord Aylesford, is rented and managed by Mrs. Squiers and her daughter, two very interesting persons, who contribute by their gentle manners and civility to render the well very popular and much frequented.

It is to be regretted that the objectionable system of covering mineral springs, and using pumps, should have been adopted in the present instance. The water of the Old Well is a genuine saline—has more glauber-salt in it than the water at the Royal Pumproom, and hardly a trace of iron. It is, therefore, the water *par excellence* in the place, and the one I should always recommend when I intend patients to drink the “Leamington water.” The water is very clear, and when drunk tepid, pleasantly saltish to the taste; its natural temperature is 48° Fahrenheit. Crystallized salts are prepared from it on the premises, which I have been assured by medical men are probably the best of those sold as Leamington salts.

My commendation of this water, however, must not be given to the exclusion of a similar approval of that of the “Original Well,” discovered by Satchwell’s friend, Abbott, and situate in the same street, where, after passing through many hands, and being called by many names, the establishment came at last under the management of Mr. John Goold, who holds it at present, and who improved the building by giving it a pleasing exterior. The water is as near as possible like that of the *Old Well*, and salts are prepared from

it in the same manner, by certain chemists who have purchased that right from the proprietor.*

The part of Mr. Goold's establishment which demands especially my commendation, is his suite of bath-rooms, which are beautifully arranged, and fitted up in a style worthy of a private gentleman's residence, being well papered and carpeted, as well as lighted; and the baths themselves tiled, deep, and wide. In these respects they are superior to those at the Royal Pumproom, which are nevertheless properly managed and deserving of patronage.

At Mr. Goold's there are eight baths, each having over it the necessary contrivance for the shower-bath. The walls are hung with *linen*, the border of the bath is of white marble, and there are four steps to descend into it. In the ladies' apartments, or dressing-rooms, besides every other convenience, I noticed that luxurious appendage to a lady's toilet, a *cheval* glass. Nor are the gentlemen's bath-rooms less luxuriously fitted up. In one of these I observed an invalid chair, by which a cripple may be easily lowered into the bath. For such as object to a very deep bath, there are two plain sarcophagus bathing-tanks, with only one step down to them.

A plunging-bath, fourteen feet by eight, and five feet deep, well lighted, is connected with the establishment. It is used cold in the summer, and is warmed towards the end of the season.

* With reference to the production of Leamington salts, I must not omit to mention a visit I paid to the manufactory of them at Mr. Herring's, an ingenious operative chemist in Bath-street, in whose laboratory, open to public inspection, the process is going on daily. Mr. Herring's process consists in simply pumping the mineral water from a well he sank four years ago on the premises, into a wooden trough; it is afterwards condensed by boiling, and laid in zinc pans, placed on sand baths for gradual and slow evaporation; the scum on the surface of the water being removed from time to time, until the dry salts remain behind in a state of granulation

In going over this extensive establishment, none of that appearance of mystery intruded itself on my attention, which is so often noticed when an inquisitive traveller of my own tribe begs for admission to similar or analogous institutions. The attendant shewed every part most readily, and explained the apparatus by which the mineral water is pumped up by a double-action pump—is warmed by steam-pipes—and by which the shower-bath is filled at the same time through a series of pipes, numbered according to the rooms, and discharged by the patient simply turning a cock, either for cold or hot water. Every thing appeared genuine, and particularly neat and tidy; and I came away well pleased with the establishment, which, as well as that of the Old Well (where, however, there are no baths), deserves encouragement.

My readers must by this time begin to think that enough has been said of the Leamington mineral waters; although in the preceding account I have not included Mr. Curtis's baths and drinking-well, which ought not to be forgotten, as the former are quite as good as those at the Pumproom. The fumigating baths also of Mr. Fairweather, which differ not in the least from Mahomet's shampooing baths, may also be favourably mentioned.

I may now conclude what I have to state on the subject of Leamington mineral water with observing that two points are particularly to be noticed in its favour—first that it is to be had genuine, not the slightest suspicion of any mystification ever having attached to its production; and, secondly, that it is to be had in abundance. As a drinking water, I readily admit the several moderate virtues which belong to such a class of saline waters; but, as a water to bathe in, I consider it as very little better than common sea-water. Used as a shower-bath, with or without the witch's silk cap on the head of the patient, so much employed in this place, and to be seen on sale even in the Pumproom,—it is not more efficient than ordinary water employed for the like purpose. How

can it be otherwise? After long immersion in the Leamington saline water, it is probable, and medical men believe, that some of its ingredients may benefit the body by penetration through the surface, or by absorption; but during a sudden, rapid, and momentary ablution, what possible absorption of the component parts of the water can take place through the skin? If it be the shock that is relied upon, then any water will cause that effect under similar circumstances.

CHAPTER XI.

LEAMINGTON CONCLUDED.

EFFICACY of Leamington Waters—Dr. Jephson's Negative Opinion—His Dislike of German Waters—Experience better than Vague Notions—AUTHOR's Ideas and Practice on this Subject—COMPOSITION of the Water—Ingredients—IODINE a farce—When and how to drink the Mineral Saline—Medical Consultation—PHYSICIANS and Surgeons at Leamington—THE ORACLE—Beach Lawn—DR. JEPHSON's History—His Character and Deserved Success—Monopoly of Public Confidence—STATE OF MEDICINE in England—Treatment of Symptoms and not the Disease—The "One Remedy" Plan of Cure—Celebrated Precedents—ABERNETHY, HAMILTON, and Others—Its Simplicity and Moral Influence—CERTAINTY *versus* Experiments—Force of Example—Medical Idolatry—CLIMATE—Whom it is good for, and for whom it is not—SALUBRITY, its degree—AMUSEMENTS—Leamington a dull place—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, and other Public Places—BALLS and CONCERTS—Circulating Libraries.

OF the efficacy of Leamington water, or Leamington salts, in the treatment of disease, there is no lack of medical authority; but the one great authority regarding it—that of the practitioner who for many years might have successfully monopolized nearly the whole of the experience on this head—that great authority, I say, is wanting. Not only has that popular practitioner never expressed publicly his opinion on the subject, but even in private his testimony has never been of that decided character, to warrant

my quoting it in support of the valuable medical properties of the water. Of mineral waters in general, indeed, I happen to know that the practitioner alluded to thinks very indifferently; and when I had the honour of an interview with him, after the publication of my work on the Spas of Germany, which had sent thither some thousands of patients who, of course, went not to Leamington that year, he ventured to speak unfavourably of the German waters, though he admitted he knew nothing of them from personal experience.

The prodigious number of happy results, however, that have taken place since, among those who have obstinately adhered to the practice of going to the German Spas, in spite of his *dictum*, may have worked some change in the opinion of that physician respecting them; and, if so, it is possible that he also may have formed a more favourable estimate of mineral waters in general, and of the Leamington water in particular. At present no one knows what he thinks of it, nor could I gather it from him at our interview. Very few of his patients, indeed, drink any of the water, and of those who do so, few drink long enough to affect their constitution in any sensible degree, or to modify their disease. Nor would it be possible to form any estimate of the medical value of Leamington waters from the results observed in the patients of the worthy practitioner here alluded to, even did they use those waters largely; since there is not one of them but undergoes a combined and well-followed-up treatment by medicines at the same time, on which, indeed, the successful practice of that physician is said to depend.

We must, therefore, turn to some other quarter for information, as to the particular virtues of the Leamington waters; and by so doing, as well as by reflecting on the composition of the water,—which, after all, is one of the best *criteria* of its medicinal properties,—and looking, also, at my own experience, I can with confidence state, that those

waters will be found useful in many simple cases of disturbed or irregular digestion; also, in incipient indications of the liver, or of the mesenteric glands; in people who are undergoing a course of mercury; and, lastly, in many glandular diseases accompanied by irritation or hectic fever.

These waters are not, *per se*, sufficiently active in urging the bowels, and frequently require the addition of Glauber-salts to render them so.

These observations respecting the intrinsic value of Leamington waters must be understood to apply strictly to the pure salines, without any iron, or at least with only a trace of it; for where that mineral is present in a large quantity,—as in the saline at the Pumproom, in which it is stated by Dr. Loudon, the most recent writer on the subject, to amount to 0.956 of a grain, or nearly one grain in the imperial pint,—the use of the waters in any of the complaints I mentioned is incompatible.

The *Old Well*, and the *Original Spa*, or Goold's, are the waters mostly to be recommended as Leamington waters; and so of the salts prepared from them; for they contain barely a trace of iron.* As for the iodine of some of the Leamington waters, previously mentioned as having been detected by

* In a former note I described the mode of preparing the salts by Mr. Herring, at first from the Original Well, and now from a bore he made through a very red sandstone, at no great depth, where his public laboratory now is, when the water sprang up in a stream as thick as a man's arm. It was stated to me that four grains of oxide of iron were contained in a gallon of the water. But having tried in the presence of Mr. Herring himself the condensed liquor, as well as the natural water, with both tincture of galls and prussiate of potash, supplied most readily by himself, not the slightest trace of iron could be detected. The usual tests were also applied by me to the water in a very condensed form, under his inspection, for the detection of iodine, but none was found. I then declared to Mr. Herring, that, as both those ingredients were announced in his printed statement of the salts to be present in them, I should think it my duty to mention the negative results obtained by our experiments.

Professor Daubeny, who also ascertained its quantity, what importance can we attach to the presence of such a substance, which, in the proportion of one grain, is diluted over not fewer than eleven gallons of the water, or eighty-eight pints—a quantity that no patient, dwelling for a cure at Leamington, has time or inclination to swallow; for, supposing he drank one-and-a-half pints of the water a day (twenty-four ounces, or four doses each day) it would occupy him about fifty-nine days, or nearly two months, to receive within him *one* grain of iodine. This is homœopathy to the letter, and, like it, tolerably ridiculous.

With regard to the sulphur waters at Leamington, after the observations I have had occasion to make respecting them, it will not be expected that I can recommend the one in the Royal Pumproom. Speaking of this water, my excellent friend Sir Charles Scudamore seems to marvel that it will not retain its impregnation of sulphureted hydrogen gas, after it has been bottled for some months. “Whereas,” says he, “the Harrogate water retains its gaseous impregnation seemingly undiminished for many months;” and then he proceeds to account for this marked difference, by means of some ingenious chemical theory. The thing is not so. The difference arises, as I before noticed, from the fact of the sulphureted water in question being simply the *découlement* from a peaty earth,—in fact, a *vegetable* sulphureted water, as I call all such to distinguish them from the real *mineral* sulphureted waters. If sulphur water is required for drinking or bathing at Leamington, that at Lee’s must be employed.

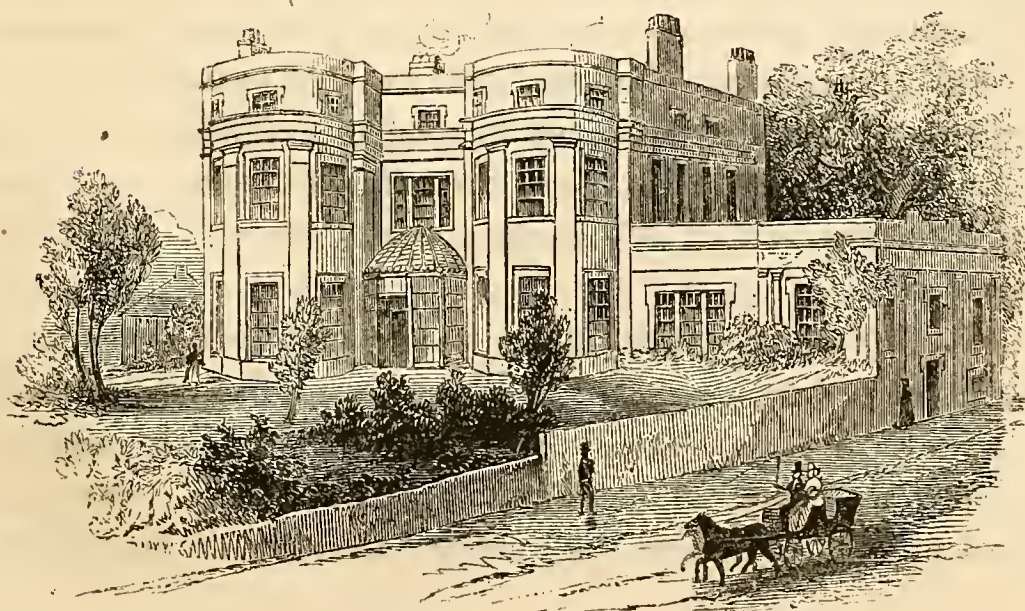
All the saline Leamington waters should be drank in the morning, and almost always tepid. If the first glass were drank quite hot, the desired effect would be the more rapid and successful. They should be taken on an empty stomach; and, unless the atmosphere be foggy or very damp, the patients ought to drink them at the fountain-head, taking gentle and never violent exercise, at the same

time. No saline mineral water is worth a jot to any body who drinks it in the middle of the day, as I have heard people say they had been recommended to do here, when the stomach has already been at work to digest some beef-steak-breakfast, much inculcated in this place.

In all these matters, however, the patient will probably think it right, and for his own interest, to consult some one of the respectable medical practitioners on the spot, particularly such as are not against mineral waters, and interfere least with their action on the system, by intruding and disturbing medicaments. To judge from the number of chemists' shops, in appearance some of the finest in England perhaps, and of which, in one short line only, from Bath-street to the corner of Warwick-street, I counted not fewer than seven—we might imagine that the prescribing system at this Spa is in great vogue. The mode in which medical attendance is carried on explains this. Instead of apothecaries visiting patients, and sending in medicines to remunerate themselves for their trouble, agreeably to the very absurd plan that has hitherto prevailed in England, and England only, there are in Leamington three highly respectable prescribing surgeons, who attend patients, as physicians do, charging seven shillings for their attendance, and sending no medicine. My able and skilful friend, Mr. Middleton, senior surgeon to the hospital, and nearly related to the physician of that name, to whom the mineral springs of Leamington owe much, was the first, I believe, to introduce this judicious practice, which has since been followed by others. Their prescriptions, of course, are sent to the chemists, and as there are upwards of thirty thousand permanent inhabitants in Leamington who must require medical aid at times, and as the occasional visitors to the Spa even will, now and then, fall sick of accidental complaints, it is not surprising that the display of brilliant flagons, darting at night their prismatic colours against the opposite walls, or dazzling the passengers with their violet rays, should be so considerable.

Of physicians there are also more than one ; and hardly a year passes but some new M.D. makes his appearance in the field, which he however holds but for a short time ; for the one, and the only one, who seems to have monopolized to himself the universal confidence of the patients, whether visiting temporarily or residing permanently in Leamington, is he to whom I have already alluded, and whose name, so far and widely spread throughout the land, deserves that, in a work like the present, it should have extended commemoration, even to the exhibiting of his residence, erected by himself, and called Beech Lawn.

This simple and neat building, which has received within it many thousand consulting patients, and which often resounds with the cheering welcome of its hospitable master, is placed in a most favourable situation in Warwick-street, surrounded by a well-trimmed garden and lawns, and not far from the fashionable promenade itself, one of the handsomest streets in any provincial city of England, represented by the vignette inserted in the last chapter. It will be pointed out in after years to future visitors as the habitation of one whose success as a physician had no parallel in his own time.



The history of Dr. Jephson is encouraging to medical practitioners, and highly creditable to himself. Originally the partner of an apothecary, named Chambers, at a time when Leamington was but an indifferent Spa, he dissolved partnership, after some years of assiduous occupation, and sold his share of interest in the concern to a gentleman who is at present one of the three resident prescribing surgeons in the place. This accomplished, Mr. Jephson removed to an University, where he took his degrees, after which he returned to Leamington to practise as a physician. His old friends, and the reputation he had before acquired among them, soon procured him employment; and he succeeded so far in securing to himself a large number of the patients previously attended by the resident surgeons, as to excite murmurs of complaint that in returning to practise at Leamington, he had infringed the terms of his contract of sale. But not a shadow of just ground existed for such a complaint, since Dr. Jephson had now settled himself in his old quarters in a totally different character from that of a prescribing surgeon or apothecary.

The turmoil and opposition, however, set up on the occasion were very great, and the worthy physician was so much annoyed by them, that at one time he entertained serious thoughts of abandoning the field. He stood to his post, nevertheless, persuaded to do so by the many attached friends and patients who liked him too well to lose him. In process of time, he succeeded in silencing all opposition and detraction, by returning good for evil, and earning at last the affection, or, at all events, the good will, of all his brethren.

Dr. Jephson possesses great tact in the management of patients, and knows best when to assume the garb of severity, or even abruptness of manners, if their good requires it; for, at heart, there is not a kinder man; neither is there any other among the wealthy members of his profes-

sion raised to the summit of local fame who is more readily or so extensively charitable.

In his attendance, when the case calls for such feelings, he is all kindness, softness and zeal. He will not waste time in repeating visits because desired to do so by some haughty aristocrat, or some whimsical lady of fashion, if he thinks it unnecessary. On the contrary, he will absent himself for a week from such patients. But where the case demands his vigilance and attention, he has been known to repeat his visits more than once daily, without the slightest reference to additional remuneration for his increased trouble. As often as six times in one day have I known Dr. Jephson to attend a patient of my acquaintance, while long danger prevailed during a severe attack of inflammation, although otherwise overwhelmed by engagements; and yet no intreaty could induce him to accept any other than the first honorary given to the physician.

This liberal turn of mind seems natural and a source of gratification to him; as must be those splendid acts of benevolence and charity of his towards the lame and the poor of Leamington, which are testified by the endowments he has made of hospitals and other charitable institutions. Luckily for humanity, an income, said to amount to twenty thousand a year from professional exertion, enables this fortunate member of our profession to indulge in these philanthropic propensities; and may he long live to enjoy the reward of them in an approving conscience.

It is a study worth a few moments' attention to inquire by what method an individual, so qualified and so disposed, has been able to reach the station which Dr. Jephson at present occupies as a professional man; and a few general remarks, perhaps, will assist us in this consideration.

In a country like England, where medicine, since the time of Cullen and Brown, has been practised on no definite principle or theory whatever, but purely in accordance with the empirical method—that is, by treating particular symptoms of a

disease either through the means of some *well-known* medicine or combination of medicines, or through the action of *new* remedies not yet sufficiently established—there will always be found some one popular medical man, be he a physician, surgeon, or apothecary, who runs too fast for the rest of his contemporaries, who outstrips all reputations, and defies every known calculation as to the success he is likely to have. Where an ordinary medical man would be just beginning, the fashionable favourite is already at the pinnacle.

Such characters profess no new philosophy—create no new system. Some of them adopt one, and only one, view of whatever human disorder falls under their notice, and always select the same prominent symptom as the one to be medicated; while others, on the contrary, admitting the existence of variety in human disease, adopt yet the notion that one principal remedy only is necessary for their cure. I think I am not doing injustice to the highly-popular head of the profession at Leamington, in stating that he belongs to the class of practitioners who follow the last of the two above-mentioned plans. In this respect he but does that which many very popular members of his profession in this country, physicians as well as surgeons, have done before him, from time to time, and who, by following the plan in question, contrived to stand aloof and alone among the mass, like the oracles of olden days—their decisions being deemed final and indisputable.

Who has ever known Abernethy to prescribe any other but one medicine, or entertain any other but one view of every disease, although he admitted the vast variety of them that presents itself to the medical practitioner? and who was deemed, at one time, more oracular than he? Have we not seen a late physician rise into almost universal esteem and confidence in the Modern Athens of the north, who deemed the want of free purgation the only cause, and purgation the only remedy, of every disease incidental to man? Has not a practitioner of surgery, not far removed from the

metropolis, contrived at one time to absorb to himself all the reliance which great people have in the art of medicine, by following one only method of treatment, the bandaging or swathing of limbs or body under any circumstance of chronic disorder? In fact the examples of such men are innumerable.

The popular physician of Leamington, with equally great self-confidence, relies principally if not solely on the employment of preparations of iron, with or without sulphuric acid, as a sovereign remedy under one or two forms; to one of which he has given the name of "magnetic oxide of iron,"—resembling in this respect an equally popular, and oracular, as well as wealthy M.D. at Bath, in the time of Charles I., of whom quaint Guidott says, that "he was very happy in (the glory of a physician) the cure of chronical distempers, which he effected chiefly by chalybeate medicines, which he was wont to say, were as true as steel."

The merit of the "one remedy" plan is its simplicity. It saves time and trouble to the practitioner, and it is not without a beneficial influence on the patients. To be treated as twenty, or twenty hundred other patients, including marquesses and marchionesses, have been treated before, is a circumstance calculated to inspire confidence, and one which leads every new patient to hope that he, like the rest of the many hundreds, will recover under the "one remedy" plan.

The advantages of this first moral result to the practitioner himself is that he sets about to cure the disease with equal confidence, and a sort of oracularism that produces great impressions. This combination of moral agencies stamps the medical practitioner as a worker of miracles. He becomes notorious, and people stimulate each other, as it were, to flock to him, in the firm belief that he has made some particular discovery in the art of treating disease which the rest of the physicians and surgeons, his contemporaries, have missed or cannot understand.

To endeavour to cure a disease by a succession of different remedies, according to the general method, is a course which bears in itself the character of experimental practice, and consequently of uncertainty in the expectation of cure. But the "one remedy" plan practitioner, who employs but one class of remedies in all cases, shews that he has no need of experiments; for he is certain that in every case they will effect a cure. Hence patients, especially among the upper and wealthy classes, after having submitted to the trials of various remedies and means by their ordinary medical attendants or consulting physicians, all of whom have proposed some new medicine, and as often changed the treatment of their predecessors, without effecting any amelioration in the disease (and I allude to *chronic* diseases only, which form the four-fifths of a medical man's practice), run at last to the "one plan" practitioner, and blindly commit themselves to his infallible treatment.

One patient brings another. The force of example is contagious in such matters. What a hundred people will believe and swear by, will induce ten times a hundred more to do the same; and thus a perfect oracle is set up in the end, by an increasing crowd of worshippers, who surround the idol, in the full expectation of being restored, through him, to the blessings of health.

England has seldom been without one of these medical wonders. It is not often that two such exist at the same time: they rather succeed one another. I am not here alluding to those irregular medical men who, in this country more than elsewhere, owing to the thorough ignorance that prevails among the public generally on the subject of medicine, contrive to achieve for themselves a high-sounding name; for of these there is at all times a plentiful supply. I refer solely to regularly educated men, who either have the good luck to find themselves progressively (and generally in very quick time) carried to the pinnacle of popular celebrity;

or who, endowed with peculiar talent, have studied the art of getting there. The celebrity of these men is a respectable celebrity, it seems to be deserved, it begets an enormous fortune, and fortune secures a name, even after the celebrity has disappeared.

Connected with the medical practitioners of Leamington, comes the consideration of its climate and salubrity. I met one morning a very old acquaintance of mine, remarkable for his height and corpulence, who had been domiciled at Leamington some months on account of his lady, then under the care of Dr. Jephson. He was grumbling through a wire muzzle, yclept a *respirator* (read *suffocator*), at the weather, and gave me a sweeping account of the climate of the place, in few but energetic words. "This place is damp and low," said he; "there are too many trees about it, and it rains too often. In fact, it is a h— of a place for catching colds and sore throats."

A very sensible and clever lady, who has for many years been residing in the higher and gayest part of Leamington, where the New Episcopal Chapel, surrounded by rows of houses that rival those of Eaton-square, severally called Beauchamp-square, and Beauchamp-terrace (with Clarendon-square to the westward of them), forms the farthest vista of the principal street in the new town,—and who had very judiciously selected that situation as the most eligible perhaps in Leamington,—assured me that the air of the place is relaxing and damp, that people cannot get *braced*, as in many other places, and that it is too often wet.

Such are, in fact, the general observations made of this climate by those who are not personally interested in the success of Leamington; and the meteorological reports, as well as the consideration of the geological structure in and about Leamington, would lead one to form the same opinion. Individually I should say, that for dyspeptic patients, and such as labour under derangements of the liver, accom-

panied by what people commonly consider as nervousness and nervous debility, the climate of Leamington is not the most desirable.

As to its salubrity, I need not offer any remarks after the able statistical report on Warwick and its district, inserted by Mr. Farr, in the second general report of the registrar-general for births, deaths, and marriages. There it will be seen, that the number of fatal diseases in that district, of the respirative organs and of the organs of digestion, in 1838, was very considerable in proportion to the population.

There is another, and the last subject I ought to advert to in regard to this highly fashionable Spa before I conclude,—and that is, its sources of amusement; for they are as necessary to the completion of a perfect watering-place as the pump and bath rooms.

On this head my information is scanty, and that which I possess I would rather keep than publish, for it is not very encouraging. Leamington, in fact, is one of the most monotonous of watering-places. Families of the first *ton*, who have resided there for two and three successive seasons, have complained of its dullness. Of general society there is none. Private and exclusive circles in the evening are indeed formed among people who have been long acquainted with each other, but hardly ever is introduction into them allowed to a stranger.

Public and subscription balls during the season take place in a very showy and handsome apartment at the **ASSEMBLY ROOMS**; a building of considerable merit, by the same architect who erected the Royal Pumproom. Concerts and other musical festivals are held in the **PARTHENON**, a high sounding appellation for a modest edifice, which has nought to assimilate it to the superb structure of ancient days, whose name it bears, save the representation in basso relievo of the Panathenaic procession, after the originals in the British Museum.

The public or circulating libraries form, in reality, at stated hours of the day, as at most of the English Spas, the centres and rendezvous of whatever there is of bustling life, fashion, and idleness in Leamington; and of these there are several well worthy of the patronage of the public. Hewett's, as being connected with the Assembly-rooms, and next to it the *Athenæum*, which has the advantage of a garden and archery-ground adjoining to the reading-room (a great acquisition in the summer season), are, I believe, considered to be the best establishments of this description. I visited both, and could not help observing to some friends that the visitors to the ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA (as the place is now emphatically styled by its inhabitants), have no reason to complain of the want of mental, whatever may be the deficiency of bodily recreation.

CHAPTER XII.

ENVIRONS OF LEAMINGTON—MALVERN.

GUIDE Books to Leamington—Exaggerations injurious—REALITY—Hunting Station—Country around Leamington—Principal Lions—WARWICK CASTLE—Romantic View—Visit to the Baronial Residence—The Court and State Rooms—The Pleasure Grounds and the WARWICK VASE—The Old Gardener and the Bookseller—BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL—Richard, Earl of Warwick, and Dudley, of Leicester—Ruins of KENILWORTH—The Necromancer of Abbotsford—View of the Castle—AMY'S TOWER—The Deadly Fall—MALVERN—Polyolbion—“The Pleasant Rise”—Situation and Aspect of the two Malverns—Splendid Panorama—MALVERN WELLS—Its preferable Position—The WELL HOUSE, and ESSINGTON HOTEL—Unlucky Aspect of the Malverns—Obstinate Defence by its Advocates—Theory *versus* Truth—The “deadly” East Wind—Its Effects—Advantages of Pure Air and Pure Water—Early Hours—The HOTELS at Great Malvern—General Bustle and Movement on the Hills—The MALVERN WATER—Its Character, Source, and Properties—ST. ANN'S WELL—The HOLY WELL—What is it good for?

IF there be one circumstance more calculated than another to work mischief against a Spa, or against any other place of public resort for strangers, it is the fulsome, hyperbolical, and improbable eulogiums upon every thing concerning it, to be found in guide-books and local descriptions. In this respect, I must candidly declare, that “the Old” as well as “the New Guide of Leamington Spa,” particularly the former, is obnoxious to such a charge in a degree far be-

yond that of any guide-book that I am acquainted with, of any other watering-place in England.

According to the "Old Guide," not only do "the Royal Baths and Pumproom, excel all the baths in this country and the *thermæ* of the ancients," but the hotels are "magnificent, unique, and unrivalled in England;" the Athenæum "is the *ne plus ultra* of fashionable and inviting places of resort;" the "Upper Assembly Rooms vie in grandeur and magnificence and convenience with those of Bath and Cheltenham;" and even the streets and rows of houses not yet built, but only in embryo, are to be the finest things in the world, "splendid, palatial, stately, grand, and calculated to call forth the most unqualified admiration." The trees are all "venerable and majestic," more so "than any in the kingdom;" the footpaths and carriage-drives, "are all delightful," many of them are "romantic," or lead to "deep and bowery strolls for the indulgence of the pensive and the contemplatist." In fine, exclaims this hyperbolic writer, "to what height of greatness Leamington may hereafter soar, who shall venture to conjecture?*** It will soon rival Bath and Cheltenham, to both of which places it is superior in many particulars, as none of them has roads so good or a supply of water so abundant, neither do they possess a neighbourhood so rich in rustic beauty!"

The "New Guide," is by a very different hand, and does not dip into the vocabulary of friend Robins, of the Piazzas, Covent Garden; though even he, in his description, out-steps the limits of reality a little. He, too, is enamoured of the new town, but not so outrageously nor so ravingly as his contemporary, and unlike him, instead of giving his own sweeping opinion of the *alentours*, or country around Leamington, as being the most attractive in the world, he is satisfied with modestly quoting the result of a curious ballot, which is related to have taken place at a meeting "of those useful and well-informed members of society who travel periodically

throughout the kingdom to execute commissions in trade and commerce*," held in London. This ballot, it appears, was taken for the purpose of deciding which was the county district, within an extent of twenty miles, most abundant in picturesque scenery, &c.; and on that occasion the palm was awarded to that district of which Leamington is the centre!

Now, the readers of the two preceding chapters will have perceived what sort of an impression the view of a Spa like Leamington, in its interior and various arrangements, in its old and new buildings, its resources and its accommodations, has had upon one accustomed to travel and to visit places of the same description, both in this country and abroad; and they must have noticed that that impression was a favourable one. But between admitting all that is true and good, as I have done, and subscribing to statements which must mislead the readers, and which neither the temptation of making friends, nor the fear of making enemies, should induce a writer of travels to adopt, there is a wide distinction.

The better alternative of that distinction I covet in my present pages, and that distinction leads me at once to differ from the exaggerated accounts and descriptions of the environs of Leamington, given by its topographers. The neighbourhood may be of the very first water for a "hunt;" and that it is so, the very progress of Leamington town testifies; for we must be of good faith, and confess that *hunting*, fully as much as *water-drinking*, has contributed towards that progress. But for the very reason that the neighbourhood of Leamington is made the centre of various distances to at least 140 covers, all within twenty-five miles, for the North Warwickshire the Warwickshire, the Drake's, the Atherstone,

* The reader will recognize in this *circumlocutory* description, our friends the commercial travellers of the first volume.

and the Pytchly hounds, — that neighbourhood cannot be either “romantic or picturesque,”—for in such landscape-features huntsmen delight not.

The truth is, that nothing can be so tame as the country within ten miles of Leamington—a circumference generally considered sufficient at all Spas for pedestrian or even equestrian excursions by the visitors. What can be more uninteresting than the two miles and a half of road which lead from the Spa to Warwick and its castle, westward? or even than the longer and tortuous bye-road leading to the famed ruins of Kenilworth, in a north-westerly direction? Yet those are the two principal lions of Leamington’s surrounding scenery; and to them all strangers are invited to proceed, as the *bonnes bouches* of enjoyment which Leamington affords in the way of excursions. Can the warmest advocate of this royal Spa point out any other attraction of this sort, that is not a mere gentleman’s or nobleman’s park, or some well-wooded and undulating spot, without romance or interest, and such as abound in every part of England? Unless, indeed, it be the tranquil and pleasant retreat of the redoubted Sir Guy, Earl of Warwick.

The most attractive and commanding view of Warwick Castle, with its Cæsar’s and Guy’s towers, is obtained by standing before the left-hand parapet of the stone bridge, which, with a single arch of a hundred feet, spans the classic river Avon. The river itself, in this part, is narrow, and by no means picturesque: but the embattled walls and grey sloping sides of the towers, descending with their mantling of ivy and lichens towards the margin of the water, offer a prolonged line of the best preserved and most striking castellated structure in England. Nor does the eye at first discover that the foundation of this ancient military fastness is upon a rock of its own colour and material, which here rises precipitous from the river side, and seems to form a natural continuation with the superstructure.

The privilege granted to every visiter, by the noble proprietors; of examining their baronial residence, connected with these imposing vestiges of chivalrous and feudal ages, induces, very naturally, a vast number of strangers to flock to the castle. Few of them, however, halt to contemplate the exterior, but, crossing at once the dry moat (now changed into a green and ornamented shrubbery) by means of a stone bridge in front of the ancient gateway, pass through this, and enter the inner court, to be wrapt in sudden amazement at the sight of fortifications, parapets, and turrets, once rugged, but now covered over with the smooth clothing of ivy.

The long embattled wall that runs by the north side of the court, reminds the visiter that to one of its unfinished towers the hands of the usurping and cruel Richard gave a beginning. These vestiges, which surround three-fourths of an otherwise narrow area, stand in front of the private residence of the lords of Warwick, itself forming the front or south boundary of the court.

Through the wainscoted interior gothic hall—which bears upon its lofty walls the appropriate armour and weapons of the age of those who, if they did not found, at least enlarged and fortified, this almost impregnable and massive structure,—the visitemers are conducted to the different state-rooms. Some of them will even push their curiosity to the exploration of the private apartments when the family is absent. The whole suite of the former, in a line extending to about three hundred feet from east to west, is seen at one view by any one standing in the Great Entrance Hall, from which also may be perceived, through the casements, the quiet landscapes and distant prospects of the country lying to the south.

Why, among the other ancient weapons in the hall, those curious remains were not placed which are believed to be the various pieces of Guy's armour, and which are now ex-

hibited, with somewhat of a ridiculous association, in the porter's lodge? Surely, if the corslet and gauntlets that clad the limbs of a traitor-knight,—Monmouth, “King of Taunton,”—have merited a place in this armoury, those which protected the bosom of a gallant and gallant warrior ought the more conspicuously to be seen in it!

The reader will excuse me for not escorting him along this *enfilade* of rooms, and pointing out to his attention the several paintings and portraits that cover the walls of every one of them. Rather let us hurry through the gardens and pleasure-grounds tastefully laid out by Brown, to reach the celebrated Warwick Vase—deposited in that most inappropriate of all buildings, as a shelter for its invaluable contents, a greenhouse!

My readers, who have probably contemplated often, at the British Museum, that most splendid collection of ancient vases, formed by a British minister at Naples, cannot be ignorant of the fact that the same learned antiquary brought to England an antique vase of white marble, discovered near Hadrian's villa, which he afterwards sold to the late Earl of Warwick. Ever since that transaction, the vase in question has been known under the appellation of the Warwick Vase; and has been repeatedly described and commented upon. Some parts of it are restored; and one of the masks or heads of satyrs is modern, and of an inferior workmanship.

The decrepit, back-bent gardener, who showed me this exquisite relic of Roman taste and luxury, observed that, “When they dug out of the earth this here *waive*, which will hold some hundred gallons of beer (in reality 163), one of them there old-fashioned faces was broken, and they made a new one in its stead, as you may see; but, la' bless us! it a'nt at all like t'others.”

This quaint and *naïve* remark of the old pruner and trimmer, reminded me of another equally clever observation

of a Leamington man to an acquaintance of mine. The keeper of one of the circulating libraries was asked whether he had any of the modern books of travels just published. "Oh yes," was the reply. "Have you got Spencer's Circassia?"—"No."—"Lane's Egypt?"—"No."—"The Spas of Germany?"—"You mean Granville's?"—"Yes."—"Oh no: all them there books are so much alike the one to t'other, it's no use to get them."

I cannot help observing, and in this I am not singular, that a small elegant *tempietto* of stone would have been a much more appropriate receptacle for this very handsome specimen of ancient art, than the greenhouse in which it now stands, and where, moreover, it is but insufficiently protected from the injurious effects of the external air, as one may easily perceive by inspecting its surface.

Different far, in style of design and workmanship, yet fine of its kind, and calculated to rivet the attention of the stranger, is the display of architectural and monumental antiquity, by which the stranger at Warwick finds himself surrounded on entering that beautiful specimen of ecclesiastical structure of the fifteenth century, which is to be found in St. Mary's church, and is called Beauchamp Chapel. Small, yet perfect, and highly wrought in all its parts, this funereal temple, glittering with richly-gilded metal, profusely laid about in ornaments as well as monuments, and recording the state of the arts in this country four hundred years ago, presents a series of attractive objects, worthy of some hours' meditation.

The monument of the founder, Richard Beauchamp, who had had for his godfather a king, and was made a knight of the Bath by another king, who assisted at the coronation of a third, and enjoyed the confidence and high esteem of a fourth, Henry VI., in whose service he died before he was fifty years of age, is one of those altar tombs which admirably

suit the florid style of gothic structure, but the merits of which cannot be analyzed even when we are inclined to admit them. The historical interest, however, which this, as well as the monumental tomb of Dudley, Elizabeth's ill-fated favourite, placed in the north side of the same chapel, is calculated to inspire, will always lead those to visit them who prefer such practical chroniclers of the olden days of England to many of her written records.

It was with the latter view that I visited the Beauchamp chapel; and for the same reason did I next proceed to examine those vestiges of the baronial castle of the last-mentioned unfortunate leader of the maiden queen's troops in Holland, which are still to be seen at Kenilworth. These, invested as they have been with intense interest by the magic pen of "the Great Unknown," form another of the points of attraction for the visiters at Leamington Spa.

It is thus, and thus only, that a place "of such extraordinary strength and largeness," erected by a chamberlain and treasurer of the First Henry, and by the next Henry forcibly snatched from the hands of that officer's inheritors, to be granted by another Henry immediately succeeding to Montford, Earl of Leicester, has acquired in modern times a renown which the extant relics had hardly before commanded.

The most complete and picturesque view of Kenilworth Castle,—that, in fact, which embraces most of the ruins of that once-famed edifice, whose massive chamber-walls "could many a curious tale unfold,"—is the one taken from the south-east angle. But the more partial perspective of the interior of Cæsar's tower, massive and dismal, because dismantled and broken, though bearing the semblance of indestructible strength, which is obtained on approaching the ruins from Clinton Green at the north, is by far the most interesting and romantic.

The sight of Merwyn's Tower, as the Necromancer of Ab-

botsford denominated the "Strong Tower," in which that arch-politician, Leicester, less of a husband than an ambitious lover, is made by Scott to precipitate his devoted Amy into perpetual silence and death,—is the principal motive which, in our days, tempts most people to undertake a pilgrimage to Kenilworth, and continues to attract the curiosity of every idler congregated at Leamington. I have seen these people in numbers, attended by a miserable cicerone, standing before the ruins, and looking at the several stories of this part of the edifice, called Lancaster's-buildings, endeavouring to trace the downward course of the devoted victim, and measuring in their imaginations more than with their mind's eye, the height of the deadly fall, until they actually shuddered, as if the crime had positively been perpetrated in their presence!

But I must not loiter amidst such scenes as these, connected though they be with the object of my account of Leamington; for other and equally important Spas further south await our visit, and I am impatient to plant my standard for awhile in Cheltenham.

Previously, however, to our proceeding thither, the reader will permit me to introduce, as if by way of episode, a brief account of Malvern, though that place comes not here in regular succession. The fact is, that not having on the present occasion (1839) visited that much vaunted summer residence, and the memoranda I am about to use for my short description being those I took down two years before, on the occasion of my being summoned thither to visit a patient who had been recommended to spend the summer months at Malvern Wells—I can only introduce in a somewhat irregular part of this volume my general account of that Spa.

MALVERN.

“ Whilst Malvern (King of Hills) fair Severn overlooks,
Attended on in state, with tributarie brooks ;
And how the fertill fields of Hereford do lie ;
And from his many heads, with many an amorous eye,
Behold his goodlie site,—how towards the pleasant rise,
Abounding in excess, the Vale of Evesham lies.”

WHEN old Michael Drayton, the contemporary of Shakespeare, indited in his “ Polyolbion,” or English topography in verse, the preceding quaint lines, an eastern aspect could not have been so objectionable in this country, as in every respect it is considered to be in our days ; else he never would have made “ King Malvern” look with amorous eyes to his own goodly site which had before it “ the pleasant rise,” towards which the vale of Evesham lies.

The very fact that the “ pleasant rise,” in other words, the “ deadly east” stares in the face of Great and Little Malvern, seated at nearly the same elevation, on the range of hills called the Malvern Hills, would and must, with our present notions, disqualify those otherwise picturesque and well located villages, as residences for real invalids. Assuredly no one who had his choice of situation, being ailing in health and sound of mind, would voluntarily place himself where all the gales from the eastern points between north and south, might blow directly upon him, that wind being by far more inimical than any other to the human frame.

Such, however, is the true position of Great Malvern, standing as it does at the bottom of a valley which separates the northernmost summit, called “ the North Hill,” from the next and more southern summit known by the name of the “ Worcestershire Beacon.” The valley is one of many which, ravine like, run down at right angles from the eastern face of that long chain of hills that extends for about nine

miles, nearly in a straight line, north to south, from the Pale to the Rye, dividing the county of Worcester from Herefordshire. These valleys, which bear the marks of having been at one time water-courses, gradually widen as they descend and open upon the dead level of the Severn.

LITTLE MALVERN, like its greater namesake, occupies a position in another valley of the same description, immediately under the Herefordshire Beacon, the highest and southernmost of the loftiest summits, three in number, that overtop the whole range. Its front is like that of Great Malvern to the east, but it enjoys superior advantages of situation in my opinion, in consequence of the favourable geological circumstance of the lofty beacon which rises behind it to an altitude of nearly 1500 feet; retiring in this part of the range from the straight line, westwardly, and thus forming a wider amphitheatre around the village, which is in many places thickly wooded, and better sheltered from the northern and northwestern gales.

But although placed at the bottom of valleys, it does not follow that either the one or the other of the villages here mentioned lies low: for the contrary is the case; since, according to observations made by Mr. Leonard Horner, GREAT MALVERN stands at an elevation of 273 feet from a common in front of the position of the village, called the *Links*, at the termination of which plain there is the further elevation of the right bank of the Severn, which is itself between sixty and seventy feet in perpendicular height; so that the total elevation of the village is 340 feet above the level of the river.*

LITTLE MALVERN, judging by my walk to that retired village, distant about three miles and a half, on the morrow

* The Malvern Hills are part of a chain of trappean hills which Mr. Murchison is inclined to imagine may have undergone a movement of elevation subsequent to the deposit of the new red sandstone—a rock that occurs largely in this part of England, particularly in Worcestershire.

after my arrival at the Great Malvern, cannot be at a lesser elevation; although, when the whole range of hills is viewed from a little distance, there appears in it a gradual decrement from north to south.

The two villages, therefore, are not in the plain, though in valleys, but are seated upon the eastern declivity of the hills which on this side rise almost abruptly, or, at all events, at a very considerable angle, from the level land that stretches to the banks of the Severn, a distance of about four miles.

Nothing that the pen of one fond and accustomed to the contemplation of landscape beauties can indite would be held to be exaggeration, after having enjoyed, from any of the various points of view on the rounded summits of these hills, the vast panorama which stretches before them, not only as far as where,

“Abounding in excess, the vale of Evesham lies,”

but much further. The eye wanders at once over the extended plain of Worcestershire, stretching for many miles to the eastward, diversified in its map by small wooded eminences which start up in detached spots. Numberless country seats and parks enliven the scene, and the highly-cultivated land, swarming with farms and neat villages, bespeaks in its appearance abundance and prosperity.

In the midst of this rich scenery the Severn is seen to wind its tortuous course, nearly parallel to the range of hills, from Worcester on the left, to Upton Severn, conspicuously visible below and in front of Little Malvern, and down to Tewkesbury on the right.

While thus engaged in tracking its career, BREDON HILL, the northern screen to the vale of Cheltenham, is perceived to rise conspicuous in the south-east horizon, where it serves as a guide to those endowed with keener vision for detecting, just below it, the humbler yet prouder Avon, which slowly courses from Evesham, and from much higher, towards

and around the hill just named, going thence to mingle its water with the Severn at Tewkesbury.

MALVERN WELLS, a picturesque and retired hamlet, placed between Great and Little Malvern, will by many be considered as a far preferable summer residence to that at Great Malvern. It enjoys equally very extensive views, and affords excellent accommodation to visitors at different points of elevation on the brow of the hill. The least cheerful houses are those on a level with the road; but they have the advantage of being in some degree sheltered from the easterly wind. Higher up the hill is the WELL HOUSE, a commodious boarding-house, the upper rooms of which, opening directly upon the face of the hill, offer a warm shelter to those who are delicate of lungs, even late in the autumn. Another house of entertainment, also high up on the hill, is ESSINGTON HOTEL. The situation is commanding, and nothing can be more cheerful or inspiring, on a decidedly fine day, than the view of this house with its front brightened by a south-eastern sun, its back rooms screened by the hills from the north, and all around enlivened by pleasure-grounds, thickly clothed in many parts with luxuriant plantations.

Far different, however, is the aspect of this very house when one of those violent gales incidental to this region, and not uncommon, as admitted by its staunchest advocate, blows upon it from the east; for then every thing looks cheerless and dismal, and the inmates would fain, if they could, retreat to the back of the house, where, indeed, the principal front and apartments ought to have been constructed.

It is incredible with what pertinacity and strangeness of argument those who have had an interest in bespeaking a favourable opinion in behalf of the two Malverns with the public, have endeavoured to get over the great and almost fatal disadvantage of the eastern aspect of their favourite place. Nay, in a dissertation on the Malvern waters, (of the nature of

which we shall treat anon), written some years ago by a learned medical practitioner, once resident in the place,—and in a still more recent description of the locality and its peculiarities, by an interested party, an attempt is made to prove that the eastern aspect of the two Malverns is not only delightful, because “the inclined slope of the ground to the eastward receives in the most favourable manner the first rays of the morning sun at a period when the air has attained its minimum temperature;” but it is also fortunate, because an “easterly current of air, meeting the lofty hills behind the villages, receives considerable check in its progress, and striking against them, will rebound, lessening the force of the wind, and counteracting its influence before it reaches the hill itself; similar to what we observe to occur when the ripples or waves of a pond strike against a wall or high perpendicular embankment, where the resistance of the water breaks the force of the next coming wave.”

Ingenious as this theory may, at first sight, appear, were it true, it would only lead to confirm and increase the inconvenience of the eastern aspect; inasmuch as the “forward and rebounding current of air,” in the case of an eastern gale, would take effect precisely over the devoted villages, in consequence of the screen of hills, against which this species of tennis-ball game of the wind is supposed to take place, being just distant enough to allow the “resilient current” to back as far as the village, there to meet with and “break the force of the next coming current:” thus shrouding, as it were, in a double coating of easterly wind, every dwelling and every individual in the place.

But the objection to a direct eastern aspect in England is not so much on account of the gales which may prevail at times from that quarter; for, after all, gales are not the most frequent phenomena of that wind at the season most favourable for invalids at Malvern. No; it is rather because that wind over-spreading for many weeks together every object with its

grey, ashy masses, in extended and unagitated sheets,—sits upon them like an awful *incubus*, penetrating the pores of man and animals to the very bones, in spite of macintoshes and flannels, relaxing the fibres, irritating the more exposed membranes into catarrhal defluxions, awakening up the most forgotten pains of rheumatism into troublesome re-existence, and finally prostrating by its continuance the best energies, both of body and mind, of the resident invalid, who turns his back piqued and disappointed from the very panorama that had before delighted him—for he now sees it bathed in a vaporous greyish fog, distilling dampness.

Barring this disadvantage, which in the course of the Malvern season, including July and two following months, I admit may occur but seldom,—Great Malvern and Malvern Wells are residences much to be commended for the pure and invigorating air that more generally prevails, as well as for the pure and invigorating water that is to be found at both places. To breathe pure air and to drink some of the purest water in England for the space of three months, at the most favourable time of the year, are two circumstances in themselves sufficient to promote the ultimate recovery of many disorders, especially those which originate in indigestion, and have been previously treated by appropriate remedies.

But people should rise betimes for that purpose, and breathe the morning air, and not keep London hours, as I perceived to be the practice on my arrival at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, when I visited Malvern early in September, 1837. At that hour of the day I reached the BELLEVUE HOTEL, on the terrace immediately in front of the church or ancient priory, and one servant only was up at that time of morning, and none of the rooms were ready for the reception of travellers.

Being, as it were, compelled to kill time until I could procure refreshments, I sauntered in all directions through the little village, and noticed that most of the best houses had yet all

the windows of the principal rooms closed and curtained, without a vestige of stir even in the lower apartments. Such also I found to be the case at the CROWN HOTEL, and at the KENT and COBOURG,—the situation of which latter house, by the bye, seemed the most favourable, being more in advance, and on the brow of the hill, nearer to the splendid and extended view which constitutes the great charm of the Malverns.

On another morning, wandering between seven and eight o'clock over the hills, and returning from examining the WYTCHE, an artificial cut in the rock, which offers sections of the geological structure of that part of the ridge, and in so far is an object worthy the attention of visitors,—I encountered a few groups of sauntering ladies and children, who had been at the Holy Well at that early time of the day, and were returning to Malvern along the hills, brushing with their feet the dew that glistened yet on the short grass with which those hills are everywhere covered.

Symptoms of general life and bustle appear more conspicuous, however, as the day advances; and during the many hours of a long afternoon in August or September, the NORTH HILL, on the right of Great Malvern, from the beginning of the road opposite the Library down to the Serpentine Valley, and round by the Ivy Rock, and up to the summit; and the loftier peak of the Worcestershire Beacon on the left, (to reach which the more easily, the Victoria Drive, at the commencement of its ascent, was completed a few years since,) with the Harcourt Tower upon it, and the Camp Hill, not to mention the New Walk to the Sugarloaf Hill—all these various points, placed at different elevations of the extended and broad incline of the Malvern Ridge, swarm with pedestrians, single and in groups, with explorers, solitary walkers, pic-nickers, and donkey-drivers, imparting to the whole scene the semblance of a gay fair, or of an occasional village festival—howbeit it occurs here every day, if the weather is propitious.

This scope and facilities for exercise—these opportunities of scrambling up precipitous mountain-sides, so as to put every muscle of the body in action, and test the strength and elasticity of one's lungs at the same time—this frequent inhaling of the purest air in a lofty region—these things, altogether, are the charms and attractions of the two Malverns, on which a medical man must depend for any sensible change he may wish to produce in his patients through their agency. In these respects the two Malverns surpass many of the more-frequented and fashionable spas in this country.

As to the Malvern water itself, I tasted and drank it in suitable quantities throughout the day,—first, at ST. ANN'S WELL, where it issues in a very slender stream from the rock, and is received and distributed in a room that forms part of St. Ann's Cottage, a short way up the hill from Great Malvern,—and next at the HOLY WELL, already alluded to near Malvern Wells; and all that can be said in its behalf is, that its purity and almost entire freedom from foreign matters are its principal qualities. Whatever I have advanced respecting Ilkley water may be applied to the water of the Malvern springs or streamlets; for, in good truth, they are nothing else but *découlements*, like that far more important stream in Yorkshire, from the summit of the hills. The water, indeed, here at Malvern, is so managed in its course, when it reaches the so-called Wells (a most inapplicable term, by the bye,) that at first view it would seem as if it sprang from the place at which it is drunk; but on retreating behind the scenes the coursing down of the mountain streamlet is easily perceived, and may be tracked like any other beck or bourne along a mountain gorge.

Of the learned disquisitions written and published on this water, I shall not take any special notice. Still less will I enter into the consideration of the merits of a dispute respecting the pretended presence of steel in the water, which was once rife between two highly respectable physi-

cians. Malvern water must be drunk as a pure water, and as nothing else; and to those who know the immense advantage of cooling a heated stomach, and of diluting thick blood, and of softening the acrimony of superabundant bile, by quaffing nothing but water of the purest kind for the space of two months, during which many other necessary rules of diet and regimen are observed; to such persons I hardly need say that at Malvern they will find a boon of that kind in perfection, with all appliances to boot.

Judging from experience of the effects of a residence at Malvern, upon the several patients whom in the course of the last twenty-three years I have had occasion to recommend to take up their temporary abode in that region for a definite period; I am bound to agree with several of my brother practitioners, acquainted with the subject, that after a course of the Leamington or Cheltenham waters, the Malvern water, and a residence on the Malvern Hills, at the proper season, are likely to be of infinite advantage.

The perfect simplicity of the water will be judged of by casting a glance at the Table of Analyses at the end of the volume.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROAD TO CHELTENHAM—VICTORIA SPA—STRATFORD-UPON-
AVON.

Leamington's Greatest Star—STRATFORD—A Strong Temptation resisted—The VICTORIA Springs—The Queen's Hotel—Range of Baths—The SPA-HOUSE—Management of the Mineral Water—Luxurious Baths—The ORIGINAL WELL—New Spring—Anne Hathaway—Dr. Charles Perry—ANALYSES of the Spa Water—Discrepancies—Appearance, Physical Character, and Taste of the Waters—MEDICINAL Virtues—Dr. Jephson's Opinion—Situation and Improvements—SHAKSPEARE'S Cradle—Washington IRVING and Walter SCOTT—Albums—NEW-PLACE—Sacrilige—Recollections—The CHURCH—Shameful Dilapidation—Recent Repairs—The GREAT POET'S MONUMENT—ENGLAND'S PRIDE.

ALLUDING in the last chapter but one to the environs of Leamington Spa, and to the principal objects in that neighbourhood, which offer any attraction to the resident invalids or occasional visiters, I purposely confined my remarks to those situated within a narrow circle around that place of fashionable resort. To such, however, as can extend their walks or drives from four miles to a little more than double that distance, a spot of paramount and intense interest presents itself to their notice, such as no other locality in England is invested with.

My readers will at once guess that I can but refer to that thrice fortunate little town, which, seated on the placid and

reedy Avon, without any pretension to intrinsic significance, has acquired, since the close of the sixteenth century, a renown equal to that of the birth-place of the Cæsars. Yes; ancient Rome is hardly more known through literary Europe than is the town in which Providence cast the nativity of the greatest poet that ever lived—imperishable SHAKSPEARE.

Informed by letters of the existence of a mineral spring at Stratford-upon-Avon, which had been recently analyzed by Professor Daniell, of King's College, and also by Mr. Phillips, I should have directed my steps thither, even had I not been prompted, from its vicinity to Leamington, to indulge my warmest admiration for the incomparable bard, by proceeding in pilgrimage to the humble dwelling wherein he first drew his breath.

Yet, after my arrival, and after regaling myself with a whole night's repose, in the very town in which that memorable event had taken place, I had the courage to resist the temptation, as I walked down Henley-street at an early hour the next morning on my way to the Spa, of entering the antiquated little building I saw before me, from whence hung a board with this simple but thrilling notice: "In this house the immortal Shakspeare was born!" I had a duty to perform first, and to that I applied myself with all speed.

It was one of those mornings in autumn, when

" Envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east ;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops."

I took to the country in a north-west direction out of Stratford, and proceeding along-side of the Birmingham and Stratford Canal, for the distance of nearly a mile, I reached a pretty little spot, where a group of newly-erected buildings presented itself to my view, surrounded by shrubberies, and

constituting what has been denominated the "Victoria Spa."

The country appears one uniform flat, being principally pasture land, lower in level than the canal-course, except at the north, where the horizon towards Birley and Snitterfield waves gently with low undulations, which were scarcely discernible, owing to the grey clouds into whose neutral tints they merged. In the whole circle of this flat panorama the only two objects that offered themselves conspicuously to the eye on turning round, were the pointed spire of Stratford Church, emerging from out of a clump of dark-green trees, not yet tinged by autumn; and the "Union" rearing its vast mass of red bricks, yet by no means unsightly.

The most conspicuous of the buildings at the Victoria Spa is GREEN'S HOTEL, the architectural form of which partakes of the Elizabethan, with the peaked and projecting roof in the barge-board style. Within this building nothing has been forgotten which can render such an establishment desirable as well as comfortable; and I surveyed every part of it with some surprise that so much luxury and convenience, such as would satisfy the most fastidious *richard*, should have been brought together under one roof in so retired a place. But when I reflected that many of the invalids desirous of flying for a time from the toilsome engagements of fashionable life, yet accustomed to its alluring enjoyments, might seek a retreat in this tranquil and soothing spot; I could understand why such studied preparations had been made for their reception. The aspect of the house, too, is favourable.

The cottage-orné style of the range of baths adjoining the spa-house, or pump-room, is particularly suited to the character of the scenery around. The interior accommodation deserves as much praise as its external prettiness. As an establishment of this class, of its size, there is not any one of the baths at Leamington to be compared to it.

The form of the Spa-house itself is in the rustic gothic style, with a projecting and pendant roof, and is peculiarly tasteful and summery. It has two fronts; the one south, with a principal entrance under a portico; the other east, with another entrance also under a porch. There is a pump in a recess of the spa-room, where the company assemble to drink the water. The water is drawn through three pipes from a covered well, placed at some little distance in the flower-garden, which extends about an acre in front of the east side of the building, and is neatly laid out in green plots, with a piece of water in the centre.

There are three baths for ladies, and as many for the other sex. Two of them are ordinary sunken baths, of good size and proper depth, lined with white tiles. The third is a plunging-bath, laid round with a dark cement, and its bottom tiled. That for the ladies is nearly twice as large again as the other; and adjoining to it is a neat contrivance for bathing children. Agreeably to the fashion of Leamington, over every bath the usual contrivance for taking a shower-bath has been placed.

A remarkable degree of taste and liberality, such as I have not seen displayed in any other bath-rooms, except at Scarborough, is observable throughout this suite of apartments. The furniture is not only plentiful, but of the best materials; and there is every luxurious contrivance, particularly in the ladies' apartments, even down to the tiniest slippers, lined with soft fur. The rooms are lofty, and hung with draperies, and means have been adopted for allowing the steam to escape. The dressing-rooms are equally good.

The original well supplies the water to the reservoir, through a double action pump; but I regretted to find here again, that not only the pipes which are to convey sulphureted water, as this is, are of lead, but the reservoir also is lined with the same metal. This error must be rectified, and probably is so by this time; for on my remonstrating against it

in the proper quarter, and suggesting the substitution of glazed earthenware tubes, a promise was readily given that the alteration would be made.

A second spring, but not so strong as the first, was discovered more recently, nearer, and to the west of the spa-house; but when the Original Well is worked, the water in the second is lowered to the level of the former, showing that both waters come from the same source, and consequently the reservoir is filled with both.

Besides these, there is a well, called "Perry's Well," situated farther out in the pleasure-grounds, which is not now used, but which was opened to satisfy my curiosity.

Although the "Sweet Swan of Avon" has not sung either the virtues of the Stratford mineral water, or the rural beauties of its environs, howbeit he took his wife, Anne Hathaway, from the very hamlet of Shottery, in which the springs are situated,—it is unquestionable that the water under our consideration was known in his days, and enjoyed reputation in the district and through the country; as we find in some of the oldest records of the place. Dr. Charles Perry, however, is the physician to whom we owe the first professional account (such as it is) of the water in question; and his work is remarkable rather for the display of the oddest chemistry possible, even in those times, than for the conclusions to which even his imperfect science had led him—conclusions that have been confirmed since, in a great measure, by subsequent analyses, performed, as I before observed, by two modern and excellent chemists, to wit, Professor Daniell, who examined the water sent to him, and consequently missed the gaseous contents; and Richard Phillips, who proceeded to the source to analyze the water. Their respective analyses, however, agree but indifferently; for their quantities are not alike, nor is the total number of ingredients in the water the same in both; the first analysis mentioning five, and the second six of them.

The former chemist found an imperial pint to yield $74\frac{1}{3}$ grains of solid contents; while the second, in a common pint has detected $81\frac{1}{2}$ grains of solid ingredients, one of which is bi-carbonate of magnesia, not mentioned in Professor Daniell's analysis. In a similar manner, the Professor has omitted altogether the presence of sulphureted hydrogen gas, for the reason I assigned just before. By examining the water at the very source, Phillips collected five cubic inches and a fraction of that gas in a gallon of the water.

Pumped from the Original Well, I found the water to strike the violet or tawny colour in a very few seconds, upon throwing in the smallest particle of pulverized acetate of lead, and the sulphuret of the latter metal soon swam on the surface.

The water, naturally, is of a very light stone-colour, pervaded by very minute blackish particles, which I attribute to the leaden surface with which the water is in contact before it is poured into the glass. But even when the water was drawn up direct from the well in the garden where the water is only twenty-seven feet from the surface, and twenty feet deep, its tint is yellowish, as I have had occasion to notice of all the sulphureted springs derived from moor-land, or as in the present case, from below what was originally a peat soil.

Its temperature is 54° F. It barely tastes saltish, and the *après gout* is somewhat acrid in the throat, like all such sulphureted waters. On the whole, however, the drinking of such a mineral water would not require the efforts and resolution on the part of the patients which a stronger sulphureted or briny water seems to demand.

As it may be supposed, I have had no experience of the medicinal virtues of the Victoria Spa water; but looking at its composition, as laid down by Mr. Phillips, whose analysis will be found in the general table, it is not difficult for a medical man to predicate the sort of cases of disease in which it would prove beneficial. Accordingly, I find it stated in

the printed accounts, and I have heard the statement repeated on the spot by unquestionable and highly respectable authorities, that a course of the Stratford water has been found useful in certain disorders of the stomach, in the slighter affections of the liver, in cases of gravel, and those pseudo-rheumatic and gouty pains which persons with long-deranged digestion are so apt to have superadded to their other sufferings.

I consider the fortunate circumstance of the water holding in solution a full drachm of glauber-salts to the pint, associated with a moderate and consequently not hurtful dose of that potent agent of which we have discoursed at full length at Harrogate—sulphureted hydrogen—as the most favorable feature of the Victoria Spa water. The presence of the latter gas, when the water is not raised to too high a temperature for a bath, renders it, of course, highly efficacious in the removal of cutaneous disease.

I have been assured that Dr. Jephson, who visited the Spa, expressed himself favourably of its water. Dr. Thompson, the only physician practising in Stratford, and Mr. Pritchard, the surgeon, having the largest practice there, hold, I understand, the Victoria Spa water in great estimation, for the cure of rheumatism and eruptive diseases.

On the whole, one may fairly conclude that a large number, and more than one class, of patients, residing within easy reach of the Victoria Spa, and even many of those whose habitual dwellings are at a greater distance, if afflicted with obstinate and rebellious disorders of the character just now specified, and who may have obtained no relief from ordinary medicine, would find in this consecrated neighbourhood of the neat little town of Stratford, a Spa likely to benefit them to the same extent as if they were to fly for that purpose to more distant shores. Certain am I, that in very few places will they meet with more striking evidence of what may be done for the comfort, convenience, and even luxury of

invalids, when zealous and liberal-minded men are engaged, as in the case of the VICTORIA SPA, in bringing about those desirable results.

I never prepared myself at any period of my life for a feast, or a scene of promised enjoyment, with more glee or expectation, amounting almost to excitement, than I did on the day on which, after having examined the very creditable establishment I have just described, I retraced my steps back to Stratford, to view all that remains there to remind us of the first and last home of Shakspeare.

A gentleman, native of the place, and connected with its municipal government, whom I had met opportunely at the Spa, having offered to escort me in his carriage to my destination, kindly pointed out to me the several approaches made to the Spa, and the meditated improvements which the increasing importance and prosperity of the establishment seemed to demand. One of the most striking among these will be the erection of a grand terrace upon a rising ground close to the Spa, with a carriage-drive, which will bring Stratford nearer than it is at present by half a mile.

It is to this gentleman, Mr. W. O. Hunt, that these various improvements, and indeed the whole establishment in its actual flourishing state, are principally due—he having brought together for that purpose a small number of gentlemen to co-operate with him in the undertaking. Under his guidance I soon found myself on the threshold of the half-timbered and unassuming house in Henley-street, before alluded to, in which John Shakspeare, the glover, the butcher, the wool-stapler, the alderman, and the high bailiff of Stratford, became the father of the greatest intellectual wonder of any age, in 1564—a little more than ten years after which memorable event, fickle fortune, which had thus lavished on him the choicest of gifts, utterly abandoned him, and suffered him to

sink into such abject poverty, that when a writ was issued against him for debt, and a seizure ordered of his goods, the man-at-law was compelled to declare that "*Joh'es Shacks-pere nihil habet unde distr. potest levare.*"

One room in particular in this house rivets the eager attention of the visitors: it was in it that the great poet was born. At his second visit in 1821 to this hallowed chamber, Washington Irving inscribed upon it these lines, which I read on the spot.

"Of mighty Shakspeare's birth the room I see,
But where he died in vain to find we try;
Useless the search, for all immortal he,
And those who are immortal never die."

Albums in general tend but to exhibit the feebleness and puny condition of the human mind when suddenly called upon to commit to writing extemporary feelings or opinions. Of all the compositions or inspirations gathered in such collections, the simple names of the visitors often speak more forcibly than your truisms, apothegms, or quatrains inscribed to the genius of the place. Many of those names are in themselves whole volumes, and a whole history suggests itself immediately on their perusal. The three or four albums, successively filled with the names of the visitors at Shakspeare's birth-place, and here preserved, are no exceptions to this general rule.

But the entire house—its half-timbered walls—its cracked ceilings—even part of the scanty and crazy furniture of every room—bear some name, some verse, or some inscription to record the different degrees of enthusiasm with which those who visited this sacred cradle were inspired. Scott, who has approached nearest to the imagination of the bard, could hardly find space enough, among the thousand names on the walls, to pencil his own, as he however did at his first visit on one of the corner piers that support the ceiling opposite the fire-place.

Such is the birth-place of him whom we venerate before Homer :

“But where he died in vain to find we try.”

So sang Irving ; and that a churchman should have, by a wanton act, given occasion for such a remark, how lamentable ! A dead wall only marks now the spot on which stood the residence Shakspeare loved so well, and wherein he breathed his last deep—deep sigh. NEW PLACE, in fine, and behind it the garden in which the celebrated mulberry-tree grew to maturity, hewn down like the house by the same sacrilegious hand, exist no more.

The grandfather of the gentleman who was now escorting me had the good fortune and good sense to rescue from the general ruin a bit of the foundation-stone which, with the key-stone from the doorway, bearing a blank shield in carved relief, are now in Mr. Hunt's garden. This gentleman possesses also the last genuine remains of the mulberry-tree, in the shape of a handsome table.

Anxious to peruse to the last page this topical biography of the incomparable poet of Stratford, I hastened to follow my kind guide to the church dedicated to the Holy Trinity, which holds within its precincts the precious deposit of all that was perishable in Shakspeare. The church was just then undergoing extensive repairs, and with difficulty did I wend my way from the entrance to the chancel.

Strange that a principal, and indeed the only church in a town of some importance, of so much intrinsic merit as this edifice, which dates its origin as far back as the Conquest—a church, too, which contains the ashes of the most intellectual mortal that ever lived—should have been suffered to fall into decay, and even to be nearly threatened with demolition—at a time, too, when church building, church extension, and church room are the theme of general conversation, for which the people have cheerfully contributed out of their pockets much

of the necessary funds, although they have had the mortification of witnessing the rearing of some of the greatest architectural abortions and monsters in the way of churches.

In the present case, the town of Stratford, finding its holy temple tottering to its very foundation, has at last mulcted itself to the extent of three thousand pounds, to stay the ravages of time, and remedy the ill effects of neglect on the part of those whose duty more immediately it is to see that the existing churches do not fall into decay, and become an object to sneer at by the more zealous Dissenters or Romanists, who liberally subscribe to keep their own places of worship in proper repair.

The dilapidation going on in Stratford church was particularly visible in its interior, where, from dampness, the walls from the floor to a height of nearly four feet had assumed such an appearance as to make it dangerous to attend Divine service in it. This arose from the soil having been suffered to accumulate against the wall, on the outside, until it covered the latter as high as four feet. When this was removed, as it was even then in progress of being done, the walls behind and parts of the foundation were found to be rotten. It will scarcely be credited that in this adventitious and accreted soil, burials had taken place to a very considerable extent; so that had the double process gone on much longer, of accumulation of soil and burials of dead in it,—the House of God must, at last, have itself been buried among the dead.

Monuments and inscriptions, of every date, and to the memory of people of various degrees, adorn the chancel of this Saxo-Norman temple, which had been renovated a few years before by the care and under the immediate inspection of the Shakspearean Club. But the eye of the stranger, forsaking all these, is at once irresistibly attracted by and fixed upon a projecting architectural monument on the north wall, bearing the carved resemblance of the Poet, which the written and traditional report of his contemporaries and relatives, 'under

whose direction the indifferent work was executed, tends to make us believe to be true to the original.

What a noble fabric is here displayed over the pupilless eye-balls, to hold its inmate brain, from which the corruscations of a genius that has no second to compare it to, scintillated for a period of twenty years in rapid succession, until quenched by the hand of death! The cunning of the artist who wrought the lineaments of the bard may have been but indifferent, as some contend, especially "one of the most distinguished sculptors of our days;" but in the admirable geometry of his forehead here represented, nature and truth alone could have been the guides of the stone-carver.

And what wisdom, wit, philosophy, morals, religion, and keen appreciation of the beautiful, did once animate that stupendous part of Shakspeare's perishable frame! And that brow, too—

"——— a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth!"

England may indeed be proud of this highly-favoured child of hers, whose unaided efforts of the mind alone have sufficed to place her, at one single bound, on a par with the more enlightened and intellectual nations of the earth—a post no kindred spirit or genius of hers had tended to secure to her before. Truly may one of the many admiring critics of the ever-living productions of Shakspeare say, that to estimate the benefits this country has received from them is quite impossible. "Their influence has been gradual but prodigious, operating at first on loftier intellects, but becoming in time diffused over all, spreading wisdom and charity amongst us. There is, perhaps no person of any considerable rate of mind who does not owe something to this matchless poet. He is the teacher of all good—pity, generosity, true courage, love. His works alone (leaving mere science out of the question) contain probably more actual wisdom than the whole body of English

learning. He is the text for the moralist and the philosopher" (and why not for the statesman, the poet, and the painter?). "His bright wit is cut into little stars; his solid masses of knowledge are meted out in morsels and proverbs; and, thus distributed, there is scarcely a corner which he does not illuminate, or a cottage which he does not enrich."*

It is thus that the spirit whose corporal effigy I stood contemplating with admiration, in the church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford, ought to be viewed, as connected with the history of the human mind, of which, take him for all in all, this mighty genius unquestionably forms the most remarkable, astonishing, and unparalleled epoch.

Of him as a painter of the human passions in his writings, it was probably the intention of the artist that we should be reminded by the posture he has given to the half-length figure of the poet in the monument, where he is placed between two pillars and under an arch, with a pen in one hand, and the other resting on a scroll. It is in that character that all the nations of the earth blessed with enlightenment and civilization acknowledge and reverence his unrivalled superiority over all poets, ancient and modern, admiring and extolling him in consequence. Pens, too, without number, have at all times been engaged in commending the same wonderful peculiarity of Shakspeare's writings. But how incomparably more forcible is the bard's own language, (of which I was reminded as I viewed his effigy, with my feet standing on the "envious grave" that encloses his dust,) when applied, and by no violent stretch of

* To the admirers of Shakspeare who would wish to have a manual of his "Wisdom and Genius" always at hand, a sort of rich casket of his gems in moral philosophy, delineations of characters, paintings of nature and the passions, to dip into at pleasure, and so adorn their minds with them,—I would strongly recommend a beautiful pocket volume, published a short time ago by the Rev. Thomas Price, from whose preface I borrowed the quotation just given in the text, ascribed to a writer in the *Retrospective Review*.

interpretation either, to the delineation of that same striking feature of his GENIUS!

“ So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kinds of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep.
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will ;
That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted.”

POEMS.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHELTENHAM.

No sooner got than lost!—Approach to CHELTENHAM—FOUR Establishments—The MONTPELLIER SPA and the ROTUNDA—HENRY THOMPSON—Profitable Speculation—Well digging—Taps one, two, three, four, &c.—Which is the best?—MULTIPLICITY of Analyses—All different—Alleged Quantity of Iodine—Query to the Discoverer—The ORIGINAL SPA, or Old Wells—Venerable Avenue—Numerous Spouts—Good Old KING GEORGE—Sir George BAKER—Cheltenham Mineral Waters one and the same.

THAT the reputation of Cheltenham as a Spa is on the wane—nay, escaping fast from it—is a fact, the announcement of which will not sound new to a great number of my readers. I entered the place on the occasion of my present visit under such an impression, and I found that impression confirmed by the contrasting difference I observed between what Cheltenham then appeared to me as a mineral watering-place, and what I had known it as such, personally and from experience, fifteen years before.

So soon acquired, and so soon gone! Is the nation then whimsical and capricious, by which such reputations are thus vouchsafed and withheld in the short period of a few years?

or have there been good and substantial reasons for the change? At one time it was Cheltenham and Boisragon; now it is Leamington and Jephson! In the meanwhile, the former place, in ceasing to be a Spa, has become a town of great resort and importance, even to the obtaining of the high privilege of being represented in parliament: while the latter is as yet only striving to be what its more successful rival and predecessor in popular favour is become already, even at the same risk and penalty of ceasing to be a Spa.

Be that as it may, no doubt exists but that a particular mineral water, and its due application to the cure of disease, was the main cause of giving to Cheltenham a locality and a name; and as such, therefore, I visited it on the occasion of which I am about to record all such particulars as are likely to interest or be useful to my readers.

The approach to the region of this Spa from Warwickshire is far more interesting to an observing traveller than either of the southern roads leading to it. Traversing for a considerable distance the same flat and tame sort of country as was observed around Stratford, our way laid at length to the top of a considerable eminence, from which a very extensive and rich valley opens to view, Worcestershire on the right, and Gloucester on the left sharing its beauties. Rounded hillocks appeared in successive lines, like the halves of so many gigantic beads laid on the ground, many of them thickly wooded, others in a state of more profitable cultivation.

The nearest road from the Victoria Spa to Cheltenham, would be that which passes at the foot of that remarkable range of hills which traverses nearly the whole length of the vale of Gloucester, in a north-east and south-west direction. But the conductor of a public conveyance often prefers a more circuitous route, for many and very substantial reasons;—and such was the case on the present occasion, when a *dé-tour* by Alcester and Evesham was made in consequence.

Passing the latter town, which is well placed and clean looking, and crossing the Avon, over a narrow, ancient bridge, the road insensibly deviates more westwardly, as if intending to reach Tewkesbury. But it has no sooner neared that imposing peak, Bredon-hill, noticed in our chapter on Malvern, when coursing between it and two other important hills, the great and little Washbourn, the latter of which, richly cultivated all over, it skirts nearly parallel—it suddenly deflects southwardly at Teddington Cross, and descends continuously in nearly a straight line down into Cheltenham.

The sun was lighting up the broad western face of the Cleave-hills, which rise nearly twelve hundred feet in height, and shelter the town from the north-eastern gales; and the undulating and ever changing character of the high ground on our left, variously coloured by its rays, as we rapidly passed in front, offered a striking as well as pleasing contrast with the table-land at the foot of it, cultivated to the very edge of the road, though the soil be far from favourable for that purpose.

The entrance into the precincts of Cheltenham, by the Evesham gate, as one might call it, is calculated to make a most favourable impression on the stranger. The temple-like Spa building, called PITTVILLE, which first presents itself with its many columned portico facing the road, and the Pittville gardens that follow, with their fine row of houses flanking them to the east for a quarter of a mile, are the objects that rivet the attention of the traveller. His eye tracing afterwards the line of the Pitville-parade, and Portland-street, which runs thence southwardly down into the town, sees the latter spread as it were below him, at the bottom of a broad cup, with the outlines of an imposing mass of human habitations, crossed by the oldest street, High-street, right and left, and by the insignificant Chelt, a stream hardly known to visitors.

For old acquaintance-sake I put up at the Plough, an establishment which, with all the bustle and appearance of a large country inn, combines the comforts and neatness of one of your best hotels of a more *townly* character. That it is liked by many of the easy and upper classes of society is proved by the fact that it is almost always full; and but for the migratory nature of its inmates, the chances of getting even a mere *pied à terre* in it would be poor indeed. But of this and other hotels something more anon. My present purpose must be with the spa-features of Cheltenham.

There are four establishments in this far-famed watering-place, which have contributed to give it the character it once enjoyed in London, and to which it still clings, of a first-rate Spa, or the Spa of spas in fact. These vie with each other, by all arts and schemes imaginable, to centre individually in themselves the attention and patronage of the visitors.

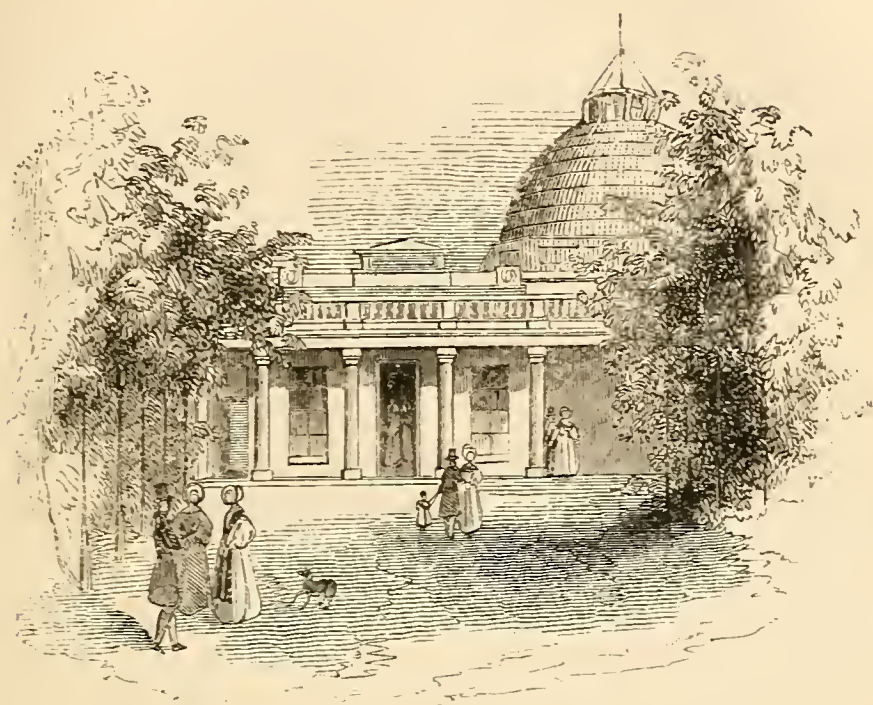
If importance, as determined by public opinion only, often capricious and not rarely fallacious, instead of mere chronology, were to decide to which of the four ought to be assigned the first place, the palm should unquestionably be yielded to "the Montpellier," and next to the "Original Spa," followed by the Pittville and the Cambray Chalybeate.

The first of these, in its present or more modern shape, is a giant of comparatively recent growth, (as compared to the second,) which has absorbed almost all other establishments, and annihilated almost every competitor. Through which means and upon what grounds will be seen hereafter. The second, besides the sort of venerability that attaches to the seniors in anything, has the charm of historical recollections connected with it—recollections which are intimately mixed up with the inherent loyalty of a most loyal nation. Its means of maintaining its ground with the public have not been of so dashing a description as those resorted to by its more successful rival; and yet its grounds for maintaining a

high standing, a standing equal, and in one respect, as a mineral-water source, superior, to that of its rival, are indisputable. The Pittville, for grandeur and beauty of architecture (barring some provoking eyesores) for its situation, and, let me add, for the genuineness of its spring (for such is my conviction), commands admiration, and is, perhaps, the finest establishment of the sort in England. As for "the Chalybeate," or Cambray Spa, the fourth and last of the Cheltenham Spas under consideration, no effort will ever make it rise to more than its present mediocre station. In the light of an auxiliary, in the treatment of diseases through the agency of the Cheltenham saline waters, the Chalybeate may be considered as useful. But to render it a paramount source of general patronage and important results, like the chalybeates in Germany, it should, like them, be sparkling with a profusion of carbonic-acid gas, instead of lying, as it does, flat and stale at its source, with its heavy mineral.

To the first of these four establishments the reader will now be pleased to accompany me, ascending for that purpose the bustling street in which the Plough is situated, as far as what is called the *Colonnade*, and thence, following a dashing line of promenades and drives, flanked on the right by handsome and first-rate houses, and terminated by the showy hotel, called "the Queen"—enter by a crooked and narrow "avenue," into the Montpellier Walk—and so on into the Great Rotunda. Here it is, principally, that the mineral water, which during the last thirty years has enjoyed so extensive a renown under the name of Cheltenham water, is distributed; and here it was, that in the palmy days of Cheltenham, the visitors thronged in almost countless numbers. They still frequent the place during the summer season, which extends from May to the end of October; but an idea may be formed of the diminution in their numbers, when I state that the Subscribers'-book in the room, which I inspected on my

arrival, could boast of eighty-two names only, inscribed during the entire of that month.



Many thousand pounds (so public report says) were expended in the erection of this splendid room and adjoining premises, by the successor of a gentleman to whom it is yet doubtful whether Cheltenham will owe any very heavy debt of gratitude. Henry Thompson, Esq., a person endowed with a spirit of adventurous enterprise, which from early life had led him to various parts of the world, came at length to settle in Cheltenham, in 1809, attracted by the reputation of its mineral water, at that time derived only from what has since been called "the Royal Old Wells." With the eye of a skilful speculator, he saw at once how much there was to be done in the place by energy and some ready cash. Having brought with him a sum of ten thousand pounds, he instantly set about buying land in the immediate vicinity of the Old Well; sinking wells in his turn; discovering some new mineral water at every step, each differing from the other; and ending by raising, first, a modest-looking pump-room for the distribution of the water—then, one of more pretension,

which was subsequently enlarged—to be at length removed altogether for the present magnificent Rotunda, erected, as I stated before, by his successor.

The sinking of so many shafts into a soil that covers a whole lake of briny water could not do otherwise than lead to the discovery of mineral water; and thus far Mr. Thompson need not have incurred the smallest obloquy of having pretended to discover it. But when he averred, on the faith of certain analyses, that each of the wells he sank brought to light a different species of mineral water, then the profession and the public were startled at the assertion, and that long, amusing, and somewhat curious contention between the credulous and the sceptical took place, which is as yet of too recent a date to have been forgotten by the majority of my readers. The manipulation of Cheltenham salts at Thompson's factory was looked upon with suspicion; and the weekly journey to Epsom of a certain black waggon, which returned as regularly to the manufactory at Cheltenham, was supposed to be connected with the supply of some powerful ingredient for the preparation of these salts.

These misgivings on the part of the public seemed, unfortunately, to have been justified by the subsequent occurrence of that extraordinary exposure in which two persons, well known in the place, Adam Neale and Matthew, appeared conspicuous, and which ended in the admission that many dozens of pounds of Epsom salts had been thrown daily into one of the wells, not connected however with the Montpellier property. The conviction of the adulterating party in this case did but make the suspicion already existing against Mr. Thompson, though not an offending party, the stronger; and Cheltenham water, say what you will, has never since recovered from the rude shock its reputation received on that memorable occasion.

Be this as it may, Mr. Thompson himself, who is looked upon as the regenerator of Cheltenham, gave proofs in his

own person, that its mineral water was of a nature in which he could place trust as a medicine, without tampering with it; for I am well assured that, during a period of fourteen years, and down to the day of his death, which took place at the good old age of seventy-two (and then in consequence of a surgical complaint), he used no other aperient than Cheltenham water, which he moreover used to drink daily. And in this the old gentleman was perfectly right; for Cheltenham water, in its unsophisticated state, is a genuine mineral water, containing but one specific set of ingredients, no matter where the water is taken, and varying only in the proportion of two of those ingredients, namely, the common salt or muriate of soda, and the glauber-salt or sulphate of soda. The greater or lesser quantity of either will be found to depend on the greater or smaller depth at which the boring for mineral water has been made through the blue lias clay, over which Cheltenham is seated. An illustration of this fact occurred in my own presence during my last visit, while I was watching some deep excavations at the back of the Old Well Walk, in the Bays-hill Road.

To one accustomed to see nature's bounty, in the way of mineral water, held in esteem throughout Europe, and dealt out to the invalid applicant without guise or mystery,—the sight which presents itself at the Montpellier Rotunda is not likely to inspire confidence. A pyramid is placed behind, and in the centre of, a semicircular counter, exhibiting a number of spouts, which, projecting from and on each side of it, conceal a set of pumps, the handles of which are put in motion by a sulky rough-looking servant-man. His office is to fill the tumblers of the applicants with any of the numbered waters they may desire, as fast as his strength and agility will allow; and from No. 1 to No. 6, including a No. 2 (a) and 4 (a), more recently added to the rest,—the invalid may riot in his choice of water, and quaff as many half pints of it as he pleases for the same subscription of a guinea for the

season, or the paying of one shilling for each morning. If his tumbler be placed under spouts No. 1, or No. 2, or No. 3, and the handles in the aforesaid pyramid are put in motion, he will get either a chalybeate saline, or a strong sulphureted saline or a weak sulphureted saline, water. Should he, on the contrary, feel tempted to try taps 4, 5, and 6, placed a little way from the aforesaid pyramid, and wait but an instant that the pump-handles may again be put in motion, he will then procure either a pure saline, or a chalybeate magnesian saline, or a strong muriated saline water. But there are supernumerary spouts or numbers besides, as before stated, of which No. 4 (a) is just now the most renowned, and this will supply, by the same pumping process, an ioduretted saline water.

Now all this display calls largely upon the faith and credulity of the bibbers. It is not thus that matters are managed in Germany; for there the good, honest, and unsophisticated people of the country could not be persuaded to swallow a single drop of any water which should be presented to them in so mysterious a manner, or the source of which they could not plainly see. Here, on the contrary, I firmly believe, that were the enumeration of the taps or spouts to be carried out to three figures of numbers, there would be found people enough to drink, and feel convinced at the same time that they drank different waters.

“Would you let me behind the scene,” I inquired of a kind acquaintance, by whom I was escorted on the occasion of my present visit, and who is well versed in the proceedings at the Montpellier, “and suffer me to look into the various wells from which these many waters are derived?” There was not another stranger in the Rotunda at the time, and my request, after a brief consultation with some person, was acquiesced in. On passing behind the large counter, a trap-door in the floor beneath the pyramid was lifted up, and the back part of the latter opened at the same time, by

means of which I could observe a series of leaden pipes connected with a pumping-apparatus, and leading from the several spouts down a deep shaft which was so narrow that the collected cluster of all the pipes nearly filled it, and so prevented my seeing any thing beyond a few feet below the surface of the ground. Personal evidence, therefore, of the direction which these pipes may take in their way to the various wells, I have none to offer, as no other means was pointed out to me for ascertaining that fact: but the same assurance was given me, which had already been and is perpetually given to the public by the proprietors, that each pipe proceeds to a different and more or less distant well, containing the specific mineral waters, and the main shaft of each of which Mr. Thompson had caused to be covered over, and to be protected by a small building.

I tasted No. 4 (a), which is stated, on the authority of Mr. Cooper, to hold in solution a quarter of a grain of hydriodate of soda in a pint of the water. It is now drank more than the old No. 4., once so popular, and now nearly deserted, as I hear, by all. The water, mixed with some of it heated, has the usual taste that all muriated sodaic waters have—not quite so intense as the water of the Leamington Pumproom, but much the same as that of Abbott's and Satchwell's wells in that place.

With regard to Nos. 2 and 3, or the so-called "sulphureted and weak sulphureted salines," I lament to say that after pumping as much as could be got out of the pipes, and testing the water in both cases by the most delicate test, no indication whatever of the presence of the sulphureted hydrogen, gas quoted in the printed analysis, could be observed. Indeed, with reference to one of those quotations in Mr. Cooper's analysis, its amount, seven-tenths of a cubic inch, is so small, that, issuing as the water said to contain it (No. 3.) does through a length of leaden pipe, measuring not less than between sixty and seventy feet, the alleged quantity of the

gas in question would disappear by combining with the lead before it could reach the spout.

Has Mr. Cooper obtained the several waters he has analyzed at the Montpellier from the bottom of the well itself? I am not aware of having seen in any scientific publication the full report and details of the analytical process by which that chemist has come to the conclusions given in his quantitative analysis of the ioduretted saline. Its composition, according to that analysis, seems so much more complicated than that of any of the other waters of Cheltenham previously analysed by Sir Charles Scudamore, Mr. Garden, and Professor Daubeny, that a detail of the chemical and scientific proceedings would have been highly satisfactory; and indeed is required, before Mr. Cooper's alleged proportion of iodine and manner of its combination, announced with so much confidence, can be generally admitted. This observation applies even more strongly to the No. 5, or chalybeate magnesian saline, in which Mr. Cooper has, with wonderful precision, announced even more hydriodate of soda, than in No. 4(a), with traces of hydrobromate of soda. To those practical as well as philosophical chemists who know, after reading Professor Daubeny's researches on the iodine and bromine of mineral waters, and Mr. West's accounts in the same strain, how difficult it is to ascertain the precise quantity of each substance when both are present, and still more difficult to decide in what manner of combination each of them is present: the announcement of Mr. Cooper's discoveries will seem to require the testimony of that gentleman's scientific report of his proceedings on the occasion.

On the subject of the assumed sulphureted waters also, I find, that Sir Charles Scudamore, who had been led to expect such a gas in Nos. 2 and 3, from an analysis of them made in 1817 by Brande and Parke, could detect no trace of it a few years afterwards; just as I could not discover any in the same waters in 1839, although in 1832, Mr. Cooper

had repeated the assertion of that gas being present in them. We must, therefore, conclude that the Montpellier's mineral waters vary in their composition at different times, oftener and to a greater extent than has been observed of any other mineral water in the world.

Upon mature and deliberate reflection I hold that at the Montpellier Rotunda, the invalid who is sent to Cheltenham to drink its peculiar mineral water, will find it in perfection by using the old No. 4; or even 5, where a small quantity of iron added to the saline, is not incompatible with his complaint. It is the fashion here to offer to the invalid who requires greater activity in the water he drinks, a concentrated solution of the Cheltenham salts in the proportion of two pounds to a gallon of water, which solution is always kept ready for that purpose, and is added to the natural water.

But it is at the "Original Spa," or Royal Old Wells, that I should seek for the real and purest Cheltenham water of the saline class; for in a pint of No. 2 there, according to Sir Charles Scudamore, we find a happy combination of a moderate quantity of common salt, with nearly a drachm of an aperient salt (Glauber's), and a sufficient proportion of very active alteratives, the muriate of lime and magnesia; and there is not a combination exactly like it, either in power or simplicity, in the Montpellier Rotunda.

The passing from the latter establishment to that of the "Original Spa," is rendered very convenient by their juxtaposition. Most of the visitors to the one consequently go over to the other, dividing their time equally between the two. Indeed so moderate are the charges made for the privilege of frequenting the several walks and drives in both establishments, that little as one is accustomed to see money demanded abroad for the same privilege, we are not disposed to find fault with it in this case. By this means the extent of walking exercise which the invalid may take in the morning, during the hours of drinking the water, is considerable as well

as varied. And in this respect Cheltenham has a superiority over Leamington which the latter can never attain.

There is so imposing an air of formality and antiquity in that beautiful avenue of elm-trees, called "The Old Well Walk," which forms the principal feature of the "Original Spa," that one is tempted to select it, in preference to the more gay, varied, and improving gardens and pleasure-grounds of the Montpellier, for a morning "constitutional walk."* A double line of lofty, and well-feathered trees, forming a vista of twelve hundred feet in a direct line, terminated by the oldest church in Cheltenham, which is seen through the iron gate that admits the stranger into the walk from the Crescent, presents a stately promenade, highly calculated for the display of the gay and fashionable company which should frequent this, the oldest and the most genuine Spa in the place. In this respect the short and insignificant walk before the Long Room or entrance into the Montpellier Rotunda, is decidedly inferior to it; and as a well-wisher to Cheltenham, I venture to express a hope that the sacrilegious hand of the joint-stock company which has been committing havocks on the Bays Hill estate, once the favourite retreat of royalty, will not level to the ground this beautiful feature of the Old Spa.

On the other hand, we look in vain to the latter establishment for that magnificence and grandeur in its pump-room, which we had noticed in the Rotunda, or Central Saloon of the Montpellier.

Here, on the contrary, modest and unassuming, as every thing that smacks of old age is, the Pump or Promenade-room consists of an ordinary long and narrow apartment, placed about the middle of the avenue, in which, as at the Rotunda, are seen the many spouts supplying, through the pumping system, that variety of mineral waters which it seems

* It is represented by the vignette in the title-page of this volume.

to be the mania or fashion to require. There is, however, less of quackery in the present case; for, although No. 1 and No. 2, as well as No. 3 and No. 4, and even 5, all in a row, stare you in the face, at the good lady's counter who manages the concern, and you might feel disposed to look with doubt upon the source of all these waters,—yet, by walking a short distance away from the building, the several wells may be actually visited and examined. Among them is conspicuous the Original, or Old Well, situated in the very centre of the walk. This was opened on two occasions at my request, and water obtained immediately from it by means of buckets, on which my observations were made and conclusions drawn, as was the case with water No. 2, already alluded to, and also with No. 5, or the strong muriated saline from the Orchard Well, which, however, is not now drank.

To another well in the garden, my attention was directed, the water of which is not brought into the Pumproom. I found in it manifest, though extremely slight indications of sulphureted gas, which I could no more detect in the so-called sulphureted saline of the Pumproom, than I or Sir Charles Scudamore had in the so-called sulphureted waters at No. 1 and No. 2 of the Rotunda. The fact is, there is not a genuine sulphureted water in Cheltenham.

Sir George Baker, one of the most amiable and classical physicians of the last century, first stamped the character and celebrity of the Original Spa by recommending the water of what has since been called the Old Well before alluded to, to the most illustrious patient in the realm—his sovereign, George III.—who was supposed to have recovered from a severe indisposition by drinking that particular water. That may be looked upon as having been the era in which the obscure little town of Cheltenham took its *elan* or first spring towards notoriety, and which led to all its subsequent brilliant and almost unexampled success.

Holding the mineral water of Cheltenham to be one and

the same in reality, though differing in intensity in some of the wells, it is not likely that we shall find any material variation in the taste of this or that number out of the great many that are exhibited, whether at the Original Spa, the Montpellier Spa, or at the Pittville. The general physical character is that of a gently saltish and rather bitter water. This impression, as usual, is modified by the addition of heat, or by dilution with ordinary hot water. But in the latter case its sensible effects on the system are considerably quickened.

CHAPTER XV.

CHELTENHAM CONCLUDED.

GENUINE Water at Cheltenham—Geological Structure—SOURCES of the Mineral Water—Author's Inquiries—Medical Effect—My Own Experience—ERRORS and CASES—Liver and Dyspepsia—The PITTVILLE—Its Superb Structure and Gardens—Its Mineral Springs—The CAMBRAY SPA—Recapitulation of the Good Effects of Cheltenham Water—The MONTPELLIER BATHS—Medical Attendants—The FOUR LEADING Physicians—A Growing Town and a Declining Spa—Building Mania—Value of Houses, and Architectural Taste—Aspect of Houses—The PROMENADE—JEARRAD the Beautifier of Cheltenham—The IMPERIAL HOTEL—Widow Joseph—Old Bachelors and Crusty Port—"THE QUEEN"—Inside and Out—EXPENSES at Hotels—A Specimen—Character of Society at Cheltenham—The HIGHER CLASSES—Thirlestane House and LORD NORTHWICH's Gallery—Arts, Letters, and Sciences—Periodicals and Reading-Rooms—AN ABOMINATION—Is Cheltenham a Dull Place?—Subscription Balls—Musical Promenades—Out-of-door Amusements—CLIMATE.

It is a growing error on the part of the public, especially in the metropolis, to think that genuine mineral water is not now, or was never to be found in Cheltenham, and to talk flippantly, as one hears people do occasionally, nowadays, of the supposed prevalent practice of manufacturing and *messing* (as I heard a medical person say) the mineral waters. Take it as it is, whether as issuing, according to Mr. Murchison's supposition, from below the lias bed which overlays the whole vale of Gloucester, in the centre of which stands Cheltenham; or from between the lower strata only of the

said lias bed, according to another geologist of the place, and my own personal observation,—a mineral water charged principally with from twenty to fifty grains of common salt, and from a half to a drachm of glauber-salts, also with three to eight grains of the muriates of both lime and magnesia in a pint, exists, and may any day be found in Cheltenham, by sinking a well less than one hundred feet deep.*

Such a water, in passing through the several beds of lias and sometimes of the detritus from the oolitic rocks of the neighbouring hills, here and there spread over the subincumbent stratum of lias clay, is probably modified in its composition, and may acquire other properties. Still, the great and fundamental principles will ever be the same as originally

* At the back of Lansdowne-place not fewer than five wells have been sunk, communicating with each other by pipes gathered up into a pump, placed under cover. The springs, which run north and south, were found at a depth of one hundred feet, where the two estates of Mr. Thompson and Bays-hill adjoin. The blue clay was here found as deep as the borings had proceeded, namely, one hundred and fifteen feet, and it might be deeper. Conversing, one day, with the well-digger who was engaged at the time in an operation of that sort on the confines of the Bays-hill estate, I learned that the water of the five wells just mentioned, and that which he was then in search of, and which, indeed, he had found, was the same that had been discovered and much used for preparing the famed Thompson's salts twenty years ago. It was then distinguished from the rest by the number *four*; but since the alleged discovery of iodine and bromine in it by Mr. Cooper, it had been qualified still farther by the affix (a). To find this 4 (a) the diggers had seldom to proceed deeper than seventy feet, when the first "weepage" would be seen running horizontally (and not ascending perpendicularly) along with the dip of the strata of the lias, which is here from east to west. In order to find a full reservoir, however, they had frequently to go down as deep as one hundred feet; and it had been constantly observed by this man that the water was more strongly impregnated with saline particles the lower in the west end of the strata of clay they searched for it. That the spring of No. 4 (a) in the present instance ran westwardly, was proved by the sinking of the very well my informant was then engaged in completing—which was done with the view to cut off the mineral water from the Bays-hill estate lying close and at the east.

predicated, and it is a folly to suppose they have changed since. Hence, when we speak professionally of "Cheltenham water," we must understand it to mean a naturally medicinal compound of the description just given.

And truly such a natural compound, judging *à priori*, or even from analogy only (supposing we had not already sufficient evidence of the fact), must exert a notable influence on the human constitution. A person in good health could not go on drinking with impunity a pint and a half (the quantity to which I should limit an invalid when using it) of such a water day after day for a month. Even were it not to act as an aperient, which is likely to be the case with many people, as the *genuine* Cheltenham water is not sufficiently endowed with that character,—the result of such a daily potation as is here supposed would still be found to have considerably *altered* the condition of our water-bibber. And it is precisely as an agent calculated to *alter* the animal fluids that the Cheltenham water will never disappoint the medical practitioner or the invalid who judiciously employs it as such.

I am here assuming, I trust, a becoming tone of authority, instead of one of doubt and diffidence, as I did when treating of mineral waters (like that of the Victoria Spa at Stratford for example) of the medical virtues of which I knew nothing individually; for in the application of Cheltenham waters to disease I have had sufficient scope for experience during twenty-three years' medical practice in the metropolis. The result of that experience has led me to a conclusion which at once explains the real virtues and former success of the Cheltenham water; while it points out the cause of its recent failures in the cure of disease, and consequent abatement of its popularity. That conclusion is—that to ensure the good effects of Cheltenham water, one must use it only at the close of visceral or functionary disorders, whether of long or short duration, which have been

previously treated by appropriate remedies calculated to remove the principal features of the disease, but leaving yet much to be done for the completion of the recovery. That much which ordinary remedies, however skilfully prescribed, cannot effect, the Cheltenham water will be found to be just the agent for accomplishing. Where more has been attempted by means of this water, disappointment has followed; and as such attempts have been repeatedly made of late years, and are constantly being made, either through the advice of medical men, or the spontaneous determination of invalids themselves, — it follows that disappointments have been equally frequent, and a corresponding loss of reputation on the part of the water has ensued in consequence.

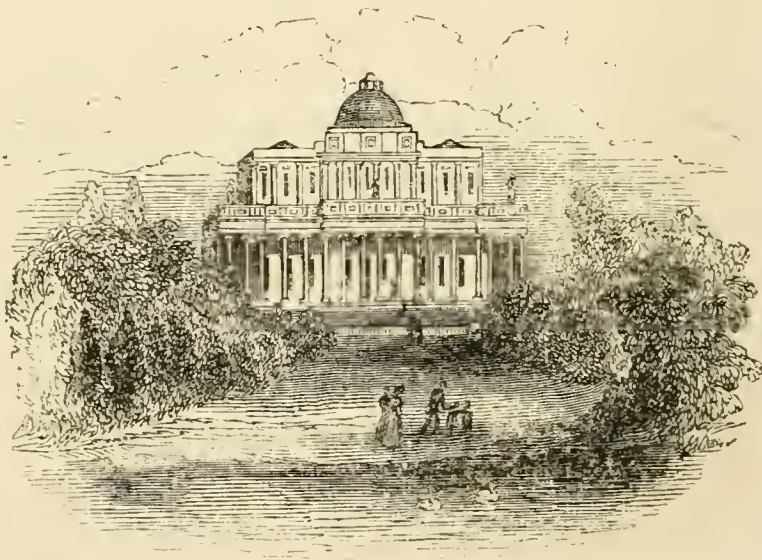
I would illustrate my position by a single example taken from what, in our days, may be considered as an almost every-day occurrence in medical practice. There was a time, say twenty years ago, when a patient labouring under extensive disease of the liver, commonly so called, and no matter how produced, whether by a residence in a tropical climate, for from sedentary life and anxiety of mind, or through frequent imprudence committed at the table, would first undergo that suitable treatment under a skilful physician, which sooner or later, and *alone*, does successfully overcome this class of disorders. But inasmuch as even the skilful physician and the most appropriate treatment could not do all in such cases; and as after having cancelled the positive disease by remedies, the medical attendant often found it difficult, if not impossible, to restore by the ordinary means the constitution to its normal state—a thing only to be obtained through the agency of such chemical combinations as were found ready at hand in the Cheltenham waters; our patient was generally recommended to go thither, where he seldom failed to complete his recovery in the short space of four or six weeks. Vast numbers of cases of this description have come to my knowledge.

Of late years, however, as I before remarked, a patient under similar circumstances would not think it necessary to submit his case to any preliminary treatment, but would at once proceed to Cheltenham. Your sickly, jaundiced, and deeply-damaged orientals, on their return from their baneful presidencies to England, will frequently act in this way, and when once at Cheltenham, will instantly begin their own cure by means of the water, and the water principally,—in the expected good effects of which, however, they are disappointed. How could it be otherwise? Failure indeed might have been expected; for the Cheltenham water *per se* is incapable of curing any disorders (except indeed some slight cases of indigestion), though admirably calculated to assist in completing the cure of almost every disease and functional malady of the organs of digestion.

Viewed in this light, Cheltenham offers an immense resource to the medical practitioner; and thus recommended to invalids and convalescents, Cheltenham may be certain of a constant and vast concourse of visiters, who will there find what they require—health—and will be pleased and praise Cheltenham accordingly.

But we must not omit to pay our special visit to the third of the four enumerated establishments at Cheltenham—the one we descried while descending the Evesham road, as the first and most attractive feature in the landscape, and known by the name of PITTVILLE. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more favourable position in the immediate vicinity of *old* Cheltenham than the one which this new Spa, the creation of fifteen years, occupies, upon an eminence commanding an extensive view of the town and country around, facing the south, and sheltered from the more objectionable winds in a very effectual manner. Taste and judgment, such as are not often to be met with in our days among speculative builders,

have presided in the present case at the erection of the principal buildings, not less than in the distribution and arrangement of the many rides, promenades, and pleasure-grounds, by which they are surrounded. A foreigner, accustomed to view many of the most renowned places of public resort on the Continent, must be forcibly struck, on approaching Pittville, by the beauty and decorations of that establishment, even after having admired the many other showy and striking buildings in Cheltenham, as well as the Rotunda and gardens of the Montpellier. A more refreshing picture in summer-time can hardly present itself to him in these parts of the country; and when, after meandering through luxuriant shrubberies, and crossing, by either of the two elegant stone bridges, the spacious and ornamental sheet of water which has been adroitly pressed into the landscape, he ascends along the grand promenade to the terrace, stretched before the entire front of the Pump-room, or CURESAL, and enters the latter,—surprise at the interior of the building, and admiration of its proportions and elaborate finishing with marble and scagliola ornaments, will be added to his admiration of the external picture.



Around three sides of this edifice ranges a handsome colonnade, which supports an upper terrace, at each end of

which a colossal emblematic statue has been erected. These colonnades, and the central dome by which the building is surmounted, form a very striking and commanding feature in this vast estate of Mr. Pitt, the spirited proprietor, who has skilfully laid it out in terraces, lawns, squares, and streets, nearly the whole of which are occupied with handsome houses.

Pittville, lying to the east-north-east of High-street, half a mile distant perhaps, or not so much, from it, has the only inconvenience of being thus far away from the centre of buzzing life, the shops and the hotels; a circumstance which, instead of operating in its favour as it ought to do, considering it as a retreat to which real invalids visiting Cheltenham ought to repair, has operated in reducing the merited success of that establishment. A mineral water is found abundantly at the Pittville Pumproom, which has been analyzed by Professor Daniel, of King's College. It is somewhat similar, in the proportion of two of its principal ingredients, to the saline water No. 4 (for a long time the pet water of the Montpellier), but superior to it as a medicinal combination, inasmuch as it holds sulphate of magnesia, and bicarbonate of soda, which the other water has not. So that no excuse is left to such as require good air, a comfortable residence, delightful scenery, absolute quiet, and Cheltenham water, for not choosing his *séjour* on the Pittville estate. The Pittville colony was about to be (and is probably by this time) lighted with gas at night, like the Montpellier establishment, and a number of private watchmen in livery were to be in constant attendance.

The second spring at this Spa, called the weaker saline, is hardly deserving of the name of mineral water; yet when a very weak and simple solution of muriate of soda is required, it may be found useful.

What shall I say of the fourth and last of the enumerated establishments in Cheltenham, the CAMBRAY Spa, or chalybeate, except that it lies near at hand to the central street, and not far removed from the imperial walks ; that it has had a renovated Gothic hexagonal building raised over it of late, and that no less a person than Faraday was the chemist who analyzed its contents ? It tastes sufficiently astringent and saline to declare its own ingredients. As an auxiliary in the treatment of certain diseases by means of the real Cheltenham water, the pure chalybeate may sometimes be of service ; but people come down here to use the alterative and saline springs peculiar to the place, and not steel-water, and therefore the Cambray Spa is not likely to be much frequented.

Enough has already been said in the course of the present chapter to give my readers an idea of the medicinal purposes to which Cheltenham waters may be usefully applied. In a popular work of this description, a more extended and elaborate disquisition, on the various maladies in which they may be recommended with advantage is hardly necessary. But it may not be amiss to recapitulate, first, that as a gentle aperient, the daily use of which, in suitable quantities, does not, like the more common saline purgatives, weaken the tone of the digestive organs, and is therefore admissible in many cases when such purgative would prove injurious,—Cheltenham water is deserving of favour ; secondly, that as an alterative, properly speaking, after protracted mercurial treatment, and to cleanse the system generally by slow and imperceptible changes in the condition of the fluids, it is much to be commended.

There is hardly one of the more important diseases of the chronic kind, which affect the functions of the stomach or liver, that could not well be classed in one or other of the two categories just specified ; and therefore Cheltenham water is admissible in the multitudinous disorders which owe their

origin to the derangement of those functions. But in the treatment of these complaints there is something more besides mineral water to be attended to, and that is climate, as we shall see in the sequel.

I have never found the Cheltenham waters useful in derangements of the female constitution.

Cheltenham is a drinking Spa, as must appear from all I have stated. But it deals in BATHS also, howbeit they are but little in favour, and the accommodation for them I believe to be limited to one solitary establishment. The Montpellier Baths are so far unique, for they have no rival of any sort in Cheltenham. They afford every convenience for the purpose intended, and I need not enter into any further description of them. Their approximation to the Great Laboratory of the "Real Cheltenham Salts," renders it easy for the people at the Baths to employ hot water or even the vapour, for the various processes of bathing. That laboratory is open to public inspection, but the process of manufacturing the salts can hardly be of sufficient interest to my readers to warrant my introduction in this place of a professed description.

It may be readily anticipated that where there is so much genuine mineral water to dispense, and so great an influx of invalids to drink it, the supply of medical attendance to direct its use cannot be inconsiderable. Accordingly we find that Cheltenham, with a population supposed to amount at this day to thirty-eight thousand inhabitants, boasted in 1839 of not fewer than twelve physicians, and of upwards of thirty practising surgeons, besides a very large number of minor medical practitioners. So that in point of medical aid Cheltenham is even more favoured than the metropolis, in proportion to its huge population.* The

* The shrewd editor of a very able little manual for the stranger in Cheltenham, called the *Annuaire*, speaking on this subject in his number

high name of the principal among the physicians is too well known to require any eulogium of mine in this place. Dr. Boisragon has enjoyed for a long period of years the leading practice of the place, and has endeared himself to the inhabitants by many acts of philanthropy, and the repeated efforts he has made to forward the interests of Cheltenham, and improve its character in the scale of scientific and literary instruction.

To the profession at large, Dr. Baron is perhaps, strictly speaking, better known, in consequence of his able pathological work, which first secured him that reputation under the favouring wing of which he ascended to the highest degree of favour at Gloucester,—until a fatal epidemic induced him to change the field of his exertions, by settling in this place, where he occupies a high station as a practitioner.

Of a third popular physician in Cheltenham, Dr. Gibney, I can also make honourable mention as the author of “A Medical Guide to the Cheltenham Waters,” which has met with success; and it is grievous for me not to be able to add to the list of the living eminent physicians the name of one dear to me from old friendship and fellowship in a public service, who, since my visit, has been gathered to his fathers—I mean Dr. Coley, of Cambray. Few medical practitioners enjoyed a larger share of the public confidence than did Dr. Coley at one time.

It is known that all these professional gentlemen place confidence in and prescribe to invalids the use of the mineral waters; which, however, as I had occasion to state already,

for 1838, contrasts the state of Cheltenham in 1800 and 1837, in this manner:—“In the year here referred to, the celebrated Dr. Jenner appears to have been the only resident physician practising in the town. There were five surgeons, one chemist and druggist, and five attorneys. The contrast of 1837 gives us seventeen physicians, twenty-seven surgeons, twenty chemists and druggists, and thirty attorneys!”

are unquestionably less resorted to in these days than they were formerly.

But after all, Cheltenham may now feel inclined to care little about, and rely less upon, its mineral water as a means of present or future attraction to strangers, either for the purpose of inducing them to reside permanently in the place, or for an occasional visit only. It has attained, in the short period of thirty years, that zenith or altitude of fame, which has proved sufficient to convert a small village with three thousand inhabitants, seven hundred and sixteen houses, and one solitary church, "St. Mary's," into a large town with thirty-eight thousand inhabitants, nearly eight thousand houses, and not fewer than seven churches; and from fifteen to twenty chapels. Among the former deserves especial commendation that very fine specimen of ecclesiastical gothic, Christ Church, a proprietary church, just completed at an expense of seventeen thousand pounds, (including seven hundred pounds for the organ) after the design and under the immediate superintendance of its indefatigable architect, Mr. Jearrad, in whose company I had the satisfaction of going over every part of it shortly before its consecration.* It stands on the north-western slope of Bays-hill, with a new, wide, and straight road in front of it, opening into the Lansdowne road, with one branch to the left, to Lansdowne-crescent, along Lansdowne-terrace. The new road is called the Christ-church road, and measures have been taken for covering all the extent of ground on its right with dwellings and streets.

The extent to which this building of new houses and entire new districts is carried on in Cheltenham has scarcely any parallel, except in the great enterprises of the regene-

* A very fine stone pulpit, with stairs, supported by stone pilasters on a pointed arch, a stone altar and altar-piece, introduced into this structure, deserve particular attention.

rator of Newcastle, of whom honourable mention was made in the first volume. Not only are detached villas multiplying in all directions, but in the short lapse of the two years between my last and previous visit, the Lansdowne grounds, the Christ-church estate, and that of Bays-hill, as well as the Park estate, in the centre of which is placed the Zoological and Botanical Garden projected in 1837, exhibit so many little new towns, reared with a rapidity perfectly astonishing. Of such many more are projected, and several in course of erection. The process of clubbing together the purses of half-a-dozen speculators in bricks and mortar, is indeed a powerful means of quickly spreading over the map of a country a number of dwellings, and such has been the process principally resorted to in Cheltenham.

One would imagine that the town will be overbuilt at last, and that more brickwork has been going on already than it will be possible to find occupants for. Yet such is not the case; nay, the contrary is so; for no sooner is a building reported to be ready, than inmates are found equally ready to enter it. The effect of such a multiplication of new buildings of every kind has been that of lowering the rent of the old houses—so much so indeed, that for the same annual sum which only procures you a decent-looking house in London, you might lodge yourself in a palace at Cheltenham. Not so, however, with regard to the more recent creations of Mr. Jearrad.

I am bound to admit that, in many of these latter structures, much better taste and architectural skill have been exhibited here than at Leamington. The very active, intelligent, and able architect, just named, to whom Cheltenham is indebted for most of its best and ornamental buildings, has secured his favourite town from the obloquy of being a mass of unmeaning and often defective façades, as is the case in many of the more modern towns, and Brighton amongst them.

All the modern buildings, however, are not equally to be commended. The Lansdowne terrace, for instance, is heavy, from the lengthened repetition of the same heavy design from the first house to the last. A portico of four Ionic columns and a pediment, placed in front of the first story, the said portico resting on a projecting ground-floor, is a feature which, repeated as it has been, a great many times "all in a row," becomes ponderous, as might have been expected.

In the Crescent, on the contrary, the houses are too plain. Not so with regard to many of the detached villas in the vicinity, especially such as may be designated "The Italian Villas," for they are some of the finest specimens of Mr. Jearrad's inventive genius. Two of the latter were purchased, at the time of my visit, for five thousand pounds each, by parties who were in the occupation of them as permanent residents of Cheltenham. Indeed, the value attached to houses in these quarters is almost beyond comprehension. The very houses I have alluded to in Lansdowne Terrace will let, unfurnished, at 100*l.* per annum; and the two largest at each end of the terrace for 250*l.*!

Is it wonderful, after these examples, that property in Cheltenham should have so increased in value, that when the "Plough Hotel," which, in 1806, had been assessed at 65*l.* only, came to be rated in 1837, that amount was raised to 1500*l.*! And whereas the total contribution from Mr. Thompson's property to all the local rates (including the poor-rate charge) was in that same year but 40*l.*, it is now upwards of 4000*l.** Such are a few of the wonderful effects arising from the reputation of mineral waters!

I wish I could speak in the language of commendation of

* These statistical data were furnished me by the editor of "The Cheltenham Looker-on."

the judgment displayed in the selection of the aspect for the new buildings, whether as detached or as connected edifices. No particular attention seems to have been paid to so important a point in questions of house building—a point so often neglected, and yet so essential! Houses here, on the contrary, seem to have been fixed at hap-hazard, or with reference only to some rigmarole and fanciful representation of certain geometrical figures—a parallelogram, for example, or a parabola, or a crescent, both concave and convex! Forgetting all the while that, by such a disposition, many of the houses entering into the arrangement must, of necessity, have an unfavourable aspect. This error, however, is not peculiar to Cheltenham. Here it was early illustrated by the houses right and left of what is called emphatically the Promenade. Those on the left, ascending towards the Montpellier, are all of small dimensions, most of them having but one story above the basements, and showing what Cheltenham was when it began to be something, after the Colonnade was built. The loftier and more pretending erections which have since started into existence on the right, mark the progress of the place, and the increased demand for grandeur and luxury, as Cheltenham became larger, more fashionable, as well as more wealthy. This promenade, with its one row of trees on one side, and two on the other, reminds one of the Alamedas in the southern cities of Spain, flanked by noble buildings, and affording a wide carriage-drive in the centre, with an ample pavement for pedestrians on either side. The foot-pavement, in this instance, is at least thirty feet wide. But striking as this line of walks must be admitted to be, its position is unfavourable in reference to the prevailing winds; while that of the houses themselves is equally so, in reference to solar aspect.

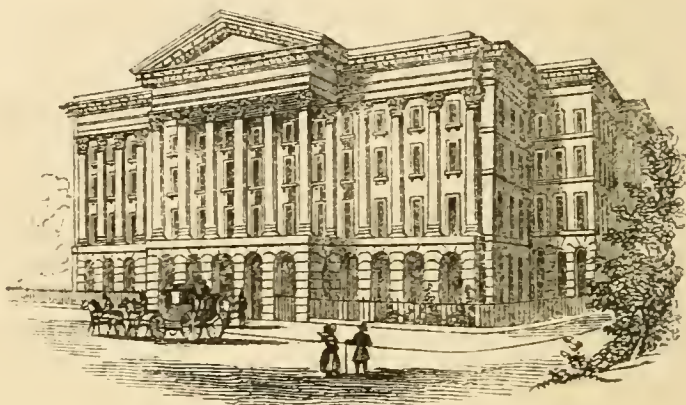
On the left is seen conspicuous the noble portico of the Literary and Philosophical Institution, also the work of Mr.

Jearrad; whilst among the more showy palace-looking houses on the right, stands out very prominently the Imperial Hotel.

The mention of this renowned house of entertainment in Cheltenham reminds me that I have promised at the commencement of the chapter to say a few words on the subject of hotels. Widow Susan Joseph keeps the Imperial, which is essentially the rendezvous of, and is supported by, Old Bachelors, many of whom dwell in it permanently, and rule the roast. These domineering seniors have laid it down as a law, that the good landlady shall not keep a table-d'hôte, at which that "most abominable of all abominations, woman," shall be admitted. They love to have their chops and mulligatawney all to themselves; and the presence of any thing so refreshing and animating as a member of the fairest portion of the creation would throw them into a state of listlessness, inimical to sound appetite. No lady, therefore, appeareth at the Imperial table. O the felicity of these great tubs, who having crammed until every single puckering of the inner coat of their ventricle has disappeared, and its whole amplitude is distended to advantage like the surface of Green's balloon when ready to start, sit after dinner to savour, by well-measured glasses, twenty-six to the bottle, a goodly magnum of the best port! *Crusty* like their darling liquor, any thing in the shape of civility or ceremony, until after a nap and a full digestion, is what they neither will afford, nor can bear. At night, and in their favourite coteries, *à la bonheur*,—"Richard's himself again," and one meets these old gentlemen with pleasure on such an occasion. But as to their haunt, the Imperial coffee-room, *procul esto profani!*

Widow Susan, however, in order not to disappoint the many friends who desire a quiet and civil boarding-house for both sexes, has established one or two of them on each side of the Imperial, unconnected with that showy hotel.

Not so showy is the Imperial, however,—at least in regard to architectural grandeur,—as that first of all the hotels of English Spas, “the Queen”—of the striking elevation of which I here represent in a vignette a faint resemblance.



This very extensive and lofty edifice, the largest of the kind in this country, is erected on the site of one of the mineral Spas, once in vogue at Cheltenham, under the twofold appellative of Sherborne and Imperial; and was begun, completed, furnished, and opened for the reception of company, in the short space of one year. It is built by shares, I understand;—several resident gentlemen having come forward to assist Mr. Liddell in his undertaking. The establishment, after having been admirably conducted by him, ever since its opening, has just passed, I am told, into the hands of another person, who, as he has paid his predecessor for his interest in the concern and goodwill the large sum of five thousand pounds, will not find it an easy matter to make people believe that his charges are likely to be moderate.

To the interior of this splendid establishment I cannot do justice, except by saying that, as the people of Cheltenham considered it almost a disgrace, before the building of the Queen, that their town, with all its natural and artificial advantages, possessed no “hostelrie” fit for the accommodation of families of exalted rank visiting the place in great

numbers,—they may now, with equal truth, boast that they have at last such a *hostelrie* for that purpose, as it would be impossible to name its competitor in any other part of England. Such a situation, too, and such magnificent and extensive views as are enjoyed from all its apartments, particularly those of the second and third story, would alone suffice to constitute “the Queen” the headquarters of the leaders of ton and fashion in Cheltenham. The proximity, also, to all the principal walks and drives, as well as to the pump-room of the Montpellier and of the Original Spa, is not one of its minor recommendations.

And what might be the expense of taking up one’s abode in such a palace, either to live privately in it—as there is plenty of scope for doing; or to use the general coffee-room, a spacious apartment, howbeit not sufficiently lofty; or to share in the *table-d’hôte*, for which ample and first-rate accommodations exist in the house? I cannot answer the question; but, judging of what I know of the Plough charges (though living, domestically speaking, is more reasonable at Cheltenham than in London) I should expect the expense to be just such as would suit the pockets of “the first in the land,” for whom the hotel was specially intended.

A notion may be formed of the *easy* rate at which “a single gentleman” may live at the Plough, by glancing at one of the bills I saw in the hands of a person of that class. The board and lodging (the former in the coffee-room) were charged three guineas, and two more for a private sitting-room. It being winter-time, a fire was kept in that room, and another in the bed-chamber, for the latter of which three shillings and sixpence, and for the former seven shillings, were set down. As mutton candles are not the most pleasant things in the world to have under one’s nose, our “single gentleman” indulged in real wax, for which a charge of seven shillings and sixpence was made; which, with the payment for a night-lamp (eighteenpence) and the usual allowance of

seven shillings to the servants, constituted a general total of six pounds, eleven shillings, and six pence per week !

Now it is a fact, that “ a single gentleman ” could not, if he wished it, spend anything like that sum of money (amounting to about seventy-five florins) at the very first and most fashionable hotel in Germany—say Klinger’s at Marienbad, or the Bellevue at Wildbad—with a much superior board, and equally abundant in every respect, besides lodging and other accommodation, to say the least, equally good. The charges at the German house for all those things together would not exceed five florins a day.

I overheard, one day, in the public room of one of these hotels at Cheltenham, an animated conversation, which might have induced me to form a hasty conclusion of the character of its permanent resident population, were I, like some travellers, disposed to take a mere general observation as the result of lengthened experience. The interlocutors seemed to be middle-aged men, and one of them had just greeted the other as a newly-landed visiter at the Spa, of which the former appeared to be an old *habitué*, or resident. “ Yes, indeed,” observed this knowing personage, “ we have the reputation of possessing more spinsters and old maids, more widows and half-pay yellows from the Indus and the Ganges, together with lots of methodists and tee-totallers, than are necessary to render the place as dull as ditch-water ; and yet you will hardly find another watering-place in England that exhibits more of the worst symptoms of a fashionable Spa than Cheltenham. We have here male as well as female coquettes—modish friblers—carriage-calling, shawl-adjusting, and poodle-petting creatures—whose whole life is spent in devising one day how they shall spend the next with as much enjoyment and at as little expense as possible. You will know them at once by their gait, looks, dress and address, whenever you choose to take a turn or two on the promenade, or peep into the Montpellier or Imperial at the

watering-hour in the morning, or two hours before the close of day. As for the higher classes of people, you will find them to keep as much aloof from the rest as any of the proudest families in the higher classes of society in the metropolis, whose manners they ape, and whose habits they have adopted. They begin their day's operation for health at ten o'clock in the morning, instead of inhaling the fresh breeze of early morn while drinking the water; and their operations for pleasure at ten o'clock at night—having, moreover, introduced the fashion of suppers!" (I shuddered at these words, and said to myself—"Is it thus that mineral water is expected to do good?").

"Cheltenham in this respect has at length reached the olden renown of Bath, and is the only one of the gossiping, intriguing, and highly-fashionable watering-places that has had the felicity of becoming a true *pendant* to that once celebrated Spa. Leamington is striving to become one also, but it is as yet too young in the career of bathing-places. Brighton would have been so ere now, had it possessed, as we do, a permanent as well as a fleeting transitory population of consequence. I will show you, Charles, half-a-dozen well-marked characters of the description I have just alluded to, if you will take your breakfast with me to-morrow at the Queen, from whence we will sally forth on the adjoining walks and haunts; after which I will regale you with a visit to Thirstane-house, there to feast your eyes with some exquisite pictures collected by my Lord Northwich."

From an angle in the Suffolk road an imposing building is perceived, with an Ionic portico of four columns, which presents itself surrounded by a garden within a high wall, at the confluence of the Thirstane with the Great Bath road. It is Lord Northwich's mansion, which was originally erected, at an enormous expense, by a gentleman named Scott, who did not survive its completion. It was subsequently added to and greatly improved by the present noble proprietor, who

became its purchaser, and has rendered it really a mansion fit for a nobleman. Its principal architectural elevation faces the Bath road, and is consequently west-north-west. The entrance has a more favourable aspect; and an exceedingly pretty Ionic pavilion, of great width, has been thrown over it, for carriages to drive under, and thus shelter them whilst the company is alighting.

On entering, a very neat oblong vestibule with a coved roof, supported by Ionic pillars, leads first to the library on the right,—in which there is a painting by Velasquez over the chimney, of the greatest beauty, representing Don Luis D'Hiero, minister of Philip IV. A Holy Family, ascribed to Raphael, attracts also attention; and not less worthy of admiration is the Birth of Jupiter, a large painting by Giulio Romano, preserved by a glass.

In the suite of drawing-rooms, consisting of three apartments, or divisions, lighted by two windows and glass doors, and occupying the front part of the house, but sadly overlooked by the neighbours—several rich paintings are displayed around the walls and on *chevalets*, many of which are of great value. The Marriage of Mary, by Rubens, a grand painting, in the execution of which that dashing master had evidently Paul Veronese in his eye, rivets first the attention of the stranger; but a rich and fresh performance of Raphael, representing a Holy Family—a St. John half-figure, by Leonardo—a pretty valuable Schedoni—the Schoolgirl, and the Alchymist by Teniers, formerly in the possession of Joseph, king of Spain; these soon call him away from the contemplation of the larger picture, to share among them his admiration.

The great dining-room has three corresponding divisions or compartments, containing also several valuable paintings by old masters, among which is, over the side-board, a Giorgione, the Woman taken in Adultery, and one of the many recumbent Venuses ascribed to Titian, over a grand Canaletti, which

hangs above the fire-place, and on each side of which is a Claude, of undoubted origin, though not in the usual warm style of that charming master.

On the whole, the view of this choice collection is a great treat, to which, through the kindness of the noble proprietor, the public is admitted daily, Sunday excepted, from one to five o'clock.

Thus far the admirer of the fine arts residing temporarily at this Spa, can find means of indulging his taste in a manner hardly to be met with at any other watering place in England. Nor is the lover of natural studies less fortunate when temporarily abiding in Cheltenham on account of his health; for the Zoological and Botanical Gardens, though indifferently supported by the public, offer him sufficient resources for his pursuits.

To the literally and philosophically inclined, the institution whose fine building I previously noticed on the grand promenade, is calculated to afford a constant fund of information, not only through the collection of books, specimens of natural history, and fossils from the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, but also by the several courses of lectures which take place in the theatre of the Institution during the session, commencing in October, and terminating in May. It may well be imagined that in a place like Cheltenham, containing perhaps, permanently, a larger number of idlers than is to be found in the metropolis in proportion to its population,—reading-rooms to devour newspapers in, and circulating libraries for the propagation of whatever the fashionable publishers of the day may choose to stamp with the coin of their name in the way of fiction,—must abound; and such is in fact the case.

Of periodicals of native growth there are not fewer than five; four of which are strictly political, while the fifth professes to be only a pleasing gossip of court news and fashion, and *looks* neither to the right nor to the left for

political controversies, which it leaves to the *Conservative Chronicle** the *Cheltenham Journal*, the *Whig Examiner*, and the *Radical Free Press*. In its peculiar department the *Looker-on*, the fifth paper alluded to, has sustained its character since its commencement in May, 1833, with ability and success. What votary of fashion frequenting Cheltenham can plead guilty of ignoring the existence of *The Cheltenham Looker-on*? Mr. Davies, its proprietor, conducts the circulating library and reading-rooms adjoining the Rotunda, which I must say seem to be everything that one can desire in the way of such establishments. Perhaps I am partial to it, as being the first place of this kind in Cheltenham I became acquainted with four years ago; but in its conductor (who is moreover the author of the *Annales* already mentioned, as well as of a very clever little guide-book to Cheltenham,) I met with so much intelligence and quaint dry humour, as well as every appearance of honesty of purpose, that in recommending principally his establishment I but follow a just and natural inclination. There is no corner in Cheltenham where a real "Looker-on," indeed, could ensconce himself with greater advantage than in this snuggerly of books and prints, to catch in the very act of their "doings and misdoings" the great and little actors of either sex, in the semi-comico lugubrious daily drama of this watering place, and "mark their mould and fashion."

While yet in the immediate vicinity of the centre of attraction, the Montpellier rooms and walk, I cannot forbear hinting to those who have the management of the latter, that if they were to peruse in the "Spas of Germany" my justly expressed reprobation of a certain unbecoming arrangement which obtains at Carlsbad, in the covered promenade

* This was the favourite paper of George the Third, while he resided at Cheltenham for his health, and continued to be supplied to His Majesty after he left the place. It then advocated Whig principles.

of the Sprudel, they would not permit one of the same sort, equally objectionable, in the "Montpellier walk,"—respecting which the good honest Germans might justly retort upon me for my reproof of them with a "look at home." Indeed the indecency here is even more glaring, as the entrance to the objectionable retreats is close to the top of the public walk, and no bibber of mineral water detaching himself from the throng of promenaders of both sexes, to dart down the trellised footpath leading to those retreats, can fail to have the eyes of every one upon him. This demands instant reform.

Cheltenham has the reputation of having become of late a tolerably dull place. My information, obtained from patients and residents of every class, is of a most contradictory character; some pretending that there is too much "sober seriousness" in the place, while others exclaim against its frivolities. To see the eagerness with which every occasion, either of the anniversary of a charitable society, or of an ordinary festival, or even of a political rejoicing, is made use of as a peg to hang a ball, a concert, or an assembly upon, one would not imagine Cheltenham to be either dull or ascetic. There are winter, and spring, and summer-season subscription balls every Monday, for which healthful and desirable exercise at a watering-place, Cheltenham possesses one of the most elegant and highly decorated assembly-rooms, erected sixteen years ago, at the enormous expense of fifty thousand pounds.

There is a *vacation* ball, which comes on at Christmas, and is distinguished by merry faces and Christmas cakes. Then in behalf of some "orphan asylum," the Cheltenhamites have a ball; and a ball they will have again when the master of the ceremonies appeals to their kindly feelings for a suitable return for his polite attention to them and their visitors. This last-mentioned ball, by the bye, is said to be, generally, one of the most brilliant affairs of the season, as the gentleman who

happens to fill at present the honourable post of master of the ceremonies (an officer in the army) is universally and deservedly esteemed. On such occasions, seldom less than eight hundred persons assemble to honour him with their presence, as the families of nearly all the most influential and fashionable of the residents, as well as of a great number of those who live even at some considerable distance from Cheltenham, make it a point to join in the festivity.

Nor is Cheltenham behind-hand in love for the sister art—music, both vocal and instrumental. There are chamber quartetts, philharmonic meetings, and concerts without number. But the musical promenades which take place in the evening, four times a week during the summer, either in the pump-room and promenade-walk of the Montpellier, which are brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, or in the adjoining gardens, are the greatest favourites.

The drama on the contrary has always been a so-so affair, except when the stars from the metropolitan firmament used to shoot down from their spheres into the vale of Gloucester; and now the edifice itself having been destroyed by a recent fire, little or no chance is offered in the place for histrionic display.

For out-of-door amusement, the Cheltenham stag-hounds, and the Cheltenham races, on one of the *loftiest* race-grounds in England, offer the most conspicuous opportunities. The pack is kept up by subscription, and hunting throughout the winter season is secured to the residents and visitors at an annual expense of something like six hundred pounds. But these subscriptions do sometimes lag behind, and the concern then gets to leeward. A meeting, however, is soon called together, a few speeches are made, the debts are presently liquidated, and then goes on as merily as ever this neck-breaking, life-jeopardizing, inspiriting and manly sport of the English.

But have the people at Cheltenham a climate suited to

all these out-of-door amusements? What says Mr. Moss of High-street, who has for so many years taken notes of the weather and all its phases? With regard to winds, yes; with regard to rain, no. Our meteorologist, who by the bye is deserving of every praise for his untiring observations in this respect, makes it out that they have at Cheltenham 243 days when the wind blows from the South-east, South, South-west and West; and only 122 days from the opposite or northern and eastern quarters. And such must in fact be the case; for the range of the Cotteswold hills, which rises at least eleven hundred feet above the bed of the Severn, cuts off those winds from Cheltenham, while its open situation to the south and west, courts as it were, the blowing in of the winds from these latter quarters.

The effect of this natural arrangement as to temperature has generally been that on an average the thermometer, for a period of seven years previous to 1837, had seldom been lower than $21 \frac{3}{10}^{\circ}$ of Fahrenheit; while the highest average in the summer has been 65° .

But then this advantage has been more than counter-balanced by the too frequent occurrence of rain, necessarily occasioned by exposure to the Atlantic gales of the south-west, coming heavily charged with moisture, which instead of passing over the town on its wingy clouds, scudding before the gale, is arrested in its progress by the said hilly barrier of the Cotteswold, and discharged in heavy and constant showers. Accordingly I find it admitted by Mr. Moss, that not less than two feet nine inches of rain has been the average quantity which has fallen every year. Now, this quantity of rain falling upon a soil which, below an insignificant deposit of alluvial detritus from the adjoining rocks previously described, presents many feet of blue or brown clay, must tend to keep the atmosphere over and about Cheltenham in an almost perpetual condition of humidity; and so it is that we

find it when we reside any time in the place ; and so I found it more or less on every day of my three visits to that Spa.

A warm and at the same time humid atmosphere, however, is good for something ; and accordingly we find asthmatic people, and such as have delicate lungs, comforted by simply breathing the Cheltenham air. Another class of patients who find the inhaling of such an atmosphere advantageous, are those who suffer from acute organic disease of the liver, occasioned by long residence in tropical climates. But I must declare it to be against my long experience in the observation of atmospherical influence on disease, that such a warm and moist, and consequently relaxing air, can be of service to the more ordinary disorders of the digestive organs, as stated by some of the advocates of the Cheltenham climate.

SECOND PART OF A
CHEMICO-PNEUMATIC AND THERMOMETRICAL
TABLE

OF
THIRTY-SIX MINERAL SPRINGS,
VISITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPAS OF ENGLAND."

EXHIBITING AT ONE VIEW THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF THE WATERS; THEIR DIFFERENT DEGREES OF HEAT; AND QUANTITY OF FREE GASEOUS PRINCIPLES.

N.B. The Springs are arranged in the order in which the Author visited them, for the sake of convenience in referring to the text.

The Hot, Thermal, or Tepid Springs are printed in German Text.

No. of Springs	Degrees of Temp. F.	Names of the Springs.	Amount, in Grains, and Thousandth Parts of a Grain, of the Mineralizing Ingredients, held in Solution in the Eighth Part of an Imperial Gallon.													Authority for the Analysis.	Date.	Remarks.													
			Soda with			Lime with			Magnesia with			Alum. ine.	Silica.	Ox. of Iron.					Iodine.	Bromine.	Sulph. Hydr. Gas in Cubic Inches.	Carbu- retted Hydr. in Cub. Inches.	Azote in Cubic Inches.	Free Carb. Gas in Cub. Inches.							
			M.	S.	C.	M.	S.	C.	M.	S.	C.	Pure.	Pure.	Pure.	With C.																
22	83	Buxton.	0.23	0.08		0.07		1.30	0.07										0.58	0.18	{ Scudamore according to Murray's views. }	1819	The really available temperature is only 77. Traces of extractive matter.								
23	68	Matlock.																						{ No direct analysis of this water has been made giving the exact proportions of each ingredient. It is suspected from the tests to resemble Clifton, except that the latter has certainly not so much sulphate or carbonate of lime. Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow, considers it as almost pure water. }							
24	54	WOODHALL SPA.	189.6	0.25	Bi-c. 0.75	Dry. 3.33			Dry. 1.41						Imp. gallon. 0.55	Imp. gallon. 8.35	Traces	0.53	2.44	2.16	WEST.	1840	Traces of potash.								
25	62	ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH. {	133.0 862.5	2.52 —		36.4 106.4	4.24 —		3.72 2.0							Mag. & Potas. 1.00						1826	{ I can find no mention of gaseous contents anywhere. Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow, admits only the half of Urc's quantity of bromine, and no iron. }								
26	48	TENBURY.	62.07			35.22		0.26	0.96	0.10									0.73	3.00	WEST.	1840	Potash—a trace.								
27	50	MALVERN.		0.24		0.23		0.20														{ SIR CH. SCUDAMORE and DR. PHILIP. }	1810 1805	Their analyses differ; neither of them mark the gaseous contents.							
28	48	LEAMINGTON. { VICTORIA OLDWELL	35.35 40.77	23.619 10.39		23.51 20.56			8.468 3.26						— Traces	Traces —	1 gr. in 10 gal. 1 gr. in 11 gal.	1 gr. in 10 qts. water.		0.55 0.53	2.35 2.10	{ DR. THOMSON. } { DR. LOUDON. }	1830	{ In Professor Daubeny's paper no gaseous ingredient is mentioned. Sir Charles Scudamore's analysis entirely differs from these. }							
29	50	CHELTENHAM. { PITVILLE MONTP. (4.) OLD WELL	27.16 46.40 58.20	17.55 28.64 14.56		— 3.07 6.21		0.20 — —	— 2.02 2.54								Trace 1 gr. in 30 gal. 1 gr. in 60 gal.	1 gr. in 6 gal.		— 1.40 —	{ Prof. DAUBENY and } { Sir CH. SCUDAMORE. }	1830 1819	Philosophical Transactions, 1830.								
30	49	GLOUCESTER SPA.	50.41	10.35				1.20	0.20								1 gr. in 50 gal. water.	1 gr. in 10 qts.	Not ascertained			PROFESSOR DAUBENY.	1830	{ No mention made of the gaseous ingredients. The gaseous contents generally quoted from Accum are not to be depended upon. }							
31	54	VICTORIA SPA.	9.46	60.57		2.05					Bi 3.49		4.06	Bi 1.84									R. PHILLIPS.		Recent analysis. Precise date unknown.						
32	76	Clifton Wells.		2.02		0.47	0.93	1.68	0.90														{ DR. CARRICK, quoted by SCUDAMORE. }	1819	{ This analysis differs altogether from a more recent one by Dr. Fairbrother—chlor. sod. 1.07; chlor. mag. 0.85; sulph. lime 1.21; carb. lime 2.67. }						
33	116	Bath.	1.89	2.42				10.20	1.33	1.67													0.01	0.41	Pr. Ox. 0.03	0.20	{ Sir Charles Scudamore and Mr. Phillips have each analysed this water and come to different results, as follow: }				
34	48	SANDROCK. { ISLE OF WIGHT	4.00	16.0				10.10					3.60											Sulph. 31.6	0.7	Sulph. 41.40	0.30	{ DR. MARCET. Repeated & confirmed by DR. TURNER, London. }	1816	SCUDAMORE. PHILLIPS. Muriate of Lime 1.2 Sulphate of Lime 9.3 Magnesia 1.0 Carbonate of Soda 3.4 Sulphate of Lime 9.5 Sulphate of Soda 1.5 of Soda 0.0 Carbon of Lime 0.8 Silica 0.2 Oxyde of Iron, 0.019	
35	47½	HOCKLEY SPA.	11.96					1.32					41.26													0.66		R. PHILLIPS.	1840		
36	50	TUNBRIDGE WELLS.	0.30			0.04	0.17	0.03	0.03																	0.59	1.00	SIR CH. SCUDAMORE.	1819		
Sea water taken up in the Channel.		N.B. The proportions are calculated as they are present in 1000 grains of water.	27.059			1.406	0.033	3.666	2.295																				{ M. C. SCHWEITZER, of the German Spa, at Brighton. }	1823	There is also muriate of potash, 0.7655 in this water.



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